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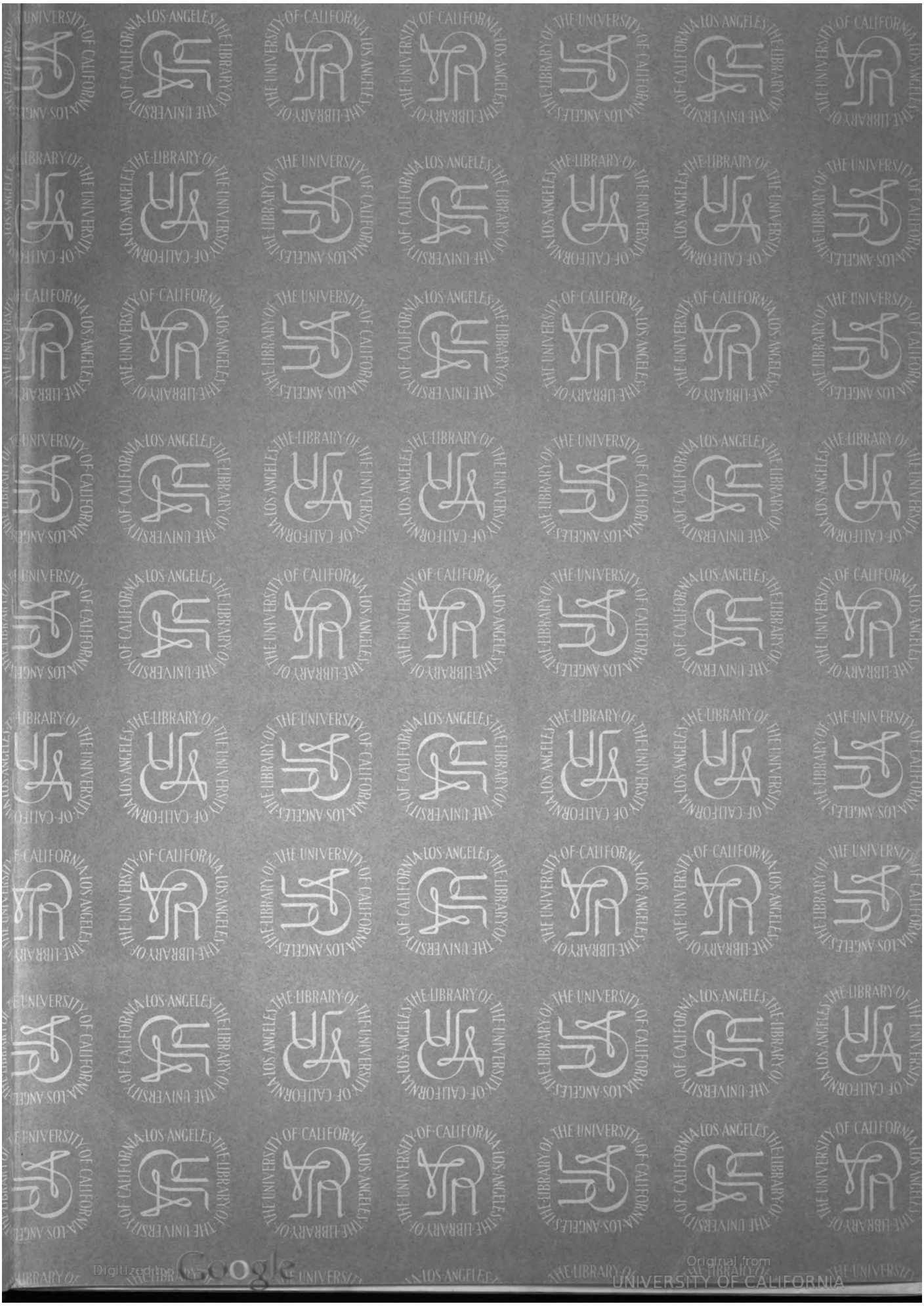
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by
George Harvey



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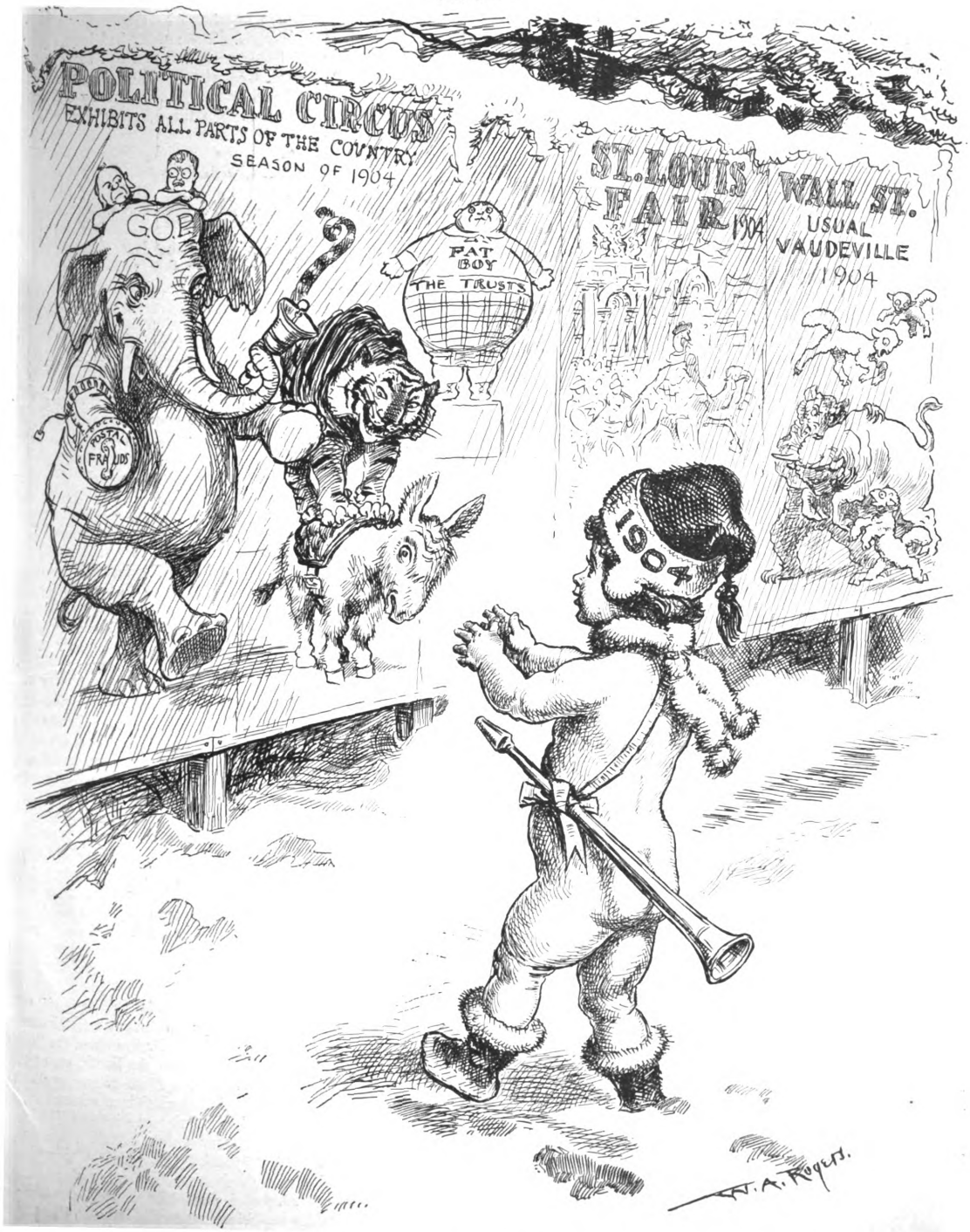
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PROSPECTS OF A VERY HAPPY NEW-YEAR

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COMMENT

WE discuss elsewhere the speeches made in the Senate by Mr. Hoar, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Daniel, Mr. Gorman, and Mr. Pettus concerning our attitude toward the new isthmian republic. Since these speeches were made, the President has transmitted to the House of Representatives a third instalment of papers relating to the recent revolution on the Isthmus of Panama. The papers comprise upwards of a hundred letters and telegrams interchanged by our State Department and Minister Beaupré at Bogota from March 18 to November 18, 1903. It appears that as early as September 10 apprehension was expressed at Bogota that the rejection of the Hay-Herran canal treaty would lead to the secession of the Department of Panama. The appointment of Señor Obaldia, whose separatist tendencies were well known, to be Governor of Panama was censured in the Colombian Senate by an almost unanimous vote. Señor Obaldia was said to have declared, before leaving the Colombian capital, that, should the canal treaty not be ratified, the Department of Panama would proclaim its independence, and would be right in doing so. On October 31 Mr. Beaupré reported that great anxiety had been caused at Bogota by rumors of secession in the departments of Panama and Cauca. As early as July 9 it became known to our minister at Bogota that the Colombian Senators were resolved to extort more money from the United States, and also to blackmail the French canal company. On the date named he wrote to Secretary Hay that, as he was informed, the treaty could not be ratified without amendments increasing the price to be paid to Colombia by the United States to fifteen million dollars, and requiring also the payment of ten million dollars by the Panama Canal Company.

In reply, Secretary Hay said that neither of the proposed amendments would stand any chance of acceptance by the United States Senate; he added, in a later despatch, that the President would not submit to our Senate any such amendment, but would treat a demand for it as tantamount to a decisive failure to conclude a satisfactory treaty with Colombia. As early as June 9 Mr. Hay had reminded the Colombian government, through our minister at Bogota, that the Hay-Herran treaty had been framed at the earnest and often-repeated request of that government, and that its terms conformed substantially to Colombia's proposals. He went on to warn the Colombian government that if it should reject or unduly delay a treaty concluded under such circumstances, action might be taken by the United States Congress in the winter of 1903-4 which every friend of Colombia would regret. This, evidently, was not a threat that the United States would recognize a republic of Panama, should one be proclaimed, for such recognition is an act that falls exclusively within the functions of our Executive Department. At the date named, June 9, moreover, there was as yet no talk of secession on the isthmus, because the inhabitants could not bring themselves to believe that a treaty which complied with the demands of the Colombian Executive would be definitely rejected. Mr. Hay's warning evidently referred to the possible, if not probable, contingency that in the event of the failure of the Hay-Herran treaty Congress would insist on the adoption of the Nicaraguan route for the canal. There is not a word in the correspondence that indicates an intent to encourage a revolution on the isthmus, the outbreak of which was a foregone conclusion should the Colombian Congress adjourn without taking any steps to negotiate a new canal treaty.

The Senate adjourned on January 4 without taking any action on the resolution advocated by Mr. Gorman that the Postmaster-General should be requested to send to the Senate the reports of Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow and of Messrs. Holmes Conrad and Charles J. Bonaparte, the special commissioners appointed by the President to investigate the postal scandals. The reports had been already sent to the House of Representatives, and had been printed by the House Post-office Committee, although on December 18 most of the Republican leaders had vehemently opposed a resolution to send for them. On the following day, when it became needful, owing to a miscount of votes, to pass the resolution again, Mr. Payne, the Republican floor leader, withdrew his previous objection, with the result that not a single vote was cast against the resolution. This was a triumph for Mr. Williams, the leader of the Democratic minority, for on the preceding day Mr. Payne had made an earnest speech against the resolution to send for the documents, declaring that to publish any more papers in the postal scandal would be to aid the indicted grafters to learn the government's case against them. Mr. Williams, for his part, pointed out that it had been charged that the investigation had not been carried far enough, and that it had been stopped short at a point where it seemed likely to implicate certain high-placed officials.

It will be remembered that the report of Messrs. Bonaparte and Conrad placed ex-Postmaster-General Smith in anything but an enviable light, but that he has hitherto escaped censure at the hands of the President. It is pretty evident that Mr. Smith is one of the persons against whom Mr. Williams's resolution is aimed. Now that the House of Representatives has undertaken an investigation, we may hope to see the postal frauds thoroughly probed. The Republican leaders, apparently, have made up their minds that the only safe course for them to pursue, in view of the coming Presidential campaign, is to profess a perfect willingness to let in all the illumination desired on the postal scandals, no matter who shall be hurt by the exposure. On the other hand, Mr. Williams, who is rapidly coming to be regarded as the most sagacious leader of the Democracy in Congress, believes that the inquiry now resolved upon will provide his party with a great deal of formidable campaign material. It is satisfactory to know that not only the postal scandals, but the frauds in the Land Office of the Interior Department, are to be made the subjects of merciless inquisition. On December 18, one John A. Benson, of San Francisco, was arrested on the charge of being the organizer of a land-fraud conspiracy extending over several Western States and Territories. He is accused of having bribed systematically United States officials in the West and in the District of Columbia. The information secured by the authorities is said to implicate many persons at present employed in the Department of the Interior at Washington, and numerous arrests are expected to follow that of the chief conspirator. It is alleged that Benson has defrauded the government out of no fewer than 100,000 acres of valuable public lands.

At the first annual banquet of the North Carolina Society of Baltimore, held on December 18, a sensible speech on the negro problem was made by Governor Charles B. Aycock, of the State named. He frankly recognized that in the South, or, at all events, in North Carolina, for which State he was qualified to speak, intelligent and fair-minded white men acknowledged that they were under obligation to "the man in black." They brought him here, and he has served them well. He has been patient, teachable, and faithful. Consequently they owe him gratitude, and, above all, justice. Yet, while his services should not be ignored, his color cannot be changed. An amalgamation of the white and black races will never be tolerated by the white people of North Carolina, and for that reason they

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are opposed to a political and social equality that would tend insensibly toward amalgamation. Governor Aycock holds that in his State the negro problem has been solved. The negro has been taken out of politics, and foundations have been laid for the future development of both races side by side. Peace and prosperity have been assured. What is the North Carolina solution for which so much is claimed? It is, first, to disfranchise the negro so far as such disfranchisement is practicable under the Fifteenth Amendment. After that has been accomplished, to let him alone; to stop writing about him; stop talking about him; stop making him "the white man's burden"; stop scolding him. Let him, in Governor Aycock's words, "tote his own skillet"; let him learn that no man, no race, ever got anything worth having that was not self-earned; that character is the outcome of sacrifice, and worth the result of toil; that, whatever may be the negro's future, the present has in it for him nothing that is not the product of industry, thrift, obedience to law, and uprightness. Let the negro learn, finally, that there is to be unending separation of the races; that the two peoples may develop side by side to the utmost of their respective capacities; but that they can never intermingle.

The Republican national convention is to meet in Chicago. Where will the Democratic national convention be held? The question will be answered when the Democratic National Committee convenes in Washington on January 21 for the purpose of designating a place and a date for the convention. A vigorous effort will be made to bring the convention to New York, and there is no doubt that much may be said in behalf of that city. Madison Square Garden would be an admirable hall for the convention, and the hotel accommodations are, of course, unequalled on this side of the Atlantic. It is true that the selection of New York would impose long railway journeys on most of the delegates. Such an objection, however, is scarcely supported by precedent, because the Democratic national convention has been held half a dozen times in Baltimore and twice in Philadelphia. It has not been held in New York since 1868, when, it may be remembered, Western Democrats hoped to secure the nomination of Pendleton. There was, on the other hand, a plan among Eastern Democrats to nominate Chief-Justice Chase, who, it was supposed, would draw so largely from the Republican strength as to assure the defeat of Grant. As a matter of fact, the convention was stampeded for Horatio Seymour, and Western Democrats were convinced that the galleries had been packed in his favor, though he personally would never have countenanced such a proceeding. In view of that experience, however, it is not surprising that Democratic national committees have declined to call conventions in New York. If it should seem by January 21 that the Democrats have a chance of carrying Illinois, it might be expedient to hold the Democratic national convention in Chicago. No American political party, and least of all the Democracy, can, at the present juncture, afford to be suspected of having been influenced in the selection of candidates by organized capital, and such suspicion might attach to nominations made in New York city. The surviving friends of Blaine still believe that he would have been elected in 1884 had he not come to New York city on the eve of the contest at the ballot-box and been present at the dinner given to him by certain financial magnates. Mr. McKinley was too far-sighted to make a blunder of the kind.

What will be the effect upon Cuba of the reciprocity treaty which will become operative ten days after the proclamation of the exchange of ratifications? The question is not so easily answered as at first sight it may seem to be. Undoubtedly the reduction of the duties payable on Cuban sugars entering our market by twenty per cent. of the rates payable by sugars coming from other foreign countries would apply a powerful stimulus to the cane-sugar industry of the island. The Cubans are said to be alarmed, however, by the position taken by the British government that, under the operation of the "most-favored-nation" clause, British sugars will be admissible to our markets upon terms identical with those secured for the product of Cuba. If this were true of Great Britain, it would also be true of such producers of beet-root sugar as Germany, France, and Austria—all of which could avail themselves of the "most-favored-nation" clause, which figures in their treaties with the United States.

There is really no ground for Cuban misgivings on this subject. Our Federal government has held repeatedly that the existence of the "most-favored-nation" clause in our treaties with most, if not all, foreign countries does not prohibit us from granting special concessions to one or more of them in return for equivalent advantages. Mr. Olney, for instance, when Attorney-General in the second Cleveland administration, took the ground which had been previously occupied by Mr. Blaine—the ground, namely, that in international law treaties containing the "most-favored-nation" clause do not bar reciprocity treaties. We shall undoubtedly adhere to the view that reciprocity treaties are as independent of all other treaties as if the latter did not exist. It follows that, under the treaty just ratified with Cuba, the sugars of that island will practically monopolize our market, so far as imports are concerned. No beet-sugar producer can compete with her. Admitting, however, that the Cuban growers of cane sugar will derive all the profit that they expected from the reciprocity treaty, are we sure that, so far as the insular government is concerned, the profit will not be more than offset through the loss of customs revenue caused by the reciprocal reductions of duty on commodities imported from the United States? It is true that eventually, even without a change in the existing tariff, the purchasing power of the island being signally increased by the prosperity of the sugar industry, the revenue accruing from imports will not have been materially diminished. An interval, however, must elapse before this state of things is witnessed, and meanwhile the insular revenue, which is obtained mainly from customs, might undergo so marked a shrinkage as seriously to interfere with Cuba's prospect of securing a loan for the payment of the officers and soldiers engaged in the late revolution. To provide for this temporary deficit the tariff committee of the Cuban Senate is said to have provided an entirely new system of revenue, which, if accepted by the Cuban Congress, is expected to furnish an increase of over $2,000,000 in income above the loss due to the reciprocity treaty with the United States. It is to be hoped that this forecast will be justified by the event.

The commercial treaty between the United States and China having been ratified by the Senate on December 18, the text of the convention has been published. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Nelson of Minnesota and other Senators pointed out, that the treaty fails to give us all the concessions we desired. The only new treaty ports opened are Mukden, the old capital of Manchuria, and Antung, a small town on the northern or Manchurian bank of the Yalu River. Neither of these ports is accessible, except to vessels of light draught. The most valuable feature of the treaty is the fourth article, by which the Peking government agrees to abolish the so-called *likin*, or system of inland transit dues, by which the circulation of imported commodities in the interior has hitherto been obstructed to an intolerable extent. At a date to be agreed upon by the two countries, the *likin* and all other inland transit dues are to be abolished throughout the empire, and all the barriers and tax stations maintained for their collection are to be removed. In consideration of this concession the United States agree, provided all the other treaty powers concur, to pay at the port of entry on all goods imported from this country and intended for the interior of China a surtax of one and a half times the tariff import duties. That is to say, where the tariff duty has been five per cent. *ad valorem*, twelve and a half per cent. will now be paid. We notice also that the present export duty of seven and a half per cent. *ad valorem*, payable on Chinese commodities exported, is to be retained, but the whole of it must be collected at the port of exportation. If these fiscal reforms are carried out, there is no doubt that our traffic with the Middle Kingdom will be signally facilitated and materially increased. It remains to be seen, however, whether Chinese officials in the interior will obey the orders of the central government, and will not, under one disguise or another, perpetuate the inland transit dues. It must be remembered that these officials are inadequately paid, and have been accustomed from time immemorial to eke out their salaries from the proceeds of the *likin*, only a fraction of which found its way into the imperial treasury. Now, on the other hand, the Peking authorities are to get the whole of the surtax, which will be substituted for the inland transit dues. Under the circumstances many thousands of officials are likely to starve, unless they can find

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a pretext for imposing duties of some kind on foreign goods transferred from ports of entry to the provinces.

There is no doubt that, in an important field of American manufacture, a serious crisis is threatened by the shortage in this year's cotton crop and the resultant high price of the staple. According to an official estimate, our crop aggregates this year only 9,962,039 bales, which is 634,420 bales below the average yield of the years that have intervened since 1897. To appreciate what the deficiency means, we should bear in mind that last year the cotton manufacturers of the world consumed by upwards of a million bales more than was produced in the same period. It follows that this year's shortage cannot be made good from left-over stock. We should have to go back to the civil war to find counterparts of the prices which raw cotton has lately attained on the cotton exchanges of the United States. The actual price of cotton is about double that attained two or three years ago. At that time the raw product was sold for as little as six cents a pound, whereas on Saturday, December 5, it was quoted at twelve and a half cents. Cotton yarn, which two or three years ago brought ten or eleven cents a pound, was sold on December 5 for twenty and twenty-one cents. Under the circumstances, it is impossible for American manufacturers to produce cotton goods at a profit. There seems to be no prospect of any considerable drop in prices, owing to the fact that European manufacturers are said to have bought nearly the whole of the American crop. The situation is one that cannot be coped with by a reduction of wages. Apparently the only course open to many, if not most, of the American cotton-mills is to shut down. A general closure of the factories would mean dreadful privation and hardship for the operatives, who number many hundreds of thousands. To say nothing of the employees in Philadelphia and the South, there are more than 175,000 operatives in the cotton-mills of New England alone. These men are the less able to endure a prolonged season of idleness during the coming winter because in New England their wages have recently been reduced, and in Philadelphia they earned nothing for a considerable period, having taken part in an ill-timed strike. Speculators on the New York Cotton Exchange are blamed for the inordinate price of the staple, but if it be true that most of our crop has been bought by European manufacturers, economical causes would suffice to account for the phenomenon.

If we may judge by the experience of recent years, there is no reason to expect that the volume of raw cotton produced in the United States can be signally and permanently increased. It follows that European consumers will soon find it indispensable to look elsewhere for supplies of the staple. Only a small fraction of the quantity needed can be secured in Egypt, notwithstanding the fact that the recent damming of the Nile at Assouan has considerably increased the area irrigable by the Lower Nile. It is calculated that the Nile improvements will increase Egypt's crop by about 100,000,000 pounds, but that is all. In the eastern Sudan, now governed from Khartum, there are said to be millions of acres capable of producing a fibre as good as the Egyptian. Many years, however, are likely to elapse before land in that region is turned to much account. In India, on the other hand, it is said to be possible, not only to improve the quality of the staple grown in that peninsula, but to augment the quantity by at least a million bales. In British West Africa, it is said that about 30,000 acres will shortly be planted with cotton. There is no doubt that cotton grows wild in many parts of the West-African coast, and that during our civil war large quantities of the staple were there produced and sold in England. The British West Indies were at one time large producers of the staple. Sea Island cotton is a native of Barbados, and at the close of the eighteenth century 70 per cent. of England's cotton-supply came from the Antilles. French statesmen and economists believe that, within the next quarter of a century, all of the cotton needed by France will be supplied by Tunis, Algeria, and Madagascar. The French colonies on the west coast of Africa are also regarded as promising fields for experiment, and money has been appropriated for cotton-raising in the French Sudan and in that part of the Niger Valley which is controlled by France. The Germans are also trying to grow cotton in their African colonies. For example, in Togoland, in Kamerun, and in the Kilwa district of German East Africa. Some of the staple grown in these colonies and shipped to Bremen is alleged to be equal to the Egyptian product.

The most impressive event of last week, from a non-political point of view, was the formal opening on December 19 of the Williamsburg cantilever bridge that spans the East River some distance to the north of the Brooklyn Bridge. Thus was forged the second link of steel between Manhattan Island and Long Island. The dimensions of the new structure are much more imposing than are those of its predecessor. The length of the entire bridge between terminals is 7200 feet, as against 5989 feet in the case of the Brooklyn Bridge. The central span (1600 feet) exceeds in length that of the Brooklyn Bridge by only five feet; it is the difference in the approaches that accounts for the difference in the respective total lengths of the two structures. The approaches of the new bridge are each 2800 feet long, whereas the approach to the Brooklyn Bridge at the Manhattan end is but 1562 feet, and that at the Brooklyn end only 971 feet. The total width of the new structure is 118 feet, or 33 feet more than that of the Brooklyn Bridge. The space will include two 20-foot roadways, unobstructed by trolley tracks; two compartments for trolleys, each containing double tracks; two promenades for foot-passengers, each $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide; two cycle paths, each 7 feet wide, and a central space containing double tracks for the elevated railroads. The transit capacity of the new bridge has been computed by engineers at 150,000,000 a year, which is 50 per cent. more than that of the Brooklyn Bridge. It is well known that two more bridges and a tunnel are to be constructed. When these are finished, there will be, for a time at least, adequate means of communication between the two boroughs, which, between them, will then contribute more than three millions to the aggregate population of New York city.

The German census report just published suggests certain grave problems in foreign politics, which the future will be called on to solve. During the year 1902 there were just over two million births in the Kaiser's realm, with slightly over a million deaths. This leaves an increase of nine hundred thousand for the year, the greatest increase ever recorded for the German Empire during a like period. It is worth calling attention to the fact that there has been no marked increase of births, but that there has been a considerable diminution of the death-rate. This points to better sanitation, more wholesome food, wiser care of children, more general distribution of wealth, and is a far wholesomer symptom than a very high birth-rate accompanied by an abnormally high mortality, such as, for example, exists in the domains of Germany's great eastern neighbor, Russia. It is the survival of children, and not the mere birth of children, most of whom die in infancy, that is really to be desired, as the basis of a sound future population and industrial prosperity. Within ten years Germany has reduced the death-rate from twenty-two and a half per thousand per year to twenty and a half—one of the most noteworthy triumphs of wiser living which the modern world has had to record. Now for the political aspect of the question. An increase of about a million a year, which will be added to cumulatively year by year, means that within a generation Germany will have a population of about a hundred millions, perhaps the most thoughtful and best-instructed nation in the world, and one too which adds vigorous and aggressive practice to sound and penetrating theory. The Germany of Goethe and Kant and Wagner is also the Germany of fleets and armies, of scientific and industrial triumph and skill. Recent developments show that the Social Democrats are a great and growing force, the most consistent and best-organized political party in the empire. At the same time it becomes evident that their success brings moderate counsels, and they are rapidly becoming radicals of the English type rather than revolutionary socialists of the school of Marx, Lasalle, Herzen, and Bakunin. We may look forward to a more limited monarchy in Germany, something after the English model, as wisely exemplified by King Edward VII. But the added forty or fifty million Germans will be hard put to it if they are to stay at home in the fatherland. All signs point to greater extension abroad, and South America seems the one field open for settlement. Here then is the great problem for future statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic.

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The great forensic duel being waged between the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain suggests a reflection. The present political situation has again and again been said to demonstrate the political poverty and incapacity of the Liberals; it might, with greater justice, be held to show the weakness and decline of the old-fashioned Conservatives. For who is the champion of Unionist imperialism? A seceding Liberal, a former colleague of Mr. Gladstone's. And who not only among the Unionists, but in the whole political field, is his weightiest and most effective opponent? Again, a seceding Liberal, another former colleague of Mr. Gladstone's. The Duke of Devonshire has taken very strong ground, and made a decisive and irrevocable political move, in advising Unionists not to vote for any candidate who specifically supports Mr. Chamberlain's plans; it is not certain whether his Grace will go so far as to advise the nomination of an anti-Chamberlain Unionist, and thus bring about the probable election of a Liberal. Nor is it certain that the Duke would go so far as to advise Unionists to withhold their support from an open adherent of Mr. Balfour's milk-and-water protection, which is merely a diluted version of the Chamberlain plan. But it is quite certain that these two greatest of Liberal-Unionists will between them rend the Conservative party in twain, as they rent in twain the Liberal following of Mr. Gladstone in years gone by. Speaking at Leeds, Mr. Chamberlain taunted his former friend and ally with the "pontifical" character of his "encyclical letter," in which the Duke advised Conservatives not to vote for Mr. Chamberlain's supporters; and, in a certain sense, this taunt expressed the truth. For, beyond all men now in English politics, the Duke of Devonshire embodies the principle of authority. The proposed non-political committee, promised by Mr. Chamberlain in his Leeds oration, will be awaited with interest; very much will depend on the names of its members and their genuinely representative character. One reflection we may make, drawn from our experience in this country: a committee on tariff should include not only manufacturers and exporters, but members of the great consuming public, whose interests and rights are in such danger of being overlooked.

Mr. J. W. Davidson, of the United States consular service, has recorded his impressions of Manchuria, and of Russia's position there, formed during a recent tour through the less generally known regions of the three Manchurian provinces. He makes quite clear, what has for some time been growing more apparent, that the appointment of Admiral Alexeiff as Viceroy marks a change, amounting practically to a reversal of Russia's previous policy and intentions with regard to annexation or evacuation. It becomes evident that there have been two discordant opinions among the Tsar's chief advisers; and that, while the party of the army and commerce, headed by General Kuropatkin and Minister Witté, favored evacuation of everything but the conceded railroad strip and the leased regions about Port Arthur, the naval party has favored from the outset, and has now to some extent won over the Russian Emperor to, the policy of absorption. The appointment of Admiral Alexeiff marks the victory of the naval party in the Tsar's council; the promotion of Minister Witté, involving his departure from the Finance Ministry and his consequent relinquishment of the concerns of the Siberian and Manchurian railroads, and the reported transfer of General Kuropatkin from the War Ministry to the governorship of the Caucasus, to some extent indicate the supersession of the policy of evacuation. China's refusal to agree to certain conditions regarding the departure of Russian troops from Mukden and the central province of Manchuria offered the pretext needed by Russian policy, and we may expect a more openly avowed and more thorough absorption of Manchuria to follow. The naval party in Russia would like to extend Russian influence over Korea, since the peninsula cuts the Russian fleet in two, but this is obviously incompatible with the interests and policy of Japan.

We often hear it said that "the States" have no western frontier any longer, that our country is all settled now, and that wild life has passed away and existence grown humdrum. There was more talk of this sort before the gospel of the strenuous life had taught us all that adventure is independent of environment, but there is a good deal of it still. There is nothing in it. We don't wear coon-skin caps nowadays, but a tumultuous life was never obtainable in this country at less trouble than now. Any one who finds New York inadequately violent and emotional has only to hie himself to Chicago. Transportation thither is luxurious and the trains are many and swift. To the adventurer, once arrived, anything may happen—or so, at least, we infer from the stories that the newspapers bring us. It seems to be a toss-up whether the traveller will ride to his hotel, or walk and carry his trunk on his back; whether his hotel will be warmed, or denied coal; whether he will get coffee and boiled eggs for breakfast, or go hungry; whether it will be safe, risky, or extra hazardous to walk in the streets. Judging from the newspaper reports, the conditions of human existence in Chicago—and we gladly admit that we have made no recent personal test of them—are as fruitful of adventure as the most unfettered aspirant could desire. Life seems to be lived there in one of three ways: by stealth, by violence, or by permission of organized labor.

The latest Chicago story—latest at this writing—began to come over the wires on December 18. It tells of sixteen hundred livery-drivers being on a strike, and of the interference of the strikers with the burial of the dead. The livery and undertaking industries are closely allied. The strikers took charge of both. For example, the funeral of Elias Watkins, banker, was appointed for December 18. No hearse could come to it: the strikers forbade the use of hearses during the strike. No hired carriages could come out. When friends of the mourning family offered to send their private carriages the strikers' pickets sent word (so the despatches say) that private carriages would be stopped by force. It was proposed to have the funeral heavily guarded by the police, but the mourning relatives declined that attention. The pall-bearers—Marshall Field, Lambert Tree, Cyrus McCormick, and others—being warned not to go to the cemetery, did not go there, but the undertaker and his helpers took the body to the cemetery in a wagon and buried it. In this fashion funerals are being conducted at this writing in Chicago, and have been for four days.

We have serious and very costly labor embarrassments here in New York, but they are not brought home to us in these personal, intimate ways. Work is stopped on buildings here, our subway is delayed, non-union men are clubbed or beaten occasionally, a great many workers who want extremely to earn wages and support their families are constrained at times to stay idle because some strike has been called, but the ordinary course of life runs along without startling hitches. We suffered some distress for want of coal last winter, but that was a matter beyond control or cure by our local authorities. There was a strike against the pie trust the other day, but mastication, deglutition, and digestion went on, and private families were not forbidden to bake private pies in their private kitchens. Our branch of the musicians' union has been making curious demands and issuing edicts that make trouble for the theatre managers, but music in back parlors is still free, and children may practise at the piano without a permit. The majority of us eat, drink, and sleep, and are born and die without knowing positively to which union we are indebted for permission to enjoy each of these privileges. And when we have died our friends are as yet able to bury us without asking leave of any one except the Board of Health. Certainly we are not yet under discipline as strict as binds Chicago.

Relief, however, is promised for Chicago. The geologists say that in old times the Great Lakes used to discharge their surplus waters through the Illinois River into the Gulf of Mexico, but geological changes caused the water to flow eastward and make its way through the St. Lawrence. But now, it seems, the lands in the Northwest are rising, and it is only a question of time (geological time) when the flow of water eastward will stop and the southward flow will begin again. And Chicago stands at the precise point where it will begin, and when it comes everybody in Chicago will be so busy minding his own business, and keeping ducks, that orderly folks will have a chance to do as they please again. This is reassuring, but geological time moves slowly.

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The Debate in the Senate on the Panama Affair

THERE seems to be current some confusion of mind regarding the scope and purport of the debate which took place in the United States Senate during the week ending December 19, with reference to the revolution at Panama and the attitude of our government thereto. It will have been noted that no Republican Senators took part in the discussion, with the exception of Senator Hoar and Senator Foraker, and that the latter spoke but briefly. The truth, of course, is that the canal treaty concluded by our State Department with the Republic of Panama was not at the time before the Senate for ratification, and if it had been, that body's duty would have been to discuss it in executive session. Under the circumstances, almost all of the Republican Senators held—and were justified by precedent in holding—that a public discussion of the questions involved in the Panama affair was premature and improper. The pretext for considering those questions in open session before the treaty was reported was a resolution introduced by Mr. Hoar calling upon the President to furnish all additional papers likely to throw light on the relation of our government to the secession of the Department of Panama from Colombia. Was the isthmus revolution a spontaneous movement, or was it instigated by the United States? That is the crux of the whole matter. Mr. Hoar himself intimated that he should lay no stress on the quickness with which the independence of the Republic of Panama was acknowledged, provided our government could not be charged with having fomented the uprising against Colombian authority. He would not pretend to assert, he said, that the gestation period of commonwealths should be of a uniform length. Each case must be judged on its own merits, and with reference to the special circumstances which surround it. Had Mr. Hoar gone on to say that, without doubt, his resolution would be speedily passed by the Senate, and be met with an equally prompt response on the part of the Executive, he would have evinced the discretion that is expected from a veteran Senator. He had no right to assume that the President would not comply with the request for additional documents; as a matter of fact, while the debate on the resolution in the Senate was still pending, a large quantity of papers was sent to the House of Representatives. Strange to say, Mr. Hoar not only declined to wait until his request for supplementary papers had been granted, but he seemed disposed to condemn our Federal Executive in advance, for he insinuated that the facts would not justify President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay in asserting, as they have asserted categorically, that they were entirely blameless as regards the charge of promoting the Panama revolution. A suspension of judgment would have been only decent, one would think, on the part of a political opponent, and Mr. Hoar would resent the imputation of disloyalty to the Republican party. Mr. Hoar having set the example of a demonstration against the administration's canal policy—a demonstration that would be meaningless if it did not imply a suspicion that the President and the Secretary of State had been disingenuous in their previous communications to Congress—it is not surprising that Democratic Senators should have pursued a similar course. Not only did Mr. Gorman, Mr. Pettus, and Mr. Daniel follow in Mr. Hoar's wake, and take for granted that there had been something wrong in the action of our government on the isthmus, but the first-named Senator has undertaken to bind all his party colleagues by a caucus to oppose the ratification of the Panama Canal treaty. There are thirty-three Democratic Senators, and it is obvious that only thirty-one would be needed to defeat the treaty. We do not believe, however, that thirty-one Democratic Senators will permit themselves to be constrained by a caucus to reject the treaty negotiated with the Republic of Panama. Among those who have been counted on to vote for the treaty are Senator Cockrell of Missouri, Senator Newlands of Nevada, both the Senators from Florida, and Senator McEnery of Louisiana. It is hard to see how any Senator from a Gulf State could reconcile any other course with his duty to his constituents.

It will be observed that Mr. Hoar has virtually admitted that he himself would not oppose the treaty should it be made clear to him that our government was not implicated in the furtherance of a rebellion against a friendly state. He does not deny that the Department of Panama had ample cause for secession, nor, indeed, is a denial possible. As we have formerly pointed out, the inhabitants of the isthmus have had, during the last seventy-five years, much better reasons for revolting against the central government of New Granada or Colombia than they had for revolting against Spain: and the wrongs to which they have been subjected are incomparably greater than those which provoked our own forefathers to declare their independence in 1776. Of the large sums of money received by Bogota politicians from the Panama Railroad, and for the canal franchise granted to the Lesseps Company, not a penny has been expended on the isthmus, and the same thing may be said of the harbor dues and other taxes levied at Panama and Colon. During the last seventeen years the treatment of the isthmian population has been particularly galling. Since a pretended constitution was proclaimed by the usurper Nuñez in 1886, the Department of Panama, alone among all the departments that comprise the Republic of Colombia, has been entirely deprived of local autonomy. The officials of the department, instead of being elected by their fellow citizens, have been appointed by the *de facto* government at Bogota. Such an oppressive discrimination afforded of itself sufficient provocation to revolution.

That our State Department had reason to expect a revolution at Panama is unquestionably true. That the inhabitants of the isthmus would for the third time proclaim their independence of Colombia should the Hay-Herran treaty be definitely rejected at Bogota had been matter of common knowledge for several months. Early in the summer delegates from the Department of Panama to the Colombian Congress had announced publicly that it would be impossible to prevent their fellow citizens on the isthmus from establishing a separate republic if their interests should be sacrificed by an indefinite postponement of the canal project. No encouragement on our part was needed, and none was given, if we may credit the explicit statements of President Roosevelt and of Secretary Hay. As Mr. Clark Howell, the Democratic National Committeeman from Georgia, has pointed out in the Atlanta *Constitution*, there is no proof of any connivance on the part of our government with rebellion on the isthmus, and, consequently, it cannot be pretended that our national honor has been impaired by arranging with the new republic for a suitable canal treaty. Southern Senators, as Mr. Howell tells them, cannot escape the conviction, if they reflect upon the situation now presented on the isthmus, that a vote from any one of them adverse to the canal treaty will be a vote against the vital interests and urgent demands of the industrial and commercial sections of the Southern States.

It may and will be contended, on behalf of the President, that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, it was his duty to recognize the new republic of Panama, and to promise to shield it against aggression. Not only by the fulfilment of such a promise would he discharge the function of maintaining peace and order on the isthmus, which we have performed for nearly sixty years, but he would avert the perpetration of a grievous wrong on those French citizens who owned the franchise and plant of the Lesseps Canal Company. The recently published despatches of Minister Beaupré to Secretary Hay confirm the report which had reached us from other sources, that the Colombian Congress had a sinister motive for adjourning *sine die* at the end of October, without even pretending to indicate the terms of a substitute for the Hay-Herran treaty. The purpose was to defer action of any kind in the premises until 1904, at a certain date in which year the first extension of the canal franchise, whose validity is undisputed, would expire. A second extension of the franchise, however, from 1904 to 1910, was granted by President Marroquin in return for the sum of one million dollars in gold, which was duly paid. On the pretext that the second extension is technically null and void, the leaders of the Bogota Congress planned to declare next year the property of the French company forfeited to Colombia, and to demand for themselves the whole of the forty million dollars, the amount of money which the President was authorized by the Spooner act to pay to the French owners of the canal franchise. Had the iniquitous plot been carried out, it is certain that reprisals would have been attempted by the French government, and that a French expeditionary corps would have been sent to the isthmus. We should then have found ourselves involved in a grave dilemma, between our unwillingness to connive at a flagrant robbery and our wish to uphold the Monroe Doctrine. There was but one way of avoiding such an ominous complication, and that was to pursue the course which our State Department adopted.

The Democratic Senators who seem inclined to oppose the ratification of the new canal treaty omit to explain what they would have us do thereafter. Would they have us carry such a refusal to its logical results? Would they have us recall our recognition of the independence of the Panama republic, after having led many European and many Latin-American states to follow our example? Would they have us retract our promise to shield from invasion the infant commonwealth, and leave the isthmus to be drenched in blood? Would they have us reject the opportunity to cut an interoceanic canal which we have sought in vain for fifty years, and which, at last, is ready to our hand? Would it not be well for Democratic Senators to heed the advice of Mr. John S. Williams, the leader of the minority in the House of Representatives, who deems it to be the duty of his party to recognize accomplished facts?

Even if Democratic Senators could manage to defeat the new canal treaty by a vote or two—which we do not believe—we have no fear that the present administration would hold itself bound to follow such a performance to the logical and deplorable conclusion that we have named. The Republic of Panama will be protected, and a way will be found of completing the canal. The Republicans control both Houses of Congress, and, by a majority of one in each House, they could pass a bill or resolution authorizing the President to buy the canal franchise and proceed to complete the waterway, leaving the question of sovereignty in abeyance. Nor would this be the only practicable mode of solving the problem. Should the inhabitants of the isthmus find that President Roosevelt is unable for the moment to secure a ratification of the treaty,

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they may demand admission to our Union, either as a State or as a Territory. It will be remembered that the annexation of Texas was brought about by the Democrats through a joint resolution of Congress, after the treaty negotiated to that end had been defeated by the Whigs in the Senate.

Is Our Good-will Worth Less to England than Canada's?

A LONG letter, originally addressed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie to the editor of the London *Times*, has been reprinted in a pamphlet. The writer of this letter plants himself on the ground taken by this journal some months ago, when Mr. Chamberlain's project of a preferential tariff was first launched. We then pointed out that while, nominally, the proposed tariff would erect a wall against all foreign countries indistinguishably, and, nominally, would give an equal preference to all British colonies, yet, practically, so far as the importation of wheat and flour should be concerned, Canada would be the principal beneficiary, and the United States the principal sufferer, by the suggested change. In other words, the outcome of the proposed preferential tariff, should it answer the purpose of its framer, would be to make the Canadian Dominion a successful rival of the United States, considered as a purveyor of breadstuffs to the United Kingdom. We may be asked on what possible grounds the United States, which long have maintained a protectionist policy, can object to the adoption of a similar programme by a foreign country. We answer that American tariffs have not discriminated against a particular foreign country. All foreign purveyors of a particular product are subjected to the same customs duty. The only preferences that we have given have been accorded under reciprocity treaties in return for equivalent concessions. Germany and France have framed their tariffs on protectionist principles, but they have not discriminated against the United States. Such a discrimination would justly be regarded as a provocation, and would lead to tariff reprisals which almost certainly would culminate in war. Such is the lesson of our experience during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. First came, on the part of England, a practical discrimination against the United States. Reprisals on our part followed in the form of an embargo. There was only one step left to take, namely, war, and we took it in 1812. Nor is there much doubt in the minds of those who contrast the state of American feeling that countenanced the Jay Treaty with the popular sentiment that demanded the war of 1812, that, but for the fiscal legislation levelled by England against this country in the first twelve years of the nineteenth century, the schism in the English-speaking world might have been healed a hundred years ago. It is nearly healed at the present moment; but if Mr. Chamberlain carries out his project the wound will be reopened, and may never again be closed.

At the time when Mr. Carnegie's letter was written he was residing in Scotland. But he was not by any means the only man on that side of the Atlantic to recognize the danger of which he warned the *Times*, when he said that a discrimination in a British tariff between the products of the United States and similar commodities coming from Canada would not tend to the reunion of Britain and America, but, on the contrary, would chill the feelings of affection which have germinated satisfactorily during the last few years. Almost at the outset of the discussion cause' by Mr. Chamberlain's proposal, Lord Rosebery inquired, "Against what country will this tariff be directed primarily?" He answered, "The United States, which sends us by far the largest portion of our foodstuffs." He added that he "would look with the greatest doubt and suspicion on any such proposition as that." To much the same effect spoke the London *Standard*, the organ of the most sober-minded and far-sighted men in the Conservative party, when it said in its editorial columns: "Nor can we see how it [a preferential tariff] can operate without causing friction with foreign countries, and fostering international differences and jealousies. Any preferential tax which protected Canada would be aimed directly at the United States. How mischievous it would be for us to purchase a temporary benefit at the cost of estranging the friendship and the good-will of the great English-speaking republic!" Those who imagine that a substantial preference could be given to Canada as against the United States without provoking resentment and retaliation on our part have forgotten the lessons of history. As Mr. Carnegie reminds us, there is nothing new in the proposal to give Canada a preference as against the United States. Such a preference was given in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. We then showed what we thought of it by imposing in 1825 countervailing taxes upon British ships entering our ports. Britain retaliated, and the result was an industrial war, in which the American republic gained a victory. From that time to this the foodstuffs of the United States and Canada have entered the British market on an absolutely equal footing. Mr. Chamberlain had a prototype in Mr. Huskisson, who at first resisted the claim of the United States to enter the British market on an equal footing with the British colonies, pronouncing it an "unheard-of pretension"; but, within a twelvemonth, he announced in a memorable speech his conversion to the policy which has ever since prevailed. According to a contemporary report of his speech: "Mr. Huskisson contended that the period had now arrived when it would be impossible for Great Britain to continue any longer the system of restrictive duties without inducing retaliation on the part of foreign countries, the effect of which would be most disastrous to our commercial interests." In his pamphlet Mr. Carnegie submits that the United States, having in their hour of weakness demanded and secured equality of treatment with the British colonies in the British market, are extremely unlikely to acquiesce in the withholding of such treatment at the present day.

We have quoted the statement of the London *Standard* that it would be mischievous for England to purchase, by a preference to Canada, a temporary benefit at the cost of estranging the good-will of the colossal American republic. It is doubtful whether the *Standard* itself realized how temporary the benefit would be. Without the good-will of the United States, the grain of Canada would never reach the Atlantic ports for shipment. It is obvious that to interrupt the railway communication between the seaboard and the Northwest provinces which constitute the granary of the Dominion would be child's play for the military power of the United States. It would be superfluous, however, for us to commit an act of war. We need not resort to overt hostility in order to cut off England from connection with her principal grain-growing colony during a large part of every year—that part, moreover, during which the wheat crop is moved. Here, again, Mr. Carnegie shows himself thoroughly alive to all the possibilities of the situation. As he points out in his pamphlet, a word from the President might cancel the privilege now generously granted to Canada, of reaching ice-free American ports through American territory, with all her foreign business, exports and imports, free of duty, for five months in the year, when her own ports are ice-bound. As a matter of fact, the privilege is used all the year round. In 1902 the Canadian Dominion shipped through American ports 28,546,000 bushels of breadstuffs. The number of bushels shipped in the twelvemonth named through Canadian ports we are unable to state, but, as the total value of Canadian foodstuffs exported to Britain in 1902 was only $22,471,000, it is evident that a large portion of her shipments of breadstuffs reached Britain over American territory and through American ports. The simple withdrawal of this bonding privilege, which American public opinion would unquestionably demand, would suffice to convince the British people that in offering a preference to Canadian breadstuffs they had committed an act of folly. Negotiations for a restoration of the bonding privilege would soon begin, and the favor so foolishly forfeited would ultimately be regained. The bitterness, however, engendered between the two countries by discrimination and reprisal might retard for years a revival of the present cordial relations.

Mr. Carnegie is quite right in saying that if Britain is determined to revert to a protectionist policy, the wisest thing that she could do would be, as regards foodstuffs, to offer a preference, not only to her colonies, but also to the United States, as being, although independent, by the tremendous ties of language and institutions, her daughter state. Such a preference, unquestionably, would rivet the two branches of the English-speaking race together in an unbreakable though unwritten alliance. If, under such circumstances, the Continental enemies of England should attempt to declare food contraband of war, they would have not only the British, but the American, navy to reckon with. Never would we suffer interference with our right to discharge the function of food-purveyor to Great Britain.

We can have no doubt about the conclusion to which sensible Englishmen will arrive when they contrast the benefit derivable from the good-will of the United States with any conceivable advantage that might accrue from Canadian loyalty.

A Civil-War Story Upset

AT the stated meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society last October, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the president of the society, read a paper of curious interest to persons concerned with historical research. Quoting a remark of the late Edward L. Pierce, upon the unreliable nature of the reminiscences of historical occurrences that get into print, Mr. Adams rehearsed a story told by Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, at the monthly meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, on February 7, 1901. Queen Victoria had just died, and resolutions of eulogy and regret were adopted at the meeting. Mr. Hewitt, observing that he had grown very reluctant to make an address on a public occasion (he was then seventy-eight years old), related that, being sent in 1862 on a confidential mission to England and France, he had intimate relations with Minister C. F. Adams in London, and with Judge Dayton, who was then our minister to France. One afternoon in Paris

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Judge Dayton asked him to go to London and carry word to Mr. Adams that information had reached Judge Dayton that Napoleon III. had proposed to the British government to recognize the Confederacy at once. He carried this news to Mr. Adams, who had already some intimation of it. Mr. Adams saw Lord John Russell, and asked him directly if the news was true. Receiving an evasive answer, he asked an audience with the Queen. Lord John Russell said it was not usual for ministers to have an audience with the Queen; that all communications must pass through the Foreign Office. Mr. Adams said he would go to Windsor that day and ask the Queen to see him. He did go, and did see the Queen in the presence of Prince Albert; told her what he had heard, and appealed to her to prevent so great a wrong. "He said," related Mr. Hewitt, "that the Queen, in the most gracious manner, replied, 'Mr. Adams, give yourself no concern. My government will not recognize the Confederacy.'"

When Mr. C. F. Adams, son of the minister, read this story he was much interested and much surprised, for he had never heard it before. He wrote to Mr. Hewitt and asked for the approximate date of the occurrences narrated, in order that the story might be verified by reference to Mr. Adams's diary and papers. Mr. Hewitt replied that the language he had quoted was entirely from memory; that his impression was that the events mentioned took place as early as July—about the time, he thought, when the Confederate cruisers were on the stocks at Birkenhead, since Mr. Adams asked him to examine these vessels, and he did so, and one of them was the *Alabama*, though she may not have had a name at the time. But Mr. Adams's diary ought to fix the date. Mr. Hewitt thought, and he asked to be informed of the results of his correspondent's investigation.

But Mr. C. F. Adams was not able to find in his father's diary or papers any hint of such an interview as Mr. Hewitt described. Prince Albert died in December, 1861, so *he* could not have been present at an interview in 1862. Mr. Hewitt seems not to have been in London in 1861, and besides, the few days in that year when such an interview was possible are fully accounted for in Mr. Adams's diary, and no such incident is mentioned. For a long time after Prince Albert's death the Queen lived in the closest seclusion. Mr. Adams seems never to have been at Windsor during his whole mission, except on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, in March, 1863. Mr. C. F. Adams never informed Mr. Hewitt of the result of his researches, because he came to the conclusion that Mr. Hewitt's memory had played him a trick, and because he thought it would be mortifying to Mr. Hewitt to learn that a story which was evidently so real to him could not be substantiated. He cannot find any basis of fact at all for the story of the Windsor interview. He knows that Mr. Hewitt was in England and saw more or less of Minister Adams, and was concerned with efforts to detain the Confederate cruisers, and he does not question that Mr. Hewitt at one time brought news from Mr. Dayton to Mr. Adams; but as for the Windsor incident, he is forced to conclude that Mr. Hewitt imagined it. Moreover, he cannot find any definite historical basis for the accepted tradition that "somehow, and in some way, the cause of the Union was, in its hour of trial, dear to Queen Victoria, and that we of the North were then under deep and peculiar obligation to her."

The case is interesting, and it is to be hoped that further light may be thrown upon it. Confidence in the accuracy of Mr. Hewitt's reminiscence is pretty thoroughly upset by Mr. C. F. Adams's paper. Mr. Hewitt spoke from hearsay. He was not present at the supposed interview. It seems likely that Mr. Adams was not present, either, and that there was no such interview as Mr. Hewitt described. But it is not impossible, however unlikely, that the Queen expressed such sentiments as Mr. Hewitt asserted, and that they were brought to Mr. Adams's knowledge by some third person.

A Flying-Machine that Flies

Stories of flying-machines that fly are to be received with exceeding caution. Stories of flying-machines that don't fly may always be accepted at their face value. That is because flying-machines abound, and experiments with them are constantly going on, and the rule has been that they don't fly unless they have balloon attachments.

What looks like a veritable exception to that rule was reported in the newspapers of December 19. The despatches published on the morning of that day recorded that a flying-machine made by Wilbur and Orville Wright, of Dayton, Ohio, was tried at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, on December 18, and flew three miles against the wind, descending gracefully on the spot selected by Wilbur Wright, the navigator aboard. This machine had no balloon, but was compounded of a big box-kite and a small gasolene engine. It was started from a platform on a high sand-hill, and ran down an incline, at the bottom of which, instead of butting disastrously into the earth, as usually happens, it gradually rose until it got up sixty feet, and, driven by its engine, maintained an even speed of eight miles an hour in the face of a strong wind.

That is the story as the newspapers tell it, and there is no present ground for distrusting its accuracy. The Wright brothers, sons of an Ohio clergyman, are in business in Dayton, and have been interested in aeronautics since the death of Lilienthal, by a fall from a flying-machine, in 1896. They have followed Lilienthal's method of making practice accompany theory step by step, holding that the navigator, before he applies power, must learn to balance himself in his machine as he would on a bicycle. Their practical experiments began in 1900, and starting with the knowledge gained by Lilienthal, and getting some good ideas from Mr. Octave Chanute, of Chicago, they seem to have worked to excellent purpose. Their machine is described as a framework of light timbers thirty feet long, five broad, and five deep, covered with canvas, equipped with a rudder in the centre, and carrying the navigator's car and a gasolene engine which drives two six-bladed propellers, one of which drives the car upward, the other forward.

One of their reported innovations consists of putting their horizontal rudder in front instead of behind. The facts about their experiment need to be further expounded and confirmed, but, so far as known, they are of lively interest.

The Price of Culture

The venerable maxim that "there is no royal road to learning" urgently needs restatement in a form suited to republican conditions. When the proverb was coined, privileges were for kings; to-day they are for millionaires. It was then necessary to lay stress on the fact that there is no common measure of culture and rank; it must now be emphasized that culture cannot be expressed in terms of dollars.

A hundred years ago Oxford admitted members of the nobility to her degrees without compelling them to undergo the tests imposed on others. That particular relic of aristocratic advantage has long since been swept away; but the spirit of it is revived whenever something that is not the result of intellectual effort is accepted as an equivalent for actual scholarship. "Thy silver perish with thee," said Peter to Simon Magus, "because thou hast thought to obtain the gift of God with money." It is an intellectual simony which thinks it possible to acquire by money or by knowledge of affairs that particular asset which can only be gained by the laborious application of years to a special task. One may not do everything. Each man must make his choice. If he prefers the quiet pursuits of a student, he must not complain if he finds that his very name is unknown on Wall Street. If his chief ambition is for a career of business success, he must not expect to be able to exchange his reputation at will for academic distinction.

No one, then, who has become a millionaire has the right to suppose that his business success will be counted to him, or to his children, for culture. The command of wealth, it is true, gives access to certain helpful opportunities of tuition, books, etc., as well as preventing the strain suffered by those who have to earn their bread while they study. But the alphabet and the multiplication table are the same on Fifth Avenue as on the East Side, and every successive step up the ladder of learning must be taken by an individual struggle against native indolence, irrespective of social position.

That the prices of commercial and intellectual success are not interchangeable must be learned by communities also. Chicago cannot transform herself into Athens at a moment's notice. No city, however strenuous, can hustle herself into the position of an intellectual centre. The very word "culture" suggests a long and gradual process, for plants do not spring up into maturity in a night. It takes time to diffuse throughout a community those aptitudes and acquirements without which it cannot achieve real distinction in things of the mind. For the truly cultivated man is not one who has simply made his memory an encyclopædic storehouse, but one who has formed the intellectual habit. And this is not the result of sudden spurts, but the fruit of discipline and patience.

To Regulate Marriages

Iowa has a Society for the Suppression of Disease and Degeneracy which is about to invite the Legislature to make the State marriage law provide that applicants for a license to marry shall bring with them the certificate of a reputable physician that they have been under instruction regarding the duties pertaining to the marriage relation. A like bill was offered to the same Legislature two years ago, but never came to a vote. Reputable physicians have not existed in numbers worth considering more than a few centuries. It is one of the marvels of nature that creation was able to sustain itself so long without them.

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WILLIAM I. BUCHANAN, APPOINTED MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY AND ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

President Roosevelt has appointed Mr. William I. Buchanan, formerly United States Minister to Argentina, to the important post of minister to the new Republic of Panama. Mr. Buchanan is a native of Ohio. He was appointed minister to Argentina by President Cleveland, and was retained in that position by Mr. McKinley. He represented his State as Agricultural Commissioner at the Chicago World's Fair, and was also Director-General of the Pan-American Exposition. In order to insure Mr. Buchanan's presence on the isthmus at the earliest possible moment, the State Department has sent him to Panama on a special commission as envoy extraordinary, pending his final confirmation by the Senate after the holiday recess

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An Opportunity for the Stage

THE decay of satire has often been a real or imaginary grief with critics who thought themselves safe from it. They have lamented that it was no longer with us to scourge vice, and mock folly, and correct manners, and in differing terms they have asked it to come back. Whether they would really have liked it if they had got it again is another matter. We ourselves doubt whether they would, though that is a point we do not care to insist upon. Our present business is rather to inquire whether we have not satire still, and whether we have not always had it in one form or other. Any representation of life, one might say, was a satire, man being mostly such an ass that whenever he was truly portrayed he was satirized. By the photographic spirit of the moderner novel he has been caught more exactly than ever before, and therefore every up-to-date fiction has been a satire of much closer and finer texture than the old satires that called themselves so. It is much severer to divine than to burlesque human nature, and man, fainting under the Roentgen rays of the realistic novelist might very well cry out for the lash of the satirist, as a relief from his intolerable anguish. But if all this is paltering with a very simple fact we are quite willing, and even glad, to grant that what we used to know as the satire has gone out. It has been gone so long from our own small American order of things that we made no merit of noting, the other week when we spoke of Mr. Ford's pleasing extravaganza of "The Brazen Calf," that it was almost the only satire, in the technical sense, which had appeared since "The Potiphar Papers."

The satire in verse, which was once so admired a phase of the derisive mask, has quite vanished. It is not entirely because we have no longer any Dryden, any Pope, or any Byron, that we have longer any "MacFlecknoes," or "Dunciads," or "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," because something of the sort might have been furnished us, if it was wanted, by the Churchills and Giffords whom we have mute and inglorious with us still. It is also because people are too civilized to enjoy nasty and cruel personalities, and hate verse, any way, that we do not have satires in heroic couplets in which the satirist's victim was pierced with poisoned arrows, and tortured with points of burning sticks, and then scalped and crowned with live coals from the stake to which he was tied. We now leave such diversions, the aboriginal Americans having been put out of business, to the leading citizens in those parts of the country where they are eradicating the New Crime. We neither want to take part in such scenes, nor to look on at them. All efforts to revive this sport have failed, and when we have a satire in prose, like "The Brazen Calf," it is so mercifully amusing that it imparts a pleasure which is quite benign. So far from asking us to sympathize in an infliction of pain, it invites us to pity the follies it mocks, and in the end leaves us wishing to bind up their wounds. Even so long ago as when "The Potiphar Papers" were written, the author had no model in mind harsher than Thackeray's satirical sketches and studies and novels, which were supposed to be satirical when, in their faltering and imperfect fashion, they were simply representative. They, perhaps, marked more distinctly than anything else the departure from the old ideal of something punitive; they merely sought to be portraitive; but being so awfully like, they were taken for burlesques, such being the confusion in the mind of the ass who is popularly known as man. Their destination involved their origin, but their destination was the actual novel of manners which holds its hand from labelling any figure, or making a descriptive speech come out of its mouth, in a forbearance which Thackeray scarcely conceived of. They held still to the horny hand of the aboriginal satyr, and were born of him and of Allegory, whom they rather more voluntarily favored.

But satires of that sort are quite gone out, now, though not so quite as the satire in verse; and such phases of that antique form as we still have are rather to be met on the boards of the theatre than between the boards of the novel. In fact, the strongly moralized modern comedy is pretty nearly always a satire, if we except such triumphs of a broader and deeper art as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." Mr. Pinero himself is usually a satirist, as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is very commonly, as Ibsen always is, as Björnson often is, as Sudermann is apt to be, as Mr. Bernard Shaw invariably is. The very finest comedy on the modern stage is Mr. Shaw's "Arms and the Man," which is never there, and it is the most perfect satire of war and the military profession which ever was written. To such masters of the kind Mr. J. M. Barrie has now added himself in a rank hardly inferior, by virtue of that newest comedy of his, "The Admirable Crichton," which in the best sort, in the sort of "Arms and the Man," is purely a satire. It is a satire of caste, and though an extravagant fantasy in design, it is a study of actual conditions and living character in the effect of its facts which has scarcely been surpassed in the most modern novel of manners.

The tale it tells has now been many times twice-told in all the newspapers, and is simply that of a noble English family whose head indulges a passion for equality once a month by having in the servants to tea, and making the daughters of the house and their friends and lovers wait upon them. The servants all hate it, especially the butler, who deplores it as a wild and corrosive error, subversive of the whole unnatural social order in which England lives. In the next act, the noble family and the butler, with two of the lovers, find themselves on a desolate island after shipwreck in the family yacht; and in the natural order to which they are all remanded, the butler, who is the only one among them capable of imagining or doing anything, comes into control of the group. The head of the house naturally devolves into a silly, old, light-hearted dependent; the lovers become the butler's devoted hegs, and the eldest daughter, the once haughtiest and still fairest, is going to marry him, when they hear a ship's gun, and they know that rescue is at hand. In the last act they are in England again in their old places and relations, and the girl resumes her engagement to the young lord who had remained faithful, or almost faithful, to her through the three years of her exile on the desert island. But there is a last moment, a supreme moment, when she lingers behind the others who are going out to dinner, and fondly reverts to the past in a word with the butler. He owns that he liked it there on the island, where he could be a man, as he cannot be in England. "Then," she boldly suggests, "there must be something wrong with England." "Ah," he returns, "I can't let even you say anything against England!" and she goes out.

This is exquisitely poignant, and it is of a piece with the whole delightful, cheerful, most amusing play, throughout which one laughs with a remote sense of heartache. It *was* right, there on that island, where the best man could and must be the first; and the inferior natures that fall into subjection to him knew it, then, as they know it afterwards when they return to the unnatural order in which they again become the superiors of the best man. This is apparent even to the New York audiences which witness the charming rendition of the author's ideas, and amidst our own anxious and eager beginnings of caste, have some suspicion perhaps that he means what he says. In England, we are told, it is rather hatedly thought that it is "not very nice" to take such a light way with the divinely ordered relations of master and man, which is all the better for not being the natural order. It is said that the cruel irony of the butler's closing words is taken there for a burst of patriotism; but we here need not regard it so. We may take it as the cry of baffled and despairing manhood, that is, if we happen to have little enough money to be men ourselves.

At the New Lyceum Theatre, where we saw this really lovable satire, we could have wished that Mr. Gillette had subdued himself more effectually, in the purely comic moments, to what must have been the author's design. We ourselves do not personally know much about English butlers, but from what we have heard and read of them, we should fear that they did not often sound the note of preaching, or at least so often as Mr. Gillette thinks. We urge this doubtfully, because in the parts which he creates both as an author and an actor, we have pinned our faith absolutely to him, and we do not like to unpin it. In spite of his English butler he will still be for us the finest and truest dry Yankee that ever was imagined, and we must hope that he yet can exteriorate himself to that single characterization. For the other players, perhaps because they were to the manner born, we had not a moment's doubt concerning them, and as they gave it the play was an unalloyed pleasure. We would like everybody to go and see it, for with the clue which we have given, we think some could find their way through it to those heaven-kissing heights where Equality is, and gain from this British playwright some faith in that American ideal.

But we do not wish to get so far away from the lesson which we would fain read our dramatists, actual and intending, from this charming satire. In a time when the other muses have dropped that form of literary expression, it is still the privilege, and so far as privilege implies duty, the duty of the dramatist to hold up that mirror to our national features, and to correct our manners, far as we have any of our own, with a smile. Do not be harsh with us, we would entreat them; be very kind in being true. Our worst phase is not in our treatment of our domestic inferiors yet, though our tendency in copying the English conditions is to brutalize them, but we have some defects, political, social, and religious, which the satirical playwright might make his prey most usefully. This was admirably done in the dramatization of Mr. Robert Grant's novel of "Unleavened Bread," and Mr. Clyde Fitch has done it and half-done it more than once. After all, he is our best yet, and that is saying in the severest way, that he ought to be better. "The Girl with the Green Eyes" was a delightful satire of the jealous temperament, till it lost itself in a morass of sentimentality in the last act; but what we should ask of him, as an example to his weaker brethren, if not as an earnest of what he was going himself to do after this, would be something like the satire of the social situation in the first act of "The Climbers."

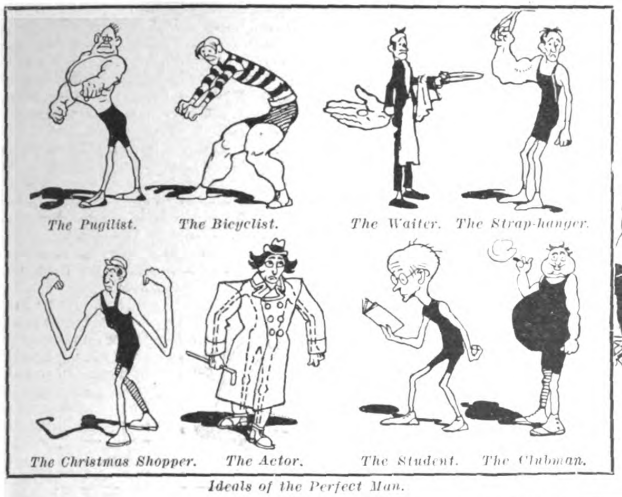
The field of satire, closed to the poet and the novelist, is invitingly open to the dramatist, and any American dramatist who ventures into will find himself in the best company, with Mr. Pinero, with Mr. Jones, with Mr. Barrie, with that poor, unhappy, brilliant ghost, Oscar Wilde; with Ibsen, with Sudermann; in a manner with the great Hauptmann, whose "Hännele" is a sort of seraphic satire, so true, so sweet, so sad, so sublime; with the only Tolstoy in his matchless dramas. We would not have our playwrights personal in their satires, as Aristophanes was, so that Doctor Johnson had to threaten him with his cane if he put him on the stage (or was it Socrates who menaced Foote?), but at the same time we would have them absolutely true to conditions. They (unless we are talking in the plural when we are thinking in the singular) have shown us that our society, in the larger and the smaller sense, is advantageously capable of satire, and we invite them to make further proof of it in that kind, at those thousand and one points of its most dramatic structure where our drama has never yet touched it.

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Ideals of the Perfect Man

Sketches from this Week's Physical-Culture Exhibition at Madison Square Garden

By Albert Levering



Ideals of the Perfect Man.

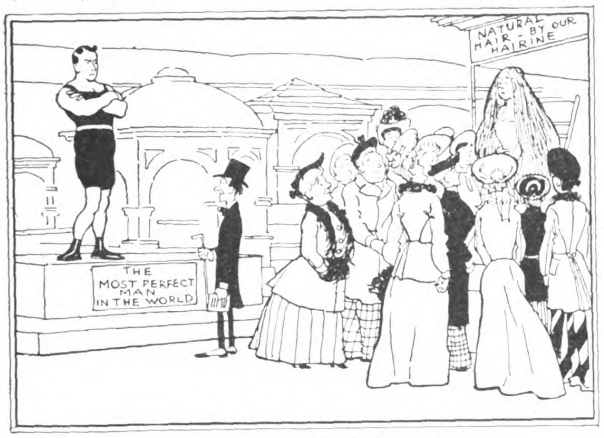


Preference in Angles and Curves



Obsolete and Injurious. (Old Style.)

Dapper, Up-to-date, and Healthy. (Nature.)



The most Perfect Man in the World.



What Correct Living will do for You.

(An Exhibit.)



The most Beautiful Woman in the World.

(Enthusiastic Judges.)

As a Test of Strength a Foot-race was held after the Contestants had Fasted three Days.

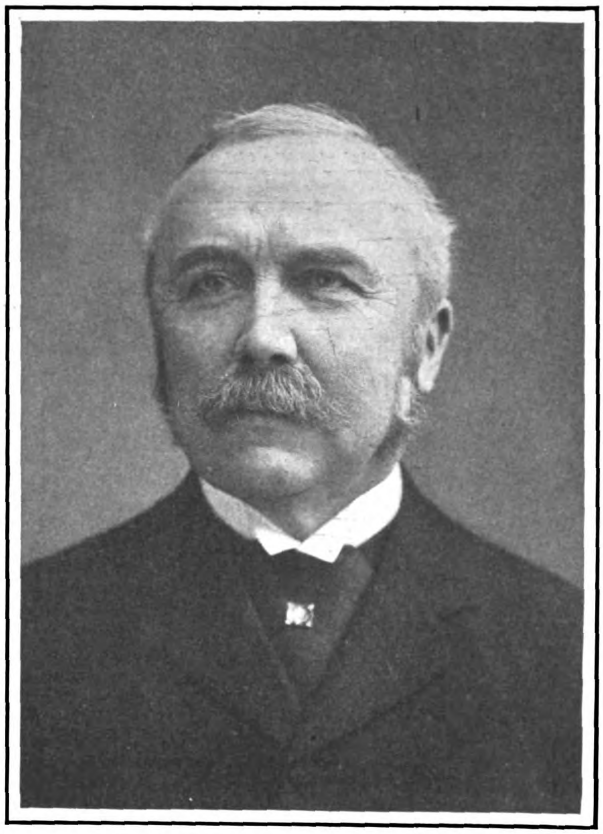
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"C.-B."

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *December 19, 1903.*

LORD ROSEBERY and "C.-B." are manifestly coming together. (Need I say that "C.-B." is the Right Honorable Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, P.C., M.P., LL.D., J.P., etc.? Even leisurely England has no time for such a mouthful, and friend and foe alike have agreed on "C.-B." as an excusable and tractable abbreviation). Lord Rosebery, then, and "C.-B." are within measurable distance of becoming allies once more. Americans may readily conceive what this means if they will imagine Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bryan standing hand in hand, and swearing allegiance not only to one another, but to a political programme that satisfies them both. The differences between Rosebery and "C.-B." have been no less fundamental than the differences between Cleveland and Bryan. Imperialism and home rule split the Liberal party in Great Britain just as free silver, government by injunction, and imperialism split the Democratic party in the United States. But it is the great good fortune of the English Liberals that they have at length found an issue, or rather an issue has been forced upon them, which is so overwhelming in its importance that it overrides all minor questions, and furnishes a common meeting-ground for each and every section. That issue, of course, is Mr. Chamberlain's new departure. Liberals may differ about South Africa and Ireland, but they are wholehearted free-traders to a man. I shall not be surprised if before many months have gone by Lord Rosebery and "C.-B." are found on the same platform in visible token that English Liberalism is once more a fighting and cohesive creed. Nor is it impossible that with them and supporting them may be seen some at least of the revolting Unionists, men like the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Goschen, Lord Hugh Cecil, and Mr. Winston Churchill, who have proclaimed their adherence to free trade, and must, in the long run, decisively break with their party. At a time like this when parties are in flux, and new combinations, new groupings are forming day by day, there is a good deal of subterranean activity that the public never hears of. So far as the Liberals are concerned, that activity has taken a very definite direction. It is now an open secret that Lord Rosebery and "C.-B." have each renounced his title to the leadership in favor of Earl Spencer, and that the Liberal government of the future will be presided over by that blameless nobleman, with Rosebery serving once more in the Foreign Secretaryship and "C.-B." leading the party in the House of Commons.



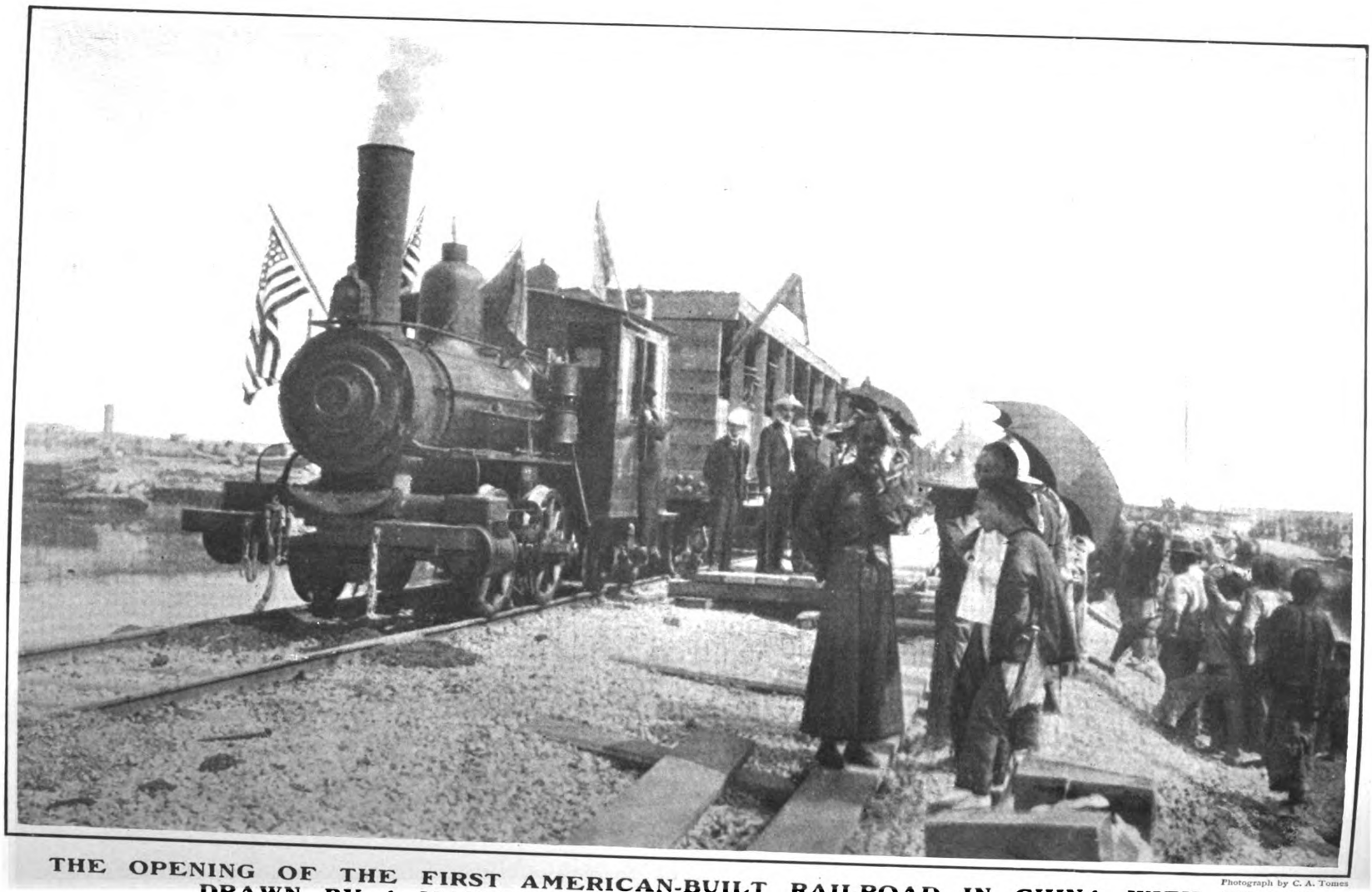
The Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman

When England realizes that this arrangement has actually been agreed upon, there will be, I imagine, a well-nigh unanimous admission that "C.-B." has acted very handsomely in consenting to it. For the last four years he has had about as thankless a task as any politician ever tried to grapple with. He was elected in 1899 by the votes of his fellow members to the leadership of the Liberal party. Nominally his leadership embraced the entire party; really it covered no more than a section—a large section, I admit, the larger of the two, but still inferior to the Rosebery following in authority, prestige, and individual capacity. That was the first of his troubles. He was leading a party that was not only in a hopeless minority in Parliament, but was completely divided against itself. The Boer war accentuated and aggravated all its divisions till they approached a cataclysm. The Irish Nationalists formally broke off their alliance with the Liberals, and resumed their old position of an independent faction whose support was to be had by any party that would pay the price for it. It was a situation that would have taxed a Gladstone, a Disraeli, or even that supreme manager of men—Lord Palmerston. The only quality that "C.-B." brought to its solution was a pachydermatous temperament. He is one of those men on whom nothing seems really to make an impression. About nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of every thousand execrated him when he denounced the government, and therefore England and the English army, for waging war in South Africa by "methods of barbarism," "C.-B." did not care. For two years after the war broke out he sat stolidly on the fence. Either he could not or else he would not make up his mind, or perhaps he had no mind to make up. For two years, amid the jeers of his opponents and the desperation of both sections of his party, he wabbled from one side to the other, but never quite fell off his neutral perch. His speeches were studiously framed to suit any and every policy that the future might prove to be expedient—until one day he came definitely over to the pro-Boers, and the country fairly howled with rage.

After all, no man who was not a pachyderm could have stood what "C.-B." had to stand. The hopelessness of it all would have killed a man with any pretensions to sensitiveness. But to "C.-B." it never seemed to matter in the least how often he was defeated or by how large a majority, what was being said of him by the people, the press, and his own party, or whether his nominal followers were really following. Whatever happened, there he was day after day, in his seat in the House of Commons, holding forth by the hour in a level, oily flow of criticism, always cheerful, always ready to remember that as the leader of the opposition it was his business to oppose. There was no fire in his speeches, no real conviction, no trenchancy, no point — just obvious, well-meaning platitudes fluently turned. Neither during the Boer war, nor at the opening of the fiscal question—when a leader of real force might almost have turned the government out — has "C.-B." shown the smallest capacity for Parliamentary generalship. Nevertheless, he filled a gap. It was better for the Liberals that even "C.-B." should be representing them than that they should have gone without any representation at all. True, he missed nearly every chance that come along; true, that he exasperated far more than he stimulated. Still, in politics it is fatal to be doing nothing, and "C.-B." was always doing something. That was an immense point in his favor. He kept up the pretence of fighting, and he never seemed conscious, or at least never betrayed his consciousness, that it was destitute of reality. It meant a good deal that there should be at least one man among the Liberals who was content to "keep plugging away," who never seemed to expect results, and was, consequently, never disappointed when results failed to appear. A sort of pathos began to attach to "C.-B." He was so obviously and patiently doing his best, that the country, which judges a man with very little reference to his ability as a Parliamentary tactician, developed a half-pitying, half-humorous attachment for him. And now that the war is over and the fiscal question engrosses discussion and the Liberals are again a united party, people are beginning almost to admire him. He has done all the work, while Rosebery was looking on and criticising, and he has had all the kicks. Is it fair that Rosebery should now come along and claim the palm when he has carefully avoided the dust?

In himself "C.-B." is a singularly pleasant man. A certain pawky humor runs through his public speeches, but it is not to be compared with the sprightliness, the wit and vivacity of his dinner-table conversation. An American duchess, famous for her political dinners, declared a few weeks ago that if she could not get Joseph Chamberlain to take her in to dinner, she would at once choose "C.-B." The son of a Scotch land-owner, very wealthy, sixty-seven years old, with a sort of ponderous common sense and grotesque immobility, he has in him the gifts that make a man a capital administrator but a poor leader. In all the offices he has held he has done well. Indeed, Lord Rosebery was once heard to exclaim during his Premiership, "I wish I had a dozen 'C.-B.'s' in my cabinet." It is hardly likely he would repeat that exclamation to-day. Nevertheless, "C.-B." holds a position that is in some ways even more assured than Lord Rosebery's.

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Photograph by C. A. Tomes

THE OPENING OF THE FIRST AMERICAN-BUILT RAILROAD IN CHINA, WITH TRAIN DRAWN BY A MANHATTAN ELEVATED RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE

The first American-built railroad, and the first railway line in the Chinese territory of southern China, was opened on November 15. The line runs from Canton to Fatshan, about ten miles up the West River. It forms part of a line to Samshui, which is being built by the American China Development Company. It is expected that by the middle of January the entire branch line of thirty miles between Canton and Samshui will be opened. Including this and other branches, there are about 1069 miles of railway to build. An interesting feature of the opening celebration was the use of a discarded elevated railroad locomotive from America, which pulled the first train over the line

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Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

MR. McCARTHY'S latest volume, *Portraits of the Sixties*, needs only a glance to remind the reader that it deals with a decade which had a history entirely its own, and which may claim to be recognized as a distinctive epoch. It is a question whether any equal space of time in the history of England was productive of a larger amount of original matter. Every portrait, therefore, which Mr. McCarthy has drawn to illustrate any phase of that period must have an abiding interest for the readers of this and successive generations. The sixties were memorable years, fittingly enshrined by Macaulay's honorable burial in Westminster Abbey on the 9th of January, 1860, and the declaration of Louis Napoleon on the 1st of January, 1870, at the annual reception of the diplomatic body in the Tuileries, that the year 1870 was destined to consolidate the general agreement between his government and the foreign powers, and thus tend to the increase of concord, peace, and civilization—a year which, as a matter of fact, saw one of the greatest continental wars known to modern European history, the fall of Louis Napoleon's empire and the rise of the third French Republic. Between these events, which serve as historical landmarks for the opening and the closing of the sixties, Mr. McCarthy has drawn from his own recollections and memories of that period the notable figures of the men and women who gave distinction to the sixties, and with whom he was fortunate to come in contact and to know more or less intimately. Two of the greatest English novelists of all time, Dickens and Thackeray, died within that period; Thackeray during its earlier part and Dickens just before its close. The influence of Carlyle, of Tennyson, Ruskin, and of some other writers of the highest order reached its zenith during the sixties. The career of Swinburne, and of Rossetti as a poet, began in the sixties, and will always be associated with that period. Some of the greatest names connected with the dramatic and lyric stage were made known to the world during the same years, and in politics the sixties saw a deep and lasting mark made in the Parliamentary history of England. The work of Darwin and of Huxley took its first recognized form during the earlier part of that era. Outside of England the sixties saw the sudden uprising of Prussia to its position among the greatest European powers; felt the first evidences of the approaching fall of Louis Napoleon's empire in France, and witnessed the settlement of the great controversy which had so long divided the Northern and Southern States of America.



The Hon. Justin McCarthy
Author of "Portraits of the Sixties"

Mr. McCarthy has described these conspicuous figures of English life in the sixties as one would describe a portrait-gallery in which every portrait is characteristic of the time. There is not a single picture in the gallery which does not in itself help to bring back to the public mind a distinct recollection of the men and women who made the sixties an important and peculiar period in modern English history. None of the figures Mr. McCarthy has set forth in these pages is without its appropriateness and importance in the revival of those memories with which he has enriched and revivified our knowledge of those years. By a fortunate coincidence, Mr. McCarthy came to London in the earliest of the sixties, and settled down there to a life of journalism and literature, and subsequently to a career in Parliament. The preliminary chapter in which he gathers up his first early impressions of the London of those days, so far removed in its outward fashion and phases from the London of to-day, are of picturesque interest and value. An amusing peculiarity of the early sixties, which he notes as appalling in its grotesque and oftentimes calamitous effects, was the reign of the crinoline. Mr. McCarthy remarks that it is well for those years that they had so many splendid claims to historical recollection, but it may be said of them that if they had bequeathed no other memory to a curious and contemplative posterity, the reign of the crinoline would still have secured for them an abiding-place in the records of human eccentricities. After reciting a number of personal observations and adventures concerning the crinoline, Mr. McCarthy concludes, "Do what we will, we who lived in those days cannot dissociate our memories of the crinoline from our memories of the woman of the period."

One could wish to linger pleasantly over Mr. McCarthy's agreeable and lively memories of the celebrities of that time, to relate how he was introduced to Dickens through a mutual friend and associate in the reporter's gallery in the House of Commons, his casual meetings thereafter in London with the novelist, and his description of Dickens's original and peculiar style in his readings, and the effect of his impersonations on the audience; of Dickens's superb address as an after-dinner speaker; of the first time he saw Thackeray, and the fascination which his manner had upon the young journalist; the effect wrought upon the public mind, recalled by Mr. McCarthy, when the yellow-covered monthly numbers of *Vanity Fair* first began to make their appearance; of his disconcerting meeting with Carlyle, and his clear recollection of the part which the sage was ever ready to take against the Northern States in our civil war; of Tennyson, a conspicuous figure in public when seen in the House of Commons, and a familiar figure in some of the quieter recesses of the parks, more especially of St. James's Park; of Richard Owen, "one of the most effective public lecturers to whom I have ever listened"; of Cardinal Newman and his brother Francis; of Richard Cobden and John Bright, to whom he was indebted for his first introduction to Browning, between whom and Mr. McCarthy there sprang up a friendship which lasted as long as the poet lived. These are but a few of the names from Mr. McCarthy's portrait-gallery in politics, letters, arts, science, and social life in the sixties, which conjure up a series of historical pictures that make this volume one of the most important and valued adjuncts to the literary history of that period.

The success of Mr. Howells's latest novel, *Letters Home*, very naturally recalls his previous success in New York fiction with *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, and the appearance of this work in a one-volume edition is timely and welcome. It is scarcely credible that in the lapse of fourteen years even so progressive a city as the American metropolis should show, as it does in a comparison of these two novels, the changes that have taken place in locomotion, architecture, and in the general aspects of the city's life. It is curious, for instance, to find the stranger on Broadway only fourteen years ago remarking the passing of the omnibus in favor of the horse-car when now we have the trolley, and are soon to see the underground electric cars and the moving platform in operation.

To his other accomplishments as novelist, poet, and playwright, Mr. Rupert Hughes adds that of a music-lover and authority. Two books of his already attest the fact, namely: *Contemporary American Composers* and *The Musical Guide*. To these he now adds *The Love-Affairs of Great Musicians* in two volumes, fully illustrated with portraits, and attractively bound in red and gold. It is the first work of the kind that has ever been given to the public, and its novelty is further enhanced by the fact that only now could full advantage be taken of much new material published for the first time. As instances, there is the revelation of the exact identity of Beethoven's "Immortal Beloved"; the letters of Liszt to his princess; letters of Chopin long supposed to have been burned, as well as diaries and letters gathered by an intimate friend for a biography whose completion was prevented by death; the appearance of the first volume of a new biography of Clara Schumann, with a detailed account of the whole progress of her beautiful love-story, down to the day of her marriage. It presents a series of chapters in the lives of great musicians, tending largely to elucidate the *motif* of their art, and enriching our knowledge of their isolated existence on the human side—a work that will surely appeal to all lovers and students of music, but which is equally interesting, by reason of its romantic interest, to all readers. By the way, I find that I was in error when I stated a few weeks ago that the musical memoir of *Theodore Leschetizky* appeared originally in French two years ago. The biography is now published for the first time.

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SNOWBOUND ON NEW-YEAR'S EVE

Drawn by H. Mesthesel

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ITALIAN WITHOUT A M



IT is almost a fortnight now that I am domiciled in a mediæval villa in the country, a mile or two from Florence. I cannot speak the language; I am too old now to learn how, also too busy when I am busy, and too indolent when I am not; wherefore some will imagine that I am having a dull time of it. But it is not so. The "help" are all natives; they talk Italian to me, I answer in English; I do not understand them, they do not understand me, consequently no harm is done, and everybody is satisfied. In order to be just and fair, I throw in an Italian word when I have one, and this has a good influence. I get the word out of the morning paper. I have to use it while it is fresh, for I find that Italian words do not keep in this climate. They fade toward night, and next morning they are gone. But it is no matter; I get a new one out of the paper before breakfast, and thrill the domestics with it while it lasts. I have no dictionary, and I do not want one; I can select my words by the sound, or by orthographic aspect. Many of them have a French or German or English look, and these are the ones I enslave for the day's service. That is, as a rule. Not always. If I find a learnable phrase that has an imposing look and warbles musically along I do not care to know the meaning of it; I pay it out to the first applicant, knowing that if I pronounce it carefully *he* will understand it, and that's enough.

Yesterday's word was *avanti*. It sounds Shakespearian, and probably means Avaunt and quit my sight. To-day I have a whole phrase: *sono dispiacentissimo*. I do not know what it means, but it seems to fit in everywhere and give satisfaction. Although as a rule my words and phrases are good for one day and train only, I have several that stay by me all the time, for some unknown reason, and these come very handy when I get into a long conversation and need things to fire up with in monotonous stretches. One of the best ones is *Dov' è il gatto*. It nearly always produces a pleasant surprise, therefore I save it up for places where I want to express applause or admiration. The fourth word has a French sound, and I think the phrase means "that takes the cake."

During my first week in the deep and dreamy stillness of this woodsy and flowery place I was without news of the outside world, and was well content without it. It had been four weeks since I had seen a newspaper, and this lack seemed to give life a new charm and grace, and to saturate it with a feeling verging upon actual delight. Then came a change that was to be expected: the appetite for news began to rise again, after this invigorating rest. I had to feed it, but I was not willing to let it make me its helpless slave again; I determined to put it on a diet, and a strict and limited one. So I examined an Italian paper, with the idea of feeding it on that, and on that exclusively. On that exclusively, and without help of a dictionary. In this way I should surely be well protected against overloading and indigestion.

A glance at the telegraphic page filled me with encouragement. There were no scare-heads. That was good—supremely good. But there were headings—one-liners and two-liners—and that was good too; for without these, one must do as one does with a German paper—pay out precious time in finding out what an article is about, only to discover, in many cases, that there is nothing in it of interest to you. The headline is a valuable thing.

Necessarily we are all fond of murders, scandals, swindles, robberies, explosions, collisions, and all such things, when we know the people, and when they are neighbors and friends, but when they are strangers we do not get any great pleasure out of them, as a rule. Now the trouble with an American paper is that it has no discrimination; it rakes the whole earth for blood and garbage, and the result is that you are daily overfed and suffer a surfeit. By habit you stow this muck every day, but you come by and by to take no vital interest in it—indeed, you almost get tired of it. As a rule, forty-nine-fiftieths of it concerns strangers only—people away off yonder a thousand miles, two thousand miles, ten thousand miles from where you are. Why, when you come to think of it who cares what becomes of those people? I would not give the assassination of one personal friend for a whole massacre of those others. And, to my mind, one relative or neighbor mixed up in a scandal is more interesting than a whole Sodom and Gomorrah of outlanders gone rotten. Give me the home product every time.

Very well. I saw at a glance that the Florentine paper would suit me: five out of six of its scandals and tragedies were local; they were adventures of one's very neighbors, one might almost say one's friends. In the matter of world news there was not too much, but just about enough. I subscribed. I have had no occasion to regret it. Every morning I get all the news I need for the day; sometimes from the headlines, sometimes from the text. I have never had to call for a dictionary yet. I read the paper with ease. Often I do not quite understand, often some of the details escape me, but no matter, I get the idea. I will cut out a passage or two, then you will see how limpid the language is:

Il ritorno dei Reali d'Italia
Elargizione del Re all'Ospedale italiano

The first line means that the Italian sovereigns are coming back—they have been to England. The second line seems to mean that they enlarged the King at the Italian hospital. With a banquet, I suppose. An English banquet has that effect. Further:

Il ritorno dei Sovrani a Roma

ROMA, 24, ore 22,50. - I Sovrani e le Principessine Reali si attendono a Roma domani alle ore 15,51.

Return of the sovereigns to Rome, you see. Date of the telegram, Rome, November 24, ten minutes before twenty-three o'clock. The telegram seems to say, "The Sovereigns and the Royal Children expect themselves at Rome to-morrow at fifty-one minutes after fifteen o'clock."

I do not know about Italian time, but I judge it begins at midnight and runs through the twenty-four hours without breaking bulk. In the following ad. the theatres open at half past twenty. If these are not matinées, 20.30 must mean 8.30 P.M., by my reckoning.

Spettacoli del dì 25

TEATRO DELLA PERGOLA — (Ore 20,30) — Opera: *Bohème*.

TEATRO ALFIERI. — Compagnia drammatica Drago — (Ore 20,30) — *La Legge*.

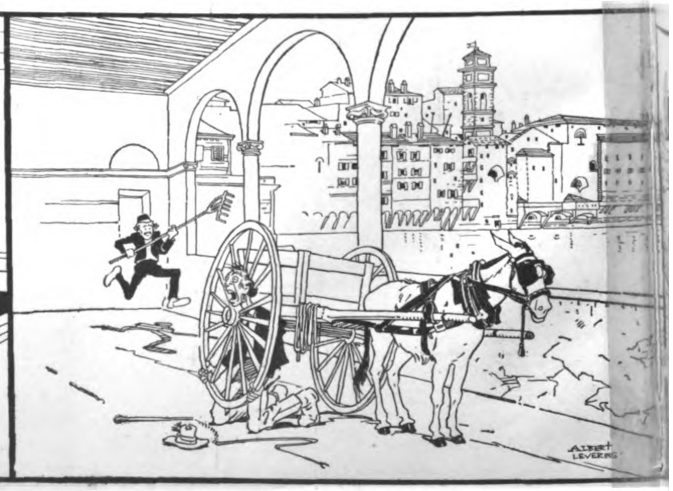
ALHAMBRA — (Ore 20,30) — Spettacolo variato.

SALA EDISON — Grandioso spettacolo Cinematografico: *Quo-Vadis?* — Inaugurazione della Chiesa Russa — In coda al Direttissimo — Vedute di Firenze con gran movimento — America: Trasporto tronchi giganteschi — I ladri in casa del Diavolo — Scene comiche.

CINEMATOGRAFO — Via Brunelleschi n. 4. — Programma straordinario, *Don Chisciotte* — Prezzi popolari.



They enlarged the King



Serious Disgrace on the old, old Bridge

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MASTER.—BY MARK TWAIN

The whole of that is intelligible to me—and sane and rational, too—except the remark about the Inauguration of a Russian Cheese. That one oversizes my hand. Gimme five cards.

This is a four-page paper; and as it is set in long primer leaded and has a page of advertisements, there is no room for the crimes, disasters, and general sweepings of the outside world—thanks be! To-day I find only a single importation of the off-color sort:

Una principessa
che fugge con un cocchiere

PARIGI, 24. - Il *Matin* ha da Berlino che la principessa Schovenbsre-Waldenbure scomparve il 9 novembre. Sarebbe partita col suo cocchiere.

La Principessa ha 27 anni.

Twenty-seven years old, and scomparve—scampered—on the 9th November. You see by the added detail that she departed with her coachman. I hope Sarebbe has not made a mistake, but I am afraid the chances are that she has. *Sono dispiacentissimo.*

There are several fires: also a couple of accidents. This is one of them:

Grave disgrazia sul Ponte Vecchio

Stamattina, circa le 7,30, mentre Giuseppe Sciatti, di anni 55, di Casellina e Torri, passava dal Ponte Vecchio, stando seduto sopra un barroccio carico di verdura, perse l'equilibrio e cadde al suolo, rimanendo con la gamba destra sotto una ruota del veicolo.

Lo Sciatti fu subito raccolto da alcuni cittadini, che, per mezzo della pubblica vettura n. 365, lo trasportarono a San Giovanni di Dio.

Ivi il medico di guardia gli riscontrò la frattura della gamba destra e alcune lievi escoriazioni giudicandolo guaribile in 50 giorni salvo complicazioni.

What it seems to say is this: "Serious Disgrace on the Old Old Bridge. This morning about 7.30, Mr. Joseph Sciatti, aged 55, of Caselina and Torri, while standing up in a sitting posture on top of a carico barrow of verdure (foliage? hay? vegetables?), lost his equilibrium and fell on himself, arriving with his left leg under one of the wheels of the vehicle.

"Said Sciatti was suddenly harvested (gathered in?) by several citizens, who by means of public cab No. 365 transported him to St. John of God."

Paragraph No. 3 is a little obscure, but I think it says that the medico set the broken left leg—right enough, since there was nothing the matter with the other one—and that several are encouraged to hope that fifty days will fetch him around in quite giudicandolo-guaribile way, if no complications intervene.

I am sure I hope so myself.

There is a great and peculiar charm about reading news-scraps in a language which you are not acquainted with—the charm that always goes with the mysterious and the uncertain. You can never be absolutely sure of the meaning of anything you read in such circumstances; you are chasing an alert and gamy riddle all the time, and the baffling turns and dodges of the prey make the life of the hunt. A dictionary would spoil it. Sometimes a single word of doubtful purport will cast a veil of dreamy and golden uncertainty over a whole paragraph of cold and practical certainties, and leave steeped in a haunting and adorable mystery an incident which had been vulgar and commonplace but for that benefaction. Would you be wise to draw a dictionary on that gracious word? would you be properly grateful?

After a couple of days' rest I now come back to my subject and seek a case in point. I find it without trouble, in the morning paper; a cablegram from Chicago and Indiana by way of Paris. All the words save one are guessable by a person ignorant of Italian:

Revolverate in teatro

PARIGI, 27. - La *Patrie* ha da Chicago: Il guardiano del teatro dell'opera di Wallace (Indiana), avendo voluto espellere uno spettatore che continuava a fumare malgrado il divieto, questo spalleggiato dai suoi amici tirò diversi colpi di rivoltella. Il guardiano rispose. Nacque una scarica generale. Grande panico fra gli spettatori. Nessun ferito.

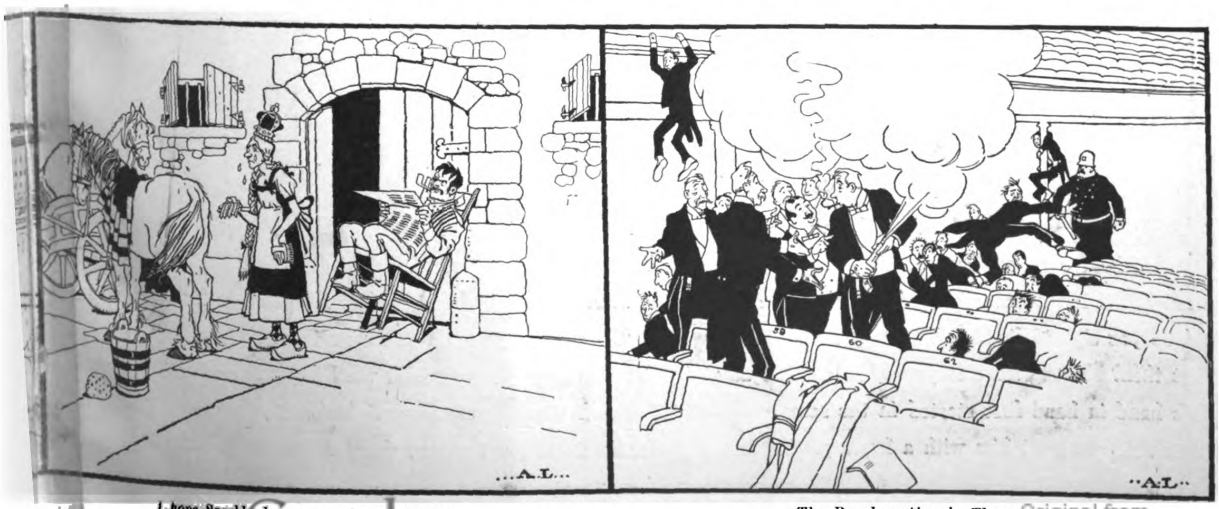
Translation.—"REVOLVERATION IN THEATRE. *Paris, 27th. La Patrie* has from Chicago: The cop of the theatre of the opera of Wallace, Indiana, had willed to expel a spectator which continued to smoke in spite of the prohibition, who, spalleggiato by his friends, tirò (Fr. *tiré*, Anglice *pulled*) manifold revolver-shots. The cop responded. Result, a general scare; great panic among the spectators. Nobody hurt."

It is bettable that that harmless cataclysm in the theatre of the opera of Wallace, Indiana, excited not a person in Europe but me, and so came near to not being worth cabling to Florence by way of France. But it does excite me. It excites me because I cannot make out, for sure, what it was that moved that spectator to resist the officer. I was gliding along smoothly and without obstruction or accident, until I came to that word spalleggiato, then the bottom fell out. You notice what a rich gloom, what a sombre and pervading mystery, that word sheds all over the whole Wallachian tragedy. That is the charm of the thing, that is the delight of it. This is where you begin, this is where you revel. You can guess and guess, and have all the fun you like; you need not be afraid there will be an end to it; none is possible, for no amount of guessing will ever furnish you a meaning for that word that you can be sure is the right one. All the other words give you hints, by their form, their sound, or their spelling—this one doesn't, this one throws out no hints, this one keeps its secret. If there is even the slightest slight shadow of a hint anywhere, it lies in the very meagrely suggestive fact that spalleggiato carries our word "egg" in its stomach. Well, make the most out of it, and then where are you at? You conjecture that the spectator which was smoking in spite of the prohibition and become reprohibited by the guardians, was "egged on" by his friends, and that it was owing to that evil influence that he initiated the revolveration in theatre that has galloped under the sea and come crashing through the European press without exciting anybody but me. But are you sure, are you dead sure, that that was the way of it? No. Then the uncertainty remains, the mystery abides, and with it the charm. Guess again.



Sono Dispiacentissimo

If I had a phrase-book of a really satisfactory sort I would study it, and not give all my free time to undictionarial readings, but there is no such work on the market. The existing phrase-books are inadequate. They are well enough as far as they go, but when you fall down and skin your leg they don't tell you what to say.



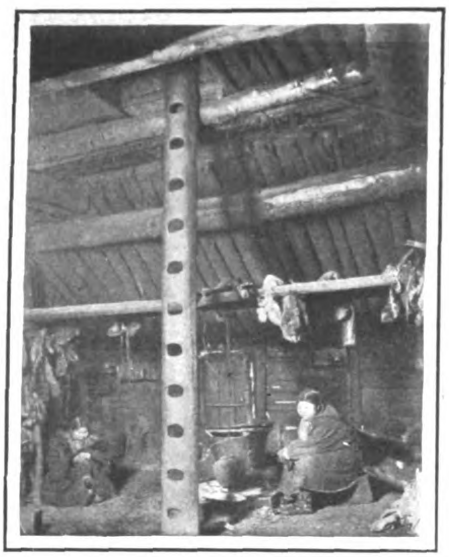
I hope Sarebbe has not made a Mistake *The Revolveration in Theatre*

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Exploring in Northern Siberia

By Walter L. Beasley

"I HAVE burrowed nights in a wolfskin sleeping-bag deep in the open snows of arctic Siberia, with the temperature at 40° below zero, which was a veritable Waldorf-Astoria compared to the hours of torture I was forced to spend in the underground and insect-infested dwellings of the Maritime Koryaks on the Asiatic coast." So says the Russian explorer Jochelson, who has recently returned to New York from two years of travel and research among the Siberian natives, in the interests of the American Museum of Natural History. The aim of the expedition was to settle the unsolved problem of American anthropology as to the early history of the native races of our continent and their relation to those of Asia. The regions selected for systematic investigation were the North Pacific coast of America and northeastern Siberia. These two points, it was thought, owing to their geographical location, would be likely to yield satisfactory results. The final results of the expedition, though not entirely worked out at present, are enough to show conclusively that the isolated tribes of eastern Asia and those on the northwest coast of our own shores form one race, similar in type and at one time possessing a single culture.



Interior of a Koryak Hut in Arctic Siberia

Reproduced by courtesy of the Director of the American Museum of Natural History

Among the important races visited by Mr. Jochelson were the Maritime Koryaks, living in scattered villages along the shore south of the Bering and Okhotsk seas, and also on the bays of Gishiga and Penshina. They number about ten thousand, and have many peculiar ceremonies and odd modes of life. There are two divisions of the tribe — Maritime and Reindeer people. The former have a harder struggle for existence than do the deer-herders of the interior, as all during the year they are forced to wage a ceaseless warfare upon the walrus and whale for food. In the winter they resort to fishing and seal-hunting through holes in the ice, the animals being compelled to frequent these openings for occasional breathing-spells, when they are killed. Both women and men wear boots and garments made of reindeer-skin, which are obtained in exchange from the inland deer-breeders for oil, blubber, and seal-hides. The most highly prized and indispensable article of a herder's outfit, namely, sledge harness and lariats for catching the deer, are made from the seal thongs. The Maritime Koryaks use dogs exclusively for transportation purposes. Nearly all the travelling is done during the winter months, when the whole tundra and country is covered with a hard crust of snow. A Koryak will then load a half-dozen sledges with objects of barter, and journey from two to three hundred miles in the interior to the reindeer camps and native fairs for trading purposes. One of the most striking and characteristic phases of Koryak life is their peculiar hour-glass-like houses. These are remarkable subterranean habitations, weird and primitive in appearance, and with a squalid atmosphere almost unbearable to the white traveller. From a distance one of these houses has the appearance of some huge inverted funnel rising out of a snow-bank. The craterlike top, besides forming a roof, is used as a general storing-place for food and all sorts of articles. This slopes downward to an aperture in the centre, which serves as a smoke-hole, ventilator, and passageway below. A number of logs arranged in a circle support the rickety framework of the roof, the lower end of which rests on a secondary pile of timbers forming the walls of the living-quarters. For nearly nine months nearly the whole house is banked and covered up within a few feet of the projecting roof with tons of snow, chinked in with frozen earth and débris, the inmates being about twenty feet below the surface. Undoubtedly the most astonishing and spectacular feature of the Koryak house is the means of entrance. This is accomplished by scaling a narrow split log, having holes cut in for the feet and hands, which extends down from the roof. Getting inside is a feat which none but a native can successfully accomplish. The interior is reached by ascending another perpendicular hewn stairway, covered with a slippery coating of grease and soot. A misplaced step of the uninitiated results in the person landing in an immense pot of blubber always kept boiling at its base. The whole enclosure has a ground floor, and is barren of anything in the shape of furniture. A large vessel for cooking seal and blubber and a kettle used for melting snow are the chief household utensils. The diet is limited almost exclusively to raw and half-cooked seal and whale flesh, with Russian brick tea as an occasional luxury. Some thirty to forty of both sexes usually inhabit one of the dwellings. The rancid odor, thick fumes of smoke and soot which fill the room, together with insect pests, is said to be indescribable, and one of the most dreaded of all the privations that fall to the lot of an arctic explorer. Before entering a Koryak household it is customary for the visitor to send word ahead, prior to his arrival. On reaching the house he will usually find assembled on the roof awaiting him the host and all his family, including dogs. These animals play an important part in their religion, which is full of Shamanism and magic. They are offered as sacrifices, and thought to be one of the most potent agencies for keeping away evil spirits and maladies. For this reason the stuffed form of a dog is always kept dangling from a roof top.

Mr. Jochelson, together with his coworker, Mr. Bogoras, brought back nearly ten thousand ethnographical objects illustrating the ceremonial and every-day life of a dozen or more Siberian races, together with several volumes of legendary tales, phonographic records, and thousands of photographs. The Siberian collection, some of which was gathered from the most obscure and isolated dwellers on the earth to-day, is the largest ever brought into civilization. The descriptive memoirs of the whole expedition will add a new chapter to the history of aboriginal man in America.

Another Year

By E. H. Sothern

ALAS! old Tyrant Time will have his way—
Another year, dear love, has flown apace,
And has it left a shadow on your face?
And do you sigh to find my hair is gray?
What then? Young Love is young, as on that day
We hand in hand first started in the race;
And shall we greet him with a lesser grace,
Because our season is no longer May?
Teach him, while youth's bright golden days we spend,
That when our dwelling-place is seamed with age,
When the chill hand of winter turns the page
Where the old story's final word is penn'd,—
Teach him to seek securest harborage,
In hearts whose summer, dear, shall know no end.

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Useful Inventions from Coal-Tar

By Sir Hiram Maxim, C.E., M.E.

WHEN coal-gas was first introduced as an illuminant for large towns, the tar which is condensed from the gas was looked upon as a nuisance—a nuisance which gave considerable trouble and was difficult to get rid of. However, chemists discovered that coal-tar was an exceedingly complicated compound, and lent itself admirably to the production of a great number of useful chemicals. So we find to-day that all the various brilliant and beautiful dyes employed for coloring various kinds of fabrics are produced from this substance. Coal-tar also furnishes the basis for several kinds of medicines, such as trional, sulphonal, and so on. Saccharine, which is a substitute for sugar, is also made from coal-tar. Carbolic acid (phenol), the most important and best-known antiseptic and disinfectant, is a product of coal-tar. Benzol, a clear and colorless liquid resembling alcohol to some extent, is another distillate which is employed for removing grease spots from fabrics and also as a solvent of india-rubber. Then we have naphthalene, a substance which to some extent resembles camphor, and is employed, like camphor, to protect woollen fabrics from moths. In addition to this, there are an almost innumerable number of products made from coal-tar which can be nitrated and which form the basis of high explosives, the best known being picric acid, which is nitrated carbolic acid, and is chemically known as trinitrophenol. Trinitrotoluene and trinitrocresol are also well-known high explosives made in exactly the same manner as picric acid, and having practically the same properties as far as explosiveness is concerned.

A curious feature of these high nitro-explosives, which are made from the products of coal-tar, is their great insensitiveness to go off by shock, and the safety with which they may be handled. They have two distinct ways of burning. If lighted in the open they burn like so much pitch-pine; the oxygen which they contain combines with a certain portion of the carbon, forming carbon dioxide, at the same time setting free a large amount of free carbon, which appears as black smoke in the atmosphere. If these explosives are confined in a strong steel shell, and ignited by a very powerful detonating charge, the heat and shock, together with the pressure, produce a different kind of combustion—carbon monoxide instead of carbon dioxide being formed. As the volume of carbon dioxide is very great, and the temperature exceedingly high, and as the whole mass goes off instantaneously, the disruptive effect is very great indeed, nearly as great as with pure nitroglycerine. Dinitrobenzol and dinitronaphthalene are coal-tar explosives which are somewhat less violent than the "trinitros" before mentioned. It will be seen that an almost endless number of compounds can be made by combining these various nitros with each other, and these are the bases of innumerable explosives which have some fancy name generally ending in "ite."

The lyddite of the English is pure picric acid, but the melinite of the French is picric acid modified with about four per cent. of thick viscid petroleum oil. In this condition it may be shot through armor-plates without detonating by shock, a test which the English lyddite, being pure picric acid, will not stand.

A Day at the White House

By A. Maurice Low

THE President of the United States and his wife are always on parade. One of the penalties attached to high station is never to escape the glare of publicity. Anything said by a President is worth quoting; if the wife of the President buys a new hat it is worth describing. The President's walks and rides and drives; the President's guests at breakfast, luncheon, and dinner—everything, in fact, that the President may do, should do, ought to do, or does not do, is so constantly put on exhibition for the delectation of an insatiable public that the public forgets there is a time when a President ceases to be a President and turns his back on affairs of state. Then he is merely a husband and a father.

The family life of the White House is ideal in the affection that exists between Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt and the *bonne camaraderie* between the President and his children. With them he is one of them—playmate, companion, guide. It is Kipling who says that if a man is very wise and properly humble he may induce a little child to give him his confidence. The President is one of those rare and fortunate men with whom small children act as naturally as they do among themselves. The President's popularity with the "Roosevelt cousins"—and there are many of them, of all sizes and all ages—is so firmly established that nothing can shake it. No man is a hero to his valet, and small children, as a rule, are not impressed by the dignity of office or the importance of power. To the politician who comes with smirking assurance to the White House asking for a minor consulship for a constituent the President excites awe; great Jove himself with his terrible frown could not be more awful. To the "Roosevelt cousins" the President is a sort of fairy uncle, always ready to join in a lark with them, to share their sorrows and their joys, to tell them the most wonderful and entertaining stories. And there are two excellent reasons why the President is the children's hero. He is always buoyant, his spirits are perpetually bubbling over with the imagination of youth, like a child he is full of rare enthusiasms, and the thing of the moment is the thing of all things to be done. And the other reason is that this wonderful father and uncle has a most wonderful memory and the story-teller's gift — not the creative genius of Kipling, though all the Kiplings of past and present are to his command. For the little girls there are the tales of the Erlkönig and the dainty Elfen dancing in the grass in the moonlight and leaving behind them the fairy rings; for the boys there are the Nibelungenlied, the saga of the Volsungs, the epic of Homer—stories of fighting and brave deeds and heroism; or stories of daring of real men when life was more strenuous than it is to-day, when knights fought in armor, or the shock of armies drove kings into exile, or white men battled with savages and created a nation.

The day at the White House begins shortly after seven o'clock. At that hour the President is up, and at eight o'clock he and Mrs. Roosevelt and some of the children—frequently with guests, men whose time is as valuable as his own and who begin their days early—are at breakfast. As with any other man engaged in active affairs, the President goes to his work immediately after breakfast, and spends from nine until half past one in his office, returning to the house to lunch. It is rare that he is without guests, except on Sunday, which he always tries to have a strictly family day.

The demands upon Mrs. Roosevelt are almost as exacting as those upon the President. Mrs. Roosevelt is by nature a woman to whom her husband, her children, and her home are everything. She is, besides, a woman of extraordinary mental attainments and force of character; the President's position has not in any way changed her ideas of life or altered her mode of living. She realizes that when her husband's term as President expires they will have



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The President about to Mount his Horse for a Ride in the Country



Miss Alice Roosevelt entering the White House Grounds on her return from a Walk

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to return to the modest style of living which they enjoyed before he became President, because the President is not a rich man, and he will not have added to his wealth by having been President. Mrs. Roosevelt exercises the same supervision over her household as she did when her husband was a Civil Service Commissioner, or as she does in summer when the capital of the United States is transferred to Long Island. She has her husband's fondness for outdoor exercise, especially for walking and riding, but it is difficult for her to find time to walk unless she does it early in the morning. After the President has gone to his office and Mrs. Roosevelt has consulted with the steward and has given the directions that may be necessary in regard to household or other matters, and while her secretary is going through the correspondence Mrs. Roosevelt is able to slip quietly out of the White House for a walk. But at eleven o'clock at the latest she is back at the White House, because usually there are persons to be seen, there are the letters to be signed and disposed of, there are a great many other things which must be done in the morning unless the whole routine of the day is disturbed.

Guests who have lunched with the President have usually left the White House by half past two, when the President returns to office and remains there until about four. Mrs. Roosevelt after luncheon sees a certain number of people by appointment; sometimes she does her shopping immediately after lunch, but at four o'clock, in case she is not the hostess at a tea or other function, or a guest at a concert or other afternoon entertainment, she goes with the President either for a ride or a drive.

The President prefers riding to almost any other form of outdoor exercise, and never lets the weather interfere with him, as Prince Henry discovered to his sorrow, when the President invited him to take a ride, and the Prince returned drenched to the skin.

At six the President is back in the White House, and the next hour is probably the happiest of the whole day, as it is given up to the children, and he either plays with them or reads to them. Then at half past seven there is dinner, and it is seldom the President and Mrs. Roosevelt dine alone. State dinners and other official functions are long, formal, and more or less tedious affairs, but the ordinary dinner, even when there are guests, is generally over in an hour, after which members of the cabinet, Senators, members of Congress, and other persons are received, these conferences often lasting until eleven o'clock. Both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt are fond of the theatre and catholic in their tastes, and are frequently seen at the Washington playhouses during the season, always accompanied by friends. Before retiring, the President makes it an almost invariable rule to read for half an hour or more. By midnight his busy day has come to an end.



Photograph by Clinedinst

Archie Roosevelt

A recent photograph of the President's nine-year-old son

Both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt are people of quiet and simple tastes, and dislike the even modest state which their position make it incumbent upon them to keep up. The President has no expensive or luxurious tastes to gratify. He is fond of walking and riding, and, with a congenial companion—General Leonard Wood when he was in Washington, or Commissioner-of-Corporations Garfield — enjoys nothing better than a long and hard ride or to wander afoot in the wilder parts of Rock Creek Park or along the Virginia shore of the Potomac.

One reason why the President is fond of these excursions is that he can slip away from the secret-service men and detectives who dog his every step. The man who can follow the President when he starts out on a mild constitutional of a dozen miles or so must be an athlete thoroughly "fit," otherwise he will be winded after the first mile.

The President regards a horse as a necessity rather than a luxury. A good horse is essential for his comfort, a horse that can gallop over rough country and take a hurdle or a brook when put to it. When at Oyster Bay he knocks about in a small rowboat, and he has all of Mr. Gladstone's fondness for cutting down trees. He is really passionately devoted to hunting, but to enjoy hunting he must rough it; he has no patience with those effeminate hunters who go out into the woods with a cook and half a dozen servants, who carry with them their wine and their whiskey, which the President never touches, and who bring civilization into the forest. A horse, a companion, an open fire, a rocking-chair, and a book are the modest requirements to satisfy the President's demands.

Strangers of the Atmosphere

By Louis Bell, Ph.D

TEN years ago the scientific world was just settling into the comfortable consciousness that it knew all about the air we breathe—so far, at least, as its composition was concerned. It therefore received something very like an electric shock when Lord Rayleigh announced in 1894 that he had found a totally new gas to exist in the air in considerable amounts. It was discovered not by chance, but in a painstaking and persistent effort to find out why the density of atmospheric nitrogen was not in agreement with that of the same gas chemically prepared. The result was to bring to light the fact that what we had been calling atmospheric nitrogen was a mixture of real nitrogen and a gas somewhat heavier, which Rayleigh christened argon. It is a gas with a strange lack of salient characteristics, but such as it is there is plenty of it. A room eighteen feet square and nine feet high contains almost exactly one cubic yard of this invisible intruder.

Then began a hunt through the mineral kingdom for argon or its compounds, but the first game bagged was another stranger, in a rare mineral from Norway, which seems to have been nature's waste-basket for queer rocks. On examination this gas proved to be one with which astronomers had been on speaking terms for a quarter of a century. They had known it merely as a gas common in the seething surface of the sun's flaming envelope, showing in the spectroscope a gorgeous yellow line, almost as light as hydrogen, whirling in glowing masses far above the solar surface, and had already named it helium. And now they had helium where they wanted it at last, and promptly proceeded to find in it the source of certain mysterious lines in stellar spectra, so that a whole class of stars are now often called "helium stars." Presently it was found, by carefully overhauling considerable amounts of liquid air, to be a regular constituent of the atmosphere, and has turned up in a score of minerals, even including one meteorite. It is far from plentiful, although so widely disseminated, and the room we have been considering would contain only four cubic inches of helium. It is a near relation of argon, like it quite inert, but still plays a stirring part in cosmic affairs.

The same sort of operations with liquid air which brought atmospheric helium to light proved effective in following this by still other discoveries. The process adopted was, in principle, just that employed for obtaining gasoline, kerosene, and so on, from crude petroleum. The heavy oil is distilled at a gradually rising temperature, and its lighter and more volatile constituents, such as gasoline and naphtha, distil off at very moderate heat; then come the heavier oils, like kerosene and lubricating oil, while the very heavy oils are left behind. Just so by letting liquid air boil slowly away its constituents could be partially separated, and patiently carrying out this process, Professor Ramsay unearthed, or rather, let us say, unaired, three totally new gases, closely allied to each other and to those already found. They were named, respectively, neon (the "new 'un"), krypton (the hidden), and xenon (the stranger), and have proved scarcely less remarkable than their predecessors. Neon, the lightest of the three, is fairly plentiful, as rarities go. In our assumed room it would amount to about forty cubic inches, about the size of two-thirds of a brick. Krypton, the next member of the trio, is, if anything, rather rarer than helium—about four cubic inches to the room; while xenon, the heaviest of the three, is also by far the rarest. The whole room would contain only about a fifth of a cubic inch of it—say enough to fill a small pill-box.

The whole quintette, helium, neon, argon, krypton, and xenon, belong to an entirely new chemical family, the chief characteristic of which is a strong disinclination to unite with anything for any purpose. It does not follow, however, that they can never be applied to any useful purpose, and the newcomers have already shown some very interesting properties. To begin with, they display some very curious electrical properties. For instance, an electric spark that will jump through an inch of air will flash across nearly a foot of helium or neon. When air is very greatly rarefied an electrical discharge passes through it only with great difficulty. Oxygen and nitrogen, its principal gases, seem, under these circumstances, to give up the struggle, and when the discharge is viewed with the spectroscope these lines of air fade, while those of argon and its associates, previously drowned out by the glow of the commoner gases, begin to assert themselves.

Now in the far upper air, where the gases are very greatly rarefied, much these conditions exist. Given an electrical discharge in those regions, and the new gases would come to the front. For many years the light of the aurora, which is due to

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such electrical actions, has been a standing puzzle. The lines of its spectrum have failed to agree with those of air or anything else. But now the secret is out. Most of the auroral lines are those of the new group of gases, and in particular the wonderful ruddy glow that in mediæval times tinged the aurora with terror of blood proves to be due in all probability to neon, settling down for once to steady work. There is reason to believe, too, that lightning sometimes sets these strange gases aglow. A careful search at the last important solar eclipse eventually made it evident that, beside helium, neon and argon are present in the solar atmosphere; but krypton and xenon were not detected, although doubtless present likewise.

Such finds as these in the air we daily breathe very naturally suggest an inquiry as to what is likely to happen next. New elements have usually been found in queer minerals from out-of-the-way places, but here was a happy family of five literally under our noses. Are there any more in the same convenient place? Well, opinions differ, but there is some reason to believe that we have not made the acquaintance of all our neighbors yet. Spectroscopic evidence points to the probability of finding at least two or three more gases of cosmic distribution, at least one of them a gas hardly heavier than hydrogen. When we can conveniently deal with barrels, instead of pints, of liquid air, or find a better way of separating minute traces of gases from the sea of air in which they are now lost, there is a good chance of finding even stranger things than those here considered.

Do Women Make Good Lawyers?

By Clarence D. Ashley, LL.M., LL.D.

Dean of the New York University Law School

TO-DAY women are admitted to the bar on equal terms with men in thirty-four States of the Union. That woman is intellectually as capable of studying law as man is settled beyond peradventure, and that among the young women now admitted to the bar there are able and well-equipped lawyers is a matter of personal knowledge to the writer. It seems reasonable to suppose that there may be as great need for women lawyers as for women physicians. At any rate, we may rest assured that the ordinary rules of demand will settle the question. If, in the long run, woman is not needed at the bar she will be unable to support herself in practice, and hence will not continue. We may safely leave this for time to determine.

The recognition of woman's right to practice law was the first advance, and although the fight to make this gain was severe, the actual achievement was of less importance than the broader results which necessarily followed. It is not possible to obtain accurate statistics, but it seems certain that less than three hundred and fifty women throughout the entire country have been admitted to the bar during the last twenty-five or thirty years. The profession has done jusice to woman, and she has now the right in most States to practice.

The admission of women to the bar, however, brought about another result of far more importance. If woman was to compete with man in this profession she must have equal chances for legal study, and this necessity ultimately procured the desired privilege. Thus was accomplished a most important advance in woman's education. The opportunity was given to obtain a training which is especially valuable for her general and broad development.

One of the first to perceive this was Dr. Emily Kempin, a remarkable woman. Dr. Kempin was of Swiss birth, and studied Roman law at the University of Zurich, where she was graduated with high rank as doctor juris. Coming to the United States in 1888 she began a battle royal to obtain for women the opportunities for education in law which she herself had enjoyed. At last she organized a private class known as the Woman's Law Class, and by her efforts a corporation was organized known as the Woman's Legal Education Society, which was able, through the generosity of its members, to guarantee the salary of an instructor for the next four years. The objects of this society are stated in its by-laws to be "to facilitate the study of law by women, both as professional students and also as amateurs, interested in law for practical guidance and as a matter of general culture." Thus equipped, application was made to New York University for recognition and aid. This was promptly granted, and a most important work was begun. Dr. Kempin taught the class during the first year, and she is believed to have been the first woman teacher of law in the United States.

This class was begun in 1891, and was based upon the theory that every woman should have some knowledge of law. Recognizing the fact that many women must administer large properties, it was believed that a valuable knowledge of important general principles, together with a correct conception of the rights and liabilities which devolve upon each person in the community, could be imparted in a moderate space of time. In this way busy women could gain great advantages, without devoting the hard labor and length of time necessary for a regular law course. Dr. Kempin returned to her home shortly after the successful founding of this unique class, and has since died. Those thrown in personal contact with her and the students whom she instructed are enthusiastic in her praise. The advantages of legal education for women are nowhere better illustrated than in her life. The class continues as a monument to her memory. After a few years of progress two graduates of this class, Mrs. John P. Munn as president, and Miss Helen M. Gould as vice-president, took the executive lead, and have carried forward the work with ever-increasing success, furthering its aims with untiring interest and whenever needful with a generous purse. Some six hundred women have taken this course and received the chancellor's certificate of graduation. The class now possesses an endowment fund of twenty-five thousand dollars, has invested funds for a number of scholarships, and has become an integral part of New York University.

As a direct result of this class-work New York University opened its regular law course to women, and has graduated some sixty-eight with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. The work of these women in the law-school has generally been excellent and in some cases brilliant. Many of them have taken honors. Three times in classes composed of 150 or more men, many of them college graduates, women have led in scholarship. This exceptional achievement has been accomplished by a graduate of Barnard, of Vassar, and of Bryn Mawr. Of these graduates, some thirty-three have taken their bar examinations, and, as nearly as can be ascertained, fifteen have entered practice. As far as is known, none of these women have failed in practice, and some have made a marked success. In most instances the result of admitting women to the bar has been that the law-schools of the State thus admitting have thrown open their doors freely to women. In NewYork, in addition to New York University, the Cornell and Buffalo law-schools admit women on an equality with men.

In 1899 President Thomas of Bryn Mawr College determined upon a novel experiment. This experienced educator had become convinced that the study of certain legal subjects would furnish a mental training of the utmost value. Miss Thomas had no thought of professional education as such—she did not aim to make lawyers of the Bryn Mawr students—but she was convinced that a sharp course on some such subject as contract would develop the analytical powers of the students, broaden and deepen their reasoning powers, and give a special mental training particularly valuable to women. This plan has been in operation for five years, and its marked success is a tribute to the sagacity of President Thomas. No subject has been selected with a view to the legal knowledge which might be acquired, but simply to its adaptability for mental training. Perhaps the result of this work may best be shown by the following extract from a paper written by a Bryn Mawr graduate, who took this law work in college.

Having referred to mathematics and science for training in accuracy of thought, to English for training in accuracy of expression, she continued:

"Now all these offices that each course fulfils so well and in such detail, law offers too; but, more than that, it shows the relation between all these. In every case there must be, first, a close examination of the facts, then a good, logical thought, followed by clear expression. In other subjects the same training is needed and to some extent given, but nowhere within my experience is the relation so clearly brought out. You may be taught to use your faculties one at a time, but seldom are you shown the order of procedure, you might say—the tremendous importance simply of clear thought before any attempt at expression.

"But with the training that law gave in detailed method (and this was illustrated by cases in contract as it happened), there came to me, not only a general readiness of perception, but also a greater power of thinking quickly, and, above all, clearly; the study was essentially logical. Here there was no chance of a merely cursory glance at the facts sufficing; nor was that hasty judgment that thinks to know the matter intuitively of the least avail. Both the facts and the law had to be gone over with utmost care; then quickly, clearly, and without hesitation, the gist seized and expressed. This was a training that helped me in class-work and in examinations. It helps me now in dealing with every problem that comes up, and the good it has done me in writing and in conversation is more than I can estimate."

As a result of this successful experiment at Bryn Mawr it is understood that Barnard College has in contemplation legal instruction of a similar character. The modern woman is called upon, more and more, to take her part in solving the problems of the world. In the West she has, in some States, the entire franchise, and in many Eastern States she has a vote on some matters. She is called upon to aid reforms. She takes an active and practical part in charitable work and in forwarding the extensive business arrangements of public charitable institutions. Not long since her influence was potently felt by Congress in reference to a question regarding Mormonism. In doing all this she is not neglecting her home, but she is aiding her country. A legal education renders her stronger, more intelligent, and better able to reach wise and conservative opinions. Such an education gives her a training, which she specially needs, and is a benefit to the nation in that it makes her a better citizen.

A realization of all this is leading young women, in increasing numbers, to study law, and the writer sees nothing to deplore in this tendency. They lose thereby neither charm nor any true womanly character. No study or training can change a genuine woman to anything else—she will be after, as she was before, the same genuine woman.

As far as education is concerned, woman is in the law to stay, and the world will be the better for it.

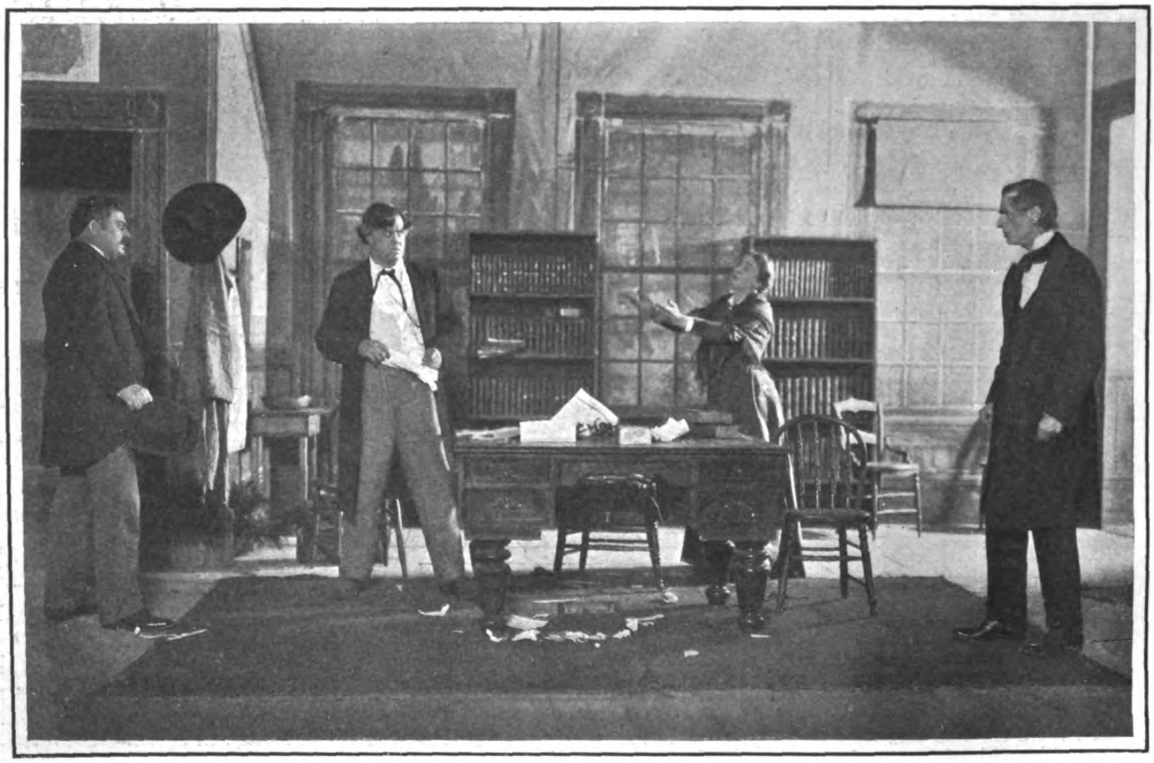
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Scenes from "A Japanese Nightingale"

The stage version of Onoto Watanna's novel, recently presented at Daly's Theatre, was described in the "Weekly" of December 5



"The County Chairman"

The new comedy by George Ade, now playing at Wallack's Theatre, New York, is a drama dealing with the life of a town in the Middle West, with the action centering about a local election. The photograph illustrates one of the strongest scenes in the play, occurring in the third act. The episode takes place in the country law office of the "Hon. Jim Hackler," the county chairman of his party. Through treachery, his opponent, the candidate for the opposition, won "Hackler's" sweetheart from him in his youth, and "Hackler" is about to ruin his enemy by publishing a statement implicating him in a felony. "Hackler's" former sweetheart, "Mary"—now the wife of his enemy—intercedes at the crucial moment, and when the editor enters to announce that the accusing story is about to go to press, "Hackler" magnanimously withholds it from publication

TWO NOTABLE NEW PLAYS

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MISS GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD IN "RED FEATHER"

Miss Van Studdiford, who was formerly with "The Bostonians," has the principal rôle in "Red Feather," the new comic opera by Messrs. DeKoven, Klein, and Cook. The action of the opera centres about the operations of a band of conspirators who are attempting to overthrow the reigning dynasty in the mythical kingdom of Romancia. "Red Feather," the chief of the band, is known to the world as "Countess von Draga." Her lover, "Captain Travors," of the Romancian army, is ordered by his rival, the Crown Prince, to find and capture the dangerous "Red Feather." He succeeds in reaching the council-chamber of the band, and finds the dreaded chief in the person of his sweetheart. In the end, the Crown Prince is deposed and the captain wins his lady, after the "Order of Red Feathers" has triumphed

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Correspondence

THE CASE OF SENATOR SMOOT

WASHINGTON, D. C., *December 5, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Referring to your editorial concerning the Smoot case, you say that since it is not charged that he is practising polygamy, "it follows that the demand for his expulsion from the Senate must be based upon the assertion that he is a believer in Mormonism, and that as a matter of theory Mormonism sanctions a plurality of wives." The first ground upon which the opposition to him is based is that as an apostle of the Mormon Church he has taken oaths which forbid his yielding supreme obedience to the United States.

When he does take the oath required by the United States he perjures himself, for, before he could become an Apostle, he had to swear to uphold the Mormon Church as "an order of government established by Divine authority"—"it is the only legal government that can exist in any part of the universe . . . all other governments are unauthorized and illegal." . . . "When God sets up a system of revelation, as he has done by the priesthood in these latter-days, He sets up a system of government that shall rule both temporal and spiritual matters."

Mr. Smoot has less right in the Senate of the United States than a subject of Great Britain or Germany. These governments are not planning for the "day to come when the United States government will be uprooted." That is what the Priesthood of Mormonism has prophesied, and now one of the prophets has taken his place in the seat of power in our government. We are threatened with a far worse curse than slavery, and if we are not wide-awake and ready to smite it down with all the power of this country, we will find ourselves throttled by it. Already the Mormons hold the balance of power in seven States. They declare that if let alone for twenty years more they will control the government, and the amazing spread of their doctrines, and rapid increase in numbers, together with their immense wealth,—the most gigantic trust the world has ever seen—make it seem easy to believe that they will accomplish what they have set out to do. They are never idle, while we sleep in fancied security.

You say, "As regards his private opinions concerning the religious or moral propriety of polygamy, he is as free from restraint as would be a Jew or a Mohammedan, either of whom is at liberty to hold what doctrines on the subject he may choose, so long as he refrains in practice from a violation of State or Federal law," but you fail to take into account that the private opinion of a private gentleman is one thing, and the public promulgation of a doctrine as a direct command of God through his divine apostles is another. A majority of the twelve apostles are to-day living openly with several wives, in direct violation of the laws of their State, and in violation of their sworn promise to abandon polygamy if Statehood might be granted them. Senator Smoot acknowledges that he knows of over seven hundred heads of polygamous families, and had it not suited the hierarchy to have one of their trusted officers in the United States Senate, no doubt he would to-day be obeying the laws of his church by taking unto himself numerous wives, in order to increase his power and elevate his position in this world and the next.

They tried sending an acknowledged polygamist to Congress, and through the efforts of the women he was turned down, so this time they are crafty enough to try another tack. Some of the best lawyers in the country declare that the only way to abolish polygamy is by an amendment to the Constitution, which will give the Federal courts jurisdiction, since the Mormon influence in the State courts is so strong that conviction and punishment is well-nigh impossible. It is only those who are ignorant of the present state of affairs who are indifferent. Those of us who have visited Utah, and who have friends living there, know whereof we speak. Will you not, Mr. Editor, give this matter a more thorough study, and then give us another editorial embodying your best thought after weighing all the evidence? I never miss the editorials in HARPERS, for I think them the wisest and nearest right of any paper in the country. By that same token I want you to stand intelligently right on this question. I am, sir, B.

We discuss this subject elsewhere.—EDITOR.

REPLIES TO PROFESSOR HART ON NEGROES IN THE SOUTH

RALEIGH, N. C., *December 4, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Few things are more amusing to a Southerner than the usual impressions of "A Northern student of affairs in the South." There is usually just enough of truth in what is seen to give a shadow to the coloring, but the picture is so unreal, and the lesson drawn from admitted facts is so illogical, that the picture becomes a mere caricature and the lesson a joke.

It is a matter of great surprise, though, that HARPER'S WEEKLY, usually so accurate in all statements of fact, and particularly on the negro question, should publish with apparent editorial approval the statement by "Professor A. B. Hart, of Cambridge, who lately spent a year in the South," that no negro is permitted to enter Mitchell County, North Carolina. If the WEEKLY will turn to the census it will find that for the past three decades more than 500 negroes were permitted to live in that county at the time of each census-taking.

It is not known where Professor Hart obtained his information. But it is well known where he might have gotten it. During the amendment campaigns in North Carolina in 1898 and 1900 the Democrats strained every nerve to induce all the white voters to vote together as a "White man's party." To offset this the Republicans used the argument that their strongholds were in the western part of the State, where there are few negroes, and hence theirs was the real "White man's party."

It was no unusual thing to hear over-zealous campaign orators declare that the Grand Old Party was so white that in Mitchell County, where it had its largest majority, no negro was allowed to even live. Of course, such speakers were careful to make this statement to exclusively white audiences. Every intelligent man knew it was as untrue as was the reply the Democrats made to it, that Mitchell was so lawless no Democrat was permitted to live there.

Is it strange that the North knows so little of true conditions in the South when a professor of Cambridge is carried off his feet by such rot? There may be localities where negroes are not permitted to live, but they do not exist in North Carolina.

That one should think it curious that one community in the South in which there are no negroes should not wish them, while in another, where they constitute the chief labor of the farms, their emigration should be resisted, demonstrates that such person has reached only the shallow waters of the negro problem.

I am, sir, THOMAS B. WOMACK.

RALEIGH, N. C., *December 4, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—You are right in saying that no negroes are allowed to go into Mitchell County in this State. You ought to add, however, that Mitchell County is solidly Republican in politics, voting the Republican ticket almost to a man without question. In the central and eastern sections of the State, where the Democrats are in the large majority, the negro has every chance to become whatever he is prepared to be. Here in the capital city four-fifths of all our skilled mechanics are negroes. Carpenters, bricklayers, stonemasons, stone-cutters, blacksmiths, and other trades have a large majority of negroes. Negro hackmen own the carriages they drive. Negro physicians have a large practice among their own race, and we have a medical college for negroes, where the leading doctors of the city, the surgeons, and chemists are on the faculty. There are negro lawyers, and they are treated fairly by bench and bar. Let our negro mechanics go North, and they are not allowed to follow their trade. I met a negro at a hotel in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, last winter, who, finding I was from the South, told me that he went there from the South, and was a skilled plasterer. He got a job on a building at $3 a day, and at once every white man threw down his tools. This darkey told me that he was working as porter at the hotel to get money enough to go back South, where he could work at his trade. The negro has every opportunity here for education, and can work at any trade or profession he fits himself for. Out of her poverty the South has spent millions for the elevation of the negro educationally and morally, but the life of civilization demands that he be kept out of politics, and that the social line shall be strictly drawn.

I am, sir, W. F. MASSEY.

GENERAL WOOD'S PROMOTION

NEW YORK, *December 2, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Try to be accurate as well as fair. In your issue of December 5, 1903, under the reproduction of General's Wood's latest photograph, you speak of him as one "whose promotion over the heads of officers ahead of him in *regular line of promotion* is now under consideration, etc." If you will refer to the Army Register, you will find General Wood to-day is the *ranking brigadier-general.* Consequently, being at the head of the list, the statement that he is being advanced over the heads of officers ahead of him in regular line of promotion is not justified by the facts. How he was appointed brigadier-general may be the subject of criticism, but being the senior brigadier, by your own argument he is entitled to be selected to the first vacancy occurring in the grade of major-general. I am, sir, FAIR PLAY.

This simply begs the question. If *merit* was the reason for jumping General Wood over the heads of several hundred officers originally, *seniority* cannot now be pleaded as an excuse for pushing him further up.—EDITOR.

EXPERT APPRECIATION

BALTIMORE, *December 3, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—It affords me a great deal of pleasure to take a few minutes out of the busy day of a newspaper office, to say how much delight there is in the current number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for the man who appreciates a good thing when he sees it. There is a catholicity and perspectiveness about the number that is unique. It is fine work to bring together in one issue of a periodical a variety of text and illustrations so satisfying to the hungry mind and eyes. I am, sir. F. MCKINSEY,

Managing Editor Baltimore *News.*

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

WHY MODIFY MILK

for infant feeding in the uncertain ways of the novice when you can have always with you a supply of BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK, a perfect cow's milk from herds of native breeds, the perfection of infant food? Use it for tea and coffee.—[*Adv.*]

TELEPHONE Service lightens the cares of house-keeping, saves time, and prevents worry. Low rates. New York Telephone Company, 15 Dey Street, 111 West 38th Street.—[*Adv.*]

A JUICY, sparkling fluid for all classes of American citizens—COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE.—[*Adv.*]

THOUSANDS suffer from a short, hacking cough who might be cured by PISO'S CURE.—[*Adv.*]

DON'T despair. Ill-health flees when ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters, are used.—[*Adv.*]

PERMIT me, madam, to volunteer a word of advice! You make use of toilet waters. Well, beware of any such of which benjamin gum forms a constituent part, as this spoils the skin, and procure rather perfumed Eau de Cologne, which constitutes the truly genuine toilet water for ladies. I might point out particularly, amongst Guerlain's exquisite "creations," the "Eau du Coq," a new and faintly delicate perfume, and the "Eau de Fleurs Nouvelles," which is also very much appreciated on account of its remarkable fineness and sweetness.—[*Adv.*]

INTERESTING WINTER CRUISES.

IF proof were needed that Americans are a traveling people, as well as prosperous, it is afforded in the success of the cruises started fifteen years ago by the Hamburg-American Line, and which long since became so popular as not to sail at regular intervals. The shortest of these cruises is a twenty-five days' tour of the West Indies (Cuba, Bermuda, etc.) and the Bahama Islands; the next, in period of time, is a seventy-four days' cruise to the Orient (Gibraltar, Spain, Alexandria, the Nile, Jerusalem, Italy, etc.), the longest being a tour of the world, occupying four and a half months.

Three cruises to the West Indies, this season, will start from New York on January 9, February 6, and March 8 respectively. Among the places to be "touched at" and visited in the first cruise are St. Thomas, San Juan, Martinique (affording a distant view of Mount Pelée in eruption), Jamaica, Havana and Nassau; the second cruise takes passengers to many of these places, and includes Barbadoes, farthest to the windward of all the Caribbee Islands; the third cruise calls first at Nassau, and includes a short stay at Bermuda.

The cruise to the Orient starts from New York on the second of next February by the S.S. *Auguste Victoria*; the other cruises, West Indies and Around the World, will be by the *Prinzessin Victoria Luise*, which was built to the order of the Hamburg-American Line for cruises Around the World exclusively. In her construction she represents an entirely new type of vessel. For instance, she takes only first-class passengers, limited to two hundred; there are no upper berths; she carries neither freight nor mails, but there is a gymnasium aboard, as well as a library and a dark-room for photography.

The *Prinzessin Victoria Luise* has recently been provided with especially large bilge keels, which reduces the motion to a minimum. Each stateroom has an electric fan, and the port-holes are unusually large, to afford ventilation and comfort in the tropical climate which the vessel traverses. Indeed, everything that money can purchase and forethought devise has been provided to make these cruises luxurious—interesting they must be from every point of view. The *Prinzessin Victoria Luise* has twin screws, her length is 450 feet, the breadth 47 feet, and her average speed 15 knots.—[*Adv.*]

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THE SPENDTHRIFT

by WALTER JUAN DAVIS

HOW it ever got into Hal Dorn's head was a mystery to the family, but there it was—a novel and apparently original idea which now blossomed into words, as he stood before the fire looking intently into it.

"Colorado is the place for me and I'm going there!"

"My child!" exclaimed his mother.

"Good boy!" said his uncle Reuben.

Hal, without further remark, walked out of the room, and his uncle Reuben turned himself in his chair and watched him stride away. "B'gosh! I b'lieve he means business for once in his life," said he.

"That's what you've driven him to, Reuben, and there will be a day when you will have to answer for it!" moaned out poor, nervous little Mrs. Dorn, who had petted and spoiled Hal until it was a wonder he had any manliness left in him.

"W'y, Sarah, you know I've—" Bang! went the door, and Mrs. Dorn's brother found himself talking to nothing animate except the cat.

Hal's uncle Reuben was a thrifty Missouri farmer whose cardinal virtue was economy. He had no religion other than that of financial prudence, no creed but the salvation of dollars. He was fond of his nephew, but was very hard upon him for his lack of thrift. The lad, twenty years old and just out of college, was bright and entertaining, and his uncle liked "to have him around," as he expressed it, but Hal's mother was poor, and Hal, in his own right, had nothing, and the old man, very naturally, upbraided him for his inability to hold fast what little lucre occasionally accrued to him. That evening he had just been berating Hal in the old way, and the young man had heard it all in silence.

To Mrs. Dorn, who always stood up for her boy, Hal's uncle had often said of him, "He's a good boy, Sarah, but he'll never save a cent." Other frugal souls in this exemplary vicinage had remarked upon Hal's improvidence, and deplored it in chorus with his uncle, so that Hal himself had come to accept it as some constitutional infirmity and calmly lamented it too. But he was tired of hearing about it, and determined to get out of ear-shot of his kindred, and so, though his mother much bewailed his going, he went.

Upon the night of his departure from the village wherein he had been born and reared, the probable length of Hal's stay in the West was variously estimated, by those he left behind, at four, six, and eight weeks. Something of the sort was hinted to him at the depot, just before the train started, while he was being kissed and cried over and shaken by the hand by the good folk who had lived nowhere but in that old, hospitable, family town, and who regarded it as dangerous to attempt to live elsewhere. Hal told them they did not know him, laughed at them, and went his way; but his laugh was a very mechanical one, and there was congestion about his head and heart when, as the train began to get under way, he stood on the back platform of the rear car and saw the lights at the little old depot wink dimly and suffusedly through the trees, as if they were eyes and wept for him.

The monotony of the journey gave Hal plenty of time for thought, and really it behooved him to think. He was rushing on nearer and nearer to Denver, into which bustling corporation he would seek admission on the basis of seventeen or eighteen dollars and a gripsack. He had no idea what he would do, but, somehow, since he had worn off the acute pangs of homesickness, he was rather buoyant. Having no knowledge of business and not having done any sort of hard work in his life, he yet felt confident that he would "get along all right," and any doubts that he had of it merely whetted his anxiety to get where he could forever dispel them. He knew no one in the West, and had no prospects or promises ahead of him. A sort of cheerful apprehension was upon him, and he tingled pleasantly with the risk he took, as does an urchin skating on thin ice.

What he wanted was "a position"; he was not looking for a mere job, that could be had in Missouri, but it would be very gratifying to be able to write back home, "Dear Mother,—I have secured a position with," etc., etc.

It was early in the morning when Hal disappointed the porter with a twenty-five-cent tip for his services *en route*, and stepping from the Pullman car, bade good-by to luxury. Here was Denver. There had been some rain during the night, and Wynkoop Street, which he had to cross, and Seventeenth Street, which he had to traverse, were full of oozy mud. Hackmen swarmed about him and besought him for his baggage, but he pushed them right and left and splashed on sturdily afoot.

Presently somebody ran against him and said: "Hello, Hal! What are you doing out in this God-forsaken country?"

Well, if it wasn't Jack Swinney!—the bright-faced, cherubic dude whom Hal had seen depart for the West three months before, in fine raiment and exuberant spirits, "to accept a position in Denver!" Now his face was thin and serious, and he wore a blue shirt, brown "overalls," and a broad hat, and was in a hurry.

"Why, Jack," Hal exclaimed, "where *did* you get those togs?"

"At my uncle's," he answered, with a queer smile, "and you'll be wearing some like 'em before long, unless you're better fixed than I think you are."

"Oh, I guess not," said Hal; "but what's become of your position?"

"Position? thunderation! One fellow had it, and thirty more were standing around waiting for him to drop dead, when I got on the scene. But I must be moving. I hope you'll do better, but I doubt it."

"But hold on," said Hal, dropping a detaining hand upon his shoulder, "what are you doing now and where are you going?"

"Railroading. My train leaves at eight, and I must hurry. I'm going out to throw gravel for the South Park."

Hal was utterly astounded. "It can't be possible, I—"

"Oh yes, it is, d—d possible," interrupted Jack, as he started off. "So long; good luck, and keep off the gravel-train if you can!" And away he went, shoving through the crowd.

"By George! this is beginning to look serious!" said Hal, so loudly that a large man who was jostling by heard him and laughed.

By this time he had walked well over toward the smaller residences in the eastern portion of the town. He began to inquire the price of subsistence at every house where he saw the sign "Boarding, by the Day or Week." After inquiry at a few of these, he began to think that his "boarding" would, of necessity, be "by the day," for the charge was, invariably, eleven dollars for a week's meals, to say nothing of lodging, and those terms were, to him, in his present condition, quite frightful to contemplate.

At last a friendly-faced woman who leaned over a neat white fence was stricken with pity for the green-looking lad with the Prince Albert coat who asked her if she knew where cheap board and lodging could be had. She said she thought she and her husband, who was a carpenter, might take care of him in some way for the reasonable charge of seven dollars weekly.

Hal was grateful, and immediately planted himself in the bosom of the Biggs family.

Then began days of ceaseless and unavailing search for the "position." All up and down that busy young metropolis Hal went, at first pressing eager suit for the post of assistant in some banking business, or a position upon the editorial staff of a newspaper, and after being laughed at unreservedly and told to "drop in next summer," trying humbly to be somebody's bookkeeper, a lawyer's assistant, a railroad ticket agent, and finally pleading for a clerkship in a dry-goods store; but all to no purpose. The year 1880 was a bad one in Denver. The little city was overrun with apt young men, just like Hal, who panted in vain for honors that had been conferred months before they had been led Westward by their auriferous dreams.

On the third morning after his arrival, as Hal started downtown gloomily to resume his hopeless quest, he suddenly remembered that his mother had given him a letter of introduction to a certain Denver resident, and light rose in his face again as he hurried back to the cottage and got it from among his small belongings.

The person addressed was a kind old man, an ex-Mayor of the city, who had known Hal's family long years before he had moved out from Missouri. But pleasant words of procrastination were all that could be had for Hal.

"Don't give up," said the ex-Mayor, encouragingly, to Hal; "something will materialize within a few weeks, no doubt."

A few weeks! Hal felt in his pockets and let his fingers drift through the dreadfully small change they found there.

What hurt Hal most during the days that followed was to be wandering about where so many desirable things were exposed for sale, unable to make a single purchase. He had to deny himself even his beloved cigars, and he pined for them hourly.

After this sort of thing had gone on for a week Hal got up early one morning and wandered forth as usual.

Early as it was, the streets were as crowded as ever, and Hal encountered hundreds of young men as despondent as he. Without knowing exactly why, the Missourian took his way to the depot. Perhaps it was because he had come to the conclusion that he would never get work in Denver, and vaguely thought that at this his point of entry into the town some plan might suggest itself whereby he could get out of it.

Strolling up and down the platform, Hal saw a tall, square-shouldered man whose brown whiskers nearly surrounded a big "hatchet" face. He was dressed in the durable brown "duck"

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clothes that are worn by all men of the West who work out-of-doors or whose business leads them among such laborers. When the man faced about, at the end of his beat, and came toward Hal, there could be seen, upon a piece of cardboard which stuck in his hatband, the words, "Fifty Men Wanted." When he saw this Hal at once went up to the man.

"Will you please tell me what you want with those men?" he asked.

The man-hunter stopped in his walk, and squared around on his questioner with a smile which grew, as his eyes, beginning at the lad's feet, took stock of what he wore, until he finished with a level squint at the round-topped derby.

"Well, whut do y'u wanter know that fur?" he asked, in return.

Hal explained to him the urgency of his reasons for making the inquiry.

"Well," said the man again, "I like yer spunk, but, good Lord, boy, y'u couldn't han'le er scraper er swing er pick on er railroad grade!"

"Try me," said Hal.

For a few seconds the big fellow stood with his head bent down, wrapped in thought.

At last he spoke: "I'm durned ef I don't try yer," said he, "but I'm 'fraid y'u won't last long. Yer better go an' git them store togs offen yer an' git on er blue shirt an' some overalls. Git down here by three o'clock; I'm goin' ter send out er load er fellers then—an' say, y'u wanter have er pa'r er blankits ter sleep on."

"Blankets?"

"Yes, er co'se," answered the recruiter; "y'u ain't goin' ter find no beds down thar; y'u c'n gamble on that."

"All right; I'll fix myself the best I can," Hal said, and started off at once to do it.

It took close figuring to make his money buy the "outfit" and pay the Biggses what was due them, but by patronizing a pawnbroker and contenting himself with raiment that bore marks of servitude, Hal managed it, and appeared at the depot at the appointed time, with his valuables in his valise, his blankets under his arm, and his person encased in the most remarkable costume he had ever possessed. But he felt cheerful: his dread of starvation was over; he had not found a "position," but was immensely pleased to have "struck a job."

A motley crowd it was which he took passage with on the dingy little narrow-gauge train that carried out to the construction camp all candidates for that irksome desideratum work. It was composed, for the most part, of the rough and scruff of humanity—beings who had, all their lives, fought hard for mere bodily sustenance and who bore the scars of the struggle. Across the car from Hal sat a young man of perhaps twenty-five, with keen, restless eyes, a drooping black mustache, and a pale, indoor sort of face. He had on a new suit of working-clothes, and they sat him oddly. Hal noticed his fingers: they were long, soft, and taper; and they were nervous, and those of one hand played constantly with those of the other. He was a gambler, of the "tin-horn" variety, whose luck had been bad luck, and he was going out to "make a stake." A bright youth who had but recently graduated at an Eastern law-school occupied a place farther down toward the other end of the car, and all about him were railroad Irish and ill-smelling Italians.

The big fellow who had gathered up this incongruous mixture of men now walked through the train, and consigned the lot to the conductor as if they had been so many cattle.

It was a short ride out to the station called Acequia, where the shipment of human live stock was awaited by two big blue wagons, to each of which was attached a six-mule team.

It was a drive of nine miles over to Platte Cañon and the construction camp of Wells & Megrew, contractors. The ungainly vehicle in which Hal made the journey was devoid of springs and piled high with merchandise and men. The rough jolting now and then threw him backward into the embrace of a garlicky Venetian or bumped him forward against the broad back of the driver.

The camp at Platte Cañon looked very



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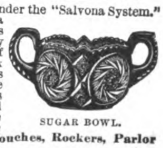
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picturesque and pretty, as the wagons, with brakes hard set, slid down to it, along the slope of the rocky "hogback" at whose northern base it lay. It was a village of tents; these temporary structures shone whitely through the leaves of the scattering trees. Smoke rose from the long tent by the river, where the evening meal was a-cooking. In front of the commissary tent and "office" stood Mr. Wells, chief contractor and "head boss" of the grading outfit, who held sway as absolute as that of monarchy. He glanced over the grotesque assortment of human beings with an aggrieved expression. Then he snarled out, with intermittent emphasis, "Now, *can't* you tenderfeet *ever* git off er them wagins and *git* in here an' gimme yer names?"

The "tenderfeet" thought they could, and did so with great despatch.

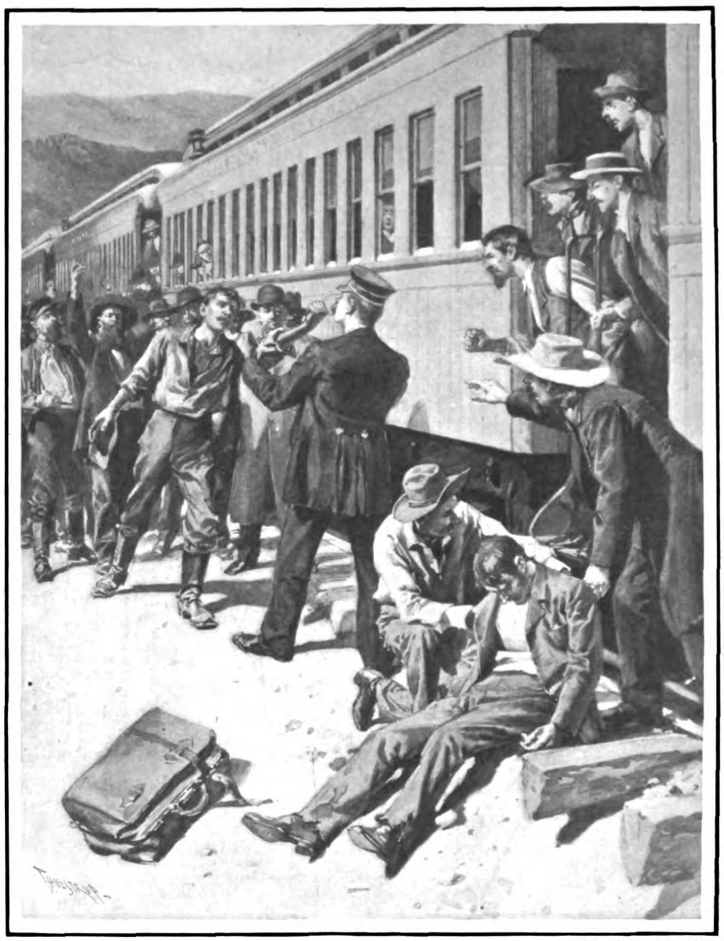
As soon as Hal's name was down, and it became a fixed fact that he was to be put to work next day, and that he was to get for his labor forty dollars per month and his board, Hal walked over to the storekeeper's counter and began to spend what money he had left. It was a joy he had long denied himself, but now that he was insured against hunger, it seemed to him miserly to keep manipulating the four or five quarters he had left in his pocket. He bought a small pipe, a bag of tobacco, and a can of peaches. He was not hungry, but the painted fruit on the outside of the package looked tempting and made the purchase seem something of a luxury, and that was what the thoughtless lad always yearned for.

Shortly after sundown, a long double column of tired men, riding and leading tired horses, came slowly into camp from down the river. The stiff leather of the horses' harness creaked and the trace-chains rattled, keeping monotonous time to their heavy tramping. The men, weak with weariness and morosely ravenous for supper, drooped round-shouldered on the backs of the beasts and uttered no word, save when a led horse loitered to snap at a green twig, when there was a backward scowl, a sharp oath, and a savage tug at the truant's rein.

Arrived in camp, there was hasty unharnessing. The graders, no less lank and hungry than the animals they had cursed and beaten all day long, were economical with the waters of the Platte, and splashed their faces but sparingly in their haste to obey the call of the tuneless cow-bell which summoned them to supper. After supper the men went to sit on the edge of their bunks and smoke and growl and tell rude yarns and roughly joke each other for a half-hour before they laid their wearied bodies upon the boards and hay.

Hal, "green" and slightly embarrassed, but interested and propitiatory, went with the rest and stood their chaffing and curious questioning with fortitude. He was also told of Curly, the great celebrity, worshipped and feared by all. Curly was the big freighter whose only duty was to make one trip per day to the railroad station and haul out to camp provisions for men and beasts. His privileges were practically unlimited. He had killed a few men, and had thus, by his own exertions, raised himself, in the estimation of the West, to an altitude whereto no jewelled prince might climb. Hal was given knowledge of Curly's exploits as soon as he had seated himself cross-legged upon the floor of the tent among the smokers.

Curly himself favored "Tent B" a little later by putting his head in at the flap and saying, "Hello, fellers!" and much was the deference shown that self-made man, and many were those who rose from the sharp outer rails of the bunks whereon they sat and called out in chorus, "Come in an' set here, Curly!"



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup

"Here, make a ring!" shouted the crowd

Hal observed very closely this arbiter of life and death, and Curly, in his turn, paid smiling attention to the untempered metal that was there to be tried against flinty experience.

"I un'erstan', young un, 'at you're f'm Missouri," said he, tilting his big hat to the back of his head and turning his face toward Hal. A general laugh broke out, but stopped short when Curly frowned.

The point was beginning to be a sore one for Hal. He had been "guyed" a good deal about his native State, so his face reddened as he nodded assent.

"Well, never y'u mind erbout that," continued Curly. "They's plenty er wuss places 'n Missouri ter be fum, 'n these here hobos has got ter let y'u 'lone." With that he scowled about him, while the "hobos" protested that they were "jist er havin' er little fun outen 'im."

"That's all right, but yer've had ernuff uv it now, an' let that settle it!"

And that did settle it. The "young un" enjoyed immunity from badgering from that time forth, and he took very early occasion to thank his big patron for this display of friendliness. Curly acknowledged the thanks, with an admonitory excerpt from his own private code of procedure:

"Don't y'u worry, young un; y'u jes look out fer yerse'f, an' the fust damned feller 'at jumps onter yer, let drive at 'im with anything y'u c'n lay yer han's on!"

Hal laughed, and promised to lay the injunction to heart.

That first night in camp was one of little sleep for Hal. There was not enough hay in his bunk, and in the dark he couldn't find more. At four o'clock in the morning, while it was still dark, he was roused by a husky shout of "Come, come, roll out thar, an' ten' to yer hosses!"

With much yawning and swearing the occupants of "Tent B" obeyed the gruff command. When he had dressed Hal went outside, where he was immediately met by the owner of the voice that had roused him. By the light of the lantern which the man now handed him, he could see before him a bloated, knobby-featured Irishman with a bullying expression on his face.

"Come on an' lemme show y'u yer team!" growled he.

Surmising correctly that this was the generally detested O'Grady, the "boss" of his gang, Hal went with him without a word, and they wound in and out among stalls and troughs. "Them's yourn," said O'Grady at last. "Git up f'm thar!" and he viciously kicked a dirty gray horse which lay nodding beside its dirty gray mate.

"Curry um down, feed um, an' harness um quick," commanded O'Grady, as he walked away.

Hal had many a time seen the harness thrown upon the backs of horses by experienced hands out at his uncle Reuben's farm, but he now found that the making of a horse's toilet and dressing him for business was a thing which required study. Had not Curly happened along at this time and lent his assistance, Hal would have been tardy when the cow-bell rang and the struggle for breakfast began. As it was, he was on time, and managed to bolt down such part of the coarse provender as he thought would sustain him through the morning hours. Shouts at the door of the "hash tent" by the bosses of the several gangs put an end to breakfast.

Mounted on the black-browed gray and leading the spotless one, Hal joined the procession that filed off toward the railroad grade. He belonged to the "scraping" gang, and having arrived at the cut, a heavy scraper was designated and he was curtly commanded to "hitch onter that!" Before he felt the weight of that clumsy

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1,300,000 bales at $50	$65,000,000
Seed Products	12,000,000
Sea Island Cotton	4,000,000
Added Value of Cotton Goods Above Raw Material	20,000,000
	$101,000,000
United States Gold Product	80,000,000
Difference in favor of Georgia's Cotton Crop	$21,000,000

These figures are based on the average price paid the farmer this season. Recently the staple has been selling for $60 a bale, at which price the crop would be worth, in seed and lint and fabric, $114,000,000.

Since the days of the forty-niners, when Georgia, as a gold-producing state, yielded the palm to California, the flood of precious metal from the Western mines has dazzled the world. It forced financiers to take new reckonings, and commerce had to adjust itself to changed monetary conditions.

The golden flood from the West now yields the palm to the golden fleece from Georgia, and the rush of the forty-niners gives a suggestion of the tide of humanity that is setting toward the Empire State of the South.

The gold discoveries in California started a grand march of millions, which continued for half a century.

Now there is a counter-march. The great Western hegira is about over, and immigration, which had hardly touched the Southeast in a hundred years, is headed that way. The Panama Canal will probably do more for Georgia than for any other state. Its resources are largely undeveloped. Only one-sixth of the land is under cultivation, and values are absurdly low. A world of mineral wealth remains untouched. Alabama furnaces buy Georgia ore when they wish to make car-wheel iron. There is enough water-power in the state to drive all the spindles in the country.

Georgia is now the Golden State, and the door of opportunity is wide open there. Capital and labor work together, and all hands work for Georgia.

The Greater Georgia Association was organized for the purpose of telling the world about this state. Thirty towns and cities are affiliated in this work, and their leading men compose its governing committee. Its president is an ex-president of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, and its treasurer is the cashier of the Atlanta National Bank. The association was not organized for gain and is not selling land, but exists solely for the purpose of building up the state.

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implement he had expected that he would rather like the work—now he knew that he had entered upon an all but mortal struggle.

The work was cruelly hard. The seventy-five or eighty teams formed an endless chain, going in at one end of the cut, coming out at the other upon the fill or dump, and, after the scraper had been laboriously heaved over, dragging the empty receptacle back, along the other side of the big groove, to recommence a similar round when the starting-point was reached. There was no time to stop. To turn the blade of the scraper to the ground, to hold hard down on the handles while the horses strained forward and the dull edge bit into the earth and gravel took all the strength and weight that was in Hal's frame. That night he could not sleep for weariness and pain. For days and days he suffered thus and thought he would die, and almost sorrowed that he did not.

However, after a while he became calloused to the bitter toil; his muscles grew strong and sinewy, and he began to take some pride in his brawn.

One hot morning, with these mutinous thoughts in his mind, he was mechanically keeping his place in the ever-moving chain. The heat was like that of a kiln. It added to Hal's misery to know that, over there in the shade of the cottonwoods, it was almost cool, and it made him nearly frantic to think what it was that those willows by the river hung over and hid. He was doggedly dreaming and not watching his work, for he had driven too near the edge of the dump, and when he gave his scraper the emptying swing he did it so disgustedly and forcefully that it flung the hinder quarters of the fretful gray a little way down the slant. The animal's right foot, at this supreme moment, caught in the traces and down he floundered, dragging the other horse with him, rolling over and over until they reached the foot of the steep slant, seventy-five feet below.

O'Grady saw it all from the top of the cut, and came down toward the dump swearing his breath away. When he had come within forty feet of Hal, a coarse-grained bowlder the size of his fist zipped by and ticked his ear. He stopped, paralyzed with surprise.

"Go in an' git yer toime!" he bawled.

"Won't I, though!" Hal answered.

And Hal was free once more, with money in his pocket, and all he had to do now was to wait till Curly got ready to start, and then ride with him on the freight wagon to Acequia.

"Whar do yer 'spect ter go, young un?" asked Curley.

"I think I'll go to Santa Fe, New Mexico," Hal answered, giving the first location that occurred to him.

The south-bound train, which he had decided to take, stood still at the little platform. Hal was about to climb aboard when his attention was attracted to a scuffle which was in progress on the front platform of the first passenger coach. Somebody was being bundled off the train. He was evidently an ill man—a consumptive.

When Hal first got a glimpse of him the conductor, a burly ruffian, was pushing him along toward the step of the platform.

"You *will* beat the road, will you, you yeller-faced tramp! I'll show yer!" And the conductor gave him a final shove that sent him to the first step, and then a kick that precipitated him into the ditch beside the track.

"Shame! Brute!" said several onlookers at once.

The big-fisted railroader was not going to be criticised for what he had done. He leaped down from the car, got his fists up, and shouted, "Who don't like it?"

Hal's fresh young blood was rushing through him at mill-race speed. Without a further thought he walked up to the conductor, and saying, "*I* don't like it, you cowardly pup!" dashed a hard, clinched fist into the bully's face.

"Now you're talkin'!" "Here, make a ring!" shouted the crowd, as it backed away and formed a circle.

It was a pretty good fight. The conductor gave out first, and was led gasping to the train, whereon he was helped by the faithful brakeman.

When the train had gone, Hal found that he had forgotten to take passage. The sweat poured down his face, and the flesh about his left eye was beginning to puff up, but he was happy.

The consumptive limped up to him and grasped his hand.

"Thank you," said he; "I could have done that for myself five years ago."

The two went over and seated themselves in the scant shade of the section-house, and the sick man told Hal how he came to be in Colorado.

He had been ill a long time, and was getting worse and worse at his home in Georgia, and his mother, a poor woman, had scraped together enough money to get him to Denver, where he was sent by an employment agent to a dairy farm out near Littleton. He was to help milk the cows and do odd jobs, and for this he was promised twenty dollars per month and his board. Finding that he was becoming still worse, daily, he resolved to go back to his mother. That morning he had asked for his pay, and had been told that he had not earned his board, and that there was nothing due him. Too weak to remonstrate, the unfortunate fellow had, in his desperation, boarded the train, hoping somehow to get a little nearer to Georgia.

"You see how far I got," he concluded, smiling faintly.

"How much will it take you to get back?"

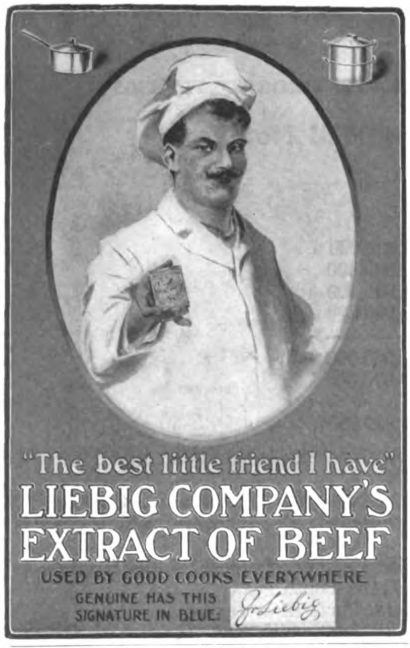
"Well, it cost my mother sixty dollars to get me to Denver," answered the invalid.

The look that came into his eyes as Hal held the money out to him, was one which the young Missourian often called to mind afterward, in the midst of terrific toil, and the thought of it braced him up.

"I thought you wuz a-goin' away," said Curly, when he rode up.

"No, I took another notion, Curly. I think I'll go back with you," said Hal.

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The Progress of Science

On the Threshold of New Discoveries

Dr. G. F. Kunz and Professor C. Baskerville have carried out a series of very patient and remarkable experiments, with the object of recording the conduct of gems and gem-material under the influence of Roentgen rays, ultra-violet light, and emanations of radium preparations. The minerals of the handsome Morgan-Tiffany and Morgan-Bement collections were used in the experiments. The fluorescence and phosphorescence resulting from the action of ultra-violet light upon about 13,000 verified minerals were observed. In addition selected stones from 15,000 British Guiana diamonds and some other fine stones (among them a tiffanyite and some carbonadoes) were submitted to special ray and radioactive influences. Many curious phenomena were noted, and the investigators were able to establish a tentative classification of gems and minerals into eight divisions, according to their responsiveness to the different rays experimented with. The data thus procured will furnish new problems for scientific study, and there is every chance that further investigations in this field will lead to important new discoveries in the constitution and properties of gems and minerals and perhaps of matter in general. Through their experiments Messrs. Kunz and Baskerville have come to believe that as the electric furnace has given us carborundum, artificial graphite, and a series of absolutely new carbides, because of the high temperatures obtainable with its aid; and as the production of low temperatures has resulted in the liquefaction of all known gases and assisted in the discovery of new ones; so perhaps the application of the special rays and the radioactive forms of energy may give us the means of identifying substances that have escaped all our earlier methods of observation; it may be even that a new series of elements will be found. We are clearly on the threshold, they affirm, of a new domain of scientific facts, and perhaps generalizations and laws which may yield results in the twentieth century as interesting and remarkable as the electrical discoveries were in the nineteenth.

Mind and Matter

Reference was made in this column last week to the confusion and perplexity wrought in the ranks of science by recent discoveries, and the high hopes that were at the same time engendered. A cablegram from England conveys a good idea of this situation on the other side of the Atlantic. The message states that Sir Oliver Lodge, the well-known scientist, has propounded the following startling theory: "There are those who have surmised that matter is, after all, only the weapon and vehicle of mind. The way it interprets itself to our consciousness through the sense of the organs gives no clue to its nature. A motion and alteration of the configuration of the molecules of our brain are believed to accompany every act of thought. It will be, at any rate, a suggestive analogy if a material process of an essentially similar sort is found to be occurring throughout what we know as the inorganic world—the world of dead matter—and we should begin to ask, Does all this motion correspond to some universal thought or mental activity likewise?" But besides indicating the perplexity of the scientific mind at the present time, this utterance of an eminent scientist is significant of the recent great change in the general attitude of scientific men towards the phenomena of the universe. Only a few years ago what was known as materialism became very prevalent. Every manifestation of life, even the human soul, was held to be referable to "matter in motion," and in this theory matter was supposed to be the prime factor, and motion, spirit, life, the resultant. Now all is reversed; the spirit again becomes the prime agent, and matter is "only the weapon and vehicle of mind." Thus is science beginning to justify the intuitive knowledge of the poets, of such poets as Edmund Spenser, who, back in the sixteenth century, wrote,

> For of the soul the body form doth take,
> For soul is form and doth the body make.

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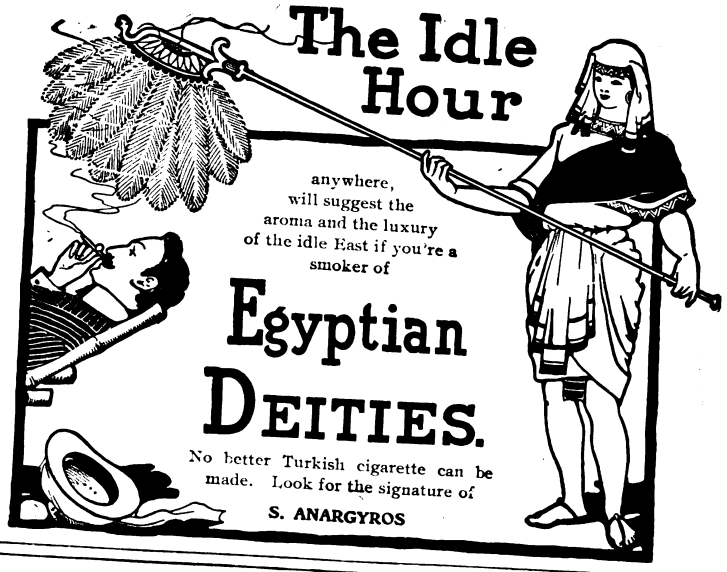
Music

"Parsifal" in New York.—I.

"PARSIFAL," the final and supreme achievement of Richard Wagner's life, was performed on December 24 at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, for the first time anywhere outside of the Festspielhaus at Bayreuth. The event is sufficiently sensational in itself, aside from any question touching the merits of the production: for "Parsifal" marks a spiritual and artistic eminence to which the master of modern music-drama never elsewhere attained to. Here, essentially, is one of those "dream-colored dramas of the mind, best seen against imagined tapestries . . . against revealing shadows and tragic glooms and radiances" as real, and as near, as the vivid actualities of common life. And of the music—of that marvellously subtle and poignant score which is revealed to us, in its just relationships, for the first time—how shall one adequately summarize it? Nowhere else in his work has this master of illusions wrought such wonderful and moving shapes of beauty and terror, of aspiration and despair and sadness. He is more impassioned, more sustained, in "Tristan," more piercingly tragic in "Götterdämmerung," lovelier in "Siegfried," more immediately human in "Meistersinger"; but in "Parsifal" the intensity, in its sort, is unique; the art is unparalleled in fineness and dexterity.

A youth, pure in heart, uninstructed in life, enters a holy community which is and has long been in distress. One in agony is revealed to him, and high and sacred mysteries are disclosed in his sight. But he is mute, untouched. Years after, he returns: he has come in intimate and searing contact with human passion, he has known life at its vital sources. Again he comes into the presence of that great grief which before left him unmoved, and the ancient and splendid mystery which before was veiled to him. Aroused and enlightened, through a clairvoyant intuition of the community of human emotion, he could cry, with Anna in *La Città Morta*: "Vedo, Vedo!" For now he knows, and is prepared to see the Grail in the blinding hour of its illumination.

Redemption—external redemption—is not the key-note of this searching spiritual fable, as we are so commonly told. *Parsifal* is a subjective hero—it is he, not *Amfortas*, who is redeemed: *he* is the real beneficiary. It is undeniable, of course, that Wagner was obsessed by the motive of redemption—particularly the beneficient and gracious, but spiritually invalid, ideal which conceives of woman's self-sacrificing love as an instrument of salvation—the informing principle of "Die Fliegende Höllander," "Tannhäuser," and—in part—"Der Ring des Nibelungen." Concerning "Parsifal," he himself has written: "In 'Parsifal' the sufferings of the Redeemer himself are the saving power and at the same time the incorporation of that Ideal which the love curse has taken from the saintly ones of the Grail temple. *Parsifal* has attained to the recognition of the sacrificial wounds of Christ, and preserving this recognition in his love of the being of his own purity, rescues the fatal spear that pierced the Saviour's side from the power of heathendom, and in conscious, compassionate sympathy heals with it the ever-bleeding wound caused by the love-guiltiness of the deluded Grail King." But, as was suggested in an article published a year ago in the *North American Review*, Wagner had a singular and most disconcerting habit of transcending his own elaborately formulated theories, both structural and ethical. He imagined himself as, primarily, a dramatic poet, triumphantly realizing his ideal of a lyrical drama in which the music should be merely accessory and contributive; actually, he wrote lyric plays in which the drama serves merely as a framework for music that overshadows it, by its superb and dominant beauty, as the "Erlkönig" of Schubert overshadows the "Erlkönig" of Goethe. So, as an idealist, Wagner builded time and time again far better than he knew. He was a sublimely inspired genius, uttering often, like Plato's poet, "great and wise things which he himself did not understand." But we who see his work in an objective view are permitted to attempt an interpretation.



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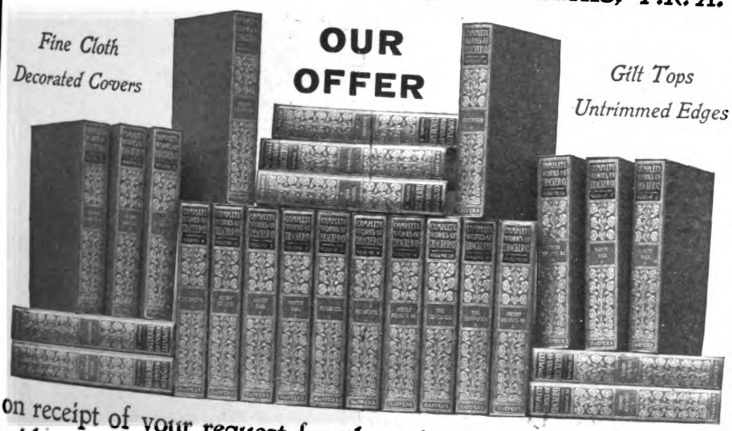




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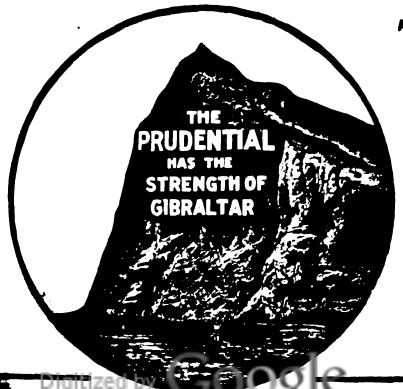
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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by George Harvey

Chicago Fire Supplement in this Issue



Chicago Fire Supplement in this Issue

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

for 1904

THE fifty-two numbers of Harper's Weekly, at the end of the year, make the most interesting, complete, and informing library possible to place in your home. Every event of importance, every happening of interest in all parts of the world, every phase of home and human interest is chronicled from day to day in the pages of the Weekly by writers and artists who say the last word of authority on each subject. For this reason it is impossible to tell our readers and subscribers exactly what they will find in each of the fifty-two issues of the coming year; every day, every hour brings a new subject—the announcement and description of a new invention, a discovery in science, new phases of education, politics, finance, literature, art, religion, architecture, home-life, music, the theatre—the field is as wide as human interest, and the Weekly tells you of each of these things in each issue in a way to keep you in touch with the best thought of the world. Following are some of the features for 1904:

EDITORIALS OF AUTHORITY

Harper's Weekly has become the foremost political journal of America. In every issue seven pages are given to editorial comment on important topics of the day. This feature of the Weekly has come to be recognized as the most important editorial comment published anywhere. The subjects cover every phase of human activity, from important international affairs to intimate matters of home interest. The comment stands not only for a brief exposition of all questions of personal interest to every intelligent reader, but for an expression of opinion upon these questions by the best authorities. The Presidential election this year will give the editorial pages of the Weekly exceptional value and importance.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

The illustrated features of the Weekly have long been recognized as the most graphic presentation of current events in all parts of the world published in any journal. At least four full pages will be given in every issue to interesting photographs and drawings of the week's news.

MARK TWAIN AND W. D. HOWELLS

These great authors write exclusively for Harpers. Mark Twain will contribute an occasional article, and every week Mr. Howells will write on interesting topics of the day.

FEATURES IN EVERY NUMBER

Mr. Sydney Brooks, in his weekly letter from London, will tell the intimate story of the men who to-day are making world history.

Mr. James MacArthur, former editor of the Bookman, will write each week of the new books published, stories of authors, and in general will keep before readers the week's literary record.

Two pages of pictures will be given each week to the theatre and to the important plays here and abroad.

In humor, well-known artists like Peter Newell, Albert Levering, Henry Meyer, E. W. Kemble, R. C. Carter will be regular contributors.

In each issue there will be a page of correspondence from readers, in which an opportunity will be given to every one interested to express his ideas upon any subject of moment.

SHORT STORIES BY FAMOUS AUTHORS

In every issue of the Weekly there will be at least one short story by a well-known writer, including authors like Mark Twain, E. S. Martin, Mr. Robert W. Chambers, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Hamlin Garland, Mr. Joseph A. Altsheler, Mr. Morgan Robertson, Mr. van Tassel Sutphen, Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, etc., etc. Each of these stories will be complete in one issue. In addition, an important serial, which will run through several issues and which will be one of the most interesting contributions of the year to fiction, is now arranged for.

SPECIAL ARTICLES

In addition to these features, every number of the Weekly will contain special articles on all topics of interest—science, invention, art, finance, travel, adventure, discovery, etc.—written by authors who can give the last word of authority upon each subject. Such men as Professor Simon Newcomb, in science; President Charles F. Thwing, President of Western Reserve University, in education; Professor Jacoby, of Columbia, in astronomy; Edwin Lefevre, in finance; Robert W. Chambers and Frank Sherman Peer, in hunting and outdoor sports; Andre Sardou, in personal reminiscences of the theatre and of well-known people abroad; T. C. Martin, editor of the Electrical World and Engineer, and Dr. Louis Bell, on developments in science and electricity; A. Maurice Low and Dr. Henry Loomis Nelson, Professor of Politics at Williams College, on politics and events in Washington, etc., etc.—these will be some of the regular contributors to Harper's Weekly. All branches of human interest will be covered in an authoritative manner.

NEWS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

At the present time the Weekly has representatives in all parts of the world, who are reporting at first hand the important happenings of world history. They will contribute articles on travel, adventure, and on the important events in unknown parts of the world. One of the articles arranged for is by a member of the Jessup Expedition—an account of the important discoveries in Northern Asia and Alaska, telling how they relate to American culture; a series of articles by A. H. Savage-Landor, who is now in the Far East for the Weekly; articles on Panama—the development of the situation on the Isthmus, the progress of work there during the year, etc., etc.

THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR

Arrangements have already been made to have special representatives of Harper's Weekly at the World's Fair in St. Louis during the entire course of the Fair. A number of special World's Fair numbers are now being arranged for.

THE PRESIDENTIAL YEAR

Harper's Weekly, as the foremost political authority of America, is in a position to offer, from the sources of information at its command, not only the most intelligent expression of editorial opinion, but the most intimate record anywhere of the coming campaign—the conclusive record of authority which comes from personal touch with the Presidential candidates and with the prominent leaders of both National parties. The well-known editorial policy of fairness, sanity, independence, and justice will dominate the discussion and presentation of political subjects during the coming year.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLVIII. New York, Saturday, January 9, 1904 NO. 2455

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MR. HEARST'S BOOM

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

IT is a fact portentous with significance of the present position of this section of the United States, that the refusal of a New York financial institution to make a perfectly secured loan to another nation has prevented a declaration of war between Japan and Russia.

At the hour when we write it seems certain that the attempt of Senator Gorman and Senator Blackburn to defeat the ratification of the Panama treaty will fail. The Blackburn resolution, adopted at a caucus of the minority party in the Senate, it will be remembered, was to the effect that should twenty-two Democratic Senators pronounce in favor of a particular course, the remaining eleven should be bound to cooperate with them, unless otherwise instructed by their respective State Legislatures. The Louisiana Legislature has already instructed the two Senators from that State to vote for the Panama treaty, and there is reason to believe that the Legislatures of several other Southern States will assume a similar position. It is now taken for granted that, besides the Senators from Louisiana, the Senators from Florida, the Senators from Georgia, and Senator Cockrell of Missouri will vote for the treaty, and it is deemed probable that the Senators from Mississippi, Tennessee, and Texas will follow their example. Such is the deduction to be drawn from the opinions recently expressed by Mr. Richardson of Tennessee, the former leader of the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives, and by Senator Stone of Missouri.

Mr. Stone says that, so far as he knows, no Senator has declared an intention to oppose the ratification of the treaty. The utmost that any one has striven for, he adds, is to have the facts bearing on the relation of our government to the isthmian revolution and the establishment of the Republic of Panama laid before the Senate. That is a proper request, and there is no doubt that it will be granted. It is announced on good authority that the President is not only willing to furnish all the information at his command, but is determined to make it public, so that if the Senate shall insist upon considering it in executive session, effective measures will be taken to make it generally known. Should the Senate seem disposed to withhold from publication any of the correspondence which passed between the State and Navy Departments and their agents on the isthmus before and since November 3, Mr. Roosevelt's friends in the House of Representatives can ask that all the documents be sent to their Chamber, and the President's reply would, of course, be published. Since we last referred to the state of things on the isthmus, the independence of the Panama Republic has been formally acknowledged by Great Britain and Italy. Like recognition had been previously received from France, Germany, and Russia, as also from some minor European powers, and a number of Latin-American commonwealths. From Spain nothing has as yet been heard, and there is a report that the Madrid government would have liked to cooperate in organizing a joint protest on the part of the Spanish-speaking countries against the secession of Panama. If such a plan was contemplated, it must be held to have miscarried, in view of the promptitude with which the independence of the new republic was acknowledged by Mexico and Venezuela.

An extensive canvass was made the other day in most sections of the country by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, with a view of ascertaining the drift of Democratic opinion concerning the choice of a nominee. In Massachusetts, Mr. Olney is at present the favorite, and we are told that his candidacy will be formally proclaimed at the meeting of the Massachusetts State committee to be held in January. The Connecticut Democrats seem convinced that Mr. Cleveland ought to be nominated, but Judge Parker is their second choice. New Jersey will have no candidate of its own, unless Mr. Cleveland shall be persuaded to run. If he persists in refusing to allow his name to be used, the New Jersey delegation will be uninstructed, and will thus be at liberty to try and stampede the convention for the ex-President, should an opportunity for such a move be given. In New York the preference of Tammany Hall has not been divulged in an unequivocal way, and, perhaps, the fact that the friends of ex-Senator Hill are advocating Chief-Judge Parker will not commend the latter to that organization. The selection of Mr. McAdoo, Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the last Democratic administration, for the post of Police Commissioner in New York city is by no means the only indication that Mr. C. F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, is disposed to look with especial favor upon Cleveland Democrats.

It is surely a reasonable inference that Mr. Cleveland's advice would have much weight in the State convention called to name the delegates of the Empire commonwealth to the nominating convention. The fact that leading Pennsylvania Democrats have decided to put forward ex-Governor Pattison of that State throws no light on their ultimate intention. They know, of course, that the national convention will not select a nominee from a State that there is no hope of carrying. In the Southern States, Mr. Gorman seems for the moment to be regarded with approval, but there is a general disposition to accept any candidate commended by New York. Of thirty-two Democratic Senators interviewed for the *Public Ledger*, twelve were outspoken in their preference for Gorman, and only two declared themselves for Parker, but all agreed that if the latter should be New York's candidate he would be nominated with an approach to unanimity. Of 150 Democratic Representatives, sixty-seven declined to disclose their personal preferences; thirty favored Gorman, and twenty-nine Parker. Senator Money, of Mississippi, said that, with the exception of Mr. Cleveland, any of the men who have been named would prove acceptable in his State. On the other hand, Senator Clay, of Georgia, pointed out that the Democracy must nominate a man who can carry New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, and have a "fighting chance" in Indiana and Illinois. Nobody knows better than Senator Clay that Mr. Cleveland is the only Democrat who has proved himself capable of fulfilling those conditions. Mr. John Sharp Williams, the leader of the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives declined to reveal his choice so far in advance of the nominating convention. Another fact that should be chronicled is the passage of a resolution by the Jacksonian Club, of Nebraska, reinstating a number of former members who were expelled from the organization during Mr. Bryan's first campaign, because they refused to support the nominee.

That Senator Platt should have sent invitations to the Republican district leaders throughout the State of New York to confer with him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on December 26 was, of course, interpreted as an intimation that he had made up his mind to contest with Governor Odell the leadership of his party in the Empire commonwealth. To enter upon a controversy certain to be prolonged and bitter cannot have been welcome to Mr. Platt at his time of life, but the Senator has always been loyal to his friends, and there is no doubt that most of these would have been relegated to the background had he retired from the field. It is not true, as it has been asserted, that all the "up-State" Republican leaders failed to respond to his summons, for Mr. George W. Aldridge, of Rochester, appeared at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and, although Governor Odell explained that

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business engagements would keep him in Albany for several days, one of his near friends, Mr. William Barnes, Jr., of Albany, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Republican State Committee, paid his respects to Mr. Platt. Messrs. Timothy L. Woodruff, Michael J. Dady, and Robert A. Sharkey also conferred with the Senator. With the two exceptions noted, not a Republican from the districts outside the city of New York took part in the proposed conference, and it was significant that on the very day named, December 26, Chairman Charles H. Murray, of the New York County Republican Committee, called upon Governor Odell in Albany.

The irretrievable deposition of Senator Platt from the leadership of the Republican party in Manhattan and throughout the larger part of the State could scarcely be more clearly indicated. There is no doubt, however, that in every county the friends of the veteran politician are numerous and devoted, and it would not be surprising if their indignation at the supersession of Mr. Platt by Governor Odell should have consequences no less grave than those which followed the nomination of Judge Folger for the Governorship of New York in 1882. In the opinion of expert observers, the lukewarmness, not to say open disaffection, with which Mr. Platt's adherents will now receive Mr. Roosevel's nomination will render it impracticable for the President to carry his native State. For the New York imbroglio Mr. Roosevelt is to be pitied rather than condemned. He did his best to avert a rupture between the Governor and the Senator. A rupture, however, could not be prevented, and when it came, the President could not be blamed for recognizing as State leader the man who unquestionably has a majority of the New York Republicans behind him. Judge Folger also had a majority of the State Republicans behind him, but the hostile minority was so large that his Democratic opponent, Mr. Cleveland, was elected by a plurality of nearly two hundred thousand. It now looks to us as if, should a conservative candidate for the Presidency be put forward, the Democracy next November will sweep the State of New York with a tidal wave that is likely to engulf both New Jersey and Connecticut, and may exert a decisive influence on Indiana, Wisconsin, and Illinois. It should also be noted that the majority of nearly 40,000 secured by Mr. McKinley in California three years ago was cut down in the last election for the Governorship of that State to less than three thousand. The figures mean, of course, that if the Democrats should make the mistake of defeating the Panama treaty, Mr. Roosevelt would carry California by a large majority; whereas if the Democrats allowed the treaty to be ratified, they would have a fair chance of carrying that State.

The departure of Governor Taft from Manila to assume the functions of Secretary of War, and, practically, also those of Secretary of the Colonies—an office which exists in fact, though not in name—has concentrated attention upon his record in the Philippines. Since the noblest of Roman proconsuls, Flamininus, used the power derived from his victory over Macedonia to declare the Greeks self-governing, no man has used proconsular authority more generously and wisely than has Judge William H. Taft. He has earned the respect and the love of the islanders committed to his charge, and he has been subjected to censure by nobody unprompted by selfish motives. His judicious solution of the serious problem presented by the estates of the friars would of itself entitle him to an honorable place in history. The immense amount of fertile land, held in mortmain, in the Philippines, and especially in Luzon, by certain religious orders, constituted in the eyes of their tenants a grievance which had more than once provoked insurrection under the Spanish régime, and which constituted the chief pretext for Aguinaldo's revolt against our authority, after we were subrogated in the place of the Madrid government by the Treaty of Paris. As we were bound by that treaty not to dispossess the friars by violence, Aguinaldo's friends were able to persuade many Filipinos that unless we were ousted from the islands they would never be delivered from a burden which they had come to think intolerable. Five years have elapsed since the Treaty of Paris was concluded, and only the other day was the assent of the friars secured through the intervention of Pope Pius X. to their expropriation. The terms on which we have acquired their property are by no means exorbitant. We have acquired some four hundred thousand acres of the most fertile soil in the Philippines for about seven and a quarter million dollars—a sum which is to be raised by bonds, and to be made over to the Pope, who will employ it as he chooses for the benefit of the orders concerned, or of the Catholic Church at large.

The plan by which the occupying tenants are to be transformed into peasant proprietors is evidently modelled on the last Land Purchase law for Ireland. That is to say, the insular government will grant to each tenant of the lands acquired a title to his individual holding, and will receive from him for a term of years an annual payment by way of interest and sinking fund, which will be, we are told, considerably less than the rental formerly exacted by the friars. In a word, nobody but the natives of the Philippines will have a penny to gain by the acquisition of the friars' estates. This is only one of the many ways in which Governor Taft has proved his determination to deserve the good will and confidence of the people subjected to his rule. It is only a few American sojourners in the archipelago, who seem to have gone thither in the hope of making fortunes quickly at the expense of the natives, and who complain that Judge Taft has carried too far the programme of the Philippines for the Filipinos. There is no doubt that under the Taft régime every government position that a Filipino could fill, even though he should fill it worse than would an American, has been assigned to a native. Not even former leaders of insurrectionary movements have been debarred from preferment. It might be supposed that this concession of the largest practicable amount of autonomy, which, on moral grounds, is amply justified, would be detrimental to the islands from an economical point of view. This has not proved to be the case. During Governor Taft's term of office the material development of the archipelago has been phenomenal. The balance of trade is now in favor of the islands, and the revenues, which, for the most part, are derived from export and import duties, suffice to meet all expenses of the insular government, except that the subsistence of the soldiers is paid for by our War Department. We observe, finally, that, as regards progress in public education, the number of Filipinos who have been taught to read, write, and speak English is astonishing, when we consider the brevity of the period during which systematic efforts to that end have been made.

It is settled that neither Senator Hanna nor Secretary Root will accept the chairmanship of the next Republican national committee. There has never been the slightest reason to suppose that Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, would be requested by Mr. Roosevelt to undertake the duties of the office. The occupant of the important post will probably be ex-Governor Murray Crane, of Massachusetts; that is, of course, in the event, that now seems inevitable, to-wit, the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for the Presidency. It is the invariable custom of national committees to select for the chairmanship the person indicated by the party's nominee for the Chief Magistracy. If, by any chance, Senator Hanna should be the nominee of the Republican national convention, he would, of course, designate a favorite of his own for the chairmanship of his party's national committee. At the hour when we write, there seems to be no prospect of a concerted and energetic movement in favor of nominating Senator Hanna. It should be borne in mind, however, that no serious opposition to the renomination of President Harrison had been disclosed five months before the meeting of the Republican national convention in 1892. Five or six months before the Republican national convention met in 1884, it looked as if President Arthur had a fair chance of securing a majority of the delegates. In January, 1880, very few observers of events believed that General Grant could be beaten for the nomination in the Republican convention to be held at Chicago some months later in that year. He was beaten, however. We sometimes doubt whether Senator Hanna will allow his name to be presented. He has too many "fool friends." Nothing could be more calculated to blight his candidacy in the bud than its endorsement by Perry S. Heath, the hopelessly discredited secretary of the present Republican national committee.

Some, though not all, of the appointments to important municipal offices in New York city made by Mayor-elect

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McClellan justify the belief that he intends to give his fellow citizens an honest, economical, and efficient administration. So far as economy is concerned, it is fortunate that he will have Comptroller Grout as a coadjutor. Mr. Grout applied the brakes more than once to the wheels of the Low administration, and it is already evident that he means to be no less serviceable during the next two years as a restrainer of extravagant expenditure. On December 21 he announced that he had made a careful investigation of the state of New York city's finances, and had arrived at the conviction that Tammany would have to "go slow" in disbursements of the city's cash. After recalling the financial history of the last ten years, which exhibits a steady annual increase in the municipal budget, Mr. Grout made it plain that, in his opinion, the McClellan administration would have to cut down expenses during the next biennium. He did not nor could he deny that the additions made by the Low administration to the city's indebtedness had been justified, and he also admitted that certain projects already authorized must be prosecuted. He thought, however, that the city ought not to contract for any more works of magnitude inside of a twelvemonth. Any definite arrangement as to rapid transit extensions, for instance, would have to be deferred, he said, for about a year. It is manifest that Comptroller Grout does not intend to lose a jot of the reputation for trustworthiness which he has previously acquired.

A heated controversy has been started in English newspapers by the assertion made by Emperor William II., at Hanover, that the deeds of the "German Legion" had saved the English army from destruction at Waterloo. The London journals seem to imagine that the German Emperor meant to say that, unless the Prussians under Blücher had come up in time, Wellington's army would have been annihilated by Napoleon. A moment's reflection should have sufficed to demonstrate that, whatever may be the private opinion of William II. touching the importance of Blücher's arrival, he did not express it at Hanover. He was there to commemorate the deeds of the "German Legion," composed, not of Prussians, but of Hanoverians and Brunswickers, who formed a part, not of Blücher's, but of Wellington's army. In Wellington's force at Waterloo, the Germans outnumbered the English by some 4000, and, unquestionably, but for the aid afforded by the former, the Englishmen and Dutchmen must have succumbed to the overwhelming weight of Napoleon's columns. The German Emperor was, therefore, entirely justified when he said that the Hanoverians and Brunswickers had saved Wellington from destruction. As to the part played by Blücher, about which William II. had nothing at all to say, there seems to be no doubt that, but for the arrival of the Prussians, Napoleon's defeat, even had it been accomplished, which is doubtful, could by no possibility have been transformed into a rout. Wellington's soldiers were utterly exhausted at the close of the action, and the pursuit of Napoleon's broken and despairing forces was prosecuted mainly by the Prussians. It is, moreover, very questionable whether Napoleon would not have crushed Wellington in the afternoon, had not the appearance of the Prussian vanguard compelled him to employ a large number of battalions for the protection of the French flank. This is one of the questions about which students of history are likely always to differ, but we ourselves are disposed to think that, had Grouchy succeeded in foiling Blücher's attempt to join Wellington, the English general must have been worsted by Napoleon, who had a force not only preponderant in quantity but vastly superior in quality to all of its antagonists except the English, who only numbered about twenty-five thousand.

It is amusing to hear anxious holders of securities inquire whether we are likely to escape the financial and industrial crisis which, as history has shown, occurs about once in ten years. The truth, of course, is that the decennial crisis has come, and is now upon us, and that the skies are tending to clear. This will be obvious to any one who compares carefully the recent prices of the stocks and bonds of those dividend-paying railways which are rooted in public confidence with the prices obtainable in 1893, 1883, and 1873. The difference between the present crisis and its predecessors has been that the great banks of New York city and the managers of the colossal corporation that controls most of the iron and steel industry have so managed that the decline in prices has been gradual instead of sudden and catastrophic. The congestion of the money-market has been relieved, or, in other words, investors have been subjected to a bleeding process; but the operation has been performed in a mild and benignant instead of a sudden and calamitous way. We have suffered incomparably less damage than was experienced in Germany two years ago. In this, as in the preceding crisis, the American Republic was the last commercial country of the first magnitude to feel the excess of supply over demand. No doubt the conservative and far-sighted action of our large banks and great railway and industrial corporations has been signally furthered by the output of our industrial staples. Our actual situation is really that of a patient who, under the influence of ether, has had a surgical operation performed. When, cries the patient, awakening from his trance, are you going to take my leg off, doctor? It has been already removed, is the reply. The expected financial crisis due in 1893 arrived on time, and is already passing.

The systematic attempt of the Department of Agriculture to promote, or rather to revive, the culture of raw silk in the United States deserves more attention than it has hitherto received. Not only has the Department been encouraging the industry through the distribution of mulberry cuttings and silkworm eggs, but, during the last summer, two reels imported from Europe have been operated in Washington for the purpose of creating a market for cocoons. Many years ago there was a certain amount of silk culture in Pennsylvania and in some of the Southern States, but the industry languished, partly because the methods of rearing silkworms were imperfectly understood, and partly because the industry lacked the stimulus of a large domestic market. There has never been any doubt that favorable conditions for growing the mulberry-tree and for rearing the best species of silkworms exist in the Middle and Southern States and on the Pacific slope; and the stimulus should be now forthcoming, because the amount of money at present paid by the United States for imported silk exceeds $70,000,000 annually, and is continually increasing. The truth is that we consume about half of the world's silk output, and we might as well keep at home the vast amount of money now expended for the raw material. It is asserted on the part of the Department of Agriculture that an American farmer's family can earn more in eight weeks by silk culture than it could in a year by raising a crop of cotton. The one crop, moreover, does not exclude the other. Mulberry-trees, the leaves of which form the food of silkworms, can be grown along the fences of cotton-fields and in odd corners of the farm. No great outlay is required for stock or plant. In fact, silk-growing can be prosecuted as a by-industry, like poultry-raising, by women and children.

Almost all the newspapers in Havana denounce President Palma — first, for signing the stamp-tax bill, and, secondly, for enforcing it. It is, of course, his duty to enforce a statute, and, had he refused to sign the bill, he would have been accused of betraying the interests of the Cuban army. It is unreasonable to blame the Executive for the vexation caused by the new imposts. The existing revenue of the island is needed for the normal expenditures, and the proposed loan of some thirty millions of dollars for the payment of the officers and soldiers engaged in the revolutionary war had to be provided for in some other way. There were but two ways: a tax on luxuries, and a government lottery. The Cuban Senate rejected a proposal to provide the necessary funds by means of a lottery, and the Congress was, consequently, compelled to accept the alternative. It is not impossible that the Senate can be induced to reconsider its former decision and to accept a lottery bill. Although the sale of lottery tickets is now illegal in Cuba, it is practically impossible to prevent the inhabitants from investing in the Spanish and Mexican lotteries, and the result is that large sums of money are continually flowing out of the island, which would be kept at home were a government lottery authorized. Those who are disposed to look with disdain on the Cuban fondness of gambling of this form may do well to recall the fact that, within the memory of men now living, a lottery was authorized by the Legislature of the State of New York. When we bear in mind the swathling-clothes in which the Cubans were kept

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by Spain for nearly four hundred years, we can scarcely blame them for being no further advanced in civilization than we ourselves were sixty years ago.

The trial of the culprits in the Kishinef massacre resulted in the sentence of two men to seven and five years penal servitude respectively, and to the sentence of twenty-two other persons to terms of imprisonment ranging from one to two years. These punishments seem almost scandalously mild for the murder of scores of Jews and the wrecking and looting of hundreds of houses and shops. That they will serve very inadequately to prevent further outrages seems to be pretty clearly indicated by the reports that another Kishinef massacre is threatened. To excuse the course of Russian justice in this case is too large an undertaking. By way of explaining it, however, it may be said that many political considerations complicate such trials. Kishinef is in reality a Rumanian city, the capital of territory annexed from Turkey after the war of 1812, and its inhabitants are almost exclusively Wallachians and Moldavians, full of the instincts and traditions of violence which have ruled in the Balkans for five hundred years. The anti-Semitic movement in Kishinef is due almost wholly to Rumanian influences, crossing the border into Russian territory, and having more affinity with similar movements in Vienna and Berlin than with any genuinely Russian feeling. The genuinely Russian regions of the Tsar's empire have no large Jewish population; the ghettos are almost wholly confined to territory annexed from Sweden along the Baltic, or taken over at the partition of Poland, or conquered from Turkey, as in the case of Bessarabia and Kishinef. Broadly speaking, when Russia inherited these regions containing a Jewish population, the relations already existing in them between Christians and Jews were retained, and many of the restrictive regulations have their origin in this retention. A second political element arises from the undoubted connection of the Jews in Russia with the dissemination of anarchist and nihilist ideas. To this connection, or to a belief in its existence, much of the odium directed against the Jews is to be traced, and to this connection also may probably be attributed the recent mild action of the Russian courts.

The General Conference of the Methodist Church which meets next May at Los Angeles will take up the question of revising the rules of discipline which prohibit dancing, card-playing, and theatre-going to Methodist church-members. Meanwhile there is spirited preliminary discussion of the proposed amendment at the various meetings of Methodist ministers, especially those which take place in the larger cities. Two hundred ministers at the regular Monday meeting in New York on December 28 discussed these rules very earnestly, some arguing that they were practically obsolete as well as inexpedient, others that they were sound, and that when Methodism abandons self-denial her decay will begin. The rules seem out of date, and presumably they will be amended. If so, it may comfort the defeated side to be assured that cards bore many persons so much that they refuse to learn bridge whist for fear of being constrained to play for the entertainment of their fellows. For such persons cards are not a means of indulgence but of self-sacrifice, and therefore, possibly, of grace.

There was a meeting in New York last month to raise money for the George Junior Republic. Most readers of the WEEKLY know that the Republic is an exceedingly interesting school for making good citizens out of boys and girls who have a record for obstreperousness. It was started at Freeville, New York, about ten years ago by a man (Mr. George) with a new idea about the training of waifs and wayward children. His idea was to make them train and govern themselves and one another. He had very much the same ideas about governing boys and girls as Governor Taft has had and used in governing Filipinos. His idea was to give them just as much authority as they could handle and to make them responsible for its use, so that when they finally grew old enough to go out into the world they should be responsible, self-governing creatures, who understood why laws were necessary and what they were for, and saw the point of both obeying and enforcing them. So he established his Junior Republic on American principles, with officers of government elected by the population, and with a police department, and courts, and most of the governmental apparatus of a grown-up American community. It has worked wonderfully well, and is still working, and three other republics of the same sort have been modelled after it. So vigilantly are its laws enforced that Bishop Potter, who was one of the speakers at the meeting of its supporters last month, was able to relate how close he came to being arrested by a boy citizen of the Republic for smoking when lately he visited Freeville to dedicate the Republic's new chapel. The enterprise has never had much money, but it has had good friends, and has struggled on from hand to mouth, as it does still. Three thousand dollars was raised for it the other day, which modest sum was considered "an important lift over present difficulties." This Freeville republic, in which a little money goes so far, is an experiment as interesting and with possibilities almost as important as Booker Washington's Tuskegee Institute. In both cases the effort is to train boys and girls to be law-abiding and useful citizens, and in both cases the proportion of practical achievement to expenditure is very high.

A Massachusetts Democrat who is cheerfully but firmly resigned to the action of the Administration in the Panama case, and thinks there is nothing for Democrats in party opposition to it, begs the WEEKLY to suggest that when the canal company gets to work it shall establish a large electric-light plant and work night and day. Our correspondent wants the work finished while he is still young and ardent enough to go to see it. He holds that it should be possible with three gangs of men working eight hours each, night and day, to finish the canal in three years. "I doubt," he writes, "if it would cost a cent more." We commend this suggestion to the prospective artificers of the canal. If they can finish the work in three years instead of ten, it will be peculiarly gratifying to about fifteen million of our citizens who expect to last three years longer, but have no very confident expectation of being still adventurously observant at the end of a whole decade.

Mayor Engler of Fremont, Ohio, has had the grit to veto an ordinance passed by the common council of that city directing that the union label shall appear on all the city printing. His reasons for doing so, set forth in a message, are that the effect of the requirement would be to limit the competition for public printing to union printers, who alone have the right to use the label. This, he considers, would be to confer a benefit on one small class of citizens, to the possible injury of all the rest, and at the cost of the taxpayers. It has vexed many citizens of many cities to find the union label on their tax bills, and to be compelled to join in advertising and supporting an association which, however useful to its own members, and however worthy in itself, may be at the moment in conflict with the individual taxpayer's personal interests, and may even be boycotting his business. Such a strain on his temper a taxpayer is surely entitled to be spared.

James Smithson, who founded the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, never set foot in this country, but lived and died in Europe, and was buried in the English cemetery at Genoa. It will be recalled that he was the illegitimate son of Hugh Smithson, first Duke of Northumberland of the third creation. He inherited a fortune through his mother, and dying in 1829, left about one hundred thousand pounds to the United States to found "an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The story of his life and of the development of the disposition which led to this remarkable endowment are of deep and pathetic interest. The cemetery at Genoa falling into disrepair, Professor Alexander Graham Bell proposed some years ago that Smithson's remains should be brought to this country and reinterred in Washington. The proposal was agreed to, the arrangements were gradually perfected, and last month Professor Bell went to Genoa. He expects to return about January 15 with James Smithson's bones, which will be duly committed to a suitable tomb in Washington, probably in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution. Honor has been late in reaching this remarkable man, but it has come at last in full measure.

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The Panama Canal and the Presidency

ASSUMING that the treaty with the republic of Panama will be ratified, and that work on the waterway will be begun immediately, we may find it worth while to consider what part, if any, the acquisition of the canal franchise is likely to play in the Presidential campaign. There is no doubt that the acquisition of Texas and California strengthened the Democratic party, and the Whigs were able to elect a President in 1848 only by abjuring their previous opposition to the war with Mexico, and by putting forward as their candidate Zachary Taylor, who had been one of the heroes of that conflict. It is probable that the fulfilment of our age-long desire to cleave the American isthmus and link the Atlantic and Pacific oceans will augment materially the popularity of the Roosevelt administration on the Pacific coast; and, but for his treatment of the negro question, would have also endeared the President to the people of the Gulf States. Whether it will commend him to the confidence of conservative and thoughtful men at the North is doubtful. Even if the documents to be submitted presently to Congress shall justify, as we expect they will, the attitude taken by our State and Navy departments toward the revolution at Panama, they will scarcely dispel the feeling of uneasiness engendered in prudent and cautious minds by certain aspects of the affair—the apprehension that, should Mr. Roosevelt be re-elected, the country might find itself committed to a policy of adventure. What, therefore, the President may gain in some sections of the Union by the association of his name with the fruition of the national wish for an interoceanic waterway he may lose in the great centres of industry and finance. It will be remembered that the esteem and trust with which the business world regarded Mr. McKinley were intensified by his reluctance to interpose for the deliverance of Cuba, a reluctance which, probably, would never have been overcome but for the destruction of the battle-ship *Maine*. It is no impeachment of the motives that led Mr. Roosevelt to take the vigorous course pursued by him at Panama, to say that, in our opinion, if Mr. McKinley had been President, the revolutionists would have had to wait much longer for a recognition of their independence, and the Colombians would have been permitted to attempt a restoration of their authority. That this would have been the position assumed by Mr. Cleveland is indisputable, in view of his repudiation of the Hawaiian annexationists. We do not deny that, in this instance, conservatism might have cost us the opportunity of constructing a canal at Panama. But the fact remains that very seldom is a lack of conservatism justified by the event. The next exhibition of Presidential strenuousness may be much less defensible.

If Democratic Senators should decline to make the ratification of the Panama treaty a party question, they would minimize the advantage derivable by Mr. Roosevelt from his solution of the canal problem. That is the position which has been taken, from the hour when the treaty was signed, by Mr. John S. Williams, the leader of the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives. Mr. Williams recognizes that Democrats have been pledged for half a century to forego no opportunity of constructing an interoceanic waterway, and, now that an opportunity is presented, they cannot, with any show of consistency, let it slip. This would be true, even if the rank and file of the Democratic party in the Gulf States were not even more deeply interested in the building of a canal than are Northern Republicans. The cleavage of the American isthmus means more to Galveston, New Orleans, and Mobile than it means to Philadelphia and New York. In dealing with this matter, Mr. Williams evinced the same sagacity and foresight which he had shown with reference to the Cuban reciprocity bill. The members of his party in the House of Representatives were originally divided in opinion regarding the expediency of passing that measure. Mr. Williams, for his part, perceived that the Democrats were logically bound to accept any reciprocity bill if they were sincerely determined to make drastic tariff revision a pivotal issue in the approaching campaign. He succeeded in prevailing upon almost all his colleagues to adopt his view of their duty. In the Senate, on the other hand, Mr. Gorman strove to array the Democratic minority against the Cuban reciprocity bill, and, although he failed to secure a caucus resolution to that end, he did manage to split his party, a considerable fraction of his Democratic colleagues voting against a reduction of the Dingley tariff by twenty per cent. in the case of Cuban sugar. This was an extraordinary attitude for revisionists to assume. So far as Cuban reciprocity was concerned, Mr. Gorman's leadership was repudiated, but, when the Panama treaty was sent to the Senate for ratification, he contrived to procure the passage of a caucus resolution, requiring all Democratic Senators to adopt the course recommended by two-thirds of their number. It was evidently Mr. Gorman's intention to use this resolution for the purpose of marshalling thirty-three votes against the treaty, and thus defeating it. It has turned out, however, that the Senator did not represent Southern sentiment with respect to the treaty, and it is by no means impossible, provided a number of Southern legislatures shall give instructions on the subject, that the friends of the treaty may control the Democratic caucus, and compel Mr. Gorman himself to vote for ratification. Thus would the engineer be hoist with his own petard.

It is becoming more and more evident at Washington that the true leader of the Democracy in the Fifty-eighth Congress is not Senator Gorman, but Representative John S. Williams. It is the latter who seems likely to exercise decisive influence in shaping the issues of the coming Presidential campaign, and he has already let it be seen that, in his judgment, the canal treaty should not be one of them. He believes that Democrats should adopt aggressive, not defensive, tactics, and that, if they hope for victory, they must seek it with such war-cries as Down with the Dingley Tariff! and Turn the Rascals Out! He will, therefore, miss no chance of keeping tariff revision in the foreground, and of demanding a more searching investigation of the postal frauds.

Our Relation to the Far Eastern Imbroglio

THE apparent imminence of war between Japan and Russia forces upon us the inquiry to what extent our national interests may be involved in such a conflict or in the resultant complications. Let us first consider the question from the standpoint of the assumption that hostilities will be confined to the two powers that we have named. It is undeniable that our attempts to secure an "open door" in Manchuria, and to obtain from China a desirable commercial treaty have met with sympathy and support on the part of the Japanese. Russia, also, has professed to approve of our Far-Eastern policy, and even went so far as to give our State Department a promise in writing that the evacuation of Manchuria should begin on October 8, and should be completed within a definite time. We need not say that the promise has been broken. There is now no likelihood that the Russians will withdraw voluntarily from any of the three Manchurian provinces which they occupy. Unless they are ejected by force, the whole of the territory north and northeast of the Great Wall must be looked upon as practically severed from the Middle Kingdom. Japan, on the other hand, has concurred with Great Britain and the United States in averring that the independence and territorial integrity of China must be maintained. She has not swerved from that position in the course of her protracted negotiations with the Petersburg government. She has insisted not only that Russia must refrain from interference with Korea, but also that China's sovereignty over Manchuria must not be impugned, either in theory or in practice. That is to say, while Russia's right to occupy the Liau-tung peninsula, which she holds under a lease, or to operate and protect the Manchurian branch of the Siberian Railway, is not disputed, the Japanese contend that she ought to replace Newchwang under Chinese authority, and recall her troops from all points in Manchuria, except those on the line of the railway named. We add that the Mikado's representative at Peking is known to have furthered, so far as his influence would go, the efforts of our minister, Mr. Conger, to negotiate the commercial treaty which our Senate ratified the other day, and which, besides opening two additional treaty ports in Manchuria, substitutes a single surtax, payable at the port of entry, for the vexatious and burdensome *likin*, or inland transit dues, which have virtually shut out American merchandise from the interior of the Celestial Empire. Russia, on the other hand, has striven, through her minister at Peking, to prevent the ratification of this treaty on the part of the Chinese government, and, at the hour when we write, the agreement is still unratified.

It is clear, then, that our national interests in the Far East would be promoted by the triumph of Japan and seriously endangered by the success of Russia. This is true, even if the contest should be limited to a duel between those powers.

There is scarcely any room for hope that the war could be thus limited. It would probably prove impracticable for the Peking government to resist the demand of its subjects for cooperation with Japan. Comparatively valueless as China's aid may be, her appearance in the field would create a situation that would render operative the treaty of alliance between France and Russia, for that treaty binds France to assist her ally whenever the latter is attacked by more than a single power. The interposition of France would, in turn, constrain England to enter the arena, for the Anglo-Japanese treaty binds each of the parties to help the other whenever the latter is assailed by more than one power. Here, manifestly, are all the conditions of a world-wide war, even if Germany should remain neutral, instead of pursuing the course which she took eight years ago, and siding with Russia and France. France and England, once enlisted on opposite sides of the controversy, there are no waters on the globe, from the British Channel to the Caribbean, or from the Mediterranean to the South Pacific, in which their respective war-ships might not meet in battle. How profoundly our interests might be affected by such a state of things will be evident if we keep in mind the fact that England is our best customer. A strenuous effort would be made by French and Russian commerce-destroyers to cut off England's food-supply.

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and a proposal would, perhaps, be made to declare grain contraband of war. Against such a declaration we should, of course, protest, and if an attempt were made to enforce it, we should be constrained to resist with all the military and naval resources at our disposal.

These are some of the reasons why we note with anxiety Russia's apparent unwillingness to avert, by timely and adequate concessions to Japan's demands, the outbreak of war in the Far East. There is, as we have seen, no end to the possible developments of such a conflict. Eventually our own country might find itself involved, in spite of our traditional avoidance of foreign entanglements with foreign powers. There is, therefore, nothing academic or perfunctory in the interest with which we watch the unfolding of events in Eastern Asia.

What Russia Thinks of Japan

THE *Novoe Vremya* recently published an editorial which shed a great deal of light, not so much on the Far-Eastern question as on the opinions then held about it in St. Petersburg. This article makes the reflection that, for the moment, the tone of the Russian press, in the Far East as well as at home, is reassuring, and promises peace, at least for the present. While rejoicing in this reassuring symptom, the *Novoe Vremya* finds it worth while to ask the reason for the sudden changes of newspaper opinion, which yesterday declared war inevitable, and to-day preach tranquillity, while to-morrow they may again declare that a conflict is certain. The source of this barometric variation, from foul weather to fair, the Russian writer finds in the fluctuation of the Japanese press, which is now bellicose and now more conciliatory; its changes mirroring themselves with fidelity in the Russian papers, and, in a less degree, in the press of the world.

This change from alarm to reassurance, according as Japan scolds or grows reasonable, would, in the opinion of the Russian writer, be to a large extent justifiable were the Japanese newspapers really the organs of public opinion, supposing such a thing exists in the Flowery Land, or of the Japanese government and ruling class. But, we are told, this is far from being the case, as many of the best-known Japanese papers are subsidized by English or American interests, or are simply owned and edited by these interests, for their own purposes, and to advance their own ends. Therefore, the fluctuations of the Japanese press reflect rather the aims of these interests than any substantive force or tendency in Japan, and must be discounted accordingly.

That a certain strain has existed between Russia and Japan for a comparatively long period, the Russian paper admits; acknowledging further that this strain has grown very much more intense recently, though Russia has done nothing aggressive which might serve as a reason for increased tension. In spite of Russia's pacific and unaggressive policy, Japan has mobilized her fleet, and has held manœuvres in the Korean Strait, extending the line of her cruisers from the island of Korgodo to the islands of Tsushima and Kiushiu. The Japanese even went so far as to embark a considerable body of troops on transports and make "experiments in the transfer of infantry" to Ma-san-pho, where, however, they were not landed, but were carried back by the transports to the Tsushima Islands. And these manœuvres, in connection with other military preparations on Japan's part, were the cause of the general uneasiness concerning the situation in the Far East.

Of course, says the Russian writer, there is a long distance between such manœuvres and the actual outbreak of hostilities. A naval demonstration is no such grave matter, and the powers which possess strong navies often have recourse thereto, to accomplish some desired aim. In the present case, that aim was not achieved: Russia was not induced to yield anything substantial to Japan. Russia's aims in the Far East point to peaceful development and the security of her frontiers, and there is, therefore, nothing which she can yield, without sacrificing her most vital interests. In other words, she cannot yield at all.

The *Novoe Vremya* then makes a sinister reflection, declaring that, though the press of the world, including the Russian papers, has become much more pacific in tone, yet the military preparations of Japan are being carried on with unceasing activity and vigor. The mobilization of Japanese troops continues; many transports have been hired, yet the Japanese government is trying to hire more; all Japanese officers on leave in foreign countries, even for purposes of study, have been recalled by cable, and are now hurrying homewards; the orders for war material sometime ago placed with the Krupp works are being pressed, and telegrams are being sent asking for an immediate delivery of at least a part of the rifles and cartridges ordered; the Japanese arsenals are working day and night, with feverish activity, and Japan is buying up English coal for her fleet, although Japanese coal is usually used for the war-vessels in time of peace and during manœuvres.

All these were ominous symptoms, in the view of the Russian writer; yet he did not wish to go so far as to say that the danger of war was great. What was important was, that the Russian authorities should not be lulled into a fancied security, by the (then) pacific tone of the Japanese press, since this by no means represented the real views of the governing class of Japan, but was the result of interested wire-pulling from Washington and London. This writer found the greatest guarantee of peace in the genuinely pacific intentions and policy of Russia, which he believed strong enough to counteract and neutralize the bellicose attitude of Japan. A further guarantee against hostilities lay in the fact that Japan's danger in case of failure, or anything short of complete success, would be so great as to act as a deterrent on even the most hot-headed of her statesmen.

Mitchell's Doctrine of "Classes"

IN one respect John Mitchell's book, *Organized Labor*, is unique. The first sentence of the first page, the sentence which every reviewer quotes, and which many friendly reviewers deprecate, sums up the book and the philosophy of unionism: "The average wage-earner has made up his mind that he must remain a wage-earner." That sentence is a revelation and a justification. The door of hope once and forever closed on a great part of American citizenship, it only remains for that part to organize war on the rest of that citizenship for such advantage as may be shared pro rata by the individuals composing a class of unalterable status. No one need read a word beyond; for explanation of method or attitude, as toward the non-unionist or the general public, is simply incidental. The ultimate purpose is, and can only be, to create an ochlocracy—government by the crowd, the organized-labor crowd. The conclusion of the whole matter is recorded on the next to the last page in a sentence which few, if any, reviewers quote, either not reading far enough to see it, or missing its significance: "The (organized) working-man who once crawled upon his knees is now upon his feet. . . . It takes generations to implant dignity in the human breast, but once implanted, it is ineradicable." In the ochlocratic view, then, "dignity" consists in the surrender of opportunity and aspiration to become one of countless units in a fixed class, that thus the status of the class may be raised in respect of wages, hours, and conditions of employment.

Realizing how un-American is such a doctrine, one friendly reviewer regrets that Mr. Mitchell did not base a premise so vital to his contention on the dicta of "reputable economists." Mr. Mitchell does, indeed, quote from Hadley a doubt as to whether in the future as many captains of industry as in the past will be drawn from the ranks of labor, Hadley adding, "Certain it is that the prospect of becoming capitalists does not act as so powerful a motive on the laborers of to-day as it did on those of a generation ago," and this though "the opportunities to save are as great or greater." Hadley attributes this in part to the fact that "the amount which has to be saved before a man can hope to become his own employer has enormously increased." But so long as, admittedly, increase of opportunity to save keeps pace with increase in the sum of savings needed for independence, we must look elsewhere for a convincing explanation. And there is one at hand, both simple and reasonable. Every contention, like that of Mr. Mitchell, which insists strenuously for its justification on the existence of certain social conditions, contributes powerfully toward creating the conditions which it predicates. The organized laborer has, through much preaching and appeal, become obsessed with the idea that life is a football-field where only the mass plays count. Thus he contemptuously disregards opportunity, the chance for individual play. For illustration one has to look no further than the recent hearings before the Massachusetts commission to investigate the relations between employers and employees. The labor representatives, so R. L. Bridgman reported in the *Outlook*, were "disposed to flout all offers of help from theories of students of society and economics regarding the best solution of their own problems." They were bent upon working out their own salvation in their own way—the way of war of class upon class.

Such an alignment of the class called "labor" against the class called "capital" can only mean, if successful, the disintegration of society as at present organized, for the very obvious reason that no room is left for non-combatants. Passing over the commonplace example of the outrages and indecencies of the active strike, where the victims are so often "the innocent third party," we have but to instance the attempt to organize "public" servants in the interests of a "class," as policemen, firemen, and school-teachers. In the case of these last, indeed, this attempt has in Chicago proved partially successful, the delegates of the union of public-school teachers being admitted to Chicago's central labor body on an equality with the delegates of the hod-carriers and teamsters. An amalgamation of classes so curiously incongruous and manifestly improper but reflects the avowed attitude of "conservative" labor leaders toward society as embodied in the law and its application. It is a case of being not above the law, but beyond the pale of law. Thus we find Mr. Clark, of the Order of Railway Conductors, objecting to the incorporation of unions on the ground that incorporation laws were enacted for capital; and Mr. Gompers, of

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the Federation of Labor, objecting to the enforcement of the interstate commerce law against unions, because that law was enacted for the restraint of capital. Their position is, though Mr. Clark and Mr. Gompers may not appreciate it, that, if responsibility is evaded through failure to incorporate, or if interstate commerce is interfered with through a boycott, a special dispensation should be granted by the law-making power—society, or All-of-Us—because the evasion and the interference are the deliberate act of organized labor. Nothing could more strongly mark the distance we have drifted from the inherited American conception of civil liberty, "that of a status created for the individual by laws and institutions, the effect of which is that each man is guaranteed the use of all his own powers exclusively for his own welfare"—the striking definition of a sound thinker, Professor William G. Sumner.

The phrasing of this definition recalls the ideal of another great labor leader. He is a leader who does not seek the disorganization of society by the organization of his class into a predatory clan. Rather he seeks the organization of society through the development of each individual member, his equipment for the best work that is in him; thus through honest service to secure a dignity of recognition, individually and as a class, that is now denied. Which labor leader stands for the true democratic and American ideal—John Mitchell or Booker Washington?

As to Alleged Moral Indifferentism

Not long ago Rev. N. D. Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, uttered the disquieting opinion that the day of positive convictions and ardent advocacy of the same had passed in this country, and that the present ethical and spiritual lethargy was appalling in its significance. His opinion naturally recurred to one who a month later read Mr. Bliss Perry's article in the *Atlantic*, on the indifferentism of the times. From poet as well as preacher and man of letters there has come the same message:

> The peril of the races grows apace,
> Behold vast flocks amid the flocks of death
> Bite deadly nightshade, while their shepherds sleep.
> What care these for the sheep?

More recently have come startling revelations as to venality in Federal, State, and municipal governments, and the relative apathy of the people respecting the crimes, juries failing to convict unless the evidence is overwhelming, and voters continuing the venal bosses and their hirelings in power.

This state of affairs is not confined to this country. Canon H. Hensley Henson, of Westminster Abbey, has recently said of English society: "For most of us it is not open, palpable vice that is our principal danger, but just the quiet worldliness, the decent habitual self-indulgence, the sustained indifference to the claims of the higher life. . . . We have acquiesced in the notion of an effortless, painless discipleship, and the stern agonistic language of the Master and His Apostles has ceased to disturb us or alarm us. Christianity has come to fit on comfortably to the social conventions which fill our lives; nay, it is but one of those conventions, and wields an authority no less and no more." The Bishop of Durham, preaching just after the postponement of Edward VII.'s coronation when he was *so seriously* ill, welcomed the sudden halt, because it would turn the attention of the British people to serious things, to evils which were clamant, and would prove, he hoped, that "under the blank surface of indifference to religion there still abode the instinct of prayer." Other quotations might be made from the sermons of preachers, the essays of men of letters, and the editorials of journalists, to show that there is a general feeling here and abroad that the present is a time of laxity of belief and conduct, a time of drifting, when old landmarks are fading out of sight, and a time when moral leaders are few and the popular response to those who aspire to lead far from general or encouraging.

The danger is, in an era of disintegration and flux like the present, of confounding indifferentism with incertitude. It so happens that thousands to-day are uncertain as to their duty who are by no means indifferent to it. While it is true that truth, objectively considered, is as unchanging as ever it was, it is none the less true that, subjectively considered, it is a very illusive and individual thing. As the world ages its life does not grow simpler, either in theory or in practice, and those who affect to secure reform from current so-called indifferentism by restoration of primitive man's aboriginal conditions of life are trying to turn back the hands on time's dial or to alter the procession of the seasons. The simplicity of to-day is the luxury of yesterday, and the luxury of to-day will be the simplicity of to-morrow.

No diagnosis of present conditions of life here or in any other civilized land can approach correctness which does not make allowance for the marked increase of strength of individualism as over against institutionalism during the past decade or two. Superficially viewed, there is much which makes against this contention. Economically, industrially, and even politically considered, it may seem that the individual is losing his relative importance, but as a member of the family, as a ward or child of the church, as a citizen of the great world of letters and science—in short, as a moral and intellectual being—never was the average man so free to formulate his own code of conduct, his own belief, his own taste, and his own destiny, and never were the historic institutions of society so uncertain as to the loyalty of those who nominally give adherence. This accentuation of the spirit of individualism makes against leadership of the many by the few. Hence the cry, There are no leaders! There are leaders, but not always of the old sort, and the ties which bind the masses to them are new ties. If in his newly won freedom the man captive hitherto acts for a while as if dazed, and is not sure what he believes or what he will do, it is easy, of course, to write him down as agnostic and degenerate, but it may be far from the truth.

Moreover, it has ever to be borne in mind that with the new age come new manifestations of old passions and adorations; and the great trouble with many who denounce the corruption and decadence of the present and who fail to see any good in the spirit of the age, is that they are looking for idealism, for self-sacrifice, and devotion to a cause to show itself in old ways, whereas it is showing itself in new ways. Instead of giving vast sums to build cathedrals or training-schools for the clergy, as have men of the past, the men of to-day are building universities and training-schools for artisans and engineers. Heroism is shown daily by thousands, not in the old pursuit of arms, but in the careers of policeman, fireman, railroad engineer, electric-car motorman. Youths of fortune and station enlist not to support a dynasty or an aristocracy, but to make for themselves a career of helpful service for their nation or their municipality.

If leaders are not followed so blindly, adoringly, implicitly, as they once were, if authority wanes in literature, in theology, in politics, if dogmatism is out of favor, it does not follow that men are incapable of recognizing worth or ability in captains, or that standards of style, systems of belief, and party principles are obsolete, or that positiveness of belief and devotion to duty have become extinct. It may mean that privates are capable of more initiative, that the progressive quality of all standards of truth is more clearly seen, and that men are willing to concede to those who think and act differently from them the same honesty of purpose and quest of truth which they claim for themselves.

Cleansing Military Records

It takes a good deal of courage to attack a strongly intrenched legislative fiction, especially when implanted by influences potent with the politicians. General F. C. Ainsworth, who used to be an army surgeon, and who is now chief of the record and pension office of the War Department, has called official attention to the illegality and unconstitutionality of the practice of Congress in making legislation which attempts to relieve old soldiers of such infirmities of record as court-martial sentences, dismissals, dishonorable discharge, and desertion. Any one familiar with the mass of pension legislation and the laws which lead up to it, must have been impressed with the bills passed for the purpose of relieving individuals from this or that defect in their records. Sometimes, nearly always, in fact, this is a cleansing preliminary to the introduction of another bill which provides a pension, the beneficiary having attained an artificial eligibility to such reward.

The whole thing is preposterous, having grown up from the old days when the War Department, through the Adjutant-General of the army, used to take such liberties with historical fact. No one objected to the claim which was of so much benefit to individual voters. In the aggregate, these people formed a large class, the good-will of which was of importance. The practice increased until it seemed that any sort of disgrace recorded against an officer or soldier could be legislated off of the government archives. General Ainsworth's point is that these are facts which nothing can remove, and that the deserter of forty years ago cannot get back into honorable status by means of law. Court-martial proceedings, dismissal, and dishonorable discharge are no less real because Congress passes a bill providing solemnly that the court never existed and the dismissal and dishonorable discharge never occurred.

General Ainsworth says, moreover, this is encroaching upon the pardoning power of the President, and that, in the end, it is unjust to the veteran survivor with an unblemished record. He furnishes a remedy, too, but it is such that it is obviously one of convenience and still presumes to do violence to the veracity of physical occurrence. A law might be passed, for instance, providing that a dismissal and a dishonorable discharge and a court-martial trial "shall be considered" as not having occurred. And it remains that the remedy, like the original evil in the case, is harmful besides being ridiculous.

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W. H. TAFT, NEXT SECRETARY OF WAR

Governor William H. Taft is expected to arrive in Washington from the Philippines not later than January 29, and will take the oath of office as Secretary of War on February 1, succeeding Elihu Root. He left Manila on December 23, and a special train may be necessary to bring him from San Francisco to Washington in time. The rise of Governor Taft has been rapid, for he is still comparatively a young man. He was born at Cincinnati in 1857, and has been successively a lawyer, a collector of internal revenue, a judge of the Superior Court of Ohio, Solicitor-General of the United States, United States Circuit Judge, President of the Philippine Commission, and Civil Governor of the Philippines

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A Painful Subject

By W. D. Howells

MR. HERBERT G. WELLS, the very well known English author, has lately touched upon a certain regrettable business condition which is, by reason of one of the temperaments concerned, hardly less than an impassioned grief. The condition is the present relation between authors and publishers, and the temperament which lends it an interest beyond and above the interest of other business conditions, is the temperament of the author. This, so essentially feminine, is of an intensely personal quality, and yields itself fondly up to such an imaginative conceit of the relation, that the relation might be more rightfully called, as far as the author is concerned, a love-affair rather than a business-affair. He fondly fancies that in the kindly generalities of the publisher's politeness is latent a peculiar affection for himself, and he is the more jealous and exacting, because he has often been obliged, against the instincts of the feminine nature, to make the advances. At each simple commercial action on the part of the publisher, he imputes to his partner a treacherous intention, and he seizes the first occasion to break their engagement, or, if it has gone farther than that, to seek a divorce of their interests. He believes that an advantage has been taken of his innocence, that his confidence has been abused; and he turns with his wounded affections to another publisher, on whom he as briefly relies in as passionate a devotion.

In terms less poetic than mine, and perhaps more exact, Mr. Wells has lamented that there has to be a fresh bargain made with each new book, and that in this contract the author tries to get as much, and the publisher tries to give as little, as may be. If the author has succeeded, perhaps through the risk and enterprise of the publisher, and perhaps through something charming or rubbishing in his work, he will have the pound of flesh next the publisher's heart, in their next deal, and he will not mind if a few drops of blood come with it; if he has had only a success of esteem, the publisher takes everything from him but his life. It is a fight, to which the unscrupulous greed of the parties hardly imparts the grace of a gamble, and it differs from other commercial transactions in the loss of an ideal to which other commercial transactions make no pretensions. From this bad state of things, which again I have pictured in my own words and not Mr. Wells's, Mr. Wells suggests that there may be found a way to a better state through the publisher's giving a fixed income to an author who has evinced ability or popularity, besides the usual percentage on sales. He tells us that some such arrangement is coming into favor in England, and that he already has it with the publishers of his French and Italian translations.

I myself think some such arrangement would be admirable. The only difficulty lies in getting either authors or publishers to agree to it. If the author is unsuccessful or unhopeful he will eagerly accept the proposed terms, but the publisher will be slower. If he is successful, the author will delay, and the publisher will press the advantages of the system upon him. In this view I am afraid it will come to nothing here, where a big-selling author means automobiles for himself and his publisher, and the most gifted and meritorious writer who does not sell, languishes in obscure immortality. There is another system which I believe is in use in Germany and Scandinavia, if I remember aright what Mr. Björnstjerne Björnson told *me* a good many years ago. By this system the author pays for his electrotype plates, and then sells to a publisher the right to print and market a certain number of copies. When the edition is exhausted, he sells the right to publish another, but does not part with his publishing right, as the American *author* does. He divides the risk with the publisher, and he shares more equally in the profits. But probably this system is no more likely to be introduced here than the arrangement which Mr. Wells says is coming into favor in England.

In the mean time the situation is becoming with us more and more anarchical, or to use a milder analogue, more and more competitive, through the passing of the comity which once ruled somewhat in the affairs of authors and publishers. It grew up during the times *before* international copyright, when one respectable publisher would not reprint an English book announced by another, and would not seek to get his English authors away from him, or even meet them half-way when they wished to leave him. This worked a certain hardship for the authors, but it had a romantic beauty, which survived the passage of the international copyright law in the chivalrous regard for one another's interests which still prevailed among our publishers. Now, however, I am given to understand, at the first sign of discontent in an author of the automobiliary class, a publisher of the first rank will not hesitate to receive him with open arms, and console him for the real or imaginary wrongs he has suffered with subventions in ready money, and with agreements for percentages on sales as far beyond the dreams of avarice as he can measure the author's rapacity. He will get him away from his brother publisher if he can, and if he waits for the author to make the advances, he waits impatiently. All hope of building up an exclusive list of authors is gone, and though some publishers still maintain their lists of copyrights it is no longer with the old security, or without perpetual peril against which no vigilance is a safeguard.

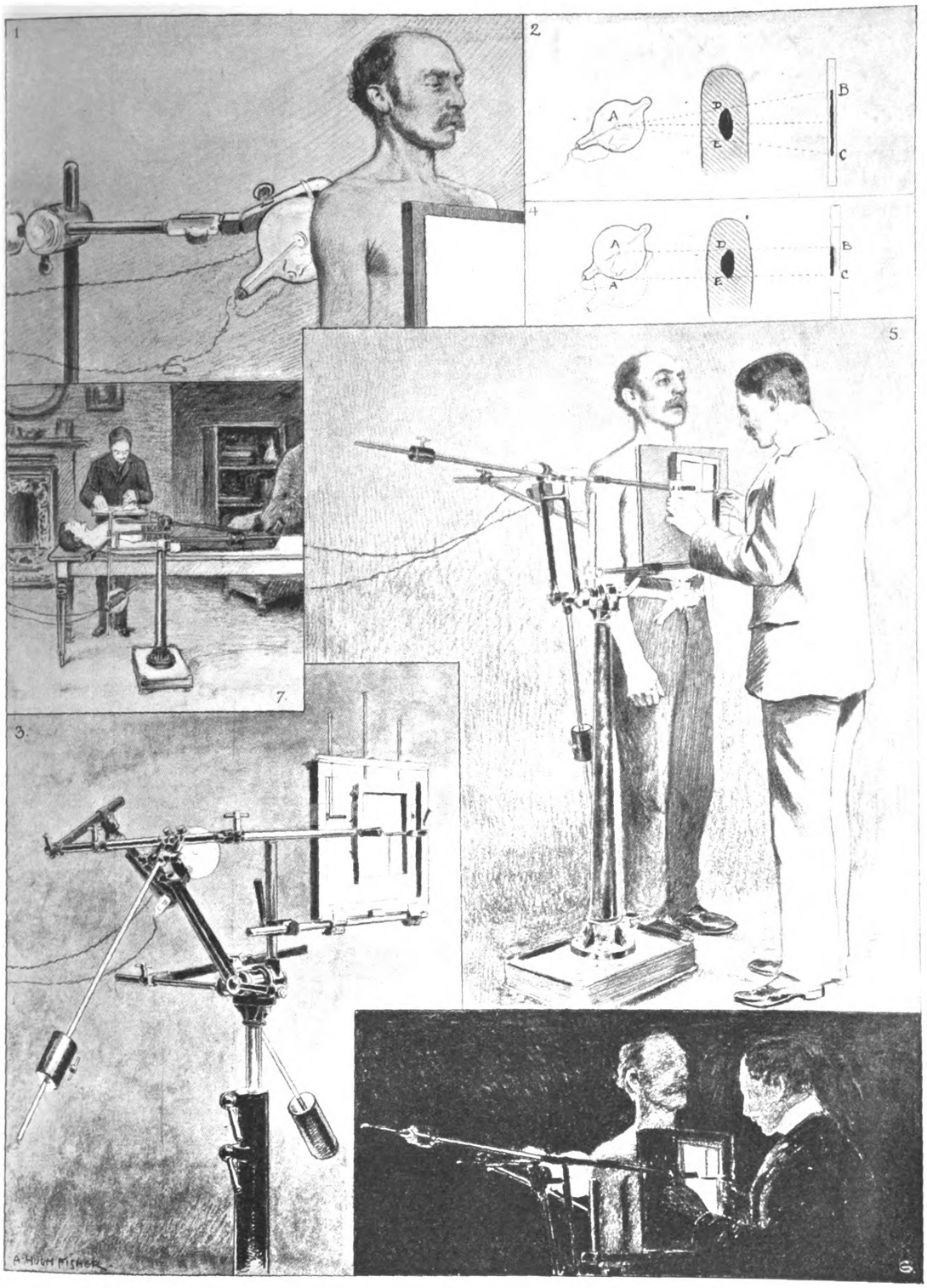
It will be readily conceived how demoralizing this must be for authors, a species of fellow man and fellow woman notoriously weak in their notions of right and wrong where their real or imaginary interests are concerned. In spite of it there are very many affecting instances of loyalty among them. Against experience they cherish the delusion that their publisher has a personal tenderness for them, and that when he has taken every advantage of them in the case of their first books that legal ingenuity could devise, he has published their first books out of love for them. Others in their disillusion revolt against him, and are glad to leave him for another love who has not yet disappointed them. One of our most delightful and ingenious authors, to whom I noted the fact that each of his successive books seemed to be published by a different house, frankly owned that this was done upon a theory of his which he believed founded on an unfailing principle of human nature. He said that if he went with his books successively to the same publisher, they lost the allure of novelty; the publisher took them as a matter of course, and relying upon the moth-eaten idea that one of his books helped the others, let the new book take its chances with the public. But if he carried each fresh book to a fresh publisher, the business imagination was stimulated; the fresh publisher conceived that he had somehow got a good thing, and he pushed it, and praised it, and put all his moral forces into the work of selling it. But this author was very exceptional among authors of the older sort, who almost all cling to their first loves, however little these may have done to justify their faith or requite their affection. Now, however, it is said that the younger authors are disposed to be rather of the exception than of the rule in the matter.

I am not ready to declare whether this is so or not, but if it is so I am not willing to believe that it is altogether the author's fault, though at the same time I should be sorry to take the vulgar view of publishers, which is indeed not the common view among authors. No fair-minded author, who knows them at first or second hand, can fail to have known instances of extraordinary generosity in their dealings with authors. As a rule they stand by their bargains to their own loss, and if they stand by their bargains to their gain, the wiser of them know how and when to default from it in acts of munificence which the author seldom emulates. That is, I have heard of publishers who overpaid authors out of profits unexpectedly great, but I never heard of an author reimbursing a publisher for his losses, except in one shining instance which I prefer to believe unique. Generally, though, the publisher is short-sighted enough to give the new author a grudge at the start, though the author does not then know it, but supposes himself to be the object of a most flattering and magnanimous faith on the part of the publisher who grinds him down to an agreement to expect nothing till a thousand copies of his book are sold, or poorly gives him a ten per cent. which is no just part of the profits after three thousand books are sold. The author, when the glow of his pristine gratitude has died from his cheek, and he has learned how unequal his part of the profits is, begins to feel his grudge, and when the time comes, he goes away to feed it.

The whole thing seems to revolve in a vicious circle. There is nothing the young author indulges so eagerly as the superstition of his own importance, and there is much excuse for him. He must be more than mortal not to believe himself more than mortal when he finds his name in all the reviews and advertisements and paragraphs of literary gossip. The publisher who is pressing the belief upon the public is largely though helplessly to blame for the author's inflated notion of himself; his one purpose is to sell the author's book, but all the time he is fashioning an automatic idol, which constantly falls down in worship of itself. The thing is preposterous, but no one is particularly to blame, least of all the idol, poor thing, which when it gets its first account for copyright is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred rudely recalled to a realization of its humanity. No wonder that, in the difficulty of accepting the facts, the author goes off with his next book, and his grudge and his shame, to another publisher. In most cases, the first publisher does not grieve for him, except as an erring fellow man, but if he has proved a big seller, the publisher feels hurt by his defection. He thinks unkind things of him, and prophesies evil for him.

Out of the difficulty, it seems to me that there is but one way for the publisher who will not, and who sometimes cannot, trust to the handsomest possible behavior with the author. I myself believe that authors are very amenable to good treatment, but I do not say that all authors are so; though I hope I am not working treason to my own calling in suggesting to publishers the formation of a syndicate pledged among its members to the payment of such and such prices to authors, and vowed to an absolute constancy in one another's behalf, and to an unrelenting warfare upon all publishers outside of the syndicate who offer different terms. It might not work at first, but perhaps it would work at last. Then there would be nothing for the authors but to form a labor-union, with a schedule of prices for fiction, history, poetry, psychology, travel sketches, reviews, and so on, and all sorts of penalties, direct and indirect, for ratting authors. Of course, the same prices must be paid to poor authors as to good ones, when once they are members of the union; but this rule of trade-unionism is, oddly enough, already enforced by the publishers, who now issue all books of a certain size and shape at the same price without regard to their authorship, so that the buyer gets the book of a writer of established fame and unquestionable quality for exactly the same cost that he gets the book of a perfectly unknown and unproved writer. The painter, the sculptor, the actor, even the preacher is paid according to the cumulative value of his work, but in the world of books the prentice-hand is paid as highly as the hand of the master. The times are ripe, therefore, if not for the publishers' syndicate, then at least for the authors' union.

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A NEW INVENTION FOR PERFECTING X-RAY PHOTOGRAPHY

The Orthodiagraph is the name of a new invention for reproducing an exact image of the object under observation by X-rays instead of a magnified image as heretofore. Figure (1) in the drawing represents an ordinary Röntgen apparatus by which the shadow of the object to be studied is shown upon the fluorescent screen. In this the illumination is from one point, and the spreading of the rays throws on the screen an image larger than life, as in diagram (2). Figure (3) shows the details of the new instrument, the Orthodiagraph; and in Figure (4) is shown the arrangement of the rays of light by which the operator is enabled to make an unmagnified drawing. The instrument has a system of levers and weights rigidly connected with the Röntgen bulb on one side and with a drawing stylus fixed in the middle of the fluorescent screen on the other. The frame moves in front of a fixed sheet of pasteboard upon which the drawing stylus makes its record. By this arrangement the drawing is of the exact size and shape, instead of being more or less magnified, as in Figure (2). Figures (5) and (6) show the instrument in use, and Figure (7) shows an arrangement by which observations with the Röntgen rays may be made on a subject in a reclining position

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Morley's "Gladstone"

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *December 26, 1903.*

WHO wants an impartial biography? "That my book," says Mr. Morley, "should be a biography without trace of bias, no reader will expect. There is at least no bias against the truth; but indifferent neutrality in a work produced, as this is, in the spirit of loyal and affectionate remembrance, would be distasteful, discordant, and impossible. I should be heartily sorry if there were no signs of partiality and no evidence of prepossession. On the other hand there is, I trust, no importunate advocacy or tedious assentation." There you have the impregnable common sense of all good biography. An impartial "Life" would be an unreadable "Life," in some ways even a revolting "Life." I doubt whether such a biography has ever been written; if it has, I am sure no one would care to read it twice. The cold-bloodedness of the judicial spirit has no place in this branch of literature. Of all the great biographies in the English language, Boswell's *Johnson*, Moore's *Byron*, Lockhart's *Scott*, Trevelyan's *Macaulay*, Carlyle's *Sterling*, which one is impartial; which is not impregnated with the honest one-sidedness of affection, devotion, sympathy; and which does not make its major appeal precisely because it is so quickened?

I count it, then, one of the first merits of Mr. Morley's *Gladstone* that it should be nobly partial. Partial and in the best sense partisan, yet not an unqualified echo. There are points at which one is tempted to call it a "Life of Gladstone" written by an admiring contrast. Substantial as was the agreement between these two lofty spirits, there were matters of vital import in which the temperament of each prevented an equal communion, matters for the most part of belief and the policy that springs from belief. Yet even here the consciousness of a chasm is soon swallowed in admiration of the large reverence of soul by which it is bridged.

Next to this spirit of balanced partiality I would place Mr. Morley's style and generalship. His book is a masterpiece of proportion, arrangement, literary craftsmanship. Perhaps only a professional writer who has had the ordering of big tasks can quite appreciate the high qualities of mind displayed in the strategy and the tactics of these volumes. It is not, as a rule, an art in which Englishmen excel; Macaulay and Gibbon alone are preeminent in it, Macaulay by virtue of his almost infallible instinct for the disposition of paragraphs and chapters, Gibbon by his consummate power as a surveyor and judge of political topography. Mr. Morley happily unites something of the virtues of both masters. He has a capital "eye for country." The immensity of the material at his disposal, the complexities and diversified activities of his subject, the incessant contact for more than sixty crowded years with the great events not only of England and the empire, but also of Europe and the world, the consequent difficulty of saying where history was to end and biography begin—all this must have tested his sense of relativeness to the uttermost. But he has stood the test perfectly. The reader feels from the moment of embarkation that a sure hand is on the rudder, steering a measured course. The narrative flows with the freedom of a brimming river. Sequences, gradations, those subtle connecting links and transitions that try a writer's economy, are here surmounted with an ease and a precision that half-conceal their difficulties. I know of few books of the kind that have at once such an amplitude and such a finish.

But even greater than the spaciousness of these volumes is their style. Some fifteen of Mr. Morley's books stand on my shelves, but I should be hard put to it to say where he has shown more strength or suppleness or an apter variety than in his *Life of Gladstone*. A winning style, like Newman's or Ruskin's, his is not; but a grave charm, an elasticity of movement, an eloquence born of high thought and deep conviction animate it throughout. The humdrum phrase, the obvious turn, the hackneyed formulæ, are seemingly impossible to him. Yet there is no straining, no preciosity, none of the literary pirouetting which with Stevenson, or at least with his disciples, seems to be the alpha and omega of composition. The distinction of Mr. Morley's style is the distinction that comes from scholarship—the half-nervous, half-impetuous play of a free and full mind, and the ripeness of an ardent yet brooding nature. Now fresh and quick with a colloquial terseness, now heaving and agitated with the contact of a great theme, here rushing down with majestic sweep, there placid, meditative, lingering—it is a style that sways like a poplar, in harmony with the fluctuations of its subject. In narrative, argument, exposition, and reflective comment it answers without losing its high identity to the call and needs of the moment, always sustained, vital, and pitched on a lofty plane, yet bending without an effort to little things.

Was it not Mr. Morley himself who noted in Burke's handling even of the least significant topics that grand faculty for suddenly opening up long vistas of thought and speculation and affecting his readers with a sense of something new and unforeseen? Lord Salisbury with his comprehensive mind often showed this quality in his speeches; Mr. Morley shows it in his writings. He never trifles. Loftiness is the "note" of his *Gladstone*, as it was of Gladstone himself. We move along a splendid elevation of thought, aim, feeling, achievement. No one can read the book without thinking better of politics and politicians, without being wonderfully refreshed and inspired by the proofs that even in such a sphere of contention, pettiness, sordid ambitions, there was at least one man whose every action and every thought was clean and noble. But this is only half its virtue. From a mind that has ripened and mellowed in many fields of learning, from an experience sharpened by contact with the most arduous offices of state, from a nature passionate even in its austerity, humane, broad, and swiftly kindled to pity—Mr. Morley sows his narrative with those deep reflections, those pregnant suggestions of things unseen, that make the most careless reader pause and think, and brace and widen his mind. He has rigidly eschewed the biographic sin of seeming to compete with his subject. Yet, studious as is his self-effacement, entirely as he succeeds in leaving us alone with Gladstone, we are conscious throughout not of the writer's presence, but of his personality and spirit. No great writer can avoid this; and no reader would for one moment wish that, even if it were possible, Mr. Morley had avoided it. It is one of the great charms of these volumes that to read them is to be as much drawn to the man who wrote them as to the man of whom they are written.

And what a feast is here prepared for us! Life and literature, scholarship and theology, history and politics, philosophy and oratory are all gathered within these pages. It was a tremendous epoch through which Mr. Gladstone lived, and he was himself a tremendous actor in it; and whether you take Mr. Morley's book not as a history but as a comprehensive commentary on the essence of the Victorian era, or whether you take it as a study of the mind and character of its greatest, or nearly its greatest, son, it is alike amply satisfying. It is a contribution at once to history and to biography, and not only to the history of the United Kingdom, but of Europe also. I doubt, for instance, whether you will anywhere find an account of the events that led up to Italian unity that will equal in insight, vigor, and compression the few masterly pages that Mr. Morley devotes to it. Here and there in his narrative of English events, an American, or one not already well grounded in the main facts, may feel that a little too much is taken for granted; but, on the whole, Mr. Morley has given us an adequate panorama of Victorian England, and, above all, has enabled us to study it from a new standpoint, and through the eyes of the man who did most towards shaping it.

And Gladstone himself? We see him, it is needless to say, from the first to the last stage of his career and in all its multifarious phases. We know precisely what he accomplished and how, what he stood for and why. But we also know far more than this. Mr. Morley takes us into the arcana. We see the hidden springs that worked that marvellous mechanism—the long and painful development of mind, the character of the man, his scattered and energetic talents, something, too, of his inner spirit—all this explained and translated for us by an intellect of the first rank, a nature touched to the finest issues, and with a consummate gift of literary expression. It is an absorbing, a stirring picture; rarely have artist and subject been so perfectly mated. If it has one fault it is that it is too unrelieved. Of those terse, illuminating touches that make a personality real, of anecdotes, reports of conversations, sketches of habits, manners, and the minutiæ of daily life, Mr. Morley is singularly abstemious. He never Boswellizes. For some reasons the reader wishes he had; for others, and these the weightier, he is glad he did not. Mr. Morley has given us the best and the essential part of the man; others may supply the trivialities.

Wisdom

By Theodosia Garrison

I NEVER knew what sorrow meant
When I had tears to shed,
The tears that washed out bitterness
And left content instead.

I know at last what sorrow is
Who have no tears to fall,
But only for life's tragedies
A laughter cynical.

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NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

THE WEEK AFTER

BY ALBERT LEVERING



His Excuse. "If the furnace had not smoked, I should never have thought of it."

Her Excuse. "Why do the Sunday papers advertise such wickedly tempting bargains!"

His Excuse. (He doesn't know any.)

Grandpa's Excuse. His temper (and Tommy's wagon) ran away with him.

Their Excuse. "We didn't resolve not to!"

Tommy's Excuse. "I forgot!"

Et tu brute!

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Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

IT was Coleridge who said that experience is like the stern-lamp of a ship, it only sheds light on the track left behind. Nevertheless, the only wise and effectual teacher of life is life, and in literature the repository of life's wisdom is to be found in biography and autobiography. *The Making of a Journalist* is not so much a primer for journalists as it is a series of chapters from the author's own experience, and as such it is of the greatest service and stimulus to those who aspire to or have begun to follow the calling of journalism. For the late Mr. Ralph took his profession as seriously as the once-celebrated preacher, Spurgeon, whose advice to young men applying to him to enter the ministry used to be, "Don't—unless you can't help it." At the very outset Julian Ralph maintains that the journalist is born, not made, and his own career would seem to bear out his statement. To him who feels the inborn instinct of the writer impelling him toward the profession of letters, determined to achieve the high aim set before him, despite all obstacles and by dint of arduous labor and patient endeavor, *The Making of a Journalist* will be a source of stimulation and a bulwark of power; but to him who is eager to enter the lists because of the glamour of publicity, the seeming ease and elusive grasp with which its prizes may be obtained, the book will, let us hope, be a salutory check and a daunting of day dreams that have no substance in them. I should like to put a copy of this book into the hands of every young man or young woman who comes to me out of a vague and uncharted vision of things literary, that leads them to believe they have but to appear to be assigned to a position of importance on the MAGAZINE OR WEEKLY without previous knowledge or training. Every editor knows how hopeless it is to give advice to the major portion of such applicants; they blandly believe that a college education has fitted them for positions that, as a matter of fact, are now occupied by men and women who have spent years of steady acquisition and cultivation of their craft to arrive at their goal. It is a pity that there are not more books like *The Making of a Journalist* to correct this popular delusion among would-be literary aspirants. I know of only one other work of its kind which sets forth the rigors, the difficulties, the ardors of the journalist's career—a work that has deserved a wider publicity than has been awarded it. The *Life of James Macdonell*, of the London *Times*, was written some years ago by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, and is, I believe, the only life of a journalist, pure and simple, that has ever been written. Dr. Nicoll, by the way, has recently been giving some sensible advice to those who aspire to journalism in "The Correspondence of Claudius Clear," which he contributes to his paper, *The British Weekly*. His counsel is so sane and pertinent to the matter in hand that I cannot do better than quote at length some of the passages which grapple with this important question involving the relations of publishers, editors, and writers.



The late Julian Ralph
Author of "The Making of a Journalist"

First of all, there is the question: Are introductions useful? "In the province of literature and journalism," Dr. Nicoll replies, "I am certain they are not. It is very hard to convince young writers that, in spite of their endless disappointments, editors always give consideration to manuscripts. It is a fact nevertheless. An editor or a publisher gains so much from the annexing of a brilliant young writer that he invariably is on the outlook for him. Years and years of disappointment do not kill out the hope. Authors should remember that trained eyes know by infallible indications what is hopeless, and therefore do not spend much time upon it. But I have yet to discover the editor who does not consider very carefully everything which shows a sign of promise. How many hours one has wasted in turning over page after page of a manuscript, not bad enough to be thrown aside, and yet not good enough to publish! This being so, it is much better to dispense with introductions, and trust the manuscript to speak for itself. Introductions are a confession of weakness. They may induce good-natured people to print once what they would not otherwise have printed, but successes of this sort speedily come to an end. It cannot be said too often that the best introduction of a writer is in his work."

Dr. Nicoll points the young man to his Emerson, and reminds him that a shrewd and practical sage underlies the oracular utterances of the essayist and the poet. In particular he quotes a pregnant sentence from the essay on "Self-Reliance." "Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string." His advice to the literary beginner is grounded on a long editorial experience. "Do your very best; consider carefully what papers or magazines admit articles of the kind you have written. Choose to begin with the humblest of these periodicals. Then send your manuscript, with a stamped addressed envelope for return. Do not be discouraged by a rejection; go on for six months, and if at the end of six months you find the editors unanimous against you, you may wisely conclude that you have no call to the literary profession. Many failures are due to the extreme carelessness with which young writers choose their periodical. I have no doubt the *Athenæum* gets short stories sent to it. Many failures are also due to a want of modesty. In the provinces a young man with a literary turn had better begin with the local papers and the local life. In any case, he may rest assured that the introductions he wrings out of his influential friends are prejudicial rather than otherwise."

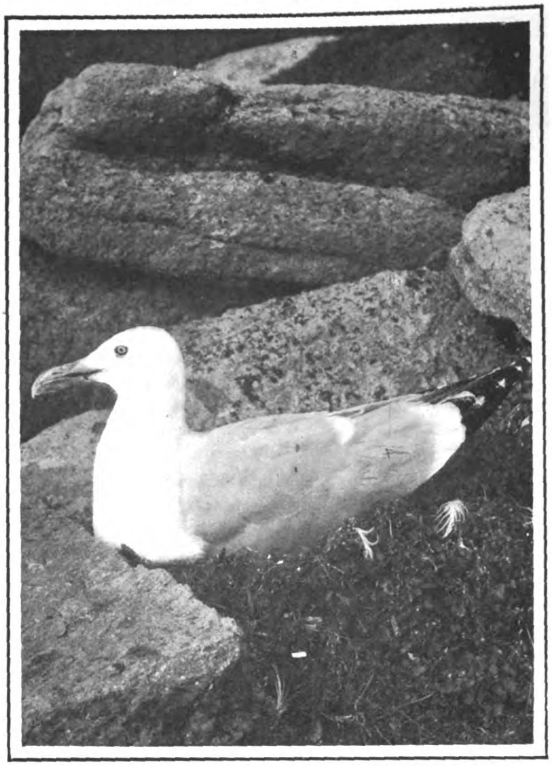
He goes on to ventilate an old grievance. Time was when a man who was a failure in other directions sought a respectable vocation in becoming schoolmaster; now it would seem that under present conditions he takes to journalism. "There is a widespread belief that any young man who has failed in other professions may become without difficulty a journalist or a publisher. If one could make an end of this delusion, he would render a great public service. It is of no use attempting to be a journalist nowadays unless you can bring something to show. You must succeed in getting manuscripts accepted, printed, and paid for. The largest newspaper proprietor of our day never makes an appointment to his staff save from the ranks of his outside contributors. Still, young men come up to London with introductions, and expect harassed editors to train them in journalism! The publishing trade cannot be entered into nowadays without large capital and the experience of many years. I think I should also say emphatically that it is hardly possible for any one engaged in another occupation to supplement his income by contributing to periodicals." What Dr. Nicoll has to say of the conditions and chances of literary success in England are equally true of this country.

Again, there is a great deal of arrant nonsense in the talk about influence and "pull" and "discovering" authors. Harriet Martineau used to say that she had never been able, with all her influence, to bring about the publication of any book for any one but once. Now and again influence may help to introduce a new writer, but for the rest it remains with the merit of the work. The limits of possible help in launching an author are necessarily narrow. On the subject of "discovering" authors, Dr. Nicoll, who has been credited with more than one notable discovery in his day, grows wroth. "I often wonder that authors do not kill their so-called discoverers. The temptation must be very great. The most that any one can do for a man with real stuff in him is to anticipate his triumph for a few months. He pays dearly, it seems to me, for these months in having his name forever after coupled with the man who first printed his work, the man who was amply repaid for doing it. Critics can do something, I admit. There is no doubt that enthusiastic reviews are helpful at the start, and few can afford to despise this aid. But no conspiracy of critics in these days can force upon the public what the public does not appreciate. It may also be said with safety that many critics are always on the outlook for a new writer with the root of the matter in him. It is in this respect at least that the health of the critical world is bettered." Dr. Nicoll's view is the sensible one; the notion that a critic or editor can do much for an author beyond lending him encouragement and speeding his pen is ridiculous. All that can be done is to hasten by a little the day of recognition. Macaulay used to take delight in Bentley's fine apothegm. "No man was ever written down save by himself." Equally true is it that no man was ever written up save by himself.

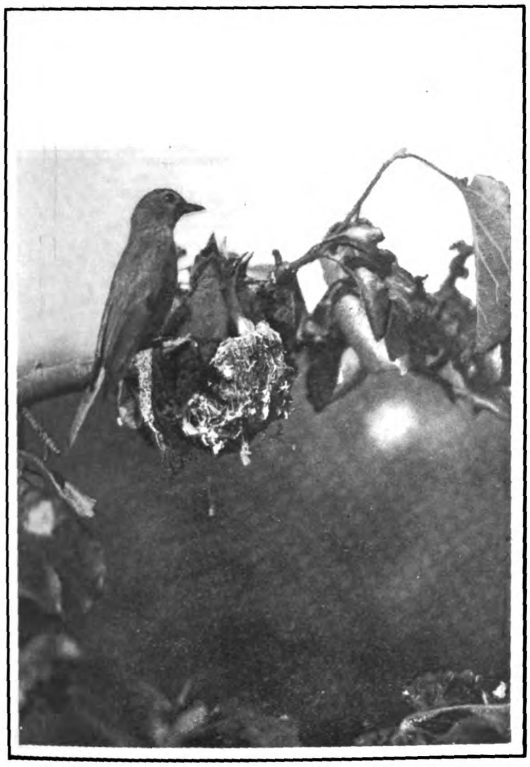
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A Snap-shot at close Range of a Bluebird at the Edge of her Nest



A rare Photograph of a Great Herring Gull



A Female Warbling Vireo about to Inspect new Nest



A Red-breasted Nuthatch bringing Food to the Nest

STUDYING WILD BIRDS AT CLOSE RANGE WITH A CAMERA

The reader is referred to an interesting article on page 57 of this issue of the "Weekly," by Professor Francis H. Herrick, describing modern scientific methods of nature study. The photographs, which were taken by Professor Herrick, show the results of the detailed observation which is made possible by modern methods of study. The difficulty encountered in studying the habits of wild birds not in captivity is overcome in the case of many species by the use of an observation tent erected near the nest of the bird to be studied. By this means the bird whose habits are to be observed can be watched and photographed at close range

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The Labor War in Colorado

This is the first of a series of four articles by the special representative of "Harper's Weekly," telling from actual observation the story of the conflict which is now in progress in Colorado between the miners and their associations and the employers. The struggle now going on is one of the most important labor contests ever waged in America, and its outcome will have weight in determining similar questions throughout the country

I. The Present Situation in Pueblo.—By Charlotte Teller

THERE is probably no thinking person in Colorado who has not taken sides in the labor troubles which are now on out here. There are very few persons who are not directly or indirectly affected by the strikes, the lockout, or the military rule in different parts of the State. Except in the instance of the lockout, there is a most frank admission of the issue; there is, however, great uncertainty as to the outcome—and it is that uncertainty which makes the situation of significance, of interest to the rest of the country.

The line of battle is sharply drawn: on the one side there stand the Mine-owners Association, the Citizens' Alliance, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the Victor Fuel Company; on the other side the Western Federation of Miners, the United Mine-workers, and the individuals, here and there, who feel their interests coincident with the interests of the labor organizations.

At the headquarters of the Citizens' Alliance I heard the ultimatum of the one side—"The Western Federation of Miners must be destroyed!"

At the headquarters of the Western Federation I read the proof of an address from the executive board whose closing words were: "We know no surrender, and justice will arise from the staggering blows administered by a soulless Executive, and the future will record the political revenge of an oppressed people."

On the union card of the Western Federation of Miners are the words: "Labor produces all wealth. Wealth belongs to the producer thereof." On the "union" card of the "Citizens' Alliance" are the words: "The man who makes the payroll shall carry the keys. Law and order first; creeds, politics, and unions afterwards." And there you have the slogans of the two parties.

In the mean time the struggle seems to indicate a war of extermination, and the various phases of loyalty to one side or the other when expressed seem to lead to the two conclusions, phrased nearly alike:

American citizens shall have the right to work without coercion.

American citizens shall have the right to organize.

"The open shop!" cries one party.

"No discrimination against union men!" says the other.

Men in the street-cars, on the trains, in the office, and the shop—all are arguing, slandering, wondering, and waging wordy battles which come to naught, for, after all, the real conflict is carried on in the three places—in Denver, between officials; in the Cripple Creek region, between the striking metalliferous miners, and the mine operators, protected by the militia; and in the southern coal-fields near Trinidad, between the coal miners and the coal operators, chief among whom are the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and the Victor Fuel Company. Then, of course, there are the financial interests and the mysterious and uncertain public sentiment which may influence the situation at any time, although apparently of little importance just now.

In a fourth locality—Pueblo, "the Pittsburg of the West"—I found the effects of the war most evident. Here one feels the cost of industrial warfare. Miles off in the mountains there are encounters and the noise of the sheriff's posse hard riding; in Pueblo there is a silence that is more destructive than any number of street-fights between union and non-union men. There are no flames by night, no smoke by day over the six furnaces of the steel plant, which lie on the edge of the town. There are only shadows resting upon a silent field of industry, and sparrows chattering undisturbed on the chimneys and empty cars. And the silence outside in the streets, where grocery wagons come less frequently and children play less merrily—that is even more oppressive than the quiet of the works. Men at work in their own back yards become figures symbolical of despair; men on the streets, talking in idle groups or watching listlessly the few activities of trade, make one feel the reality of the present situation.

Close to the high board fence in the town live the skilled workers—the men who can take the crude ore from the mountains and convert it into rails for the highways of a nation. These men cannot enter in and work. One of them, whom I stopped in the middle of a deserted street, told me that all those who were single had left as soon as they were without work, but that the men who were married, who had bought their homes and had settled down in the security which slips over most lives when wages are good, these had to stay and wait.

"How long will you have to wait?" I asked.

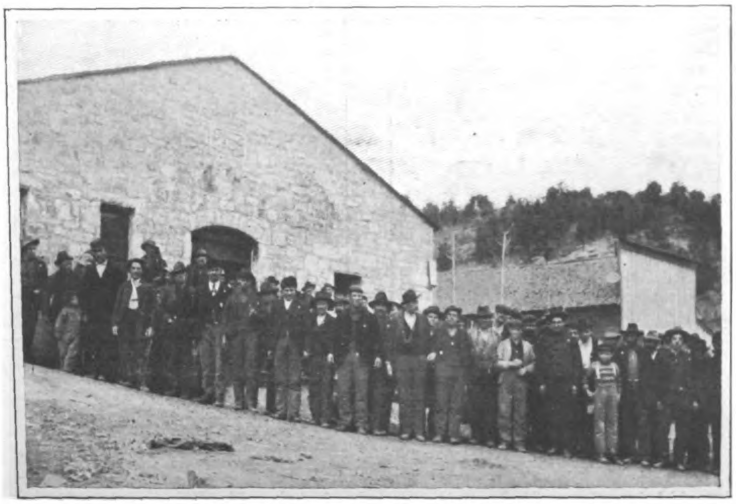
"Nobody can tell," he said, "but it looks like all winter." And he went on down the street with his hands in his pockets and his shoulders bent under the load of uncertainty. He was one of those who could not enter into activity, who could not sell his labor nor use his strength until the company should say, "Let there be light in the furnaces." In fact, the whole community, the whole town with its 60,000 inhabitants, are waiting for those words, and they are powerless to help themselves until the words are spoken.

The steel plant with its allied industries, which are inside the enclosure, is estimated to be worth $20,000,000, but just now it is worthless to the community to whom it formerly gave power, and, to a certain extent, prosperity; it is useless because of the industrial war, "extending," as one of the journals of finance says, "over every section and involving every financial interest." In Colorado the issue is more pointed because of recent financial changes in the most important corporation of the State, and because of the changes in management resulting therefrom.

The men who are out of work in Pueblo are not members of labor-unions to any great extent; unionism has never had a firm hold on the men at the plant. They cannot, therefore, depend upon unions elsewhere for support, and they have no emergency fund. There is not and has never been any great feeling of solidarity among them; yet there have been during the last year a number of strikes and labor difficulties in the plant which have had the approval of unionists who were more strongly organized. Undoubtedly these labor difficulties were a factor in the closing of the plant. It seemed time to settle the whole question of labor organization and its rights, as opposed to the freedom of the management in determining hours and wages.

The closing of the plant has some details of interest. The first dismissals were made about the time that the coal strike began. The "yard gangs" were the first to be let out, then the engineers on the field and in construction work, the draughtsmen and office force (most of them were given a month's notice); then there was an announcement that those who wished to stay at work could do so if they would work full time at half pay. Finally, it was decided to close down entirely, the skilled laborers were laid off, and the division superintendents, some of whom received no warning whatever that they would be out of employment the next day.

The suddenness of the discharges has made more than half of the distress, for many of the minor officials, sure of their service with the big corporation, had invested in homes and made affiliations in Pueblo which had to be given up, for no hope was given them to stay on and wait for the opening of the plant. Engineers of ability, skilled steel-workers, expert bookkeepers, and foremen were all thrust out into the necessity of looking for employment. The unskilled labor, especially the cheap labor, has had the best of it, and has shaken the dust of the country from its feet. The negroes have been transported as strike-breakers to the southern coal-fields of Colorado. It is more than a month since the silence settled down over the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company at Pueblo.



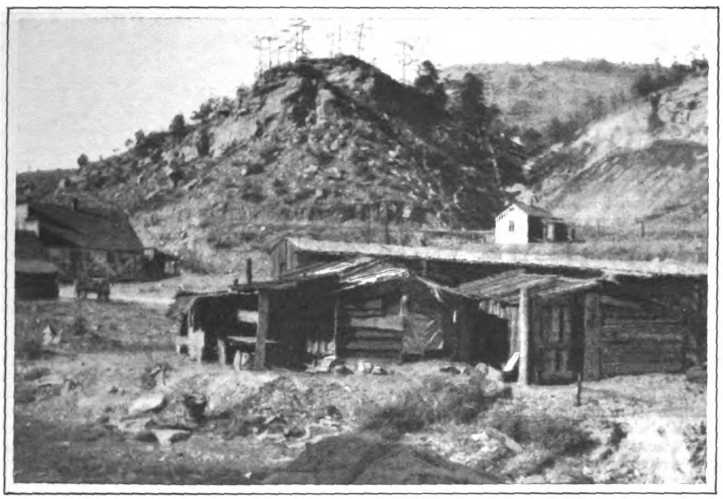
Striking Miners waiting to get Provisions at the Commissary Store, Berwind

Although there are no effective labor organizations at the steel plant, there are various "company" enterprises. The Minnequa Land Company, whose stockholders are stockholders of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, have put up from 300 to 500 houses in the vicinity of the plant. These they have for sale on the instalment plan or for rent. One of the men in the office of

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the town company told me that the houses were put up at a cost of from $700 to $2500, and rented for from $14 to $40 a month. The cost of the land, which this company bought practically in one tract—in fact, I have heard that part of it was given as a grant by the county—is so small that it is safe to say that the company houses return from twelve to fifteen per cent. interest on the original investment when all expenses of management and repair have been considered. It is in this vicinity, too, that the Colorado Supply Company have their store, and the stockholders in this company are also stockholders in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. The solidarity of interest is so great that it is impossible, they say, for a man to rent property anywhere near the company store in order to establish a competing business in groceries, dry-goods, ready-made clothing, shoes, or any of the merchandise sold in the department store. The corporations are technically three; they are practically one.

The wholesale department of the Colorado Supply Company is one of the best organized business enterprises of the West. The goods which they retail to the thirty branch stores are brought in car-loads from all over the country. Its retail department offers goods at about the same prices current in the stores of Pueblo, which are perhaps two miles away from the works. As it seems probable that they have advantages in buying and in transportation not enjoyed by the competing firms, it is probable that the profits are somewhat larger. They have another advantage, too, which is not generally known, and that is access to the pay-roll of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. A collector for one of the firms in Pueblo proper told me that very often he was told by the employees that their pay had been stopped by the Colorado Supply Company, because they owed a bill at the store. He said that the company store never lost money through unpaid bills, and that all other merchants had to wait until accounts were settled there before they could hope for money due them. The same thing is true of the company boarding-houses—there have been several in Pueblo—the board money is always forthcoming as long as a man is at work; and, of course, when he leaves work it is known at once by the managers, and he is asked for his room.



Miners' Homes at Greenville, Colorado

There is no technical reason why these enterprises should not have the protection of the big corporation, but there is a feeling that the feudal conditions resulting therefrom take away some of the privileges of the employees which are enjoyed by other citizens of the country—the right of taking advantage of the competition among storekeepers, the right of saying which bills shall be paid and which shall be unpaid.

The monthly assessment for hospital service shows another of the well-organized undertakings of the company. There are 5000 men employed by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in its Pueblo plant, and some 17,000 altogether. The assessment of a dollar a month each for "medical service" means an income of more than $200,000 a year at the least. Out of this fund the company doctors are paid, and the expenses of the camp hospitals, wherever they exist, and of the hospital in Pueblo—said by Dr. Lorenz to be unequalled in equipment and service. There are eight resident physicians and twelve nurses. Any employee who is burned or maimed in the pursuit of his livelihood can go to the hospital without further expense than the dues he has already paid. He may have been only ten minutes in the employ of the company, and yet receive the care of its surgeons and nurses; or he may be taken with typhoid or malignant disease, contracted elsewhere, and have the benefits of the hospitals. Again, it is not criticism of the kindliness and high sociological consciousness of the corporation of which the employees are guilty; it is simply that they feel that they are the involuntary supporters of an institution which is necessitated by the business they are in, but whose place in the community is not clearly defined. If the company considers the institution benevolent, they ask why it does not support it out of the profits from the business, rather than out of the producers' wage. On the other hand, if the institution is in any sense a community, a democratic institution, it should be financed by self-assessment of the supporters, voting within some organization.

It would hardly be worth while to have considered these activities of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company were it not for the influence which they have upon the feelings of the people. Many of the employees feel that they are indebted in a financial way to their employers; whereas the employers, from their point of view increasing the comfort of their employees, have gained recognition outside as a benevolent and progressive corporation which should have the loyal support of all persons who stand for benevolence and progress.

By way of the Pueblo depression and the study of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in Pueblo, I came into touch with the Citizens' Alliance of the town. The storekeepers, restaurant-keepers, and lawyers are all feeling the pressure, for which the coal strike and the metalliferous strike are responsible, and they feel that the unions, especially the Western Federation of Miners and the United Mine-workers, have brought matters to a head by taking their present position. The purposes of their organization are merely protective "against the boycott, coercion, persecution of non-union labor, and other usurpations and oppressive acts of labor-unions."

Mr. Arthur Woodruff, who is president of the alliance in Pueblo, prefaced his explanation of the intents and efforts of the organizations by saying that he was not in complete agreement with the methods being pursued elsewhere in the State; but he said that the alliance would not lay down its arms until the Western Federation and United Mine-workers had left the State. Mr. Woodruff himself is a most genial man, and is simply bent upon the destruction of what he says is a dangerous organization to the freedom of the people.

"I talk with the members of the labor-unions here in my office," he said, "and many of them sign our constitution and leave their former union cards with me."

"How do they happen to come to your office?" I asked.

"I am advertising every day for men to go to the coal-fields, or to the metalliferous mines, to break the strikes."

He thought that their need of work proved that their self-interest lay with an organization which would incline towards the employment of its own members if there were choice to be made. He did not wish that inclination to be called discrimination, though. I found that great emphasis was laid by most of the members of the Citizens' Alliance whom I interviewed upon the careful use of words. For instance, the Pueblo president wished that there should be a *white list* of stores to be patronized by the members of the alliance and not a *black list* of those which should not be patronized.

Mr. Woodruff said that twenty-nine murders in twenty-one months could be laid at the door of unionism in Telluride alone—where the metalliferous miners are striking. I learned that the Citizens' Alliance is a secret organization, and that any one who joined had to subscribe to the following:

"I agree to abide by the constitution and by-laws of this or any other Citizens' Alliance with which I may hereafter be connected, *and agree on my honor to keep secret forever all that is said or done by the alliance or any of its members.*"

At first glance such an organization seemed strikingly un-American, but its growing power makes it worthy of careful study. It resembles closely in its formalities and offices the average trade-union. The initiation fee is a dollar, and the yearly dues are a dollar. A blue card like those of the unions is given to each member, and must be presented at each meeting. An employer coming into the alliance may pay five cents per month for each employee he has if he wishes financial backing during a possible strike. No member need to let any one but the officers know that he is a member; and so it is possible for merchants in the same block to be quite in ignorance of one another's position. In case of a strike the alliance intends to use its efforts to fill the vacant positions. And it is this, among other things, that makes it a dangerous antagonist of unionism.

In Denver I talked with the president of the alliance, Mr. J. C. Craig, whose position was practically that of the Pueblo president. He believed that unions should not strike, and that striking unions were not legitimate. He pointed to the good behavior of the typographical union, which had played the part of pacificator in the Denver troubles of last spring. Denver newspapers have not been held up by the "typos," as have the papers of New York and Chicago, and for that reason perhaps they do not realize what a determined and intelligent set of men compose that particular union. At any rate, out here they are constantly held up as the model union.

In Denver I also talked with Herbert George, who is a leader in the alliance movement in Colorado. Mr. George used to be a

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Populist, until he entered into business relations with Mr. Guggenheim, the principal owner of the Smelter Trust, which is known as the American Smelting and Refining Company. Since then he has become very much interested in the Citizens' Alliance, and not only gives up much of his time to the founding of "locals" all over the West, but devotes the columns of his paper to the propagation of the principles of the alliance. Mr. George was most decided in his views.

"We are simply a union which includes all persons who are against the other unions. We have come into the field to fight, and we are going to come together like this"—he struck his clenched fists together. "Then it will be time for the neutral good people to step in and separate us!"

"Would you use force if necessary?" I asked.

"Most certainly," he replied. "Was it not the Citizens' Alliance in Telluride that succeeded in getting the military force sent there?"

General Bell of the State militia, whom I saw later at the Capitol, corroborated Mr. George's statement, and said that members of the Mine-owners' Association were among the most earnest workers for the alliance. If that is the case, and facts bear it out, the Citizens' Alliance is an organization which has sufficient strength to affect the whole situation in Colorado in such a way as to make history. The membership in Denver is 14,000, and there are in Colorado alone twenty-three local alliances which are bound together by the same desire, the same interests; they have, besides, sufficient capital to carry out their designs.

As it is evident that the Western Federation of Miners is the "enemy" of this solid wall of "business interests," corporate wealth, and military power, it is worthy of as detailed a study as the alliance which has sprung into action more suddenly than any labor organization could possibly do. There are at least 40,000 members of the Western Federation of Miners, and they are drawn up in line of battle. I went to their headquarters in Denver, and found the executive council in session. The secretary, William D. Haywood, took up the questions which I had heard discussed by the opposition. His story throws a somewhat different light upon some of the recent events. General Bell told me that he expected troops to be sent at a moment's notice to Trinidad; the situation is reaching a crisis. There seems to be a gradual preparation for a long and bloodless fight; the stories of the encounters which get into the daily press are, after all, but tales of the skirmishes.

Ice-harvesting for New York City

By W. B. Ashley

WHEN a dozen men harvested 125 tons of ice in a winter, New York was seventy-three years younger, and a farm wagon could carry a barrel of potatoes down to the sloop along with its day's shipment of ice. When 800 men, at Rockland Lake, New York, harvest 150,000 tons as a drop in the five-million-ton bucket of ice that New York city requires to-day, the farmers are needed at home to raise food for them.

In the ice-house thirty men dig at the frozen mass beneath their wool and rubber booted feet. Drip by drip the tremendous pile has been settling together since the doors were closed last winter, until the thousands of individual cakes seem a solid pile. Expert users of long-handled ice-chisels stab down where division lines should be; big-muscled pliers of ice-hooks secure a hold on the loosened cake; portable ice tracks receive it from sudden jerk and swing; and a man at the narrow opening catches it, steadies it a moment on the edge of the "run," and then lets it slide down to the car platform beneath. Sometimes endless-chain lowering machines carry the cakes down. A partially automatic scraper takes the snow crust from the cake as it nears the foot of the run, when, as it plunges out onto the slippery platform, an ice-hook jabs deep and a pair of muscular arms stop its flight and swing it around into its place in the car standing alongside.

It takes less than six minutes to load the train of two cars. An old engine from the Third Avenue Elevated Road switches the train away to the track on the hillside, to be drawn up at the end of a steel cable that is wound around a drum by a sixty horse-power engine.

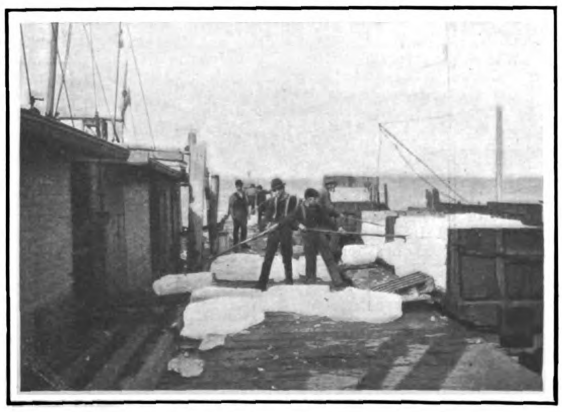
Up under the town's main street rumble the ten tons of car and twelve of ice. The heavy cable drops off, the horse chain is hooked on, and the short journey from lake slope to river slope is begun. The train is to go down that incline by force of gravity. No doubt it can do it. But why not utilize the power it will generate? At the foot of the hill stand two empty cars. Why not attach two cables to a fourteen-foot drum at the summit, carry one of them down to the empties, wind the other around the drum, hook the rear of the loaded train, and start it off? In order that the empty train may counterbalance the full one, the drum is controlled by a big beam-lever brake operated by a man in a frame house at the top of the slope. Looking down through the tree branches this man sees a closed target drop open, meaning "all clear." The train starts slowly over the brink, then faster, until it roars down with never a mishap, save once in a long while when men below leap for safety anywhere out of its path, and out of the path of ice and splintered beams and twisted iron that fill the air when it strikes. At other times it strikes only the scale platform at the foot and stops to be weighed, while a powerful horse drags it along the pier to where the barges wait.

At the barge, work is under way. Before the cars stop, their sides are dropped, and hooks are jerking out the cakes to be shoved by other hooks to the short "run" leading from the platform over into the vessel's hold. A derrick-swung tongs clutches a cake and lowers it into the hold, where three men stow the cargo.

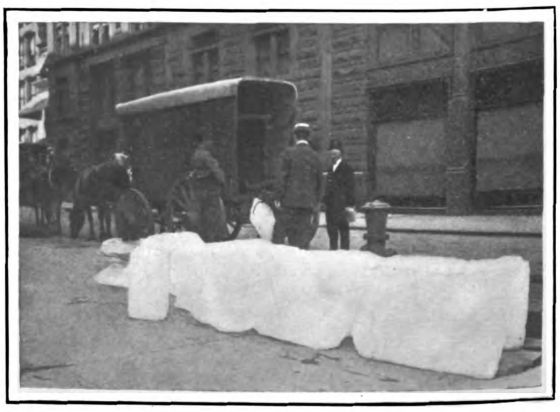
Throughout the work there is no confusion, no ordering of men to their work, no sharp censure. It is the performance of a gigantic human machine, watched over by a few expert minds, each living part knowing its allotted task. From the click of the first bar to the crash of the last cake into place, there is one complete, interdependent operation. Not the making of parts by many workmen, to be assembled later, but simply the one act of getting a cake of ice from house to barge, and another and another. Hooks must be ready for the loosened lump on time to slide it to the door at the moment when it can be sent down to the hooks that are clear of the preceding cake, the train must start when loaded and empty cars take its place, while horse and driver stand ready on the hill top to haul the load across to the point where it starts down to the river.

The barges are towed down the river, and in the morning 700 tons of Rockland Lake are flung into lumbering wagons which in turn distribute it to a fraction of New York's population.

The secret of the quietness and accuracy with which this complex work is done is that those who govern it have grown up into their responsible positions. The superintendent worked "on the ice" with his father as a boy, and the foreman's father still tells of the days fifty years back when *his* father was one of the first in the business.



Loading Ice on the Barges for Transportation to the City



Delivering the Ice to a New York Customer

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Modern Scientific Methods of Nature Study

By Francis H. Herrick, Ph.D., Sc.D.

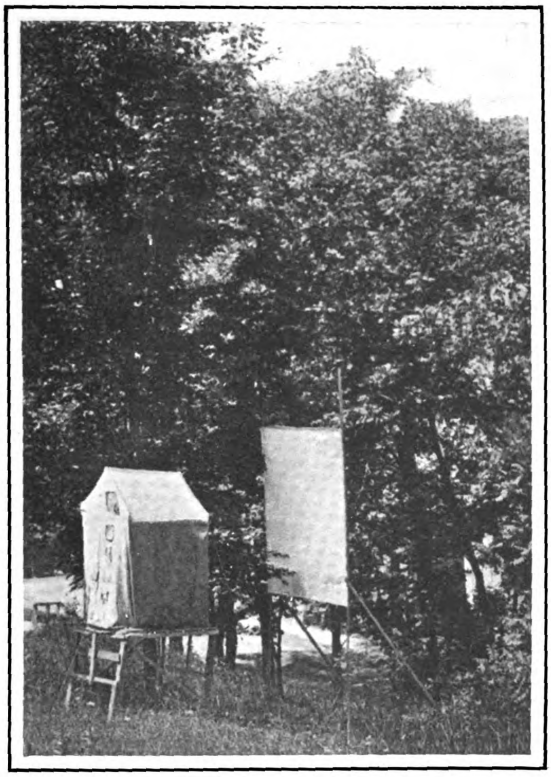
Professor of Biology at Western Reserve University

"NATURE study" is a convenient phrase which the American school has tried and in many cases adopted for a special purpose. It needs no explanation, and yet the time is long past when words of universal import can be used without ambiguity. As a discipline of the school it is designed to open the eyes of the young and to awaken their minds to the common, though no less wonderful, processes of nature which take place all about them.

To a still larger public "nature study" suggests a revival of the old and once time-honored "natural history," which for over a thousand years was used in the literal sense of *historia naturæ*, the history of all nature. At a later period a sharp contrast was drawn between "natural history" and "civil" or "human history." Huxley, who has traced the remarkable evolution of this phrase, observes that even in his time a professorship of natural history in certain universities was anything but a sinecure, since the holder was obliged to occupy not a chair, but a "settee of the sciences."

We shall not be misunderstood if we say at once that, for the present, we are concerned with the higher animals alone. Still further must we be limited to their *actions*, as distinguished from their structure or anatomy or from their physiology, in the academic sense. No doubt if we knew enough about the bodies of animals, particularly of the nervous system in its most intricate relations, we should be able to refer the complex act to changes in definite parts, but except in comparatively simple cases this cannot be done. For the present, and certainly for a long time to come, the study of animal behavior will profit far more from exact records of what animals actually do or are capable of doing, than from premature theories and attempts to connect their acts with unknown changes in the microscopical cells.

The field is wide enough to satisfy the most ambitious, and herein lies a difficulty which may at times have brought the study into disrepute. All students, and in particular those who seem to regard nature study as primarily a form of amusement or recreation, should ponder the words of Karl Groos, who maintains in his admirable work on *The Play of Animals*, that the interpreter of the animal mind should unite to a thorough training in physiology, psychology, and biology, the experience of a traveller, of a director of a zoological garden, and the lore of a forester, besides being a student of modern æsthetics. In other words, there is demanded a versatility which is practically unattainable. If this is true, it is not surprising that much has been written to little purpose upon so difficult a subject. In a word, the modern method of studying animals is to go to nature direct, to experiment, and to use every means which promises to yield valuable returns. It is a good rule to discard second-hand information, and to remember that isolated, disconnected, and therefore imperfect, observations are a most fruitful source of false ideas. Let us further guard against the popular tendency of reading into the actions of animals, without sufficient warrant, the whole gamut of human feeling and capacity, a pitfall which claims so many incautious writers.



The Author's Observation tent and Photographic screen for studying a Red-eyed Vireo's Nest in its natural Position

For the present we may distinguish the following: (1) *The Method of Free Observation* of both young and adult animals in their natural state, unhampered by the hand or presence of man. This has been the popular means of approach, and is responsible for a vast and chaotic mass of anecdotal material. It is evident, however, that if this method were carried out with ideal completeness, it would give us a normal picture of the daily life of the animal, and it is capable, as many have abundantly shown, of producing results of the first importance. (2) *The Method of Progressive Changes or Development*, by which the behavior of certain animals can be followed step by step from the initial reactions at birth to the adult state. It has been applied, for the most part, to the smaller domestic animals—the chick, kitten, and puppy—but within certain limits it can be extended to an almost unlimited number of wild birds, in their natural state, by a method to be considered later. It affords the only means of discovering the origin and relation of many instincts and habits, some of the best for studying the whole subjects of food, growth, and general environment, and promises to light up the dark question of animal education. (3) *The Experimental Method* consists in placing the animal under definite conditions and recording its reactions in kind and frequency. Thus, an animal will learn to traverse a maze, or to open a cage of simple construction, to do which requires definite movements, the spur to action being hunger and the sight of food, or some incentive equally strong. As a reward for its performance it is promptly fed. In such ways the right action is learned through association, and the facility displayed in the learning process, as well as the permanency of the acquisition (strength of associative memory), becomes, in some degree, a measure of the animal's intelligence. The extension of such methods to a great variety of reactions would seem to be limited only by the tractability of the animal and the discretion and ingenuity of the operator.

In similar ways Lloyd Morgan, Thorndike, Kinnaman, and others have tested the mental powers of certain fish, birds, the cat, dog, rat, and at least two species of monkeys. I have shown how promptly a free wild bird learns to do certain things or forms new habits, as in adopting a definite course in approaching its nest, or a definite position when sitting on its eggs, to mention the simplest examples, and it has been proved that a domestic chick can learn to find its way out of a maze—easily made of books or wooden blocks—in the brief space of fifteen minutes.

No doubt, as Kinnaman observes, it is often difficult to select such tests and apparatus as are suited to the character and intelligence of the animal studied, for it is sure to be baffled, and, consequently, misjudged if these are too complicated or too far removed from the range of its every-day life and actions. At all events, such experimental methods have the merit of showing, if not the limits of the animal's capacity, at least what it actually does, under definite conditions which can be changed at will. They also afford a means of measuring its associative powers with approximate accuracy.

If we have given prominence to one class or trend of experiments, we should not forget that every method of nature study can be made to yield to experiment in some degree, and that every observation should be tested by experiment so far as possible. Under this head, indeed, are conveyed all the modern methods of the biological sciences. To discuss these would lead us from our present purpose to consider many of the fundamental problems in biology, pertaining to heredity, variation, and development, together with the brilliant experimental work which has been conducted upon both animals and plants by the modern students of physiology, morphology, and evolution.

With regard to (4) *The Study of Animals in Captivity*, there is no doubt, as Kinnaman remarks, that the caged animal often ceases to be himself, and like some of the great carnivora—the lion, tiger, or jaguar—often varies from insipid tameness or moroseness to a state of wild excitement, very different from what he is in the freedom of the forest or jungle. Under such conditions observations are apt to be disappointing, and to show little more than the reaction of the wild animal to its cage. But it is important to discriminate more closely between the individuality of animals of the same species, and between the kinds or species studied, as well as the manner in which each is confined.

Certain individuals submit more readily than others to restraint, while many of the smaller mammals breed freely, and even become semidomesticated, when maintained in quarters of the right sort.

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Finally, the proper housing and care of wild animals are often grossly neglected, and until recent times have seldom received the attention they deserve.

To the list of methods already considered some would emphasize the importance of *Training*, which, however, seems to be chiefly valuable in illustrating and developing the powers of association and memory in animals having greater capacity in this direction, as the lion, the dog, the horse, the elephant, and many kinds of birds.

The first and greatest difficulty encountered in studying the activities of free wild birds is in making continuous observations upon the same individuals from day to day or from week to week. This paramount obstacle can be overcome in very many species by the use of the observation tent, and when necessary by controlling the position of the nest, as I have described in a work upon the *Home Life of Birds*, to which the reader must be referred for details.

Some of the circumstances which render possible a near approach are as follows: birds usually build a nest for their eggs and young in a definite spot, and about this focal point their domestic life revolves for a period of weeks or even months. The nest is either open to view, or in many cases can be rendered accessible, by changes judiciously made at the proper time.

For the greater part of the year fear is the dominant instinct in the life of nearly every wild bird or mammal which has to contend with man, or overt enemies of any kind. But with the periodic revival of the reproductive functions, profound changes occur not only in the bodily parts, but in the instincts which govern their movements and life. The parental instincts, which are essential to the generation and successful rearing of the young, begin to assert themselves, and by blocking or supplanting the sense of fear, hold them to the focal point—the *nest*, and later the *young*—during the period when parental care, and even parental sacrifice, is necessary.

This wonderful parental instinct, or series of instincts, rises gradually like a fever, reaches a maximum, and then as slowly subsides. When at its height every sense seems to be lost in an all-absorbing passion. This is the time to approach the wild bird. We can watch and record with pencil and camera every act which occurs at the nest. We can approach as near as we please, and by aid of the tent are enabled to analyze in detail the behavior of the same birds for a period of from one to three weeks.

Presidential Possibilities

NEW YORK, *December 26, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—If you ask the next man you meet, "Whom will the Republicans nominate for President?" his answer will be, "Roosevelt, sure." If you go on to ask him, "And will he be elected?" he will probably reply, "Well, it certainly looks that way." Yet Mr. Roosevelt has shown by numerous significant acts that he by no means regards either his calling or his election as among the sure things. He was not trained in practical politics without learning not only to handle political machinery, but also to dread its intricate and subtle arrangement of wheels within wheels. And, added to his general uneasiness, due to the wrinkling, hair-snatching uncertainty of American national elections, there is another and deep anxiety, born of his knowledge of several powerful forces that are striving to defeat him—in the convention, if possible; if that effort fails, then at the polls. The peculiar nature of Mr. Roosevelt's popularity is responsible for the origin and growth of these hostile forces. Like Blaine and McKinley, he is extremely popular. Crowds gather to cheer him, friends loudly sing his praises. But his popularity is of the Blaine or factional kind, rather than of the McKinley or conciliating kind. And factional popularity, while picturesque and interesting beyond conciliating popularity, has its disadvantages—sometimes its perils.

The general national situation may be tabulated somewhat after this fashion:

Electoral votes necessary to elect	239
Democrats sure of thirteen Southern States, with a total electoral vote of	151
Democrats must therefore find, if they are to win the Presidency	88

Now, the Republicans want a candidate who can prevent the Democrats from getting those 88 electoral votes. If it could be clearly shown to them, before the Republican national convention, that Mr. Roosevelt's success in preventing the getting of those 88 votes was highly improbable, it would be with some difficulty that he would secure the nomination. And if he should secure it and the pessimism of his opponents in the party should prove well founded we should have another Democratic President.

On the assumption that the Democrats nominate a man satisfactory to independent voters and run him on a platform equally satisfactory to them, the most likely—or, if you wish, the least unlikely—Democratic winning combination would be:

Maryland	8
New York	39
Indiana	15
Illinois	27
Total	89

On the face of the facts, Maryland will be conceded by the best-informed Republicans as probably Democratic, unless Mr. Bryan should control the Democratic convention to a repetition of 1896 and 1900. But why should Mr. Roosevelt be anxious about New York, which gave McKinley such overwhelming majorities in 1896 and 1900, and has not had a Democratic Governor since 1894? Why should he give either Indiana or Illinois a moment's disturbed thought when both have been overwhelmingly Republican since 1896?

Let us first look at New York. Into a recent speech in Congress, General Grosvenor, that old-fashioned, whangdoodling Republican stump-speaker, injected a forecast of the next election. Naturally, he gave no conclusions which, intentionally offered any comfort to Democrats. But he said several things, incidentally, which were highly suggestive. For example, although "against my better judgment," he did, nevertheless, include New York, with its 39 votes, as a Democratic possibility. New York, which went 143,000 for McKinley in the last Presidential election and chose a Republican Governor in 1902.

There are several far less general causes than its famous uncertainty, for Republican doubt about the "Empire State." The principal one is the bitter war now raging between Senator Platt and his one-time pupil and fetch-and-carry man, Governor Odell. Nominally, Mr. Platt has yielded the boss-ship to Mr. Odell. But actually he is eager to destroy him—or, to put it as Mr. Platt would put it, is willing to give him all the rope he needs to hang himself with. This year New York will elect a Governor on the same day that it votes for President. The nominee will be either a Platt man or an Odell man. If he is a Platt man, then wherever the Odellites can wield the knife in the up-the-State counties, there the knife will be wielded. If the nominee is an Odell man, then Mr. Platt's followers, very numerous in New York city and far from weak in some other parts of the State, will lay about with the knife even more vigorously than they did when Odell was running for Governor in 1902, even more savagely than they did when they were "doing up" Mr. Low, an Odellite, running for Mayor on Republican and non-partisan tickets last fall. Ferocious though the feud is, still the Presidential stake in the election might cause the infuriated factionists to suspend their activities were it not for two factors. First, both Mr. Platt and Mr. Odell dislike Mr. Roosevelt. It was Mr. Platt's intense dislike for him and passionate desire to get rid of him in New York State that caused his nomination for Vice-President. As for Mr. Odell, Mr. Roosevelt is the man who made him a Presidential impossibility. For Mr. Roosevelt's elevation to the Presidency made him the only New York man eligible in 1904. So, while Mr. Odell might give him an apparently loyal support, heart in it there could be none. The second factor also affects both Platt and Odell. The powerful "campaign contributors" of New York, the largest givers to Republican national campaign funds, are all hostile to Mr. Roosevelt. Part of this hostility is due to Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the big "combines." But by far the larger part arises from his attitude toward "organized labor," to which we will only refer here, as we shall have to return to that subject later.

Mr. Odell and Mr. Platt are the political dependents of these "campaign contributors," since it is their liberal payments for legislation and for protection that keep the machine well oiled. These men wish to see Mr. Roosevelt beaten—how, then, can Messrs. Odell and Platt wish to see him elected? It should be said, in fairness, that these men are equally powerful with the Democratic machine. The Republican machine is financed by them for standing guardwork at the State Capitol; the New York city Tammany machine is kept in funds by them in return for local favors.

Finally, Mr. Roosevelt has never been popular in New York State. In 1898, with the laurels of San Juan green and red upon his brows, he ran for Governor. The Democratic party was at a very low ebb. It selected about the weakest candidate it could have put in the field—a brother of the then Mayor of New York, and nominated at the dictation of Croker, who was then trampling the metropolis under his feet and insolently reaching out for the rest of the State. Yet Mr. Roosevelt was elected by less than 18,000, where, two years before, the Republican candidate for Governor had been elected by more than 200,000.

If the Democratic Presidential candidate or platform should not suit the independent, thoughtful, conservative voters, the Republicans will have a "walkover" in New York, as in the rest of the country. But, with a candidate like Cleveland, with a platform like Cleveland's in 1892, Mr. Roosevelt plainly sees that he would not get the electoral vote of New York.

Thus his opponents among his fellow Republicans are able to go about saying: "The Democrats are sure of 151 votes in the South, and of Maryland's 8—a start with 159 votes. And if they are at all wise, have we the ghost of a chance of carrying New York with Roosevelt at the head of the ticket? That means 39 more electoral votes—a total of 198. Is it wise for us to go before the country with a candidate who can't carry New York, and who has to concede at the outset enough votes to the Democrats to bring them within 41 of victory?" That figure—41—sounds small. In reality it is very, very large. But for all that, Mr. Roosevelt's friends can't help wincing when they hear their Republican anti-Roosevelt brethren state his position so unattractively and yet so unanswerably.

In considering Illinois and Indiana, the two other States in the Democratic possible combination for the precious 80 votes, the general situation throughout the country must be taken into account. For the same influences that might make the Republicans

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extremely anxious about Illinois and Indiana next spring, and, with Mr. Roosevelt as the candidate, still more anxious next fall, might also decide the political complexion of Connecticut with 7 electoral votes, of New Jersey with 12, of West Virginia with 7.

In looking at the mass of voters we find that four-fifths of them, whether Republicans or Democrats, can be disregarded in a political calculation. No matter what the platform, no matter who the candidate, each party knows that the overwhelming majority of its voters will vote "the ticket." The voters who count are, first, those who stay at home on election day if they don't like the way things look; second, those who go to the polls to vote against their party if they disapprove of its performances; and third and finally, the independents—an increasingly large body—who stand aloof from machines and vote without reference to the "grand old party." These independents are of two classes, as far apart as the poles of political morality. In the one class are the purchasables; in the other class—and this is the class of independents that is so rapidly increasing—are the conscience voters. In most of the States the party machine of one party or the other is strong enough to control the election to a practical certainty—there is never a question but that the Republicans will get Pennsylvania and the Democrats Mississippi, for example. But in the doubtful States these three variable elements, though small in number in comparison with the mass of "regulars" of either party, hold the balance of power.

Let us take Indiana and Illinois. In Indiana there are about 650,000 voters, of whom about 300,000 are "regular" Republicans and about 300,000 are "regular" Democrats. Obviously what these 600,000 think one way or the other of Mr. Roosevelt is not of much consequence to him in casting up his accounts. What interests him and all the politicians is the opinions of the 50,000 voters who will decide the election. In like manner, of Illinois's 1,100,000 voters, less than 100,000 are of interest to us in this survey. And so we might go through all the doubtful States. Thus it appears at last that the election—the casting of those 80 electoral votes which New York and Illinois and Indiana can supply—depends upon the political will and action of less than 150,000 voters in New York, of less than 100,000 in Illinois, of less than 50,000 in Indiana—less than 300,000 voters in all.

For those who have not thought much about the matter, but have in a vague way regarded Presidential elections as dependent upon the mood of 15,000,000 voters, this conclusion will be rather startling. And it may give them a new idea of the meaning of political moves at the White House, at the Capitol, and in less high but far from humble quarters.

Now, it is obviously of prime importance to know who are these 300,000 voters—the unattached and the detachable. To begin with, they very rarely appear in political parades; they are not conspicuous at the railway station when a Presidential or a candidate's special train arrives; they usually sit unmoved at "rallies," if they go at all. By no means all of them are "thinkers." Not a few are influenced by sordid considerations. A melancholy number sell their votes. But the most of them—and with these rests the decision, usually—try to "size up the situation," and to vote as they think right. Mr. Blaine was weak with them, Mr. Cleveland was strong with them; Mr. Bryan attracted few of them in 1896, and was no more magnetic in 1900, though he had won back many "regulars" who fled the party in 1896; his small gains were more than offset by the Republican former "regulars" who returned from Populism to their old Republican allegiance. Therefore, unless unforeseen and rather unlikely circumstances arise, these unattached and detachable voters, Republican and Democratic and mugwump and "floater" will in 1904 once more decide the election.

The basis of Mr. Roosevelt's nervousness and of his Republican opponents' hopes and of Democratic optimism is the attitude of the "thinking" voters in the doubtful States toward several of Mr. Roosevelt's policies, notably, indeed chiefly, his "labor" policy.

New York, Illinois, and Indiana are all great manufacturing States. According to the census of 1900, New York had 78,659 manufactories, employing 849,092 workers; Illinois had 38,360 establishments, employing 395,110 workers; Indiana had 18,015 establishments, employing 155,956 workers. To consider only Illinois and Indiana, there are, at the lowest estimate, more than 100,000 employers of labor in manufactories alone—for no establishment has less than one owner; many have half a dozen or more. And there are no less than 550,000 workers in the factories of the two States. While the "thinking vote" is by no means confined to manufactories—indeed, the manufacturing is largely Republican, as a rule—still, whenever the manufacturing vote thinks that its interests have suffered by Republican policies, thinks that its prosperity has been injured or destroyed by a Republican administration, that vote tends to become detachable.

But manufacturers are far from being the only employers of labor. There are the great railways. There are the contractors and builders. There are the merchants. And, in this day of almost universal investment in stocks, there are the thousands on thousands who never saw the enterprises in which they are, none the less, employers of labor. Obviously, whatever should affect manufacturing and its allied industries, whatever should affect the rates of wages, the regularity of dividends, the relations between employer and employee, would gravely influence the minds of thousands upon thousands of more or less independent voters, would make up the minds of a multitude of them.

At first blush one might say that if Mr. Roosevelt attached to himself by conciliatory policies the masses of skilled laborers, among whom, including unprotected as well as protected industries, the majority are probably Democrats, he would be able to laugh at the employers, and would carry Illinois and Indiana triumphantly. But what disquiets Mr. Roosevelt and his friends is the rapid shrinking of prosperity in all the departments of industry which employ skilled labor. They fear that the skilled laborer may believe his employer when he says to him: "The reason I'm shutting down and discharging and putting on half wages is the nervousness your friend, Mr. Roosevelt, is causing me and everybody else who tries to do business on a large scale." Regardless of whether Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward "labor" has or has not been correct, regardless of whether the employers' placing of the blame upon him is or is not just, what will be the feeling of the man put out of a job or put on half wages or threatened with one or the other of these calamities?

Above all, say Mr. Roosevelt's critics and opponents, what if he has alienated independent thinking voters by making them feel that he has been unwise in his position toward "organized labor"; that he has fomented dissatisfaction by giving "labor" the impression that in the event of a controversy of any magnitude, he will interfere, when for the President to interfere at all is for him to take sides with the party having the most votes?

It is one of the familiar facts of politics that there is no such thing as a "labor vote," or even an "organized labor vote." "Labor," especially "organized labor," knows that it can get about as much from one party as from the other. It accepts the compliments or the benefits of the politician in power with great calmness, knowing that his would-be successor stands ready to do likewise. Far more serious to a Presidential candidate than the dissatisfaction of labor organizers, who regard the Republican party as the party of employers and therefore not to be encouraged too much, is the dissatisfaction of employers of labor. And in Illinois and Indiana, and all the other significant doubtful States, the employers of labor are, for the most part, usually Republicans when they go to the polls. The loss of their votes and their influence would be a loss fully as great as was the loss of Republican farmers to Populism in 1892, which made Cleveland's victory a "landslide."

Further, to the employers of "labor" both parties look for campaign funds. If the Democrats nominate such a man as Cleveland on such a platform as his in 1892, Mr. Roosevelt's Republican opponents say, where would he get the money for his campaign? Hundreds of thousands are needed for legitimate purposes; other hundreds of thousands are needed for the control of the "floating" vote. With the big Republican barons of finance and industry against him, with the lesser but large Republican employers disgruntled, what would be the prospects for the success of the "fat-frying expeditions" of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign managers? These and similar "practical" questions are agitating the entire Republican machine from its head in the White House down to the smallest cog in the obscurest wheel. For, what is a machine without oil? Not even Mr. Roosevelt mounted on his highest horse of "the ideal citizen" would enjoy conducting a campaign with as little "oil" as Mr. Bryan had in 1896 and in 1900.

Probably the most sanguine Republican calculator would not claim Illinois next fall by more than 40,000, or Indiana by more than 20,000. A change of a few more than 20,000 votes in Illinois, a change of a few more than 10,000 in Indiana, and the Republican plurality would be transformed into a Democratic plurality. Of course, the cause that could produce these changes would have to be profound and all but country-wide in its operation. But Mr. Roosevelt's opponents—who faintly hope to defeat him in convention—allege that the pause in prosperity, becoming more marked each day from now on until convention-time, would be just such a cause. Mr. Roosevelt's admirers do not believe it. They ridicule—and not without reason—the idea that he could possibly be beaten in convention. They go on to profess perfect security as to the election; those who give no other reason for the faith that is in them say, "Well, anyhow, the Democratic party can be counted on to continue to make an ass of itself." Still, there is enough uncertainty in the situation to compel Mr. Roosevelt to keep his eyes sharply upon Mr. Hanna and the other Republican leaders who do not like or approve him, enough uncertainty to make the national political game mighty interesting to watch, even if Mr. Roosevelt is "as good as nominated."

In the speech referred to above, General Grosvenor suggested another possible Democratic combination—the thirteen sure Southern States and Maryland, 159; Delaware, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah, with 3 votes each, making a total of 15; Indiana, West Virginia, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, with a total of 80. Grand total, 254—a victory with 15 votes to spare. There may have been a trace of the "devilish sly" Ohio politician in that suggestion of Democratic hopes from the sage-brush deserts of the Rockies. No campaign could possibly be more attractive to a Republican than one in which the Democrats beat the sage-brush for votes while the Middle West was neglected. However, the Grosvenor complex and scattered combination depends for success upon the same element as does the simpler one on which this article is based. Mr. Roosevelt and his friends know that if the simple combination went Democratic, the complex one would probably go that way also; and the effort put forth to win New York, Indiana, and Illinois would be equally effective for all the doubtful States. The element in doubt is the same—the unattached and detachable voters in States with diversified industries. As those voters go so will the election go—it is even within the edge of the possible that they might influence the Republican convention almost as strongly as they are apparently going to influence the Democratic convention. Would those voters be for or against Mr. Roosevelt? As convention and election slowly approach, do those voters incline toward or away from him? Has he strength enough to carry him through both convention and election? If he can pass the convention post will he become winded in the home-stretch?

I am, sir, DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

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"The Pretty Sister of José"

At the Empire Theatre, Miss Maude Adams is appearing in Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's play, "The Pretty Sister of José." She plays the part of "Pepita," a Spanish girl, who is loved by "Sebastiano," a bull-fighter. But "Pepita" remembers that her mother was abused by the husband to whom she was devoted, and she wants nothing to do with men. So she repulses the matador. When he is wounded by a bull, however, her sympathies are touched, and while she tends him in his illness he succeeds in winning her love



"Merely Mary Ann"

In "Merely Mary Ann," the new play by Israel Zangwill at the Garden Theatre, tells the story of "Lancelot," a young composer living in a cheap London lodging-house, who falls in love with "Mary Ann," the pretty slavey, an innocent Yorkshire orphan. "Lancelot" is tempted to take wrongful advantage of her trust. The girl becomes an heiress, and the two separate. After six years the composer and the heroine, now a lovely and accomplished woman, meet, and are honorably united. "Mary Ann" is played by Miss Eleanor Robson, and "Lancelot" by Mr. Edwin Arden



"The Sacrament of Judas"

At the Princess Theatre, "The Sacrament of Judas," by Louis Tiercelin, is being used by Mr. Kyrle Bellew as a curtain-raiser for "Raffles." "Bernez" (Mr. Bellew) is a young French priest, released from his vows by the revolution of 1793. He has come to live in the Breton home of "Jean," a peasant, and has fallen in love with "Jeffik," the daughter of the house. An outlawed aristocrat, "Count Kervern," is given refuge by the peasant family, and while there betrays the girl. When the betrayal is discovered, the count confesses to his unsuccessful rival. The priestly instincts of "Bernez" are aroused, and, giving absolution to "Kervern," he helps the couple to escape, in exchange for the sacrifice of his own life. He dons his priestly garments, and is shot as he descends the stairs of the cottage

PLAYS IN NEW YORK

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MME. LOUISE HOMER AS "MADDELENA" IN "RIGOLETTO"

Madame Homer, who is one of the principal singers this season at the Metropolitan Opera House, is shown in the photograph as "Maddelena" in Verdi's opera, "Rigoletto." "Maddelena" is the sister of the desperado who is hired by "Rigoletto" to assassinate the unscrupulous "Duke of Mantua." "Gilda," "Rigoletto's" daughter, is infatuated with the duke, and has been wronged by him. "Rigoletto," in revenge, contrives the nobleman's death by "Sparafucile," and has him lured to the murderer's resort through the blandishments of "Maddelena." Then, stationed outside the house, "Rigoletto" makes "Gilda" an eye-witness to the duke's inconstancy. At the end, "Gilda" sacrifices her life to save her lover

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Correspondence

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES

HILLSBORO, TEXAS, *December 11, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The positive statement of Mr. Cleveland that he would under no circumstances again accept the nomination for the Presidency has occasioned much comment in the South as well as in other parts of the country. It is generally believed here that should he receive the nomination he would as surely win as in 1892, for the conditions would be very similar, with Mr. Roosevelt the nominee of the Republican party.

But it has never been conceded that he could receive the nomination under the present two-thirds rule, for the leaders of the Southern Democracy for the past decade have been bitter in their dislike of Mr. Cleveland.

The characteristic tone of Mr. Cleveland's letter, which is timely and modest, yet expressive of the deepest gratitude for past honors and of an unabated interest in the future welfare of his party, is especially gratifying to his many friends in the South, since it discredits the assertions of his detractors that his lively interest in all matters of concern to the nation was due to his ambition for further honors.

The Democracy of the South is as solid as it has ever been, without regard to who may be the nominee of the party, and for that reason it will not occupy the position in the councils of the party as its numerical strength entitles it, yet its advice will not go unheeded as to who can make the strongest appeal to other sections of the country. And no one well acquainted with the sentiment of the masses of the entire South can deny that place to Chief-Justice Alton B. Parker. It is true that a few of our prominent politicians, especially members of the United States Senate, no doubt influenced by a personal acquaintance and the glamor of his successful leadership, have expressed a personal preference for Senator Gorman, but not one has sought to commit his State to his own views. There is no disparagement of Mr. Gorman's ability as a partisan organizer and manipulator, but therein lies his weakness for this particular occasion, since Democracy cannot hope to win within its own party, but must look to the independent vote, as it did on the occasions of its two former victories. And who is so well suited to appeal to this vote throughout the country as Judge Parker? His judicial training and the splendid record he has made in his exalted position, and that too in a State where the strength of the two political parties are so nearly matched, considered together with his geographical situation, render him the most available candidate with which to win a great Democratic victory in 1904. I am, sir,

JAMES K. PARR.

FOX-HUNTING

EDGEWOOD PARK, PA., *December 12, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I read with mingled indignation and shame the account, in your issue of December 5, of "Fox-hunting in the Genesco Valley." It sounded so English I could hardly believe the scene was laid in our own country.

Why do people find "sport" in hunting, anyway? But this story seemed particularly pitiful. Fancy a dozen or more presumably able-bodied men (and women?) with a score of powerful brutes, chasing to the death a poor little fox, mutilating and tossing to the ferocious hounds the almost palpitating remains, and ending the heroic achievement with a song of mockery over the little creature's "departing spirit." I should think grown men of means and some intelligence might be in better business. Is it any wonder that working people, reading such stories, are some of them imbruted by them, while the great majority are inflamed against the idle rich? I am, sir, H. D. C.

[Fox-hunting is defended on the ground that the benefit of a large number of hunters more than offsets the inconvenience to an occasional fox. In the Geneseo Valley the hunted fox usually gets away.—EDITOR.]

SENATOR QUAY'S POSITION

BUTLER, PA., *December 3, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As a constant reader of your well-composed articles, I can readily see the tendency to induce your readers to believe, that notwithstanding the strong sentiment among the common people in his favor, there is still a possibility that Mr. Roosevelt might be beaten in the national convention. This may be all right on your part, but it seems to me that in your effort in that direction, you go too far when you draw on Senator Quay for this purpose. In speaking of Senator Hanna, you say, "As events have shaped themselves, he is the only member of the Republican party who conceivably might beat Mr. Roosevelt in the Republican national convention, and even he could not do it without the support of Mr. Platt of New York, and Mr. Quay of Pennsylvania." To one who knows the Pennsylvania Senator and recalls the fact that it was Mr. Hanna's vote that kept Senator Quay out of his seat in the Senate, leaving one of the seats of Pennsylvania's Senators empty for two years, the suggestion that he might help to put Mr. Hanna on the Republican national ticket seems ridiculous.

Be assured that even if Wall Street is not friendly to our present Chief Magistrate, the people are; and he will not only be renominated, but reelected, and in this good work both Senator Quay and the Keystone State will do their full share.

I am, sir, J. R.

THE TAMMANY MAYOR AGAIN

MOOSE JAW, NORTHWEST TERRITORY, *November 30, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I am sure many of your readers must feel grateful, as I do, to John B. Mills, for his letter of the 14th inst. Although a Canadian, I watched the progress of the civic election in New York with the keenest interest, and admired very much your editorials on the situation. I was simply amazed, however, when I read your remarks as to the result of the election. I could have understood your making the best of what you had all the time predicted would be a bad situation, but to describe the situation as not so bad after all, is baffling to an ordinary reader.

Where is the fair play you seem to advocate? There is a vast difference between crying over spilled milk, and attempting to show the milk is not spilled at all, which you evidently have done since the election.

If a possible Tammany administration would be as deplorable as you depicted, how can an actual administration of Tammany Hall be the hopeful thing you write of?

A story told in London by Mr. W. J. Bryan recently seems to hit off your position. A man drank whiskey to keep himself safe from snake bites, but the snakes got inside instead of outside. You have been writing much against Tammany Hall, and have tried to keep the reading public safe from its bites, but the remarks referred to by Mr. Mills would seem to indicate that the snakes are now inside the editorial sanctum.

The only explanation of this running with the hare and hunting with the hounds which occurs to me is the one that you have given of McClellan's success, viz., that a Democratic panic seized the electorate, and a fear lest Low's success in New York might be synonymous with Roosevelt's in Washington.

I am, sir, T. ERNEST HOLLING.

[We are still unable to be wholly depressed by the fact that, contrary to its custom, Tammany Hall elected a decent man to be Mayor.—EDITOR.]

MR. ROOT FOR CHAIRMAN

NEW YORK, *December 18, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your current issue you suggest the possibility of Mr. Elihu Root as chairman of the national Republican committee. I take the liberty of endorsing this suggestion. Mr. Root knows, or should know, that he himself has no chance as a candidate for the Presidency. He is too closely identified with great corporations to "go" in the Middle West, but as chairman of the committee he is eminently the man. Cool, hard-headed, a great organizer, and one who has had the immense advantage of recent association with politicians, he is distinctly suited to the running of the committee for this next year.

Senator Hanna, while as good or even better in many ways for chairman, has the chance of possible nomination. He must give up one or the other—nomination or chairmanship—and with both in his mind he will carry out neither well, or will slight the chairmanship. That is merely human nature. If he is to be a candidate, either he or some one authorized to do so, must eventually announce it; if he is not to be a candidate, the sooner the party knows it the better.

The probabilities are, however, that he will make no announcement for some time to come, and in that event Root is the man. The party is none too unanimous. New York is doubtful. The Southern Republicans are nervous and disturbed. The Southern voters are not so much against Roosevelt as they are down on Republicanism itself. By the President's negro appointments, the Southern white is against the Republican party. He has been again united to his white neighbor in their common cause. There is nothing for Republicans to expect from the South, therefore. The vote to be studied is New York, New Jersey, Indiana, and Illinois. New York is more doubtful than Ohio, and Roosevelt will be more likely to carry the State than Hanna, while Hanna could carry his own State for Roosevelt after the nomination.

In the midst of this uncertainty the committee needs a great organizer with a clear mind and a certain bulldog tenacity. Mr. Root has these qualities as few men have, and Mr. Root has, in the minds of the Republican portions of this country, at least one thing more. By his extraordinary administration of the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico, by his work in carrying out the reorganization of the army, he has established the fact that he can do a thing he sets out to do and do it well. Such a man is needed at the head of the Republican committee: such a man has an immense opportunity; such a man is Elihu Root. Your suggestion, sir, is a good one. I am, sir,

HENRY J. BARROWS.

[We have been informed that, since the suggestion referred to appeared in these columns, President Roosevelt has asked and Mr. Root has declined to serve in the capacity mentioned—which is a pity, from Mr. Roosevelt's view-point.—EDITOR.]

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Alaska's Telegraph System

THE National Geographic Society has reported some interesting facts concerning the difficulties that have been encountered in the erection of the United States military telegraph system in Alaska. One thousand seven hundred and forty miles of wire were put up, and the magnitude of the enterprise is shown by the statement that from Fort Egbert alone, between November, 1902, and June, 1903, no less than 220 tons of supplies and material were sledded or packed into the interior, as it was impossible to move a ton by wagon. Most of the work was done between November and February, with the temperature averaging two degrees below zero, while temperatures of fifty or sixty degrees below zero were not unknown. Messages may now be sent by telegraph to Valdes, Fort Michael, and to stations along the Yukon River.

Recollections of a Journalist

By Julius Chambers

PUBLIC interest in the most bizarre figure in modern English history, the Earl of Beaconsfield, is likely to be revived by the appearance of a new biography. We are told that it is the volume that Lord Rowton, Beaconsfield's private secretary, was expected to have written. Doubt of his own ability to do justice to the career of the man who had ennobled him gave pause to the secretary's pen. It is regrettable that the volume does not contain more of the Boswell flavor than Lord Rowton alone could have supplied.

I was stationed in London nearly two years during the Seventies, when Disraeli was Prime Minister, and often heard him speak, frequently saw him upon Whitehall—walking home with Lord Russell by his side—once "interviewed" him, and witnessed the solemnities of his elevation to an Earldom. But the most characteristic and thoroughly Disraelian incident I recall has never been told.

An Anecdote of Disraeli

About one o'clock in the morning, shortly after the return of the Earl from Berlin, bearing "peace with honor," I left the press gallery of the House to go to the cable office. Passing a stand in the lobby, where a stoop-shouldered woman was wont to sell spirits and "soft" drinks, I dropped into line with half a dozen men, and waited my turn to be served. I paid no attention to the man directly in front of me, except to notice that he was hatless, and to comment mentally upon the dangers of such conduct in that cold and draughty place.

"Sixpenny 'orth o' brandy, neat," said the broad-shouldered little man directly ahead. The dame courtesied, an unusual attention to a customer, served the spirits, and the purchaser drained the glass at a gulp.

"Put it on the book," said the customer, as he replaced the glass upon the counter. Then he turned, facing me, and made his way through the crowd, toward the House of Lords. The man was unnoticed in the badly lighted corridor, although his name was ringing throughout the civilized world—the Earl of Beaconsfield!

The interesting feature of this episode was not that his lordship took a drink of brandy during a long night's session, but that he had an account with the woman tap-keeper, and from sheer force of habit had walked over to the Commons end of Westminster Palace to get his "brandy neat" at the familiar place.

The Interrupted Convention

The death of Albert Daggett, former State Senator of New York and Sheriff of Brooklyn, removes the last of a small band of devoted friends of General Arthur whose fidelity ended only with the latter's death. Mr. Daggett was a man of strong hatreds and warm friendships. He was a hard worker in politics. His most characteristic and audacious political act occurred at the Cincinnati Convention of 1876. Toward the close of the second afternoon the control of James G. Blaine was manifest to all his opponents. A caucus of Blaine's supporters had decided upon a night session, at which the nomination was to be made.

The New York delegation was bitterly hostile, but despaired of defeating the Blaine plans. The alert mind of "Al." Daggett found a way.

"The curfew shall not ring to-night," said he.

Securing the services of a plumber, and obtaining access to the cellars of the Convention building, Daggett first had the gas turned off; then, with an axe, chopped out all the pipes leading from the metre to the great hall above. An adjournment was thus rendered imperative, and Hayes eventually became the candidate. Daggett had occasion afterward to doubt whether he had not overexerted himself.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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CORRUPTION wins not more than honesty. Money well invested in COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION has cured coughs for forty years. It is still on the market.—[*Adv.*]

JUDGE COLT, of the Circuit Court of the United States, District of Massachusetts, deserves the congratulations and thanks of the American people for the broad and sweeping decision rendered Nov. 9, 1903, restraining parties in Boston, Mass., from using the word "Club" in connection with bottled cocktails. The complainants, G. F. Heublein & Bro., have spent much time and money in introducing the celebrated Club Cocktails, which, like all well-known and staple articles, have been more or less imitated. This decision means not only protection to the maker of the goods, but affords equal protection to the purchaser, and simplifies the matter of getting what you want and pay for. We trust the courts will continue in this good work and protect known and established brands from the piracy to which they so long have been subject.—[*Adv.*]

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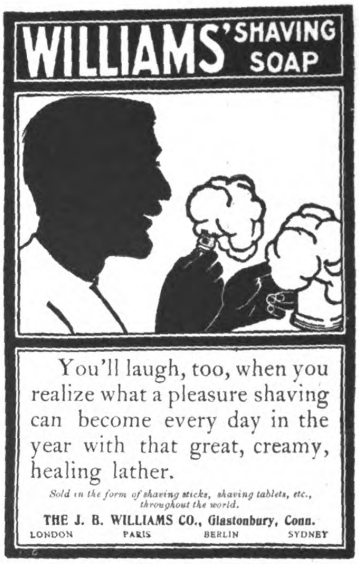
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THE MAIDS OF PARADISE

Robert W. Chambers possesses, more than any other American novelist, the feeling and quality of romance. The present tale carries the reader into the heart of the Franco-Prussian war. The Boston *Herald* writes that "Mr. Chambers is a superb master of his art as a story-teller of romantic fiction." Another Boston paper calls this romance "a wide-awake book, with plenty of dash and crash in it and many tender passages." Indeed, this charming story is, to quote the Philadelphia *North American*, "the foremost of modern romances."

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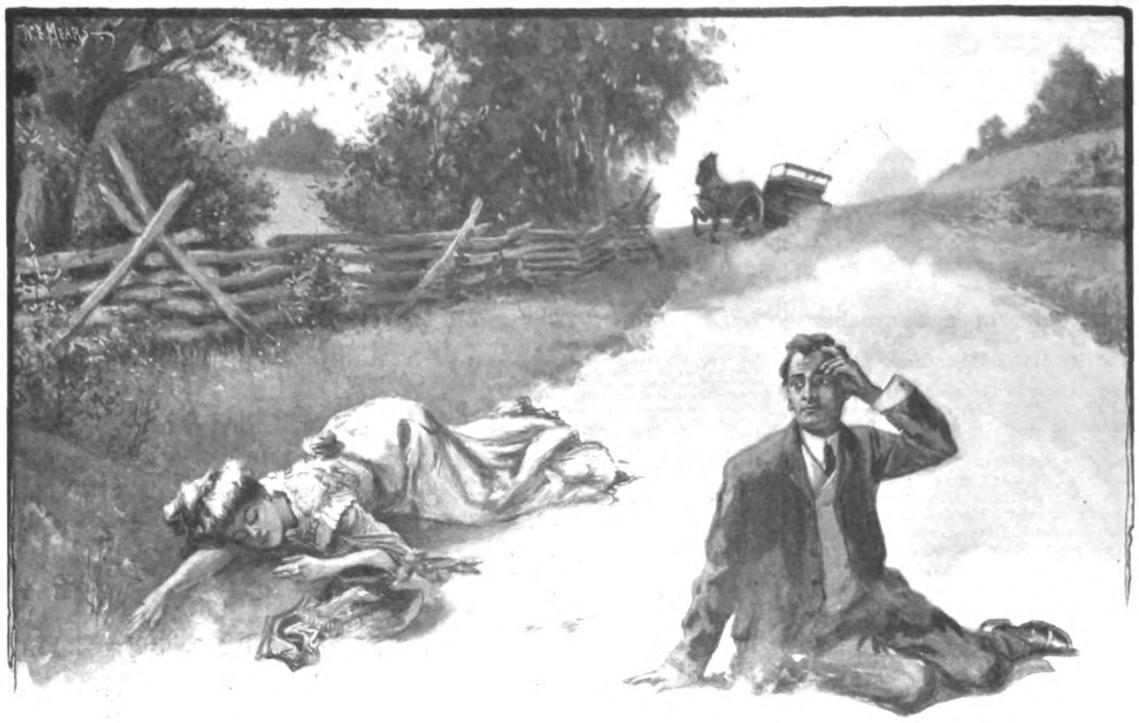
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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

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THE WAVERER

By MARGUERITE MERINGTON



IT happened among a small group of people, many of them young, some of them talented, all more or less interesting, who earned their daily bread.

One of the three about whom I write set out to be rich—and is rich and envied of men; another started forth to be famous—and is famous and envied of men; and the third, who only prayed to be happy—perhaps most of all to be envied!—is dead.

The sculptor was giving a feast in honor of a beautiful bust he had just completed. It was spring, and the studio was crowned with lilacs. A bronze Sheridan, a clay Rip-Van-Winkle Jefferson, a relief of Dreams, and an unfinished Night kept silent watch over the revellers. It was plain to all that Lingare regarded only Robert Cortelys, and that Cortelys spent the hours resting in the cool shadow of her dark eyes or sunning himself in her bright smiles.

The poet had sung his latest lyric, the editor had toasted everybody, and the wind-musicians behind the screen leaped with a grand blare into "Die Wacht am Rhein."

Just as the flash-light man was at his work, the door opened to admit Robert Munden Emery, and the general effect is pictured in the photographic record of the night. Lingare called Emery her brother's understudy. If Geoffrey was detained at a rehearsal, as a matter of course his life-long friend took his place as escort to Geoffrey's sister. A text-book on architecture gave Emery his footing in this circle, but he divided his allegiance to it with a partiality for the prosperous world of the unoccupied whose country villas he designed. He loved Lingare, and if his investments turned out well, he intended to ask her to marry him. But if these revenues should be too long delayed, why, there were heiresses to be won in the above-mentioned country villas.

Without, the terrace formed by an adjoining roof might have been a floating garden borne on a cloud from some far-off country. Ten flights below twinkled the city's lights, like the stars of an inverted heaven, and there were moving lights on the bosom of the distant river, seen through a soft, misty, lacelike fall of rain. The rain dripped from the beard of a sculptured satyr, and on the white shoulders of a nymph hiding from him among the box-trees. A lilac-covered trellis concealed the illumination that turned darkness into an opalescent glow as if from the rays of an enchanted moon. Emery's gaze followed Cortelys as, after the feast, he led Lingare to a station by the parapet, likening him to the satyr in his thought. Truly, though there was antagonism behind the estimate, it was not inapt. The almost classic, Puritanic mould that sometimes comes in good New England stock belonged to Cortelys, but was written over by the perverse contradiction of the artist's soul behind. All the lines of expression were traced by sentiment, pleasure, the love of beauty, and the joy of life. An early marriage had turned out unhappily, for which the man took all the blame, saying that an artist never should bind himself, early or late. The wife had returned to her parents, her husband supporting her while he deserted her, and as she had no wish to experiment a second time with matrimony, he retained the nominal tie as a protection against other permanent alliances.

The sculptor sold a statue to be set up in a great public park, and kept open house that summer. Two or three of his comrades built bungalows on the outskirts of his land for their summer lodgment. While his was being put up, Cortelys stayed at the Farm, as the sculptor's house was called. Emery also was there, superintending the construction of the cabins, botanizing, and giving and getting the small detailed information in which his soul found joy.

One evening Cortelys and Lingare were alone. Cortelys was planning out his new novel—the one on which his great fame rests—uttering disjointed phrases, giving bits of dialogue, snatches of description, as was his wont to a sympathetic listener, and Lingare commented, laughed, and made suggestions. Then he was silent, carrying a new train of thought to a wonderful climax, while Lingare mused. Her heart was following the barefoot steps of a little lad Cortelys had told her of, as he tramped across a continent from obscurity to fame. Born of New England parentage to a farmer's life in the far West, always he had felt that strange stirring of the blood—the spirit that sets the artist apart from other men, goading him to give it its outlet of expression and follow this or die! . . . . Keeping close to the soil whose son he was, he had fared forth, this child, cutting his own pathway, picking the ripening berries, following the triumphal progress of the harvest, but always moving on. Then youth, the cities, the struggle, the blinding years of waiting, but ever that seething of the blood that warms the artist's heart till it has ceased to beat; and then success, recognition, fame! . . . . Cortelys was fingering a letter in his pocket, by which his publisher offered a king's ransom for the novel that as yet existed only in his brain. He caught Lingare's dark gaze feasting on the face of the gifted child from which no artist ever grows away, and laughing, he drew her cheek down to his. "What is it?" he asked. Lingare took his long white shapely hand in hers, and kissed the fingers with a warm, maternal love. "Strawberries, two cents a quart!" she answered, thinking of the little barefoot lad earning his mite of bread.

Shortly afterward he drifted away on one of the absences with which he varied any life, however idyllic, that seemed on the verge of shaping itself to a routine. One evening Lingare sat on her loggia till all the light drew off the brow of heaven, immovable,

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with fixed, unseeing eyes, like a modern saint in a mediæval trance. At last she rose, and with a sad sigh breaking whatever spell had bound her, went below. She refused to let Geoffrey or the sculptor convey her across the creek to the house on the hill where dwelt the editor's family, with whom she announced her wish to spend the night, so they watched, till in the clear stillness they heard her paddle touch the landing, and then till her white dress disappeared among the laurels. Late next morning on her return she found Cortelys. As she made to pass him without a sign, he caught her by the hand. "Lingare—why did you go away? I came back!"

"I gave you an hour's grace—you did not come!"

"I started the moment your message came to me. I was sitting on the Turners' veranda, talking with a lot of people. I rose abruptly, and came at once—why did you not wait for me?"

"I tell you I did. I gave you an hour's grace—sixty minutes too long to wait for any man!"

"What could it have been that kept me?" Cortelys ransacked his memory. "Oh yes! Mrs. Turner's sister had come by the same train—at the station there was no one to meet her, and she asked me to see her home."

"For another woman—another woman—" Lingare pushed him away.

He followed her. "Sweetheart, you know there is no other woman! . . . An hour—what is it to you who hold me for all time? . . . Surely you would not have me refuse to aid beauty in distress!" Even Lingare laughed.

"As I have told you"—she resumed her plaint—"if I cannot have the thing I want when I want it, then I do not want it at all—ever!"

He held her close to him. "You do not want me," he said, "as I want you—and I am here!"

But never did his most seductive pleading succeed in piercing the moral fibre that was ingrained in her soul.

Before long he again drifted away, and, excepting through his work, for over a year nothing more was heard of him.

It was no one's fault. Emery, most careful of men, was driving, and paying strict attention to it, in order to guard against asking the question that, despite the fluctuations of architecture and cranberries, would keep rising to his lips whenever he found himself alone with Geoffrey's sister. An axle-pin of the old country wagon broke, the fore wheel went flying, and the horse tore off with the mad speed of fright. Emery rose unhurt from a grassy ditch to find Lingare lying stunned, bleeding, unconscious in the road. Beyond a slight flesh-cut in the hand, she proved to be uninjured, but for several hours she lay, talking in a wandering way, coherently, loquaciously—even, it would seem, intelligently, except for a strange curiosity to know her own identity. Repeated explanations could not satisfy her. Her soul was seeking something in a foreign land. Her hand was cold from the cocaine where the doctor had put his stitches, and the sculptor held it against his cheek, and sang her the Italian songs she loved. Constantly Geoffrey and the housekeeper had to restrain her from rising to find that lost treasure-trove for which ever and anon she clamored so insistently.

Late in the night, "Robert, Robert," she moaned. "Why doesn't he come when I am calling him? . . . Why doesn't Robert find me?" The watchers looked at one another, and the editor, as the father of growing daughters, seized the situation.

"Send for Robert, if she wants him—send for anything, any one, she wants," he ordered. "He's here, in the garden, waiting for news of her!" And he himself bustled out and brought in Robert Munden Emery.

With the day Lingare awakened to consciousness, only a great fatigue and much uncertainty as to the night's events attesting to her accident. The housekeeper advanced with respectful importance. "Whenever you want to see him, miss," she announced. "He's never left the house, for fear you might be asking for him!"

"Shall I tell him he may come to you, dearest?" Geoffrey now was bending over her.

"Of course," dictated the editor. "What are you all paltering about? He was the



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only man who could keep her quiet through the night. Call him!" he imperiously bade the gentle sculptor. Lingare wondered what they meant. It was like a fragment of a dream. She was weak, tired. Events came in their own fashion, just as in a dream. When Emery entered, with a new, tender anxiety in his proprietary air, she took everything for granted, as she lay there still, her soul not yet wholly recalled from its mysterious journey. She even found a kind, gentle smile for the man who sat by her holding her hand.

As Cortelys swung up the path he saw Lingare standing in the doorway, sweeter, more appealing even than he had remembered her. He was close to her—not before she caught sight of him, but before she believed in the substantiality of his presence. "Oh!" she cried. He drew her in and closed the door behind them. Then, with arms locked about each other, their lips were sealed.

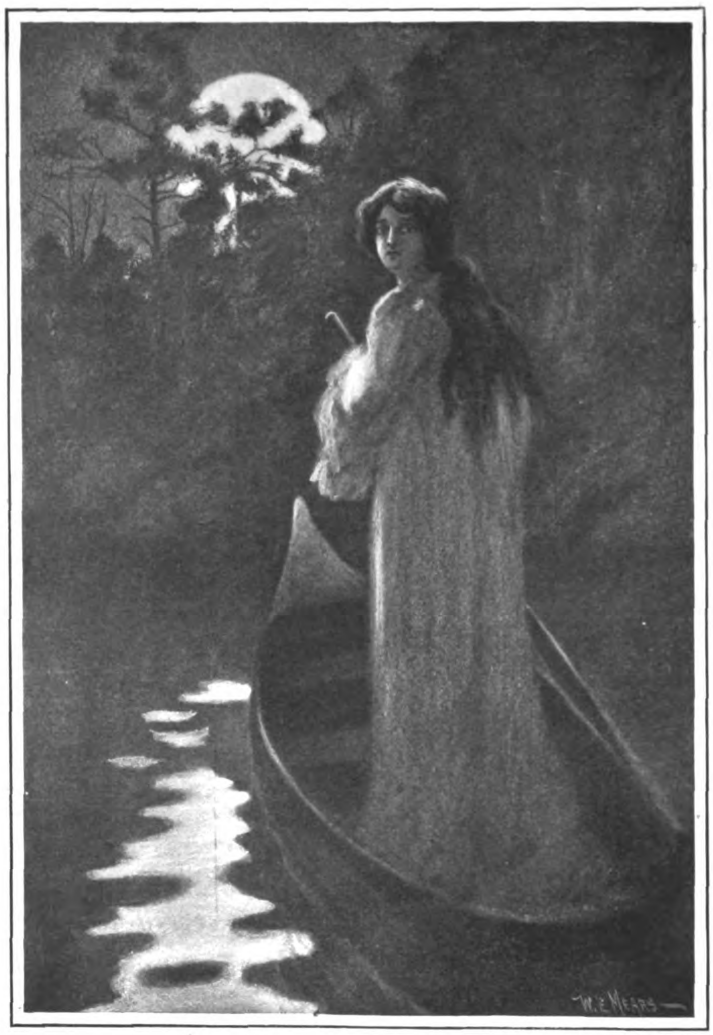
Cortelys was weary with his journey, and Lingare gave him food, saying little, but devouring him with her eyes. The others were away on a fishing expedition, and they had the hours to themselves. He had reached the haven of deliberate choice he sought for himself at last. The complications in his life were cleared. He was free. He had come to full realization of what all along he lazily had apprehended — that this woman was his predestined mate, and he now was here to claim her. The stillness of a tremendous happiness fell upon Lingare. As he talked in his desultory style, and yet with set purpose in his new mental attitude, she only could reply with caresses and mute murmurings of love.

The stars hung low from the coldly bright September sky. Cortelys slowly rose to his long length, and Lingare led him toward the door. "You must go now."

"It hardly seems true." Cortelys turned her face up to his. "And yet it is the truest thing in life!"

"It is the only true thing that has happened in all my love for you!" Lingare hid her face on his breast. Again he kissed her good-by. "Dearest—it is only for a few hours—for to-night — a few hours!"

"A few hours—and then forever!" whispered Lingare.



Lingare looked back with a little laugh

Drawn by W. E. Mears

Cortelys was roused by repeated, urgent knocking, stones thrown at his window, and his name called insistently. He had thought at first that he heard Lingare's voice—but his bungalow was too far away from the Farm for that. Then he recognized Emery.

"Cortelys—Cortelys! Get up and come at once. My wife—she is asking for you!"

"Your wife! Charmed, I'm sure—but why at this hour should I call on any lady?"

"Mrs. Emery—she told me that you had returned—that you had been to the Farm this evening! She is very ill—there was an accident last year, you know. You and she are old friends. She is asking for you!"

For the space of a second that held a whole eternity, Robert Cortelys stood stupefied, looking beyond Emery into the heart of night. Then the power of action came back to him. "I beg your pardon, Emery. I was three-quarters asleep — I didn't understand. Lingare—Mrs. Emery—ill! I'll come at once!" The two men walked in silence toward the Farm.

"Robert—Robert, my love! Robert, is this you? Did you hear me call? Have you come back to me at last?"

"I have come back to you, Lingare!"

"Robert—Robert—do you love me at last in the only way—the only way—or is it all a dream?"

"I love you in the only way—better than my life—more than my soul, Lingare!"

"And you will never leave me now—never! You are mine—mine for all time—tell me, Robert!"

Sobbing, Cortelys hid his face in the bedclothes. A stern hand on his shoulder made him collect himself. "Tell her what she asks! Promise her that you will never leave her!" and looking neither to the right nor to the left, Robert Munden Emery strode from his wife's room.

When at last she seemed to sleep, Cortelys came out to the other on the veranda. He briefly imparted to Emery the fact that Lingare was resting quietly, and then they waited with a ghastly silence, stifling further speech. A soft rustle, as if the wind were bringing down the fading poplar leaves, a low moaning sigh like the voice of night among the hemlocks, and a white figure passed them noiselessly. "Oh!" cried Emery—"the water! Oh, my wife — Lingare!" They followed her with all the speed they dared. A few steps from the landing Emery stood still, giving Cortelys a slight impetus. "Go," he said. "Save her — bring her back!"

The other hesitated, restrained by a fine delicacy. "You—" he began. Emery's face worked convulsively. "Don't you see," he cried, "that you alone can?"

Lingare had got into her canoe, and loosening it from its moorings, had guided it beyond reach into the stream, where she now stood in it motionless. The only other craft, the sculptor's boat, was at the editor's dock, half a mile away. The water was over a man's head, and Cortelys feared to plunge in and swim to her, lest she should take fright and lose her balance. "Lingare," he cried, "come back!"

Lingare stood gazing at him, all white, save for her dark hair and eyes. She did not heed her husband, watching her with agonized sobs behind the hemlocks. "Robert," she said, "there is something I do not understand," and with a plaintive gesture she put her hand to her forehead. "Give me your word that what I think has happened is all a bad dream—and that you are to be my husband, as you have always been my love! — give me your word — your word and I will come back!"

"Give her your word!" bravely cried Emery. But Cortelys hesitated. How could he tell her this, when he had come back to offer her the spirit of truth at last!

"Lingare—darling—Lingare—" he began. "Oh!" She impatiently waved away his words, and with a sudden stroke turned the canoe into the swift channel. Emery rushed frantically into the water. "The outlet!" he cried. "The outlet!"

Lingare looked back with a little light laugh that they heard above the falling of the waters.

"Yes," she said—"the outlet!"

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Atlanta Air is Like Champagne

Atlanta is the center of the Southeastern States, the natural distributing-point for a vast territory, and most great manufacturers, realizing this fact, have made Atlanta their southern headquarters. This has given the city the finest office buildings in the South.

It is the Capital of a State which produced this year one crop worth one hundred million dollars.

That is the price of the Georgia Cotton Crop, including seed and lint, uplands and long staple. It takes twice as much money to handle cotton at $60 a bale as it did at $30, but the Georgia banks are twice as strong in resources as they were ten years ago.

The deposits of Atlanta banks are four times as large as they were ten years ago, and one of them has as much money on deposit as they all had in December, 1893. All this makes business.

If manufacturers in New England and the Middle States find Atlanta the best gateway through which to reach the southern territory, the question naturally arises, why would it not pay to establish manufacturing plants at Atlanta and save the freight? Raw materials abound in great variety in Georgia and may be had for small cost. Labor's relations with capital are cordial. There is a good understanding between those who wish to work and those who need to have work done.

A good start has been made in manufacturing already. The product of Atlanta factories is worth over $20,000,000 a year, and about 12,000 hands are employed.

Here's a good combination:

12,000 pupils in public schools.
5,000 students in higher institutions.
12,000 operatives in factories.
25,000 engaged in gainful occupations.

Business growing four times as fast as population, and population growing twice as fast as that of the country.

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If you want to know the rest, write the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, or, better, come and see the town.
It is significant that people who have once lived in Atlanta always wish to return.
It is a good place to live and educate your children and a number one place to do business.
The climate is the best on the continent.

The North and South American Railroad

THERE is an immense appeal to the imagination in the scheme of building a vast railroad to unite all the countries of North, Central, and South America. Though this great line, when completed, will not compete in length with the railroad which now runs all across northern Asia, it will, nevertheless, be numbered among the world's greatest projects, a tremendous victory over space and time. There can be little doubt, also, that the regions to be opened up and united by the Pan-American line are of greater natural wealth, better supplied with almost untouched resources, and more promising for future development than the great wheat-fields and forests of Siberia, and the dry Manchurian uplands.

It would seem that the credit for first forming the idea of a Pan-American railroad, running from the northern to the southern extremity of the New World, belongs to the venerable Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who included it, in a lecture delivered several years ago, among the coming wonders of the world. The Pan-American Congress, which met in the city of Mexico two years ago, endorsed the project, and practical plans were there discussed, by which the natural and economic difficulties in the way of the line might be overcome. It was further brought out on the same occasion that very large sections of the Pan-American railroad were already in existence, needing only a series of missing links of relatively short extent, to complete the chain. Yet another step has just been taken, towards the realization of this project, in the appointment of Mr. Charles M. Pepper as United States Commissioner to the various Central and South-American countries concerned, who will be in a position to see with his own eyes not merely the difficulties to be overcome, but also the immense possibilities to be opened up by this gigantic undertaking. That two well-known men of business have volunteered to advance five thousand dollars each, towards the expense of Mr. Pepper's journey, shows that the plan appeals strongly to practical minds.

Details of the Scheme

In considering this great scheme, the first thing to get clear in our minds is, the extent to which its realization is facilitated by the railroads already built or building, which can be used as links in the chain. It is, of course, true that there are a dozen alternative routes from New York to Texas, the first stage of the journey, while several plans are at present under discussion by our railroad companies, for traversing the great Southwest by new and more direct routes. The striking deficiency, as far as our own territory is concerned, and from a theoretical rather than a practical point of view, is the lack of a great trunk road running north and south across the Western plains, and serving as a direct link between the wheat and forest lands of the Canadian Northwest Territory and our own Southwest, towards the Mexican line. There is no north and south railroad in the States which compares in directness and consequence with our various Pacific railroads, or with the Canadian Pacific. There are, of course, numerous combinations by which passengers or freight can go, let us say, from Manitoba to Mexico, but there is no single main artery, such as the Pan-American scheme contemplates. At present this is, as we said, rather a theoretical than a practical difficulty.

When we come to Mexico, the next link in the chain, we find that our sister republic makes an admirable showing. There are two main arteries connecting our railroads with the Mexican system: the one making connection at El Paso with the Arizona and New Mexico lines, which thus introduce the circulation of our Pacific coast; and the other at Ciudad Porfirio Diaz, joining the Mexican lines with San Antonio and Galveston, and the Gulf States. Southward through Mexico we have the Ferrocarril Central Mexicano, which practically covers the whole of the great Mexican plateau, culminating at Mexico city at an altitude of over 2000 meters, and for a considerable part of its length running at about 8000 feet above sea level. The huge masses of Mount Popocatepetl and the Serrania de Ajusco immediately to the south of Mexico city compel the line to deflect to the east, through Ometusco to Apizaco, and thence to Puebla, where the Mexican Southern Railway carries the line southward to Oaxaca city. The Mexican railroads pass through fifteen out of the twenty-seven Mexican States, and already tap a population of over eight millions.

In Central America

After Oaxaca there is a considerable break between the Mexican and Guatemalan lines, but the two governments have pledged themselves to supply the missing links, which will bring us to the south of Guatemala, whence a series of Central-American lines must be constructed, as follows: through San Salvador, 220 miles; through Honduras, 70 miles; through Nicaragua, 224 miles; through Costa Rica, 363 miles; bringing us to the northern border of Colombia, and thus technically to South-American territory, though still north of the Isthmus of Panama.

It is a little early to discuss the best form of bridge for this Pan-American line to cross the future Panama Canal, but, when we remember that the line which now joins St. Petersburg practically with Peking was begun only twelve years ago when Nicholas II., then Tsarevitch, laid the foundation-stone at Vladivostock, we may with confidence predict that the said canal bridge will not only be designed but actually built before this continent is many years older.

From Panama the line will run along the Pacific slope of the Andes till it reaches Peru. Here it will divide into two branches, one traversing the mountains, over grades no more difficult than those already surmounted in Mexico, and linking the railroads of Bolivia and Argentina with the Pan-American system; while the other branch will strike south—still along the Pacific coast, joining the Chilean railroads, and thus completing the line. It is estimated that this line will cost something like $175,000,000 to complete, as compared with $500,000,000, at which Minister Witté sets the outlay on the Trans-Siberian and Manchurian lines.

Facts about Colombia

SOME facts about Colombia which come by way of Washington are in point just now. Colombia, not counting Panama, is as large as California and Texas combined, and has over ten times the population of Panama; an estimate made in 1881 puts the figures at 3,600,000, exclusive of the people of Panama. Bogota, its capital, has been called "the Athens of South America." Its population is 125,000; the national university is located there, and the city has an excellent library of 50,000 volumes, a picture-gallery, an observatory, and a number of learned institutions. Twelve days are required to get from the coast to the capital. One lands at Barranquilla, at the mouth of the Magdalena River, goes up the river by steamer to Honda—592½ miles from the coast; then by rail for twenty-two miles to La Dorada, by mule journey for forty-five miles to Facatativa, and from there by rail again to Bogota, twenty-four miles.

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Progress of Science

Thermite, a New Invention

HERR HANS GOLDSCHMIDT, of Essen, Germany, has invented a compound which has the property of producing intensely high temperatures in such a way that they may be readily used for industrial purposes. This compound, which has been aptly named thermite, is made by combining, in the proper proportions, oxygen, in the form of oxides, and aluminum, the metal found in common clay. When these two substances are combined and ignited an enormously high temperature is instantly obtained. The thermite is ignited by putting in a pinch of peroxide of barium, and a fuse is led to this and lit. The oxygen contained in the oxide combines with the aluminum, forming an aluminum-oxide. The fused combination is hot enough to burn a hole with clean edges through an iron plate of any thickness, according to the quantity of thermite used, without heating the plate, except at the point of perforation. The material is not explosive, and if thrown upon a fire will not burn. Some of the industrial applications of the new compound were recently demonstrated at the Stevens Institute. Rails and pipes were united very quickly, and the unions were as good as the body of the metal. The joining effected can scarcely be called welding; it is more in the nature of a fusion. The important process of obtaining a continuous rail of equal conductivity, a necessity of modern electric-railway construction, is much simplified by the new discovery. The union of the parts of the rail can be effected after the trolley track is in position. Results of great interest to the engineer have also been attained with thermite in such difficult operations as mending the broken stern-post of an ocean liner and the broken driving-wheel of a locomotive.

Manganite, a New Explosive

A new explosive, to which the name of manganite has been given, has been invented by Baudinet and Rusher, of Natal. It is claimed for it that it is stronger, safer, and cheaper than dynamite, while it does not give off any poisonous fumes. At some recent trials at Camp Bay, South Africa, a four-ounce cartridge of manganite was placed in a bored hole in a rock and fired, with the result that the rock, although bedded some three feet in the earth, was rent asunder, and large pieces were dislodged from their bed. Comparative trials with dynamite were also made upon boulders and rocks, and in one case the manganite succeeded in dislodging from the boulder a large block of stone of an estimated weight of about seven tons. Its safety was demonstrated by careful tests. Gunpowder placed in a cartridge of manganite had no effect upon it. A cartridge was placed upon the web of a steel rail, which it succeeded in cracking. Rifle bullets and shot were fired into a cartridge of the new substance, and a portion was burned in a fire, but without resulting in explosion or ignition. No concussion less than that exerted by a detonator will explode it.

Tests of the New Edison Battery

Some particulars were lately given in this column of the battery which Edison has perfected after many years of laborious experiment. So much has been claimed for this battery, and it has been so long in making its appearance on the market, that a certain amount of scepticism has been evinced concerning its efficiency. That there is no ground for these doubts, however, seems to be proved both by a writer in the *American Machinist* and by Mr. W. Hibbert, in England, who has read a paper, on the tests he has made, before the Institution of Electrical Engineers. Mr. Hibbert says that, on the average, the result obtained with the Edison battery is considerably better than that obtainable in practice with lead accumulators. He submitted the battery to severe tests, and found that its capacity is the same on the road as in the laboratory; that it will stand excessive discharges on the road; that it will take a rapid charge and utilize it on the road; that it will recover after lying discharged for some time. The tests described in the *American Machinist* are even more severe and equally conclusive.

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Music

"Parsifal" in New York.—II.

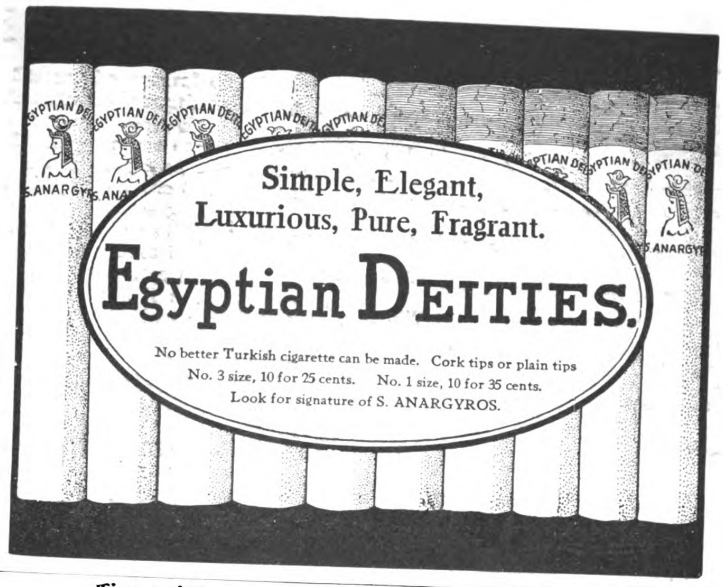
It has been pointed out that Mr. Conried's only justification for the importing of "Parsifal" in its complete form would be in a fully adequate representation; and adequacy being, in this case, very nearly synonymous with perfection, the task was a sufficiently difficult one. A bungling, an ineffective, a careless production of "Parsifal" would be intolerable. It is alone among Wagner's works—and, indeed, among all works for the lyric stage—in the inexorable demands which it makes upon its producers. Its just effect is conditioned upon an almost impossibly flawless harmony and finish in the representation. Wagner has distributed his effects with such subtle and delicate proportioning among the different factors through which the work makes its address to the emotions and the imagination, that unless these are coordinated with the utmost dexterity the illusion is fatally disturbed. To say that Mr. Conried has fulfilled these vital requirements is virtually to say that he has accomplished a marvel. In an opera-house wholly unsuited to his special purpose, in an environment unfavorable to its best reception, he has succeeded in giving a production of "Parsifal" which, in the opinion of those who are best qualified to make comparisons, transcends at many points the standard of Bayreuth. That he has embodied Wagner's wishes and ideals with eloquent impressiveness is beyond dispute.

In the matter of scenic effect alone he has realized the intentions of the dramatist with a completeness of detail and a poetic appropriateness quite beyond praise. Nothing so beautiful and effective as the settings of the woodland scene in the first act, the Temple interior, and the magic flower-garden of the second act have been seen on the stage of the Metropolitan. Moreover, the stage management is, in the main, admirable. The difficult transformation scenes are not yet quite smoothly worked, and it is a mistake to lift the walls of *Klingsor's* castle into the flies instead of sinking them beneath the stage. Especially unfortunate defects are the too-brilliant lighting of the temple and the shockingly casual manner in which the chief attendant in the Communion scene of the first act handles the Grail and its shrine: but, on the whole, Mr. Anton Fuchs has ably justified, by his success with "Parsifal," his reputation as the first stage manager in Europe.

Of Ternina's *Kundry* and Van Rooy's *Amfortas* it is enough to say that their Bayreuth experience in these parts has been productive of excellent results. The *Kundry* of Ternina is of a piece with her superb *Isolde* —deeply and truly perceived, intensely imagined, magnificently realized; and the impersonation of Van Rooy is on a level with it,—as fine an achievement, within its scope, as his *Wotan*. Burgstaller's *Parsifal* is disappointing—here the teachings of Bayreuth (the Bayreuth of Cosima, not Richard, Wagner) have worked decided harm. Mr. Burgstaller is exaggerated, at times oversentimental, and in one place inexcusably at variance with the significance of the scene; he has, though, undoubted merits of simplicity and manliness. The *Gurnemanz* of Blass and the *Klingsor* of Göritz are competent, and the several parts of minor importance are capably filled.

Mr. Hertz's reading of the score has caused his admirers some uneasiness. It appeared, on the opening night, to lack breadth and solemnity in the weightier portions, and his tempi seemed excessively energetic. But with these exceptions, his conducting was masterly—impassioned, rich in nuance, and charged with power and authority. On his shoulders rested the chief musical burden of the production, and he has nobly deserved all the honor that may come to him.

One cannot conclude a review of the first American production of "Parsifal" without testifying to the unique and haunting effect of this incomparable score when heard, at last, in its just relationships. Nowhere else has Wagner written with so intense and deep a tenderness, with so grave, so majestic, so intimate a loveliness. Those who can find here a decadence, a futility of effort, are sincerely to be commiserated.



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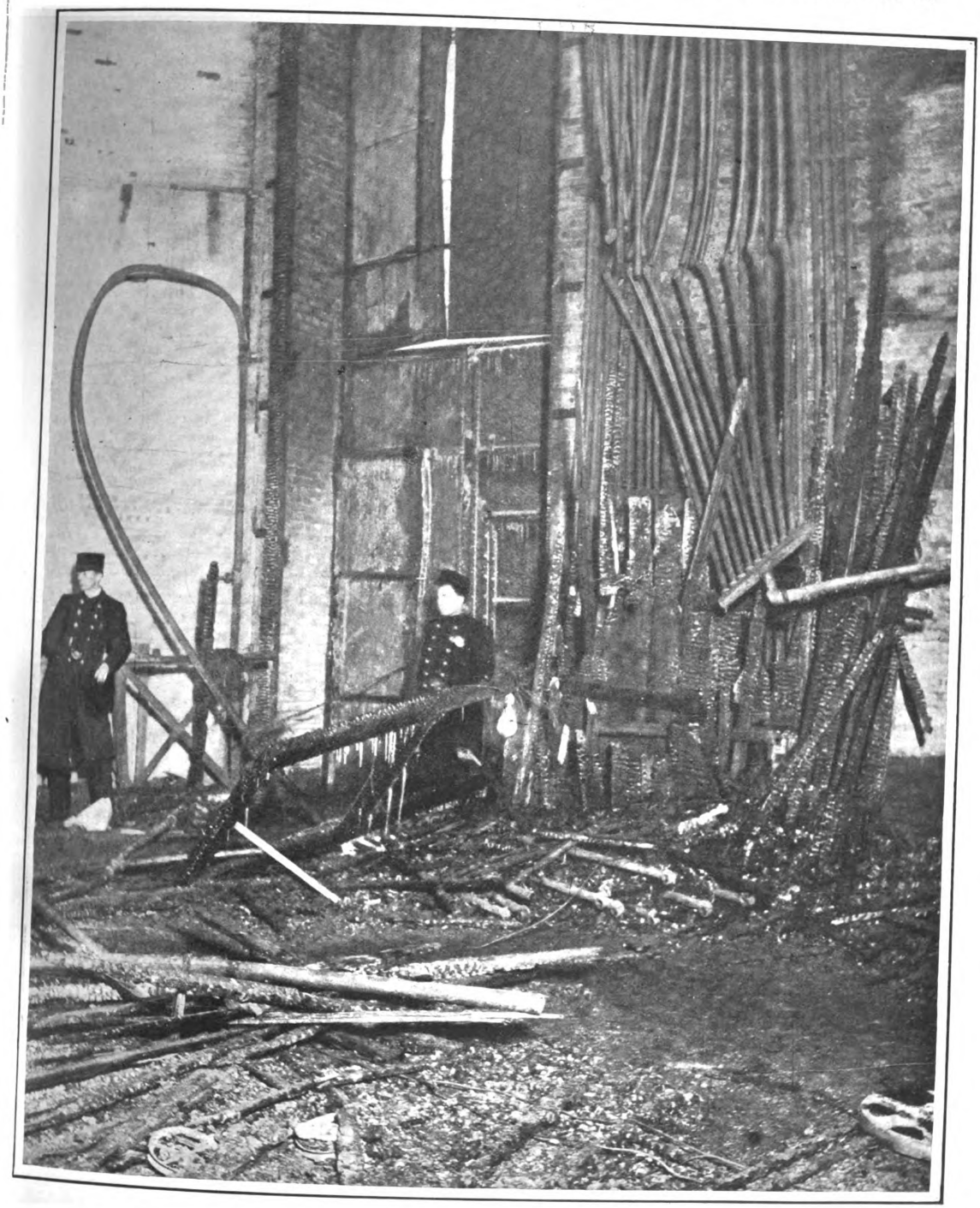
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CHICAGO'S THEATRE FIRE

Photographs and description of the disaster at the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago on December 30, in which 585 lives were lost, and which, with two exceptions—the fires at the Ring Theatre in Vienna, in 1881, when 875 lives were lost, and at Lehman's Theatre in St. Petersburg, when the loss of life was between 600 and 700—is the worst disaster of the kind in history



THE STAGE OF THE THEATRE IN RUINS

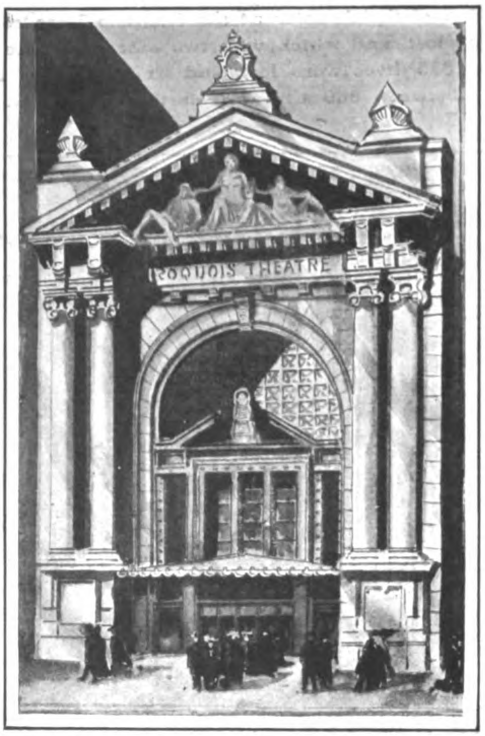
At the back of the theatre building a door opens into an alley. Through this exit the members of the "Mr. Bluebeard" company escaped from the burning stage. Some who attempted to leap into the orchestra pit were restrained by Stage-manager Cummings. Fifty supernumeraries and members of the ballet who were caught beneath the stage and were prevented from reaching the exit by the jam on the stairways, found their way out through a coal-hole which led from the basement

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Incidents and Scenes at the Fire

ON December 30, during a fire and panic at a matinée performance at the Iroquois Theatre, Chicago, 585 lives were lost and 142 persons were injured. With two exceptions—the fire at the Ring Theatre in Vienna, in 1881, when 875 lives were lost, and the burning of Lehman's Theatre, in St. Petersburg, in which between six and seven hundred perished—the disaster at the Iroquois Theatre is the most appalling in history. The fire was started by a defective electric-light wire, and spread quickly over the auditorium.

"Mr. Bluebeard," the Drury Lane extravaganza, was being played, and an unusually large audience, made up mostly of women and children, filled the theatre. An effort was made to lower the fireproof curtain, but it was unsuccessful. When the rush for safety began it was found that, although the theatre had thirty exits, only one door, at the Randolph Street entrance, was open. People in the balcony and gallery had little chance of escape. Those who were not burned were crushed in the struggle at the exits and on the stairways.



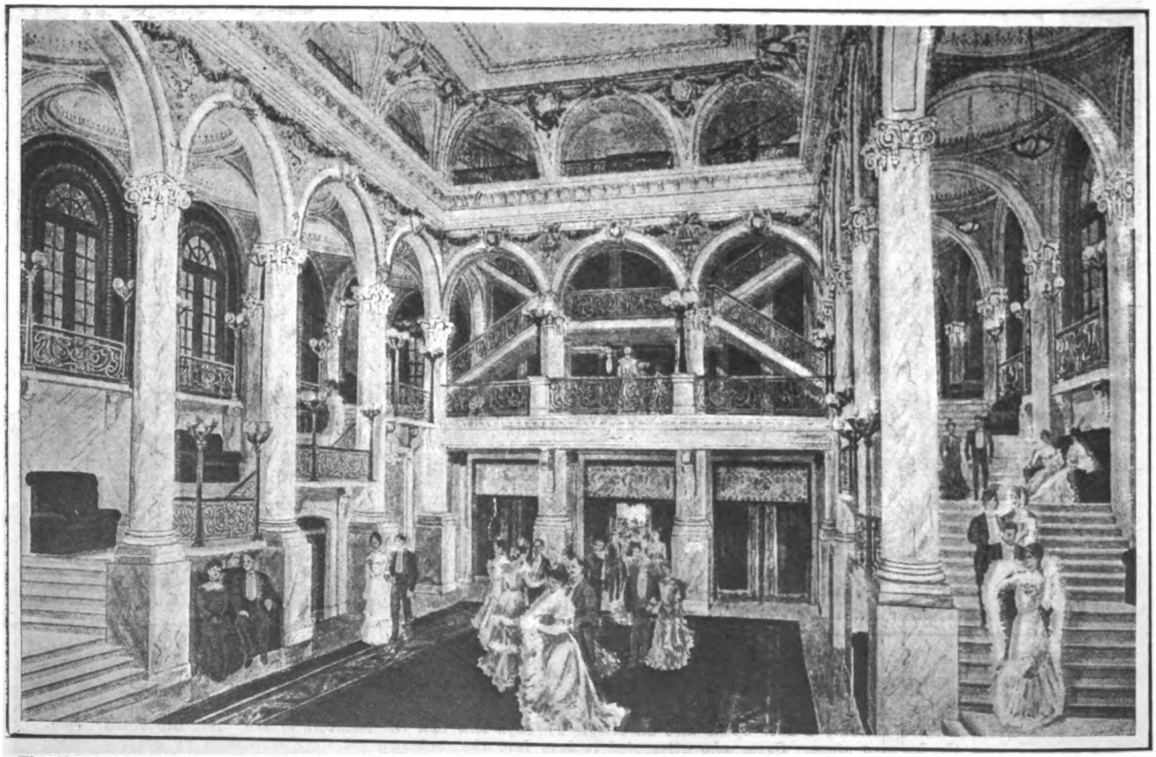
The Iroquois Theatre as it was before the Fire

The Iroquois Theatre is situated on Randolph Street, between State and Dearborn. It was only recently completed, at a cost of $500,000, and was opened on November 23, 1903. It was supposed to be of the most modern and improved construction, and was considered one of the safest theatres in the world. The building was inspected by the proper official, who reported on November 25 that it was completed and ready for use. Among other defects in equipment, however, some of the fire-escapes were not in position, and the asbestos curtain, supposed to be fireproof, was almost entirely destroyed. The loss to the owners of the building is estimated at $20,000.

New-year's day in Chicago was observed throughout the city as a day of mourning. No bells were rung to celebrate the beginning of the new year, and all festivities were suspended. Mayor Harrison issued a proclamation requesting that the day be observed in quiet as a tribute of respect and sympathy. On the following day, Saturday, January 2, business and public offices, the Board of Trade, and the Stock Exchange were closed.

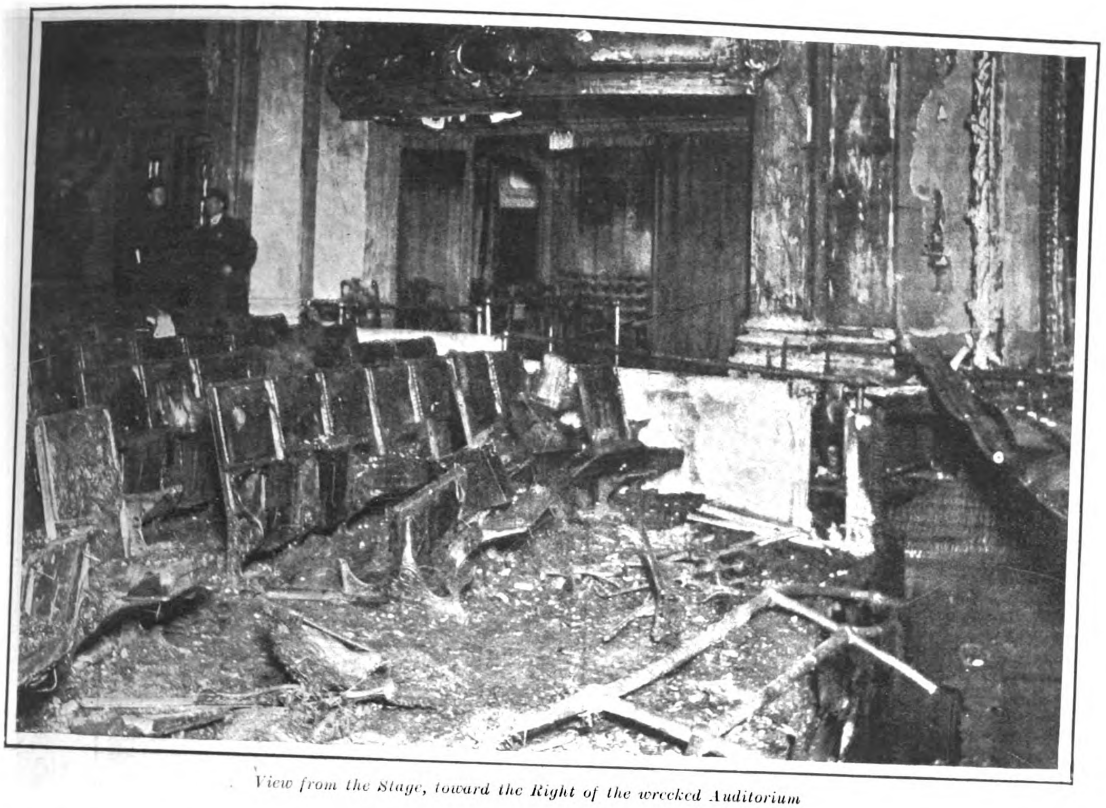
On Friday, January 1, Mayor Harrison ordered an investigation of Chicago's playhouses. The conditions which were discovered resulted in an order to close nineteen of the city's theatres, because they were unprovided with an asbestos curtain, in violation of the ordinance. The report of Building Commissioner Williams, who made the investigation, showed that of the nineteen theatres condemned some had curtains of burlap, others curtains of linen and canvas; none had the proper asbestos protection. There were, moreover, other dangerous defects in some of the houses which the managers will be required to remedy.

As a result of Chicago's calamity, the new Fire Commissioner of New York, Nicholas J. Hayes, has issued an order requiring a specially careful enforcement of the provisions of the law relating to the safeguarding and inspection of theatres in New York city. A competent assistant foreman in each fire-department battalion wherein a theatre is located will be put on duty as inspector, and will work under the supervision of the general theatre inspector. It will be their duty to make weekly inspections of all places of amusement in their district for the purpose of seeing that the stage, wings, traps, flies, etc., are in proper condition; to examine all the fire appliances; to report in writing to the supervising inspector once a month, stating whether or not such appliances are in perfect condition; also whether all exits, diagrams, and lights indicating exits are in compliance with the building laws.

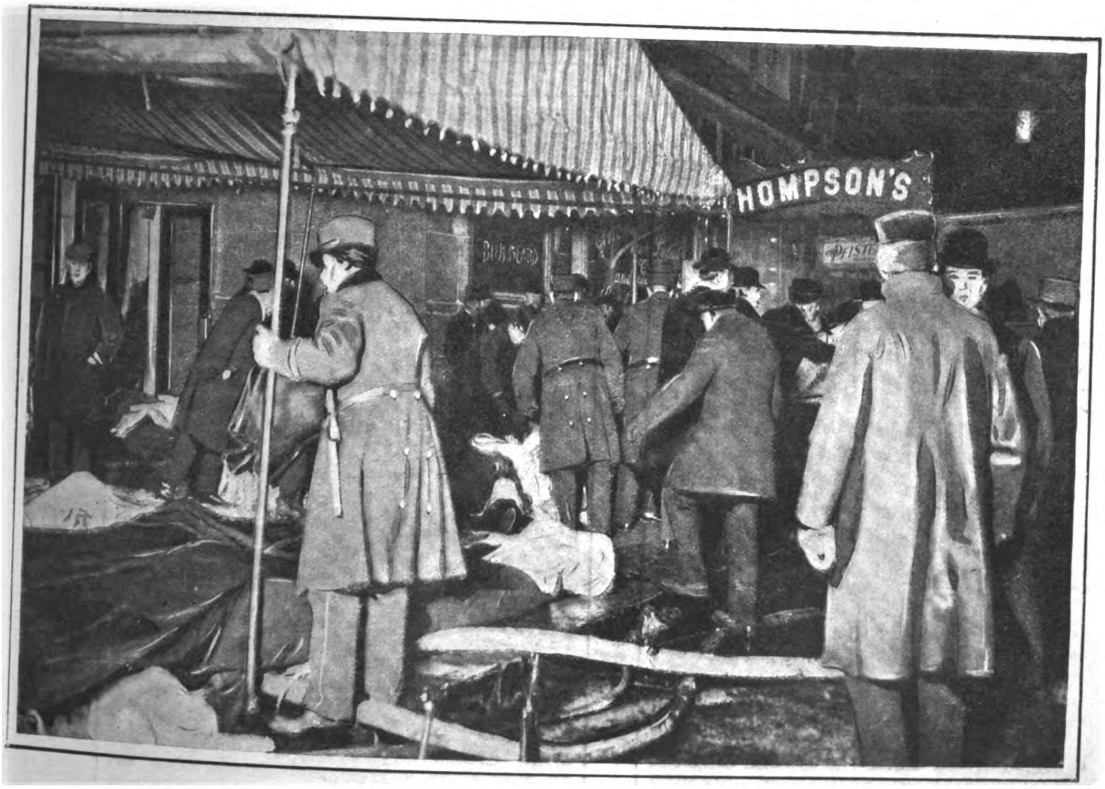


The Foyer of the Theatre—At the top of the Stairway, to the Right, occurred the Crush which resulted in the greatest Loss of Life

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View from the Stage, toward the Right of the wrecked Auditorium



Scene in Front of the Theatre during the Fire

SCENES AT THE IROQUOIS THEATRE FIRE

The photograph at the top gives a graphic idea of the effect of the fire in the auditorium of the Iroquois Theatre. Many of the seats in the front part of the orchestra are destroyed and the decorations burned. The damage is estimated at $20,000. As soon as the extent of the disaster was known, ambulances, doctors, and nurses from all parts of the city hurried to the aid of the injured and dying. The lower photograph shows the scene in front of the theatre as victims were being carried out

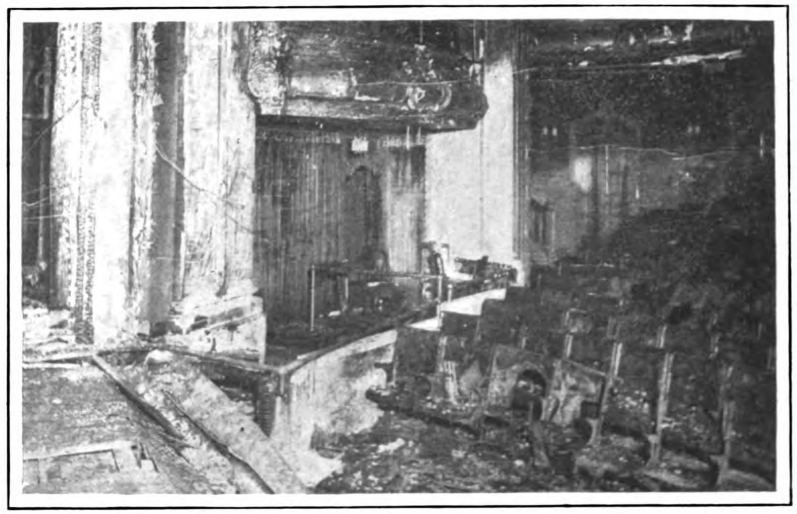
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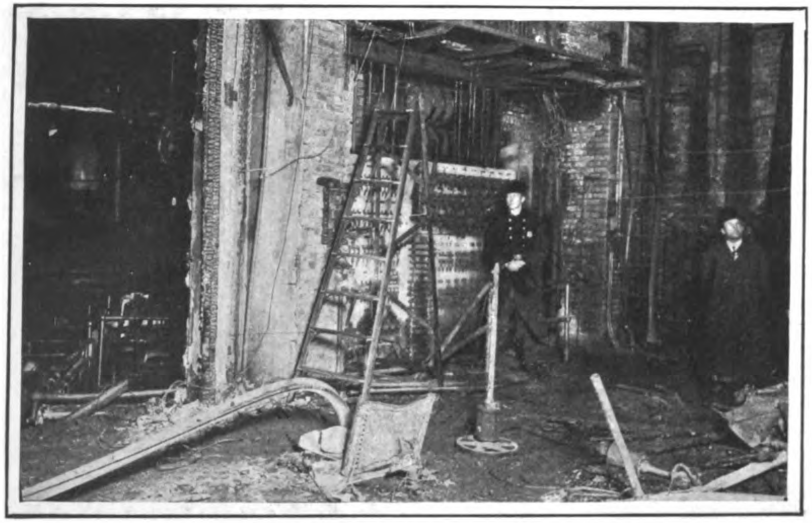
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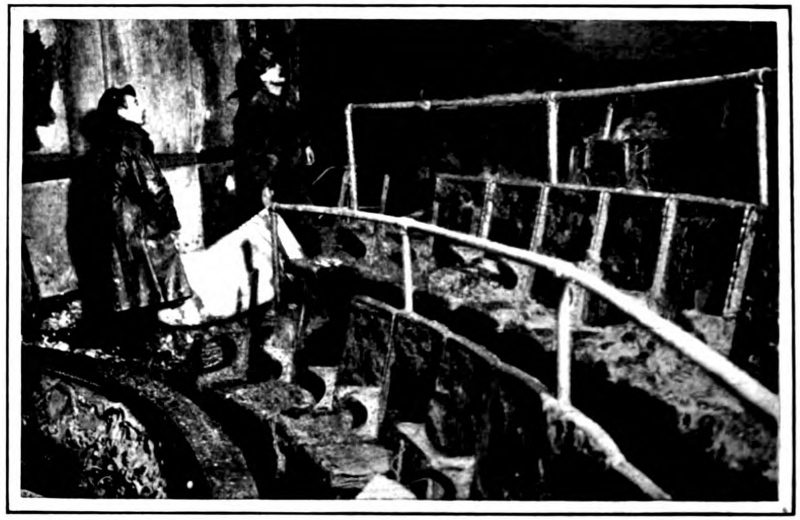
A View of the Stage, where the Fire started



View from the Stage, toward the Left of the Auditorium



The Electric Switchboard, which controlled the Lighting



Rescuers at Work in the Gallery

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE INTERIOR OF THE THEATRE

A comparison of the number of lives lost in the Iroquois Theatre fire with the casualties in other disasters of a similar kind, shows these results: Loss of life in Iroquois fire, five hundred and eighty-five; the number in the Ring Theatre, Vienna, on December 9, 1881, eight hundred and seventy-five; at Lehman's Theatre, in St. Petersburg, which was partially destroyed, between six and seven hundred; in the Brooklyn Theatre fire of December 5, 1876, two hundred and ninety-seven; at the Paris Charity Bazar fire, May 4, 1897, one hundred; in the Opéra Comique fire in Paris, on May 26, 1887, seventy-five. In the great Chicago fire of 1871, the loss of life was less than at the Iroquois

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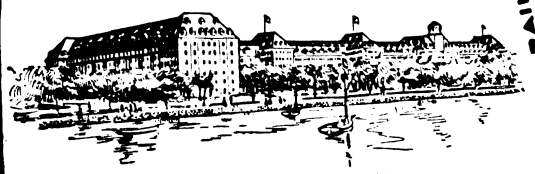
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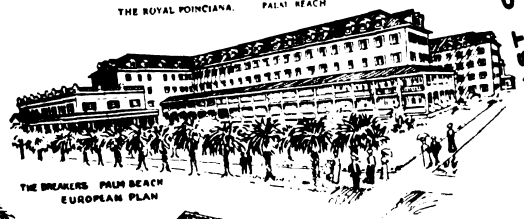
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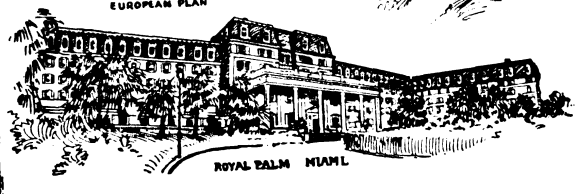

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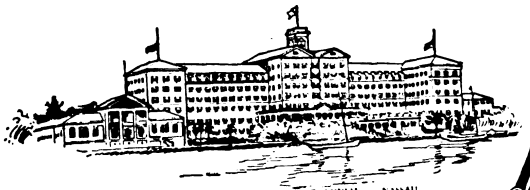

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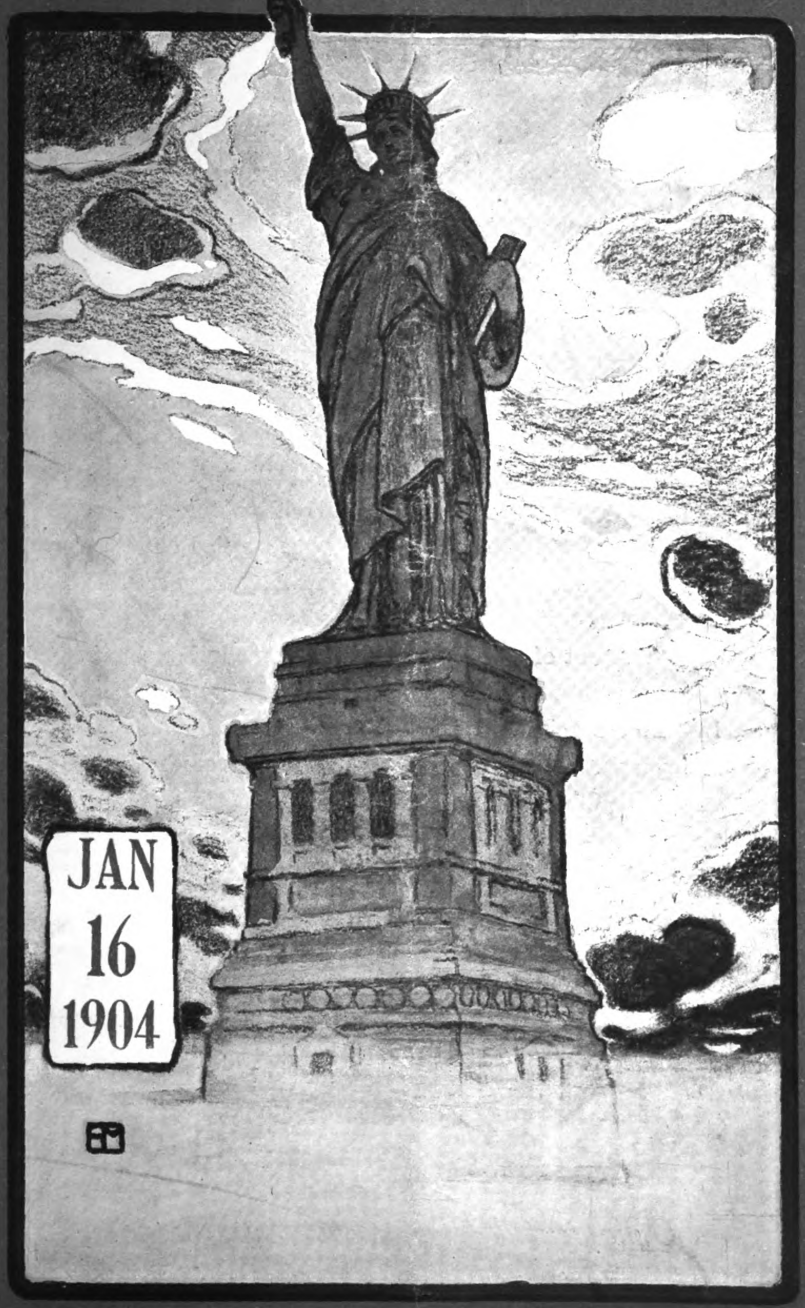
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by George Harvey



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Lux Crucis

A Tale of the Great Apostle

BY

SAMUEL M. GARDENHIRE

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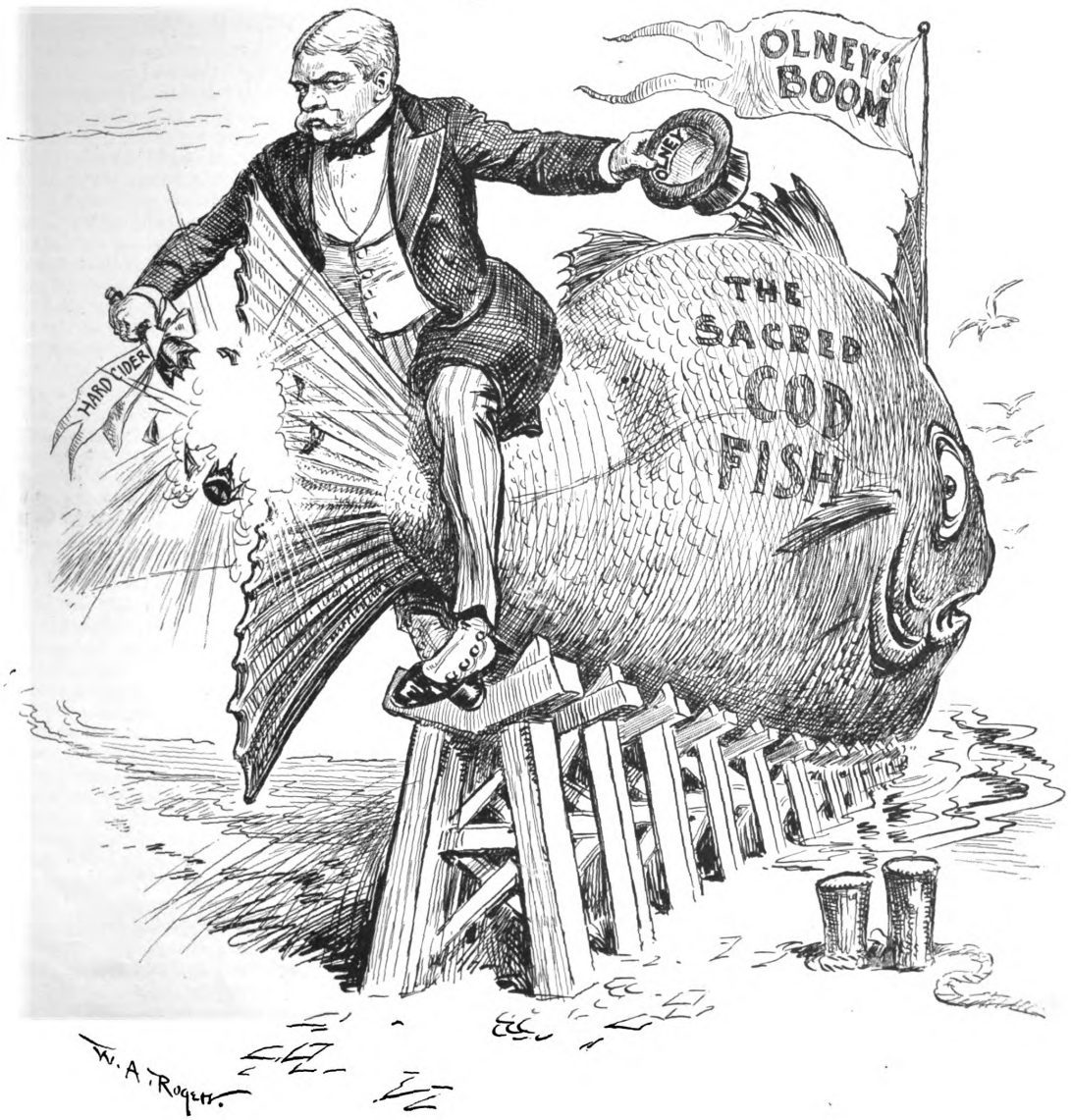
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LAUNCHING THE OLNEY BOOM

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COMMENT

A CONCERTED movement is about to be made by Massachusetts Democrats to put forward as the candidate for their party's nomination for the Presidency Mr. Richard Olney, who, it is well known, was successively Attorney-General and Secretary of State in Mr. Cleveland's second administration. Mr. William S. McNary, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Massachusetts, is said to have announced that, at a meeting of the committee to be held presently, a resolution will be adopted asking for Mr. Olney the united support of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. It is quite possible that the delegates to the Democratic National Convention from Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont might, on the first ballot, vote for Mr. Olney, if they thought he had a fair chance of securing the nomination. Rhode Island, on the other hand, has in Governor Garvin a candidate of her own; and experience has shown that, in national conventions, Connecticut is apt to follow the lead of New York, except when the latter's delegates have been dominated by Tammany Hall, as was the case on the occasions when they opposed Mr. Cleveland. If New York should put forward a candidate acceptable to conservative Democrats, he would be reasonably sure of support from the Connecticut delegates. That Mr. Olney (if New York should name Judge Parker) could obtain any votes in the convention from the Southern States is improbable. Could he hope for assistance from the Bryanites, headed by Mr. Bryan himself, and by Messrs. Johnson, Carter Harrison, and Hearst?

It is true that he advocated the election of Mr. Bryan in 1900, believing anti-imperialism to be the chief issue before the country, but he, like Judge Gray of Delaware, was an avowed opponent of the Democratic nominee for the Presidency in 1896. Chief-Judge Parker, on the other hand, voted for Mr. Bryan in both years, although, as a representative of his State judiciary, he did not take, and was not expected to take, a conspicuous part in the campaigns. As for Mr. Olney's qualifications for an energetic and successful canvass, he is more effective with the pen than with the tongue, and his best friends would scarcely describe him as "magnetic." It may be, however, that, since Mr. Bryan delivered his "cross of gold" speech, Democrats have had enough of "magnetism" to last them a lifetime. A weighty objection to Mr. Olney is, as we have said, the undisputed fact that he could not carry his own State. For the Democracy at this critical conjuncture to select for its champion a man who could not carry his own State is as if a university crew should take for stroke-oar a man who could not pull his own weight. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the far-reaching and powerful influence of ex-President Cleveland would be exerted on Mr. Olney's behalf. Yet it would not surprise us if many of those to whom he may urgently commend the choice of his Secretary of State should answer as the Puritan maiden replied to John Alden: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Some people are inclined to smile when the daily newspapers talk about the composition of Mayor McClellan's "cabinet." As a matter of fact, the functions discharged by his principal coadjutors are more comprehensive and weighty than those entrusted to ministers in many a monarchy. Even in respect of population the city of New York may be bracketed with several kingdoms, while as regards command of capital she is far more powerful than Portugal, Rumania, or Sweden and Norway, and may be compared with Belgium and Holland, if not with Spain. Her ocean-borne commerce is second to that of London alone, and she is one of the greatest manufacturing centres that the world has seen. Her annual budget is much larger than was that of the whole United States before the civil war. Under the circumstances, we can scarcely term it magniloquence to speak of the new Mayor's chief assistants in the administration of the affairs of the colossal municipality as constituting a "cabinet." In proportion, of course, to the importance of the function is the public interest attaching to the selection of the men who will discharge them during the next two years. We did not advocate the election of Mr. McClellan, but we are bound to recognize that he enters upon the Mayoralty under good auspices, so far as auguries may be drawn from many of the appointments that he has made. It is true that not Mr. McClellan, but Mr. C. F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, is to be credited with the nomination and election of Mr. Grout to the Comptrollership, and of Mr. Fornes to the presidency of the Board of Aldermen. So far as these two officials are concerned, we may be confident that the honorable traditions of the Low administration will be upheld.

It is, of course, by his distribution of the appointive offices that Mr. McClellan will be judged. From this point of view, it is gratifying to find him insisting on retaining in office Major John McGaw Woodbury, who has been Street-Cleaning Commissioner under the fusion administration, and who, as such, has an immense amount of patronage at his command. Not less acceptable and promising is the appointment of Mr. William McAdoo, for several terms a member of the Federal House of Representatives from New Jersey, and Assistant-Secretary of the Navy in the last Cleveland administration, to be Police Commissioner. This appointment is by no means calculated to fulfil Dr. Parkhurst's prediction that the advent of the Tammany administration would "lift the lid off of hell." We have no more doubt of Mr. McAdoo's firmness of purpose than we have about his probity, and we expect to see him administer his important office as efficiently as it was conducted by General Greene. Welcome, also, to all those who know him, is the designation of Mr. T. C. Crain for the post of Tenement-House Commissioner. Satisfactory, also, is the selection of Dr. Thomas Darlington for the place of Health Commissioner. No reasonable objection can be offered to the appointment of Mr. Patrick Keenan to be City Chamberlain, or to that of Mr. John J. Delaney to be Corporation Counsel. Neither is anybody likely to criticise the designation of Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith as art commissioner. On the other hand, the offices of Fire Commissioner, Correction Commissioner, Water Commissioner, Charities Commissioner, and Dock Commissioner have obviously been bestowed for political services rendered to the Tammany organization. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. George E. Best is qualified by professional experience to perform the duties of Bridge Commissioner, and it is an ominous fact that he is connected with a Tammany firm of contractors. We observe, finally, that, among the new Park Commissioners is Mr. John J. Pallas, a labor leader who seems to have acquired his connoisseurship in landscape gardening as a walking delegate. We are well aware that the Tammany district leaders would not suffer their "claims" to be repudiated utterly, and that there are limits beyond which they would not let their party go in "pandering to the better element." We repeat that we cheerfully acknowledge that Mayor McClellan has done the best he could, and much better than the fusionists expected.

The speeches made at the banquet of the Jacksonian Club of Nebraska on the ninety-ninth anniversary of the battle of New Orleans were interesting as indicating the present attitude of the Bryanites. We are by no means certain that Senator Newlands of Nevada and Representative De Armond of Missouri would have been so outspoken in their rejection

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of the chief planks in the Democratic platforms of 1896 and 1900 had Mr. Bryan been present. That effective rhetorician, however, was thousands of miles away, engaged in the process of broadening his mind by a study of the effete monarchies of Europe. When the cat's away the mice will play, and if Mr. Bryan's tour had been prolonged much further he might have lost control of what following he has left. Thus, Mr. De Armond, who was formerly a rabid silverite, admitted that free silver was a "dead issue," and about anti-imperialism he had little if anything to say. He welcomed the reunion of all former Democrats, and warned his auditors that if the party should drive away elements which were not with it, or which left it in its recent past, the promise of victory offered by the conditions of the hour would prove delusive, and it would go down to defeat.

But while his voice was for harmony, and Mr. De Armond was willing not only to take back the Democratic seceders, but even to kill a fatted calf for them, he was indisposed to assign to them the highest places at the banquet table. No man, he thought, who did not support the ticket in both 1896 and 1900 would be "available" for the Presidential nomination in 1904. In other words, he would be opposed to Mr. Olney or Judge Gray, both of whom took an active part against Mr. Bryan eight years ago. How Mr. Cleveland voted in the years named is as yet unknown. Evidently Mr. De Armond would have no objection to Judge Parker. Senator Newlands told Nebraska Democrats that their fellow citizen, the Democratic standard-bearer in the last two campaigns, was now an impossibility. He went on to express the conviction that tariff revision will be the pivotal issue this year. He does not believe, however, that duties should be so much reduced as to lower the wages paid to American labor, and, on the whole, he seemed to answer the definition of a "Sam Randall Democrat." If the Democratic party ever gains control of both Houses of Congress and of the Presidency—a position which they attained in the second Cleveland administration—the majority of them are likely to demand more drastic measures than will meet with the approval of Senator Newlands, or, for that matter, Senator Gorman, of whose mangling of the Wilson tariff bill we have a lively remembrance.

At the hour when we write, there is no confirmation of the report that the Colombian gunboat *General Pinzon* has been sunk by the United States cruiser *Olympia* and the United States gunboat *Castine* off the San Blas coast of the isthmus. There seems to be no doubt that Colombia committed an act of war against the Republic of Panama by landing troops on December 21 at Carti, a village in Panama territory, and in conveying thence to Cartagena an Indian chief named Inanaquina, who is credited with a good deal of local influence. When the aggression became known at Colon, Admiral Coghlan transferred his flag to the *Mayflower*, and ordered the cruiser *Olympia* and the gunboat *Castine* to proceed to Carti. What instructions were given to the commanders of these vessels is not yet known, but we presume that they went no further than to authorize the transmission of a warning to the commander of the *General Pinzon* that Colombian soldiers must not again be disembarked upon the territory of a state that we have bound ourselves by treaty to protect. Critics of the Roosevelt administration point out that Carti is about a hundred miles from Colon, and that the landing of Colombian troops at that point could hardly be construed as a menace to the canal and railway zone.

The criticism is not well founded. If for the purpose of safeguarding trans-isthmian communications we mean to fulfil our promise to protect the Republic of Panama, it is obvious that no precaution should be neglected, and that our protection should begin at the Panama frontier. We cannot permit subordinate officials, whether naval or civil, to determine at just what line or point protection ought to begin. Common sense will justify the President in conveying a respectful intimation of this view of his duty to the Colombian authorities. A collision that would aggravate the already bitter feeling of many Colombians against this country would be obviously regretable. It would frustrate the efforts which General Reyes, the well-informed and high-minded representative of Colombia at Washington, is making to avert an outbreak of hostilities. Nobody knows better than he that Colombia would have nothing to gain, and everything to lose, from a war with the United States; whereas, if Colombia should recognize the independence of Panama, the latter republic would, no doubt, consent to assume a proportion of the Colombian foreign debt. We also take for granted that Panama, if approached in a friendly way by Colombia, would enter into a tariff agreement with the last-named country, which might prove of no little value after the resumption of work on the canal shall have immensely increased the isthmian demand for food products.

The rivalry between Governor Odell and Senator Platt for the leadership of the Republican party in the State of New York is still an interesting feature of current politics. It would be thought at first sight that the contest is uneven, not only because Mr. Odell is much the younger and more vigorous man, but because, besides wielding the patronage belonging to the Governorship, a patronage certain to be immensely increased when the enlargement of the canals is begun, he is supposed to have been entrusted by President Roosevelt with the distribution of Federal offices in the State and city of New York. There seems to be, however, a good deal of life left in the Senator, and he is making a sturdy fight for the retention of his influence. Although, at first, his invitation to the district leaders throughout the State to confer with him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, met with an unsatisfactory response, there was later a strong reaction in his favor, and, eventually, Governor Odell himself thought it prudent to visit New York city and provide a pretext for asserting that party harmony prevails. A compromise is said to have been arranged, in pursuance of which the delegates-at-large from the State of New York to the Republican National Convention will be, on the one side, Senator Platt and Senator Depew, and on the other, Governor Odell and ex-Governor Black. It remains to be seen which of the two factions will be preponderant in New York's delegation, and will secure a majority of the Republican State Committee. Whether Governor Odell will be renominated for his present office this year is doubtful. His experience at the ballot-box in 1902 conclusively demonstrates that he would add no strength to the Republican national ticket, even if he were not likely to be "knifed" by the friends of Senator Platt.

Apparently the only kind of harmony now attainable in New York was exemplified in the case of the lady who returned from her ride on the back of a tiger, inside the animal. The political situation in the State of New York this year is, indeed, strikingly analogous to that which existed in 1882, when the defection of the Half-breed Republicans from Judge Folger, the Stalwart candidate for Governor, caused the election of the Democratic nominee, Mr. Cleveland, to that office by nearly 200,000 plurality. We believe that Mr. Roosevelt regards himself as having, by dint of practice, ceased to be a "tenderfoot" in politics, but it seems to us that the present discord among Republicans in his native State might have been averted had he insisted that the veteran Senator should retain the leadership of his party in New York so long as he should live. It looks as if the President had committed a blunder precisely similar to that to which Mr. Arthur's friends attributed their chief's failure to attain the nomination for the Presidency in 1884. We shall soon know whether Senator Platt will be able to control the New York Legislature, the session of which begins on January 6. It is not likely that Mr. Platt will encounter any difficulty in maintaining an ascendency in the Lower House, where the Republicans will number 97 and the Democrats but 53. It may be remembered that last year, when the State Senate contained 28 Republicans as against 22 Democrats, Mr. Platt's purposes were often thwarted by four insurgent Republicans headed by Senator Brackett. This year the Republicans will number 29 against 21 Democrats, and it follows that if the revolt against Mr. Platt's authority were confined to the four former insurgents, the utmost that they could accomplish would be a tie vote. It is scarcely credible, however, that Governor Odell, with all his actual and prospective patronage, both State and Federal, cannot manage to win over at least one other member of the State Senate.

The advocates of Statehood for Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and the Indian Territory flatter themselves, we are told, that the opposition to their projects has died away. It

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has not died away among the people, and so members of Congress will learn when they hear from their constituents. There is not a citizen of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Texas, or any populous and growing commonwealth, who, if he thinks at all about the matter, is not indignant at the proposal to repeat the shameful Nevada experiment, by conceding to Arizona, which at the last census had fewer than 123,000 inhabitants, two Senators and a Representative, and three electoral votes. The claim of New Mexico is scarcely less preposterous, for in 1900 its population fell short of 196,000. Oklahoma alone of the applicants has a right to be heard, not only because her population was nearly 400,000 three and a half years ago, but because it is increasing rapidly, and would now entitle her to four Representatives. If Oklahoma and Indian Territory were admitted as a single State, their united population would be about a million. Indian Territory, however, ought not to receive Statehood, either singly or in conjunction with Oklahoma, until the process of transforming collective into individual ownership of land has been completed. The Indians have suffered enough from the frauds perpetrated by Federal officials, but their lot would probably be far worse under a State administration. They are wards of the nation, and until they are qualified to take care of themselves we ought not to renounce our guardianship. As things are now, the best method of treating Indian Territory has been indicated by Representative Moon of Tennessee, who has introduced a bill conferring full Territorial rights on Indian Territory, and naming it the Territory of Jefferson. There is no reason why the civilized Indians of that region, when their tribal status has been superseded by the régime of individualism, should not have a spokesman in the Federal House of Representatives. This, then, is the utmost concession to the advocates of Statehood that, in our judgment, the American people will sanction. If Arizona and New Mexico are to be admitted at all, they must be admitted as a single State. Even united, they scarcely measure up to the standard of Statehood. To the admission of Oklahoma as a State and to the concession of full Territorial rights to Indian Territory we see no insurmountable objection.

Taxpayers in Philadelphia, who have lately seen their real estate assessed for purposes of taxation, at figures said to exceed the prices obtainable at auction sales, are scarcely likely to advise their friends in the adjoining portions of Delaware and Montgomery counties to favor the movement for the creation of a "Greater Philadelphia." There is reason to believe that the proposal to expand the area of the city is simply a device for raising the debt limit. As a matter of fact, Philadelphia was the first among the large cities of the United States to include within its municipal boundaries a large amount of land used for farming or gardening purposes, and, with the exception of Chicago, it is, by comparison with its area, the most thinly peopled of all the great cities of the world. The present area of Philadelphia is 129½ square miles. Her population, by the last census, was 1,293,697. The area of the city of New York is 308 square miles, and the population, by the same census, was 3,437,000. The area of London—we speak of the superficies controlled by the London County Council, to which we add that of the City of London proper—is 118 square miles, and the population in 1901 was 4,536,000. In Chicago alone the ratio of population to area was smaller than it is in Philadelphia, being 1,698,000 inhabitants living on 190 square miles.

It used to be said that buffalo could be hunted within the limits of Chicago. At the present rate of growth a century would be needed to make the existing Philadelphia as densely populated as are some European and Asiatic cities. For example, Tokio, which in 1898 had a population of 1,440,000, covers only 60 square miles. Canton harbors 1,600,000 inhabitants within a circuit comprising only 20 square miles. Vienna, with a superficies of 25 square miles, had in 1901 more than 1,674,000 inhabitants. Berlin covers only 25 square miles of ground, yet in 1900 it contained 1,888,000 inhabitants. Still more dense is the population of Paris, which in 1901 contained 2,660,000 human beings packed closely together on 30 square miles of soil. In view of these facts, the notion that Philadelphia is crowded will be recognized as ridiculous. Under the circumstances, we advise the citizens of Chester, Norristown, Phœnixville, Pottstown, Lansdowne, Media, and other large places in the coveted counties to postpone annexation to Philadelphia until that city ceases to be held up to the rest of the United States as an example of triumphant and inexpugnable "graft." We can scarcely believe it possible that the Constitution of Pennsylvania will permit the annexation of those towns against their will. We observe, however, that State Senator Grady, one of the sponsors of the ill-meant but abortive libel act, expresses a different opinion. He says that it is for the friends of the "movement" to decide whether a bill to be introduced in the Legislature shall provide that annexation shall require a majority not only in the city, but also in the outside territory which it is proposed to annex; or whether a majority of the entire vote should suffice. It is obvious that in the latter event the Philadelphia machine could and would override the wishes of the outlying towns. We repeat that we cannot believe that such a performance would be sanctioned by the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

General Arthur MacArthur was invited by the War Department to explain whether he did or did not say at Honolulu that our next war would be with Germany, and that it might not be far off. The General replied that what he said had not been intended for publication, and that the tenor of his remarks had been distorted. There is no doubt that the German Empire, with an eye on the commercial results likely to follow the completion of the Panama Canal, wants a naval station in the Caribbean, and, had we permitted it, would have secured one at the expense of Venezuela. It is now reported that the Berlin government is making a determined effort to purchase St. Thomas, the most desirable of the Danish West India islands, from a strategic and commercial point of view. The refusal of the Danish Parliament to sanction the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States was not based upon the alleged inadequacy of the price offered, but on a professed unwillingness to alienate national territory. If now Denmark, after withholding the islands from us, should sell them to a power which, in 1864, did its best to obliterate her from the map, we should be justified in regarding the proceeding as an unfriendly act on the part of both vender and purchaser. The view which our State Department, with a close approach to consistency, has taken of such transactions was repeatedly formulated in the case of Cuba. We held that Spain might retain the latter island, or sell it to the United States, but that under no circumstances would we suffer her to transfer it to another European power. We shall take, or ought to take, the same position with regard to St. Thomas. It is true that if Denmark, or Holland, were to be politically incorporated with the German Empire, it might be difficult for us to frame an objection to the acquisition by the last-named power of the Danish or Dutch West Indies. To the attainment, however, of such coigns of vantage by either purchase or conquest, we should certainly be opposed.

The appalling consequences of the fire in the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago might have been averted had the builders, managers, and employés profited by the warnings conveyed in the similar catastrophes at the Brooklyn Theatre, the Ring Theatre of Vienna, and the Opéra Comique in Paris. On this occasion the persons responsible for the awful loss of life seem to have done many things that experience should have taught them not to do, and to have omitted many precautions that they were legally bound to take. In the first place, the rows of seats were much too near together, so that if a woman at or near the end of a row happened to faint, there was no possibility of passing her except by trampling upon her body. Several of the doors leading from the auditorium to the lobby were locked, and the keys were missing, so that the avenues of escape were limited. The lighting apparatus had been so arranged that, shortly after the outbreak of fire on the stage, the auditorium was plunged in darkness. There seemed to have been no firemen on duty in the theatre, and the nearest fire-alarm was at a considerable distance. The seating capacity of the house was greatly exceeded, with the result that, when a cry of alarm was raised, the aisles and passages were blocked. Owing to a defect in the mechanism, the so-called fire-proof curtain could not be lowered, but stopped half-way, thus creating a tremendous draught, which caused a cyclone of flame to shoot across the auditorium. Even could the curtain have been lowered, it might not have helped much, being

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made of a cheap "asbestos," which could not long withstand the impact of a blaze. To complete the evidence of criminal recklessness, we add that, while the platforms of the fire-escapes had been finished, the connecting staircases were absent. In a word, the theatre was a death-trap, into which nearly two thousand women and children were lured.

The existing laws in most cities regulate theatre construction wisely and provide for due supervision of audiences, but since this horror in Chicago it has come out that these laws were scarcely anywhere strictly observed, and in very many instances were scandalously neglected. Mayor Harrison in Chicago closed all the thirty-five theatres of the city until their managers should be able to comply absolutely with the laws and make their houses safe. In New York there has been a great overhauling of playhouses, and a general waking up of the authorities on whose vigilant execution of the laws the safety of theatre audiences depends. The like seems to have happened in a greater or less degree in every large city in America or Europe. The Emperor William, on January 4, closed the Royal Opera House in Berlin until thorough reconstruction should make it more safe. Such results naturally follow a great object-lesson. As the result of Chicago's sorrow all the theatres will be safer for a time at least. The pity is that such terrible lessons should be needed to induce the employment of precautions the vital need of which was already perfectly well understood.

It has been pointed out that, despite the preferential advantages granted by Canada to Great Britain, our own trade with the Dominion grows more rapidly than England's. This is in part due to proximity, and consequent cheapness of transport, in part due to the fact that we produce, and Canada requires, much raw material. It is also due, we can hardly doubt, to the likeness of conditions that prevail over the North-American continent, almost unconsciously assimilating the needs and activities of life in the Dominion and the republic. That this assimilation is going on very rapidly in the intellectual and moral world, as well as in the products and forms of material life, is evidenced by certain very interesting statistics, covering the last five years, and applying wholly to moral and mental wants and their satisfaction. Beginning with imports of books, pamphlets, and periodicals, we find that, five years ago, England sent Canada a hundred and thirty thousand dollars' worth. During five years this has grown only to a hundred and seventy thousand dollars' worth, as against five hundred thousand dollars' worth from the United States. Five years ago Britain sent Canada twenty-two thousand dollars' worth of novels; this has dropped to fifteen thousand dollars; while the United States, which sold Canada forty-four thousand dollars' worth of novels five years ago, sent her over eighty thousand dollars' worth in the year just past. While last year Great Britain sent Canada less than two thousand dollars' worth of posters, the United States sold her nearly twenty-five thousand dollars' worth. In the item of labels, the States show a total of eighty-four thousand dollars, as against eight thousand nine hundred dollars from England. There is an even greater discrepancy in our favor in the department of show-cards, advertising periodicals, price books, almanacs, and the like; and of printed music we sell Canada three times as much as does England.

Of photographs, chromos, drawings, and engravings we sell Canada a quarter of a million dollars' worth, as against forty thousand dollars' worth coming from the mother country. And the sum spent by Canadians on English Bibles, prayer-books, psalm and hymn books has diminished by a half in the last five years, while our own exports across our northern frontier have exactly doubled in the same time. Perhaps the most striking fact of all is that, taking under a single heading books on the application of science to industry, in a score of different departments, works on agriculture, horticulture, forestry, fish and fishing, mining, metallurgy, architecture, electric and mechanical engineering, carpentry, ship-building, mechanism, bleaching, dyeing, tanning, weaving, and kindred arts and crafts, we find that, while Great Britain five years ago sold Canada ten thousand dollars' worth of books, the colony took from the mother country last year only four thousand dollars' worth. On the other hand, the United States, which five years ago sold Canada only seven thousand dollars' worth of technical and educational books, sent her last year something like seventy-five thousand dollars' worth, or about seventeen times as much as Canada took from England. A Canadian writer, commenting on these very remarkable facts, asks whether any one can explain why Canada's imports of British works on applied science should fall off sixty per cent. in five years, while imports of similar works from the United States should increase a thousand per cent. during the same period. Has the copyright law anything to do with it, he asks, or is it another instance in which the mother country is beaten by the United States in intelligence and skill? It seems to us that the answer is to be found in similarity of conditions and similarity of needs, in the more or less uniform life which covers the whole North-American continent, in contrast with the very different conditions which exist in England and, more or less, in Europe generally.

The elaborate devices for the restraint of inebriety which were put into operation in London about a year ago have not all proved to be workable. The licensing act, which made a great stir, provided for a blacklist for habitual drunkards. Persons twice convicted of drunkenness forfeited for three years the privilege of buying drinks in the district where they lived. Photographs of them were furnished to the barkeepers of the district, who were forbidden to sell drinks to such blacklisted persons under penalty of forfeiting their licenses. Another section of the act provided for ordering drunkards to homes for inebriates, but this section the Lord Chief Justice found to be bad law. The blacklist scheme broke down of its own weight. More delinquents were blacklisted in London than the barkeepers could possibly remember, and exceeders who were blacklisted in one district found no trouble in getting drinks in another. One saloonkeeper in the Strand reported that the police had furnished him with photographs of 573 persons to whom he was forbidden to sell liquor. The lists grew so long that the police stopped adding to them. This failure of a scheme from which much good was hoped for is disappointing, but we hope the British lawmakers will keep on trying. To restrain or even regulate drinking by legislation is one of the hardest things there is to do. Every new law is an experiment, and it is only as the result of such experiments that progress is possible.

Democrats throughout the country are holding more or less of their breath till they can determine whether New York's new Tammany administration is as good as it looks. Their solicitude found due expression in Mr. Cleveland's letter to the chairman of the McClellan dinner on January 4, when he said:

> While the assumption of the duty involved in the government of the greatest city of our country creates grave responsibilities, the impressive thought cannot be evaded that the manner in which the Democracy of the city shall meet its municipal responsibilities will in a large degree determine the extent to which our fellow-countrymen, in every part of the land, will be willing to treat the Democracy of the nation in broader fields of governmental rule.

All the good Democrats are hoping diligently that Tammany will be good, and give the country an alluring illustration of the beneficence of Democratic rule. Tammany government will be good if Mayor McClellan can effect it. The Police Department will be clean if Mr. McAdoo can contrive it so; the tenement-house population and the city's health shall not suffer if Mr. Crain and Dr. Darlington can prevent it. But behind these worthy gentlemen there is a roaring and devouring element. Will they hold out against it? Can they stand between it and the public, and can they last? Are they asbestos, wire-woven and triple thickness, or are they fire-proofed burlap? That is the question. The roaring and devouring element is going to be pretty hot. If they are no better than the best burlap they will crumble.

What Mr. Roosevelt is said to have said:

"In John Hay I have a great Secretary of State."

What Mr. Hay might say:

"In Theodore Roosevelt I have a great President. McKinley also ran."

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The President's Message on Panama

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S special message to the Senate on the Panama affair is one of the ablest, most illuminative, and most conclusive state papers that have emanated from the pen of a Chief Magistrate.

There are two crucial points concerning which the minds of some Senators and a good many citizens needed to be clarified. The points are these: First, did our treaty of 1846 with New Granada guarantee the sovereignty of the Bogota government over the Panama isthmus, not only against foreign aggression, but also against internal revolution? If it did, then we are bound, not only to withhold recognition from the new republic of Panama, and to permit Colombia to stamp out the revolution, no matter how incompatible the coercive proceeding might be with the maintenance of peace and order in the zone of the interoceanic railway and waterway, but also to cooperate with our naval and military forces in the work of resubjugation. Secondly, if it be admitted that the treaty of 1846 imposed on us no duty with reference to internal revolution against Colombian authority, but left us at liberty to act as justice and expediency might be indicated by circumstances, the question arises whether the revolution at Panama on November 6, 1903, was of a kind that morally justified a prompt recognition of the new state's independence, and the conclusion of a treaty with it for the mutual advantage of the parties. Those are the two pivotal inquiries, on the answer to which the decision of Senators concerning ratification, and the judgment of the American people on the conduct of the Executive in the Panama affair, must inevitably hinge. On the replies given to these questions depends the conclusion whether the President did or did not act in conformity with the clear intent of the Spooner act, when, instead of recurring to the Nicaragua route, he secured by treaty from the republic of Panama, the actual and rightful owner of the territory concerned, permission to complete the waterway which the Lesseps company began. There is needed, indeed, no argument to show that the primary purpose of Congress in the Spooner act was to insure, if possible, the construction of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, and that, in the eye of Congress, whether the republic granting the title to the requisite franchise should be called New Granada, Colombia, or Panama mattered not one whit, provided we acquired the privilege with clean hands—*i. e.*, without repudiating any previous treaty obligation, and without collusion in the revolution against Bogota's authority.

Now let us look at the President's exposition of the pivotal points above defined, an exposition which we do not hesitate to pronounce adequate and decisive. There is no doubt that, by the thirty-fifth article of the Treaty of 1846, the United States secured the right to free and open transit across the isthmus of Panama, and, to that end, agreed to guarantee to New Granada her rights of sovereignty and property over that territory. It is, on the face of things, absurd to suppose that the guarantee just named constituted the sole object of that article, and bound the United States to protect the sovereignty of the government temporarily established at Bogota against domestic revolution. Nothing, as Mr. Roosevelt says, could be more erroneous than the supposition. That our wise and patriotic ancestors, with their dread of entangling alliances, would have entered into a treaty with a power calling itself New **Granada,** itself the outcome of secession, solely, or even primarily, for the purpose of enabling that remnant of the original republic of Colombia, already resolved into the states of New **Granada,** Venezuela, and Ecuador, to continue forever to rule from Bogota over the Isthmus of Panama, is unquestionably a conception that would, in itself, be incredible, even if the contrary did not clearly appear. It is true, as Mr. Roosevelt admits, that, since the Treaty of 1846 was made, the United States have again and again been obliged forcibly to intervene on the isthmus for the preservation of order and the maintenance of an open transit, and that this intervention has sometimes indirectly operated to the advantage of the titular government of Colombia. It is equally true, as the records show, that the United States, in intervening for the protection of the transit, with or without the consent of the government installed for the time being at Bogota, have disclaimed any duty of defending a Bogota government, whether *de facto* or *de jure*, against domestic insurrection or against the erection of an independent government on the Isthmus of Panama.

No other position could be taken by us with any show of consistency. Never had we protested against the secession of Venezuela and Ecuador from the original republic of Colombia; or against the dissolution of the original Central-American Confederation into five independent republics; or against Uruguay's declaration of independence from Brazil, on the one hand, and Argentina on the other; or against, finally, the secession of Texas from Mexico. It would have been ridiculous in 1846, only a year after we had justified the secession of Texas by the annexation of that republic, to declare that we would cooperate in preventing the secession of any of the provinces which of their own free will had consented to compose the republic of New Granada.

It is indisputably true, as Mr. Roosevelt says, that the attacks against which, by the Treaty of 1846, the United States engaged to protect New **Granada** sovereignty were those of foreign powers, whether European or American. It is also to be borne in mind that even this engagement was only a means to the accomplishment of a far more important end. The primary, the controlling design of the thirty-fifth article of the treaty was to assure the dedication of the Isthmus of Panama to the purposes of free and unobstructed interoceanic transit, the consummation of which would be found in an interoceanic canal. To the accomplishment of this object the government of the United States had for decades directed its diplomacy. That object had occupied a place of eminence in the instructions given to our delegates to the Pan-American Congress held at Panama during the administration of John Quincy Adams. The same object formed the subject of a resolution adopted by the Senate in 1835, and of another passed by the House of Representatives in 1839. In 1846, the importance of that object had become still more unmistakable and paramount by reason of the Mexican war.

There is not an atom of doubt that the primal, the fundamental, the exclusive purpose of the Treaty of 1846, so far as the United States were concerned, was to facilitate the building of a canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. Again Mr. Roosevelt is right in saying that if, in specific terms, the treaty did not bind New **Granada** to grant reasonable concessions for the construction of means of interoceanic communication, it is only because it was not so much as imagined that such concessions would ever be withheld. The obvious intent of the treaty seemed to render it superfluous to stipulate that permission for the provision of a mode of communication should not be withheld.

So much for the obligations contracted by the United States in 1846 toward the government installed, temporarily, as it proved, at Bogota, under the name of the Republic of New **Granada.** Now let us look at the question whether our Federal Executive can justly be charged with connivance, either before or after the fact, at the secession of the department or state of Panama, from the so-called republic of Colombia, itself the outcome of a *coup d'état* accomplished by the usurper Nuñez in 1885-6, and continued by the usurper Marroquin. The evidence adduced by Mr. Roosevelt amply justifies the indignation with which he repels the insinuations of complicity on the part of the American Executive in the revolutionary movement at Panama. The documents brought forward prove to any intelligent and honest man that no one connected with our Federal government had any part in preparing, inciting, or encouraging the revolution on the isthmus. They prove that, save for the reports of military and naval officers, every one of which is recited in the President's message, no one connected with the Executive had any previous knowledge of the intended revolution, except such as was accessible to any person of ordinary intelligence who read the newspapers, and kept up a current acquaintance with public affairs. To everybody conversant with South-American history, it was well known that the department or state of Panama was united to Colombia only by a loose tie of federal relationship, the centralized constitution proclaimed by the usurper Nuñez in 1886 having no binding authority on any Colombian citizen. Under the circumstances, every well-informed and intelligent onlooker knew, long before the outbreak of the insurrection, that, in the event of the rejection of the Hay-Herran treaty, the secession of the state of Panama was possible, but it was not until nearly the end of October, when the Bogota Congress adjourned, that secession was recognized as imminent. The orders sent by our Federal government to the commanders of vessels in isthmian waters—orders reproduced in the President's message—attest a determination to pursue the policy on which we had repeatedly acted. The orders were to maintain a free and uninterrupted transit, and, if interruption of such transit should be threatened by armed force, to occupy the Panama Railway. As an ounce of precaution is worth more than a pound of cure, the naval commanders were instructed to prevent the landing of any armed body with hostile intent, either government or insurgent, at any point within fifty miles of Panama, provided such landing seemed likely to precipitate a conflict. That our government had no foreknowledge of the outbreak on November 3, and was not an accomplice therein, is manifest from the fact that on that date we had in the bay of Panama no American man-of-war, and no American troops or sailors, and were, therefore, unable, if we wished, to prevent the bombardment of the city of Panama by the Colombian gunboat *Bogota;* while at Colon on the day named, Commander Hubbard of the *Nashville*, had but forty-two marines and sailors with which to protect the lives and property of American citizens threatened by 400 Colombian soldiers. Under the circumstances, our Federal government obviously cannot be accused of promoting the isthmian revolution. In view of the many warnings of an uprising conveyed through the newspapers, it might more justly be charged with criminal neglect in not placing betimes considerable naval forces in the harbor of Colon and the bay of Panama.

It remains to ask whether, after the isthmian revolution was accomplished, a revolution more amply justified than any that

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ever took place in the New World, our Federal government can be justly described as an accessory after the fact, because it saw fit to prevent the conversion of the isthmus into a shambles, by recognizing the republic of Panama, and in declining to permit a Bogota invasion of the canal and railway zone. The position taken by Mr. Roosevelt, after the revolution had been perfected without collusion on his part, may be said to have been sanctioned by the approval of the whole civilized world. His recognition of the independence of the new republic has been followed by like recognition on the part of France, Germany, Great Britain, Russia, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, China, Japan, Peru, and even Nicaragua and Costa Rica, the Latin-American powers most deeply interested in the adoption of the Nicaraguan route for an interoceanic waterway.

Our own belief is that the President's message has accomplished its author's purpose. We believe that it has cut, as it ought to cut, the Democratic minority in twain, and has thwarted Mr. Gorman's intention to secure a caucus resolution against the ratification of agreement with the Panama Republic. It is probable enough that some Democratic Senators will try to extract what party advantage they can from the inevitable debate, but we take for granted that many, if not most of them, will ultimately agree to ratify the treaty.

Mr. Olney is for Cleveland

THE whole tenor of the speech delivered by Mr. Richard Olney, at the dinner given in New York city on January 4 to Mayor McClellan, would have pointed his auditors and readers to Mr. Cleveland as the preeminently fitted standard-bearer of the Democracy this year, even if he had not named, as he did name, the ex-President in his peroration.

Never have the basis and the scope of the Democracy's present opportunity been more distinctly and impressively outlined than they were by Mr. Olney. It is no secret that during the last few years not a few influential Republicans have come keenly to realize the truth that Mr. Olney called to mind, the truth, namely, that government by party, without a strong, consistent, and coherent opposition, without an opposition which is founded on principle and not mere gain, is the most dangerous of governments. Unpleasant and recent experience has shown that there is no limit to the excesses it will indulge in if it be long continued; no limit to the corruption that will taint every branch of the public service. It is the misfortune, not only of the country, but of the Republican party itself, that during the last seven years that party has been in continuous and undisputed control of all the departments of the general government. Who will deny, no matter what may be his party affiliation, that if, during the last seven years, the Republican party had been confronted with a united, well-organized, and patriotic opposition, it would have escaped the commission of many follies, and the country would have been safeguarded from some dangerous precedents and serious calamities. What far-sighted and patriotic citizen will refuse to concur with Mr. Olney in viewing as a good omen the fact that in the future, at all events, such an opposition will be forthcoming.

Sensible and honest Republicans who know what President McKinley and Representative Dingley meant to accomplish by the reciprocity clauses of the last tariff act will secretly, if not openly, applaud Mr. Olney's declaration that, in matters domestic, the Democratic party will repudiate the "stand-pat" policy, and, on the contrary, will advocate such tariff reform and revision as general industrial conditions and the interests of the whole country shall require. It is high time, too, as Mr. Olney said, that a great and formidable party should stand for some reasonable relation between governmental revenues and governmental requirements; for clean administration, and for official conduct free from every suspicion of "graft."

There were few of Mr. Olney's auditors, and there will be few, we imagine, of his readers, to whom another passage of his speech will not appeal with irresistible force. Many a unionist workman galled by the yoke of the walking delegate, many a non-unionist workman craving to avert starvation by labor, and many an employer crippled by extortionate exactions, will draw a long breath of relief to learn that the reorganized Democratic party means to give equal rights to every citizen, to non-unionist and unionist workmen alike, and to employers as well as the employed. Mr. Olney spoke for his party when he said that the Democracy would always stand for the supremacy of law; the same law for capitalists and for wage-earners; the same law for Presidents and cabinets as for the humblest private citizen. There is not a thoughtful man among our readers who does not know that Mr. Olney spoke the truth when he said that, if these be not topics of the highest and most vital moment, no such topics exist; and when he added that the recent practices and present tendencies of the Republican party make those topics burning issues of the hour. To believe the contrary would be to believe that the American ship of state has cast off forever from its old-time moorings, and is never again to be anchored to the bed-rock principles on which the foundations of the republic were laid.

In a word, it is Mr. Olney's conviction that the mission of the Democratic party is to be instrumental in restoring to the national life the sane and normal conditions upon which health and stability depend. For the fulfilment of that mission is needed a standard-bearer whom the American people, Republicans and Democrats alike, will recognize as preeminently qualified. Where is such a man to be found? "Mr. Chairman," Mr. Olney said, "the man of all men most thoroughly representative of the national policies I have indicated, the most capable and sure of making them effective; the man who possesses and has proved the courage of his convictions; the man who never yet turned his back upon the approach of public duty, and is now too old to learn how to do so;—that man, unfortunately absent at this time, but a New-Yorker, by adoption, though not by birth, and one whom New York has delighted to honor—that man is Grover Cleveland, of New Jersey, whose splendid record in the past is an all-sufficient guarantee of his action in the future."

Probable Course of a War in the Far East

THE real bone of contention between Russia and Japan is not Manchuria, but Korea. It is evident, therefore, that if war comes, Japan's first move will be to take possession of Korea.

Japan is, at first sight, favorably placed for this purpose. Her fleet is somewhat stronger than that of Russia; for although both count seventy-four war-ships of all classes in Far Eastern waters, yet the gross tonnage of Japan's fleet is about two hundred and fifty thousand tons, as against two hundred thousand tons for Russia. To land troops in Korea, Japan must draw a line of vessels across the Korean Strait, of sufficient strength to keep back the whole Russian fleet, should the latter attempt to cut the line of communication, which, it should be remembered, must be kept open during the whole course of the war. This at once makes an opening for Russia, for, if almost the whole of Japan's navy is tied to the Korean Strait, there is nothing to hinder the fleet of Russia, or some part of that fleet, from making an attack on any part of the Japanese coast. It is true that a part of the Japanese fleet could follow, and attempt to keep off, the supposed Russian war vessels; but this Japanese squadron would, nevertheless, be compelled to keep in touch with the rest of the fleet in the Korean Strait, and to guard carefully against the danger of being cut off, and very possibly destroyed in detail, by the war-ships of Russia.

The attempt to land troops in Korea will, therefore, be very perilous for Japan, so long as the Russian fleet is effective; the reason being that, the moment a secondary base is established by Japan in Korea, the Japanese fleet is to that extent tied to a particular locality. Should the fleet of Russia seek to strike at some other point, the fleet of Japan would be forced to divide itself into at least two squadrons; in which case the Russian fleet, following the old stratagem of the Horatii against the Curiatii, might attack each of the Japanese squadrons in detail.

Japan will, therefore, probably seek to fight the naval side of the war to a finish, before entering on a land campaign on an extensive scale. She should, therefore, try to bring the Russian fleet to a general engagement at the outset. But this will be far from easy, since it is evident that Russia will keep to the defensive, not merely because it is part of her diplomatic position to make Japan in all things the aggressor, but also because the experience of the Boer war, like Russia's own experience before Plevna in the fall of 1877, has demonstrated the immense strength of the defensive as against the offensive position. Should the Russian fleet decide to keep on the defensive, the task of Japan will be one of great difficulty. Her best plan will be to try to shut the entire Russian fleet in, somewhere near Port Arthur, thus neutralizing it completely and leaving the road to Korea open for the Japanese army. In this case, it is probable that the torpedo-boats of the Russian navy will come into play, the rest of the Russian fleet keeping on the alert for an opening, and able to choose its own time for attack. This the Japanese fleet will not be able to do, for the fleet of Russia need only retire towards the harbor of Port Arthur, when it will become dangerous for the fleet of Japan to follow, because of the heavy guns, placed at a considerable height, and therefore having a very long effective range, in the Port Arthur forts.

The Russian land army would meanwhile have its work cut out. It would have a strategic problem of some complexity to face. One line of force which it would have to meet comes from the direction of Peking. A second comes from the Manchurian coast, between Port Arthur and the Yalu River. A third comes from Korea. A fourth, from the coast near Vladivostok. All these lines of force would tend, in a general way, towards Mukden, in the effort to cut off the southern group of Russian strongholds, Dalny, Talienwan, and Port Arthur, from the railroad and Russia's main line of communication, through Siberia.

Russia's land forces would have to guard all these lines of ap-

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proach. She might find it to her interest to keep within the boundaries of Manchuria; or, supposing the Japanese army was considerably divided, she might send a wedge down into Korea, which would dispute the advance of the Japanese army inch by inch. Japan would thus be compelled to fight on the offensive—a tremendous disadvantage, on land as well as at sea. And there is nothing to prevent Russia's planting a dozen Plevnas between Seoul and Mukden.

While Russia thus, on hypothesis, remains on the defensive, every step in advance will cost Japan tremendously, both in men and in money. There will be no such thing as "rushing in and destroying" the Russian fleet and army. That has already been attempted at Sebastopol. It will be, for Japan, a question of "pay, pay, pay." And, meanwhile, Russia can reinforce herself continually from behind, along the Siberian Railroad; and as her soldiers are unpaid, and used to simple fare and hardship, it will not cost her very much more to maintain a defensive army in war than it does to maintain the same army in peace. As the railway is government property, there will be no bill for transporting men and supplies; as the engines burn wood, and run through immense forests, there will be no great outlay for fuel. As for feeding the Russian army, the government has immense accumulations of wheat and rye, bought from the peasants, under a scheme of Minister Witte's, so that Russia will have no such money drain on her resources as England suffered during the Boer war.

Japan's accumulated resources are not very great. It is obviously Russia's policy to create a military deadlock, which will make such a call on Japan that these resources will be steadily consumed. Should Japan become exasperated and try to force the pace, she will repeat the experience which Russia gained in trying to storm Plevna, when the Russian army lost two thousand men in an hour. As the present Minister of War, General Kuropatkin, fought with desperate valor in that very storm, holding the most advanced point at the place of fiercest fighting, it may be expected that whatever lessons of experience are to be gained from Plevna will be available for the Russian army.

These considerations should make it apparent that Japan, in taking an aggressive position towards Russia, has assumed a very difficult task.

Letters from the South

It was remarked in the WEEKLY of October 17 that a Northern student of affairs in the South, who lately spent several months there, found in the same State townships which no negro is permitted to enter, and laws against the encouragement of *negro* emigration. These findings being disputed by some Southern newspapers, the WEEKLY published on December 5 a letter from Professor A. B. Hart, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in which he said that though it was a mistake to speak of "townships" in the Southern States, because the local subdivisions were called "parishes" or "precincts," it was true that there were areas which the negroes were not allowed to enter. Mitchell County, North Carolina, is one such place, he said. He said further that emigration of negroes on a large scale was *not* permitted in the South, and that "the Southern *people* do not cordially like the negro in any relation."

To this letter from Professor Hart our friends in the South have sent us a number of replies, two of which are printed on another page this week. Mr. Charles L. Coon, of Knoxville, points out, as do others, that the census of 1900 credited Mitchell County, North Carolina, with 536 negroes. He explains that in certain cases negroes have been restrained from emigrating in masses "after their crops had been planted, and after the negro farmers had received advances in the way of food and other supplies for the year." But, except in such cases, he thinks it would be hard to find instances in the South where the negro is not allowed to come and go at will. He does not believe that there is any civil district in the South where any law-abiding citizen, black or white, may not live in peace so far as race is concerned.

Mr. Huffaker, of Eagle, West Virginia, says there are hundreds of districts in the South where *no* negroes live, but their absence from them is voluntary, though in such places a negro is regarded with suspicion when he does appear. Mr. Huffaker denies absolutely Professor Hart's assertion that the Southern white *people* do not cordially like the negroes in any relation. "We like him and he likes us," says Mr. Huffaker, "far better, if the truth must be told, than either of us likes the Northerner."

A view somewhat different in this particular is that of a correspondent, Mr. Bruce Craven, who says, in an interesting letter from Charlotte, North Carolina, that "as to Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, I believe it is conservative to say that a considerable part of the population would celebrate with 'joy and feasting' the day on which the last of the negroes should depart from the county."

A conclusion suggested by these letters is that the South is a big country, and that all its people have not the same information or the same opinions about negroes. A large proportion of them seem to feel that what any Northern man knows, or may learn, about the South is of doubtful value, and they tend to resent any claim on his part that he has found out anything. Yet there are extremely few Southerners who know the whole South, and it is conceivable that an intelligent outsider who travelled extensively enough and observed with sufficient care might have things to say about Louisiana which would be news in North Carolina, and *vice versa*, and might get a general view which would be worth the consideration of many resident Southerners. One of our correspondents says: "As to the reasons for the absence of negroes from thirty-nine counties in Texas, I am unadvised, as I do not go that far from home to attend to other people's business." But it is precisely to persons who go from home to observe that we must be indebted for most of our knowledge of all our neighbors in the world. The looker-on at every game has some advantage over the players, and may see important things which they are too near the game to observe.

It is amusing to notice, though not very important, that though half a dozen of our correspondents argue that no one who is so ignorant of political divisions in the South as to speak of Southern "townships" can have opinions of value about Southern conditions, yet no two of them agree about these same political divisions. A friend in Arkansas writes, "I know of no State in the South which is *not* subdivided into *townships*, and if Professor Hart wants to make the experiment, I can take him to *townships* in the good old State of Arkansas where the negroes are forbidden to live." The truth seems to be that the nomenclature of the minor divisions of the Southern States is complicated and various, and not easy to learn and remember.

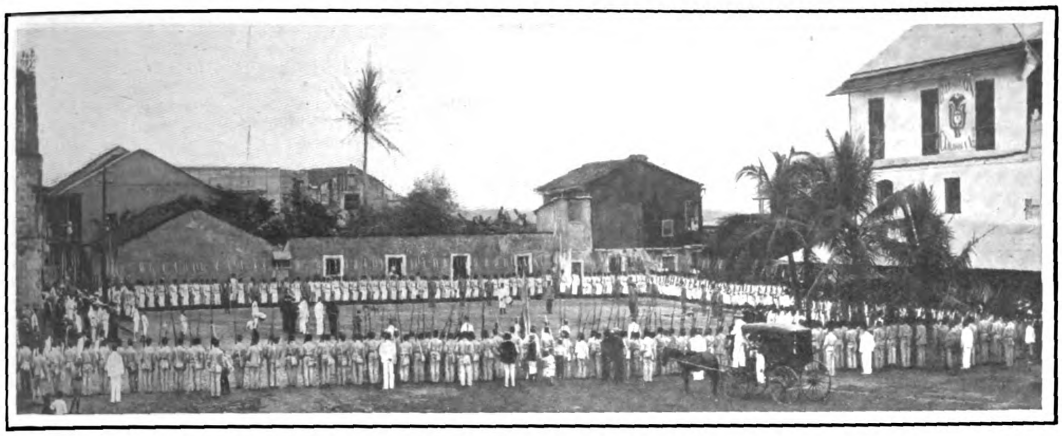
Amendment of the Copyright Law

The amendments to the copyright law of the United States made in 1891 provided imperfectly but very usefully for international copyright. The law, as thus amended, works very well as between the United States and Great Britain. But it is very faulty in its practical dealing with the authors of Continental *Europe*. It provides for granting American copyright in the work of an author who is a citizen of a country that has established reciprocal copyright relations with the United States, if such work is printed from types set in the United States and is published simultaneously with its publication abroad. In the case of English books it is not hard to comply with these conditions, but with French or German books the case is different. The sale for such books in the original is not great enough in this country to warrant the expense of resetting them for the purpose of getting copyright, and though under the law it would be possible to copyright an American translation if its publication here could be made simultaneously with the publication of the original abroad, such simultaneous publication of American translation and French or German original has in practice been found to be so difficult that French and German authors have received, and are receiving, little or no advantage from the copyright agreement of their respective countries with ours. France and Germany, finding our law of so little use to them, have been for some years on the point of retiring from the reciprocity arrangement under the law of 1891, but have as yet stayed on in hopes of an amendment to our law which would do them better justice.

Mr. George Haven Putnam points out in the *Critic* that such an amendment has been carefully drafted, and has been introduced into both Houses of Congress. It is a compromise between what the American publishers would like and what the American typographers are willing to concede. It provides that a work originating in language other than English is left open to "appropriation" unless an authorized American edition shall have been produced within the term of twelve months after the first publication of the book in the country of origin, and unless such edition shall have been produced and duly protected by copyright in advance of any unauthorized edition. In case, however, copyright shall be granted under the law as thus amended, it shall cover not merely the particular American version printed, but the entire text in any version. This last provision is important, for under the present statute the producer of an American version of a Continental work gets the protection of the law only for his own version, and another translator's work may be put into the market to compete with his.

This concession of a year in which to copyright an authorized American edition of a Continental work, provided some unauthorized edition is not issued sooner, does not seem especially generous, but it is as much of a concession as the typographers are willing to endorse, and Mr. Putnam is of the opinion that practically it will work pretty well, since the unauthorized reprinters are apt to be slow in appropriating a Continental work, and prefer, as a rule, to follow the literary judgment of the publishers who act as the representatives of the authors. It is very much to be desired that Congress shall find time during the present session to pass this amendment.

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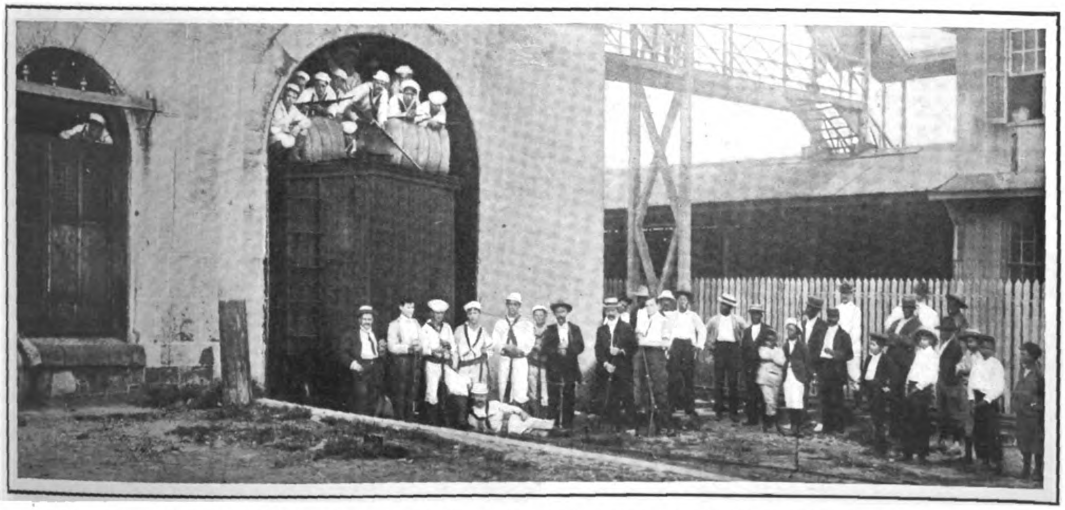
The First Isthmian Battalion, formerly a Colombian Regiment, in Formation at their Barracks



General Huertas, Commander-in-chief of the Army of Panama



Captain Salazar, of the Army of Panama



A Detachment of American Marines barricading themselves in Preparation for the Arrival of Colombian Insurgents

THE SITUATION IN PANAMA

The photographs show some interesting incidents and figures connected with the progress of the Republic of Panama. Soon after the revolution began, the Colombian government sent an officer with an order to shoot General Huertas, Commander-in-chief of the Panamanian army. By a counter-plot General Huertas succeeded in taking the Colombian prisoner, with the aid of Captain Salazar. General Huertas's account of this incident is published on page 108 of this issue of the "Weekly"

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Some New American Plays

By W. D. Howells

A CERTAIN range of American and English plays which I have lately been seeing seem to divide themselves, broadly, into two sorts quite according to their nationality: the domestic sort and the society sort. The distinction applies both to such realistic and fantastic satires as "The Admirable Crichton," "Whitewashing Julia," and "Candida," and to such widely differing pictures of our own life as "The County Chairman," "Her Own Way," "Glad of It," "Our New Minister," and "The Other Girl." The English plays have to do with man as a society man, both in the narrower and the wider sense, and the American plays have to do with man as a family man; and I hope that a little thought about them will confirm the reader in any impression he may have that with us the main human interest is the home, and that with the English the main human interest is society. But lest we should be unduly proud of our difference from the English in this point, I hasten to suggest that this is because in the narrower English sense we have no society, and if we have a great deal of home, it is because we are still almost entirely rustic in origin, and preponderantly simple in our conceptions of happiness. In the wider sense we certainly have society; and it is a defect of our playwrighting that it does not carry over from the home to humanity. Its interest does not live from man to man, but from men to women, and from women to men; it has no implications; its meanings are for the given time and place only. When it comes to artistic merit in the plays, we have still less reason for national pride. Few of the American plays will compare with the English, in dramatic art, though I think one or two of Mr. Clyde Fitch's recent plays will compare well with the best of them.

I was especially interested in "Her Own Way" because it added the final touch of proof which convinced me of the truth of what I have been saying, and turned my latent theory into an opinion which I was at once eager to urge upon others. Here was, if ever there was, an American society play, and the motives were those which animate the sex which has such society as we have in its keeping. The ambition to get on and up was in the foreground with the thoughtless and restless young wife, and her delightfully ridiculous mother, and the desire to give her the means darkled in the background in the disastrous speculations of the husband and son-in-law. Of course there was the fine girl who, being already up and on, could afford to respire an atmosphere of womanly dignity, to wish to give herself in unselfish love to the man of her heart, and to give all she has to her wretched brother when he has ruined himself to gratify his wife's senseless aspirations. But when it comes to the operation of the motives, one perceives that the real interest of the play is domestic, and that the interest does not pass the instance. The family ideal pervades it, and the whole family insists on getting itself represented. At any rate I prefer to believe that Mr. Fitch was instinctively yielding to this insistence, and not merely indulging his desire to do the scene, when he did that admirable little scene of the children's birthday dinner which opens the play. It is not the less admirable because the children are mostly spoiled brats, but perhaps the more so, and they are such natural children that the children who do them have no difficulty in doing them perfectly. Their mother is a spoiled brat, too, and when opportunity comes in the crying and scolding and screaming scene with the husband who owns that he has muddled her money away, she too is so natural that the actress has no difficulty in doing her perfectly. In her and her mother, and her cousin who serves as the villain of the piece (a very frank scoundrel), the obvious pretence is that the question is social, but the fact is always that it is domestic. It scarcely transcends in its suggestion the four walls of the house where the action passes, and it reaches the spectator only through the domestic atmosphere which so thoroughly involves American life. The villain himself practices his darkest misdeeds that he may win the fine girl for his wife, and make a home for her which shall be her kingdom, and in this he is morally of the same fibre as the gallant captain who goes out to the Philippines, and in a process of our benevolent assimilation has both his arms shot through and has to let her take him in hers when he comes back.

It was almost the only moment in the play when I could have accused the author of excess, or not have owned that he was giving me evidence of his growth as a dramatist and a student of human nature. I thought he went far in "The Girl with the Green Eyes," but in "Her Own Way," he goes farther and always on the right road. I am not saying that he does so consciously; perhaps no one gets on consciously; and I am still vexed with a suspicion, which may be unworthy, that he does not much mind doing a bad thing æsthetically, if he thinks he has to do it. But all through this play I realized that I was witnessing the work of a man who was more and more sensible of the two kinds of conscience which a man must almost equally have if he will go to the end of the right road. Mr. Fitch's errors, indeed, are of a sort that can be promptly put behind him and forgotten; they have the property of displeasing the public so entirely that they are not even remembered against him. The rule of his production seems to be now a good play and now a bad play, and they follow each other in such swift succession that the good ones instantly blot out the sense of the bad ones. I am not of those who would make his fertile invention a reproach to him. Rather, I think it is something for us to be glad of, for in a way his rapidity supplies our numerical defect of dramatists. Besides, fertility is hardly a fault in a dramatist. Lope de Vega wrote plays all but without number; Goldoni wrote them by scores; Scribe did them by hundreds; and the dramatists who live in a few plays are apt to be the dramatists whose other plays have been lost. Mr. Fitch seems to have the gift of getting New York, or the spirit of New York, not only recognizably but unmistakably upon the stage. Somehow, he has this gift, and I think it a great one, for of all the world's capitals, New York is the most difficult to seize in that essence by which she differs from the others. This is so impalpable that it seems almost aerial, it seems almost ethereal. It is a glancing light, a flying odor, but Mr. Fitch knows how to capture it and imprison it in a volatile moment. The light may be lurid and the odor offensive, but that is beside the question.

He has caught it again and again in his very newest piece, "Glad of It," which I found still more convincing of his growing power and skill. It was certainly no slight feat to grasp all those fugitive details of a certain order, or disorder, of New York life, and reduce them to a unity which had form and life. But this was what Mr. Fitch had done in his comedy, which with all its farcical excesses had still the complexion of comedy, and with all its extravagance was not unnatural. There were times when it seemed to splay helplessly about, but it arrived individual and shapely, and in the retrospect it showed like a work of art. If its vulgarities made the flesh creep, they were vulgarities of the author's observation and not of his invention, and he was no more trammelled in the immoralities than in the vulgarities of his material: his shoppers and shop-girls, his actresses and their "angels," his floor-walker and stage-manager, and the frightful squabbles of their loves and hates. It was as if he had said to himself, that if he were going to do this thing, he would do it unsparingly; he would not put a pretty face on it; these mean and ugly passions should not even wear tights, but should show themselves naked in his scene. It was his sole duty, if he regarded their representation as a duty at all, not in anywise to tell flattering lies about them; and he has told the truth to the extreme of letting his shop-girls and chorus-girls scold and scream and even swear, when it is their nature to. He has sufficiently defined the fact that others whose nature it is not to, do not indulge these violences; just as in "Her Own Way," he distinguishes society women according to their temperaments and ambitions. The play imparts an extraordinary sense of vitality, of life crude and raw, but most potently gifted in getting there, whatever the destination may be. It is as naïvely pretty and sweet in certain rather spare moments as it is naïvely coarse and selfish in certain other moments which are rather lavish. It is full of the riot of the competition which is the motive of our commercial and political life, and such social and professional life as it shows is seen distinctly as *business*. From first to last it is business which rules the aspirations and intentions, not less in the heart of the good girl who will do any good thing for her lover, than in the heart of the bad girl who will do any bad thing for herself, and will even "marry temporarily" the man she is betrothed to, in order to marry finally the man she really wants. A multitude of things are got into the scheme of a shop-girl blazing into a theatrical star, and then quenching her own light with the fool wilfulness of a wanton; but I do not feel that too many things were got in. There was a vivid and incessant play of invention, but there was no sense of repetition except in the rehearsal scene, though perhaps the love-material was rather eked out at the last. Mr. Fitch's last acts, indeed, are so apt to give way under him that I wish he could invent some means of not having any last acts; I think the dramatic effect would be better, notwithstanding the generally accepted convention of their necessity. What one can more seriously say of the piece, even with its last act, is that it is vastly amusing, and even if sadly amusing, still amusing. Of all its amusing passages, it seems to me that those embodying the shopping scene, with the shabby motives of the shoppers worked, as it were, by the rising and falling elevator, were the most amusing; or there, at least, the pang of regret was faintest. It was such a scene as Miss Beatrice Herford might have imagined and presented, but being adapted to the stage, and not to the ends of her more delicate art, it was so finely done. Much the same might be said of the twilight scene on the veranda of the seaside boarding-house, with the mosquitoes stealing upon the gossip, and inarticulately recognized by the slapping long before their presence was acknowledged by a word.

I hope Mr. Fitch will go on giving us more and more plays, since he seems apt to work free of his faults in that way; and I wish Mr. George Ade would make haste to get "The County Chairman" behind something truer as quickly as Mr. Fitch wipes out a bad thing with a good one. The figure of the chairman himself is what redeems the play, but, excellent as he is, he is not sufficient to do all the work. The chairman is a genuine product of our political conditions, and as Harold Frederic discovered, now a good many years ago, he is where he is more for power than for spoil. Mr. Ade imparts the mid-Western quality of his chairman in characteristic crises, and he does not altogether disable our belief in him by attributing to the whole-souled, cynical politician, in a certain exigency, the mouldy motive of an unaging young love for the wife of the sad deacon whom he is trying to beat for prosecuting attorney. But all the same the motive is too mouldy for use by any but a theatrical playwright. I was troubled in several events of the piece, by the fear that the stage had prevailed too much with the caustic wit, the unerring realist of *Fables in Slang*, of *Pink Marsh*, of *Doc Horne*, of *Artie*; and that he had done what it wished him to do, rather than what he wished himself to do. There was a whistling and a too opportune boy who had come out of the property-room, and there was a troop of Indiana vil-

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THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, MAYOR OF NEW YORK

The snap-shot is the latest photograph of New York's new Mayor, taken in front of his residence in Washington Square. On New-year's day, Colonel McClellan formally took control of New York's municipal government. He is the son of General George B. McClellan, commander of the Army of the Potomac, and was born in 1865. After some years' work in journalism, he became, in 1889, Treasurer of the Brooklyn Bridge. He entered the Columbia Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1892. His service on the staff of Governor Hill gave him the title of colonel. In 1892 he was elected President of the Tammany Board of Aldermen, and two years later was elected to Congress. In the Mayoralty election his plurality was 82,480

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lagers who had been translated from a comic-opera chorus for the purpose they were put to. The purpose was such as sopranos and contraltos are never put to in the Middle West, as I recall it; for women take no part in politics there, though they sometimes do so at the East in emulation of Englishwomen politicians. In democracies, women stay at home during political campaigns, quite as much as if the campaigns were military, and the Middle West is distinctly a democracy in this respect. There is indeed one fine instant in which the youth of both sexes mingle in Mr. Ade's play, not only probably, but inevitably, and all flock to see the five-ten express come in, and enjoy the one excitement of their forty-eight-hour day. That is like a touch in some of the *Fables*, and there is a preciously worthless darky in the piece, who is like a vision of the real thing from *Pink Marsh*. There is also an admirable sage in butternut who

Obeys at eve the voice obeyed at prime

when it calls to the saloon, and who otherwise spends his unbroken leisure on a bench under a tree. He is beautiful because true, but the rest, except the county chairman himself, are not true, even when they are beautiful. Of course all this is not saying that there are not many laughs in the piece, or that in spite of the structural unnaturalness there is not much naturalness in it; but it was as if, being perplexed in the extreme by the theatre's insistence as to what a play was, the author had yielded, and let it make something out of his material which, if it was a play, was hard work for the enlightened imagination, and with all its cheer must be a grief for the judicious.

There were really some things in it that no one but Mr. Ade himself could fitly characterize, and I should like especially to have him try his trenchant hand on that boy who has whistled his way through so much rural drama, to such unmerited permanence that my expectation ached for him throughout "Our New Minister," though it ached in vain. Many other things that I could have expected were there, and I think the audience liked them when it got them, largely because it had been looking for them. It was a very simple-hearted audience, which one could easily love, and it filled the popular theatre where the piece was given fairly well. It roared throughout at the Yankee village types represented, and stood a lot of preaching with the interest which the average American still feels in preaching, especially when it assails the old theologies and quotes Scripture against them. Charity for the erring was the theme of these generous homilies, so unsparing of biogtry, hypocrisy, and villainy; and the love interest which is supposed to play so main a part in winning the popular favor was of the slightest. The piece, though perhaps new in New York, was not new, and I was lured to see it in spite of a feeling that I had already seen it somewhere, by the attribution of the authorship to Mr. Denman Thompson, an artist to whom I was willing to make the offering of almost any risk. Without him we should not have had "The Old Homestead," sweetest and simplest of the dramas which are native to us, or in their generations "Shore Acres" and "The County Chairman"; and to an author-actor of his rare quality one must be willing to sacrifice much. I do not say that seeing "Our New Minister" was not too much; but I knew that all about me were people who would have been willing to repeat the sacrifice almost indefinitely. I heard them telling one another what was coming next, and apparently finding great comfort in their foreknowledge. For their sakes, one could wish something better than they were having in "Our New Minister," and something truer than they would have got in "The County Chairman." They seem to me quite worth while, those simple hearts, and I believe their heads are not unworthy of the best the drama can do for them.

One was as far from them as one could well get, both in the action and the audience at the house which witnessed the representation of Mr. Augustus Thomas's play of "The Other Girl," and still remain within the reach of the same dramatic art. Mr. Thomas has come home in this charming comedy from Arizona, Alabama, Mizzoura, Kentucky, and wherever else he has been in Greater America to still Greater New York, and has given us a society play in which passionate girlhood, Philadelphia propriety, self-sacrificing friendship, athletic religion, and physical manhood are the motives that mingle for an effect purely comic. The piece brims with actuality; it is all here and now; and it has a frankness in the operation of its motives, which is in itself very wholesome and refreshing. It is in obedience to the same law which rules in the heart of *Natasha* in "War and Peace," when she is mad to elope with *Anatole Kouraguine*, and in the heart of the society girl who marries the pugilist *Cashel Byron* in Mr. Bernard Shaw's novel, that *Catherine Fulton* tries to run away from her betrothed with *Kid Garvin* the prize-fighter; and in this she is no less natural than mystical. But her friend *Estelle Kitteridge*, who smuggles herself into *Catherine's* place in the *Kid's* automobile, and "saves" her, as women are saved in the theatre, is neither mystical nor natural, but a fake of the novelist's, long past its first youth. It is a pity, for this is almost the sole blemish of a piece, which within the limits of the supposed case, is delightfully possible, and has many moments of delicious veracity. It sparkles with wit, and abounds in humorous satire, which if it never implies a meaning beyond the given instance, is hearty, genuine, and unforced. It is full of laughs, for which one need not afterwards be ashamed, and by this negative praise, I mean almost the highest praise. I could not well give a due sense of the perfection with which each of the persons is characterized, without giving an undue sense of it; but in the case of *Kid Garvin*, I should say that I do not see how he could be better suggested than in the lying frankness, the manly meanness, the strictly limited magnanimity, and business-like chivalry of which his strange mixture is compact. He is to my thinking the great triumph of the piece, which has its chief defect in the fake I have mentioned. Among its minor triumphs I should like to mention the Philadelphia father of *Catherine*, and the absolutely New York actuality of *Waterman* and his wife. It is easy to mention these persons, but to do them as Mr. Thomas does them, could have been by no means easy, even for Mr. Thomas, who has taught us to expect such good work from him.

His comedy pours no such swelling tide of life, life wilful, powerful, forceful, as Mr. Fitch's satire pours upon the scene, but in its one moment of passion, smilingly yet thrillingly recognized, it touches a corner of the heart unreached by the brilliant audacities of the brother dramatist. But here I have confronted two playwrights whom I have been all along saying to myself I would not compare, because that would be useless and senseless, since their qualities are as positive as the defects of their qualities, and a comparison of them could only involve injustice to both. I should like to put the blame on them, as they finally face each other in spite of me, for my intention has been so good. What I can say without regret and without censure is that I am glad to have them both on the New York ground, and to get a notion of how they view it. It is the American ground, with all the American interests densely grouped and vividly foreshortened. I wish they could see above it and beyond it to those wider human interests to which the English dramatists are now inviting our gaze.

Politics in England

By Sydney Brooks

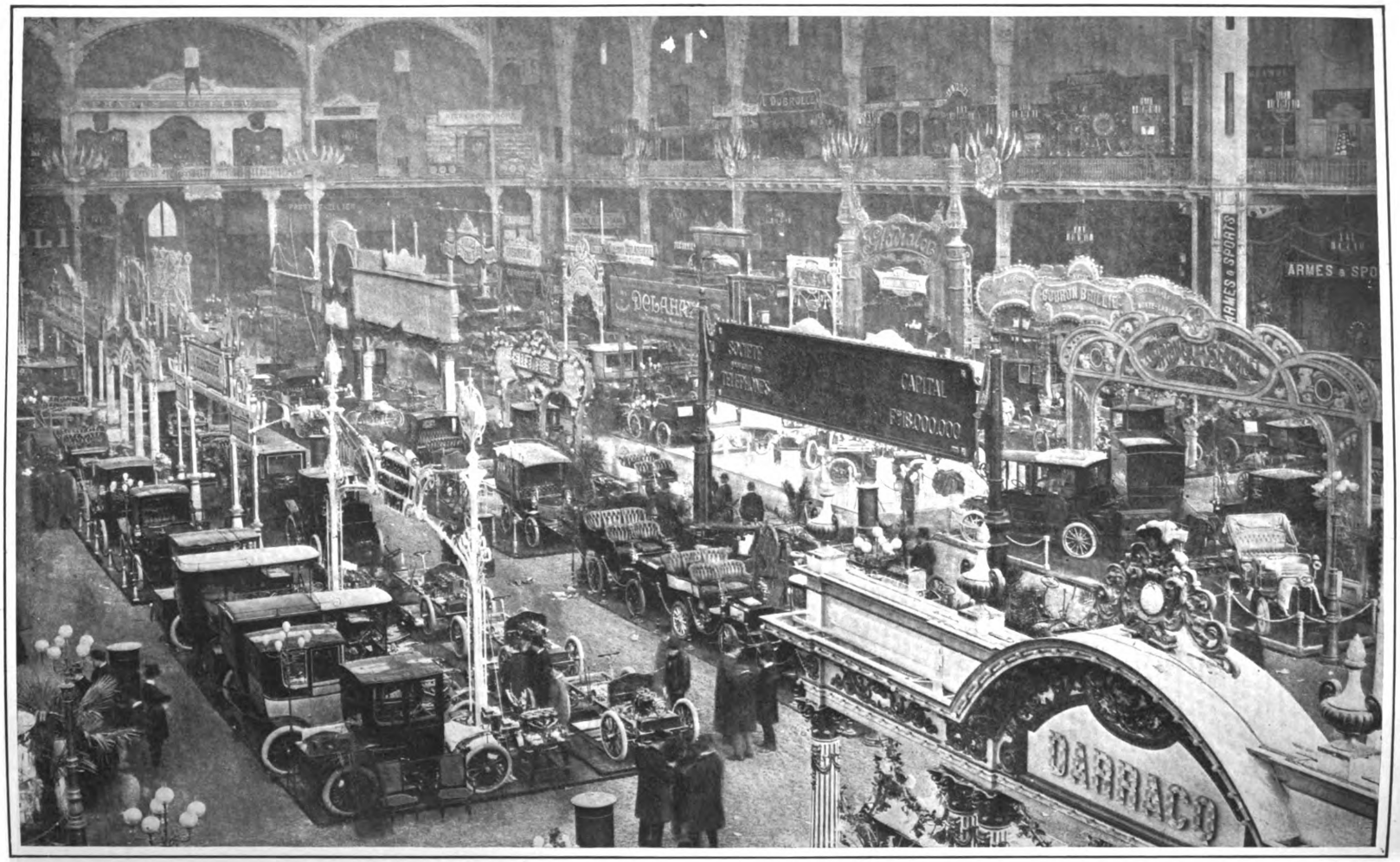
LONDON, *January 2, 1904.*

LIVELY times, possibly tumultuous times, are ahead of us. There is no need to remind Americans that a tariff debate is not a tea-party. No question makes such a universal appeal as that which touches a man's pocket; none, too, arouses such an intensity of personal passion. Englishmen are surprised at the amount of bitterness they are injecting into the discussion of Mr. Chamberlain's programme. Both in quantity and quality it threatens to surpass even the partisan fury of the Home Rule crisis. I have attended many meetings on both sides of the question. Not one of them has passed off without more or less disturbance. The English are not naturally a very orderly people. In their political campaigns, especially, they always seem on the edge of a riot. They have none of the American instinct for legality, moderation, system. The election of an American President is a far more decent and impressive proceeding than the election of an English Parliament. It is therefore no new thing to hear of meetings broken up, platforms stormed, speakers howled down, and all the other playful relaxations of Demos in England. What is new is to find these arguments brought into play so early in the game. After all, we have only had eight months or so of the Chamberlain policy. No general election is on hand: no engagement between the rival forces all down the line has yet taken place; at the most, there have been skirmishes and small affairs of outposts. And yet the public mind is already violently stirred. The running commentaries on the speaker's address which every English audience supplies, the interruptions, the heckling, and the "booing" already show the keenness of the popular temper. When Parliament meets the excitement will be so much the greater, both in and out of the House. When the general election comes—and it is conceivable that, as in 1900, so in 1904, England and America will be holding elections at the same moment—we shall be in the thick of a campaign as intense as the Bryan-McKinley contest of 1896, and far more tumultuous.

I am bound to say that the discussion so far has been on a singularly high level. No democracy anywhere could receive better instruction than the English electorate is having dealt out to it at this moment. In many ways it surpasses even that campaign of education which overwhelmed Mr. Bryan. English speakers excel in this sort of work. They are far better at handling a concrete than an abstract topic. They like to come to close grips with their subject, and to thresh it out without rhetoric or vapid generalization. Tariff questions just suit their prosaic, matter-of-fact minds, and they inundate their audiences with figures and statistics, and explain to them the mechanism of foreign exchange, and read out pages from the Board of Trade blue-books, and delve into the incidence of indirect taxation, in a way that only an English-speaking people could possibly relish. Enlivening it is not, but as a mental exercise nothing could beat it. You get some of the finest intellects in the country expounding the principles and the details of a subject that is exceeded by none in its ramifications or its difficulties. Every nation once in a while should go through such an experience, should make a return to first principles, and examine the foundations of its structure. England especially needs a periodic shaking-up, and there can be no question she is getting it now. Thanks to Mr. Chamberlain, there is a mental stir throughout the country such as has not been felt for a dozen years or more.

And what progress is protection making? It is difficult to say.

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THE AUTOMOBILE EXHIBIT IN PARIS

At the Paris Automobile Show, opened at the Grand Palais des Champs Elysées on December 10 by President Loubet, 970 exhibitors showed machines of all classes, representing the automobile models for 1904. One of the most interesting exhibits was the new motor-train of Colonel Rénard. By an ingenious method of coupling, the train can turn corners without the aid of rails. A jointed, revolving shaft connecting the train transmits the power of the locomotive to all the cars, turning two wheels on each; and by a contrivance under the control of the engineer each car, in turning, makes exactly the same arc as the locomotive

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England is intensely local in its politics. The most Radical and the most Tory constituencies lie cheek by jowl, each to all appearances unaffected by its neighbor, each firm and even stubborn in its own faith. It is only very rarely that those "tidal waves" of opinion that are so common in America sweep over England. Perhaps it is not more than once or twice in a generation that you can infer the opinions of the country from the opinions of the average man. Local circumstances, local influences, peculiarities, interests, hold their own more successfully here than anywhere else I know of, and make the gauging of public sentiment a matter of the greatest difficulty. The English Demos has a habit of keeping silent till the last moment, and then of roaring in a way that those who profess to know him best have least expected. One finds, therefore, the most divergent opinions expressed by men in whose judgment one has equal confidence. Some say that Chamberlain will sweep the country; others, that his policy has been so thoroughly pulverized that to expose it any further is a mere waste of time, and that Liberals in consequence would be better employed in preparing an alternative policy, and no longer resting on the mere strength of negation.

What makes the question all the harder to answer is that there are two policies before the country — Mr. Balfour's and Mr. Chamberlain's. Mr. Balfour, while sympathizing with protection, food taxes, and preferential treatment of the colonies, believes that the country is not yet ripe for them. He therefore advocates retaliation. He wants a mandate that will enable him to reverse the doctrine that taxation is only to be imposed for purposes of revenue. He has expressly disclaimed the idea of setting up a permanent tariff. All he asks for is the power to erect one to meet a special emergency.

Mr. Chamberlain, of course, goes further. His policy is naked protection, complicated and to some extent alleviated by colonial reciprocity. The inconsistencies and ambiguities of such a situation are practically endless. You have the Premier applauding a policy which he refuses to advocate. You have members of his Cabinet supporting Mr. Chamberlain's bolder scheme in the open. You have Parliamentary candidates returned as Balfourites, and yet claimed by the Protectionists as Chamberlainites. The truth is that no one believes in the Balfourian half-way house of retaliation. The force of circumstances, it is thought, must in the long run make the Prime Minister toe Mr. Chamberlain's mark. At the same time, the adroitness and usefulness of his intermediate policy are, from the party point of view, unmistakable. There have been several by-elections since Mr. Chamberlain started his campaign. At not one of them has a single candidate yet ventured to say that he approves the taxation of food. All have taken refuge in the Balfourian formula of retaliation, well knowing that before long that formula will be stretched to cover the whole of the Chamberlain programme. It is at least skilful electioneering: it embarrasses the Liberals; and by confusing the issues it misleads the electorate. At the same time, it is essentially disingenuous and demoralizing. The only way to meet it is the manly way of the Duke of Devonshire. The duke has advised his supporters—those Unionists, that is, who are also free-traders—to vote against any candidate who favors either Balfour or Chamberlain. The duke sees, what before long every one will see, that retaliation and protection must ultimately merge. Meanwhile the milder policy has done duty as a shelter for the doubters and fence-sitters, and accustomed them gradually to the larger programme. That is to say, it has in great part served its purpose of keeping the party together.

Nevertheless the Unionists have split beyond hope of reconciliation. Mr. Balfour's consolation must be that the split is *not* so serious as it might have been. The Duke of Devonshire, Lord Goschen, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Lord Hugh Cecil have seceded *in toto*, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, while apparently in favor of retaliation, has pronounced firmly against the food taxes. The secession perhaps is more formidable *in* quality than in quantity, in the character, position, abilities, and experience of its leaders than in the number of their followers. Like *all* "bolters" they *find* themselves for the moment awkwardly placed, belonging neither to the one party nor the other; but the stress of events must in the end force them into alliance with the Liberals, an alliance that may perhaps embrace more than the fiscal question. The Liberals themselves ought to be grateful to Mr. Chamberlain. He has done what nobody else could have done — he has actually united them. But though Liberal unity is now a fact, it is not a fact which everybody recognizes. The divisions and dissensions of that unhappy party have for years been so acute and so publicly exploited that even professing Liberals are slow to believe that harmony reigns once more. To bring it home to them as emphatically as possible, some ocular demonstration is needed—a meeting, in short, with Lord Rosebery, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and representatives of every section appearing on the platform together. Such a meeting is now by way of being negotiated, and possibly before Parliament meets it may already have been held. Nothing, at any rate, could do more to strengthen the opposition to Mr. Chamberlain or to convince the country that the Liberals really possess sufficient cohesion to form an alternative government, if and when their chance comes.

So that Mr. Chamberlain has a pretty long row to hoe. Not a single statesman of the first rank has openly sided with him. He has welded his opponents together; he has split his own party; he is fighting one of the most ingrained prejudices that the English people possess; and he is within a very few years of seventy. And yet this indomitable man keeps it up with a courage and confidence impossible not to admire. Were he to die to-morrow the whole movement would utterly and entirely collapse. It is a one-man agitation, drawing all its sustenance from his inspiring personality and the lucid power of his eloquence. As an electioneering performance it could scarcely be surpassed. As an essay in economics it has, as I believe, displayed a monumental ignorance alike of fact and theory and British conditions. As a revelation of Mr. Chamberlain it has been more than adequate. Never has he seemed so great and yet so small, so entirely unscrupulous in his arguments and yet so skilful in dressing them up, so vicious and petty in his sneers and abuse and yet so finely moved by his imperial mission, so self-reliant or so shifty, so supreme a tactician and yet so poor a statesman. With it all, I still believe he will win.

The Derelict

By Louise Morgan Sill

A DERELICT am I,
A child of mournful fate—
No home but the sea and sky,
No captain and no mate.
My steersman is the wind,
And never a crew I see,—
They wrecked me here at the cold New Year,
And straight abandoned me.

I've sailed a many a mile,
And curious sights I've seen.
I've rocked where the tropics smile,
And far to the North I've been,
Where ice-bergs threatened me
With a cell in a frozen grave,
But here and there some unseen care
Contrives my hulk to save.

I've passed in the long Gulf Stream
A thousand ships or more.
I've seen the lookout dream
Of his wife and babes ashore.
I've floated by his prow,
All menacing of death,
So near, so near, that I could hear
The indraw of his breath.

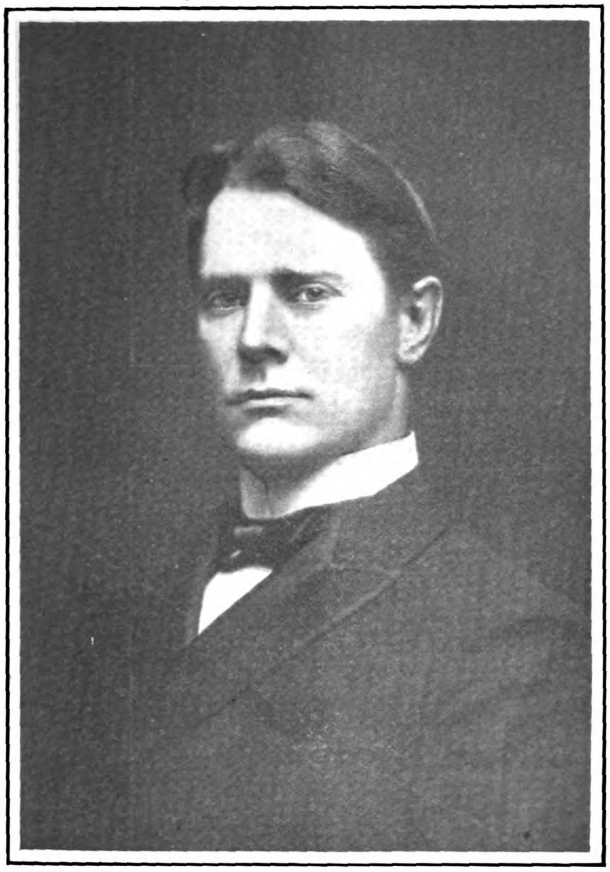
I flee in the desert night,
Before the storm alone,
For peace and the morning light
My tortured timbers groan.
No crime is on my soul,
Yet, with a thousand jaws
To harry me, the pitiless sea
It gnaws, and gnaws, and gnaws.

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Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

ONE of the most important volumes of 1903, treating of a subject of universal and timely interest and of grave international significance, was published just before the close of the year. *The Russian Advance*, by Mr. Albert J. Beveridge, Senator of Indiana, comes to us at a critical moment affecting the great world empires, while negotiations between Russia and Japan are being daily reported in the newspapers, and war between these nations seems imminent. The dispute over the possession of Manchuria and Korea has suddenly found us eager to be informed on a question that has hitherto been of remote interest to the general public, however well informed the various national diplomats have kept themselves since Manchuria was ceded by China to Japan, and Russia stepped in to colonize it. Senator Beveridge is well equipped to enlighten the public on conditions existing in Manchuria, having spent some months in Russia, Manchuria, and Korea studying the Russian-Japanese controversy, and making a complete investigation of the political, social, military, and industrial situation. "Preparedness," says Senator Beveridge, "is the secret of most successes in this world." The secret of Mr. Beveridge's qualifications to present in a cogent, luminous, impartial, and graphic manner the last word on this momentous Eastern problem, which has become the engrossing question of the hour, lies in the close study he has made during the past few years of this special field, which has found him of all men most prepared to report at first hand the historic facts of the case, and to make philosophical application of them. Two years ago, on his return from the Far East, he published a series of articles in the *Saturday Evening Post*, which excited great interest at the time, and form the basis of his book. At that time Mr. Beveridge described the situation in China as affected by the operations there of two or three European nations, and pointed out the causes and conditions which seemed to presage the probable conflict between Russia and Japan, which has now come.

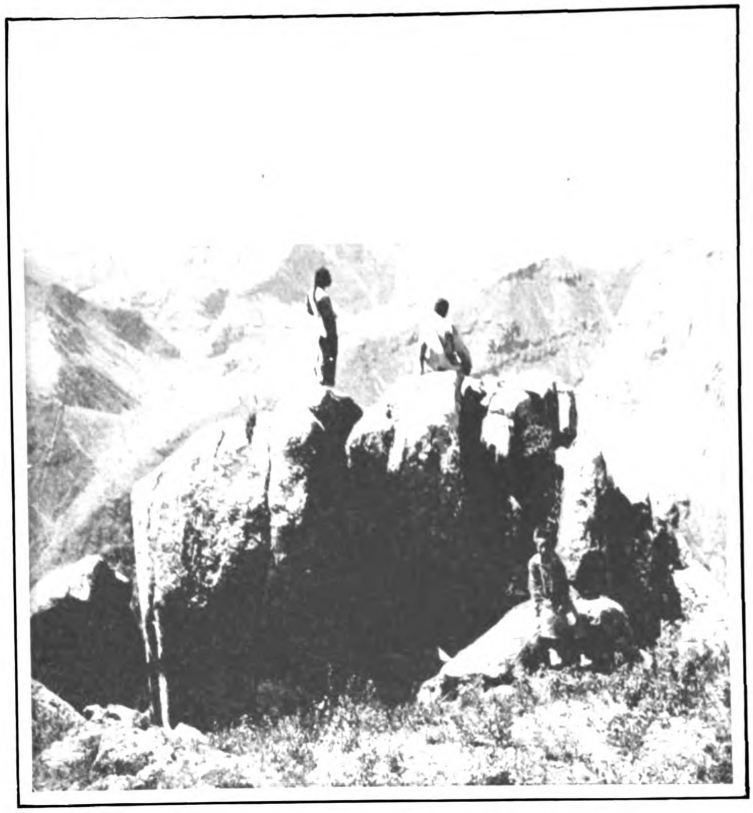


Senator Albert J. Beveridge
Author of "The Russian Advance"

The story of *The Russian Advance*, as Mr. Beveridge tells it, has all the fascination of opening a new page of history, and unfolding a panorama of progress which has been going on silently and unheeded, that almost startles and takes one's breath away. For decades, he points out, the world has been dimly conscious of a gray-clad militant figure standing on the frozen shores of the Pacific, gigantic in proportions, but vague and indefinite in outline. The world, and especially the American people, have gone about their business without a thought of the spectre, which, after the first surprise at its appearance, was allowed to become a mere commonplace, without meaning or interest. But within the last five years the Russian's presence on the Pacific has claimed the acute attention of every cabinet in Europe, and of every thoughtful American citizen; for he is now manifest on the Asiatic shores of that ocean in other guise than that of the uniformed bayonet-bearer of the Czar. "I thought that Japan took the lower part of Manchuria, including Port Arthur, as the price for ending her war with China," remarked a travelled American to Mr. Beveridge on board a great German liner bound for Hong-kong. "How, then, can Russia be occupying that same land?" This is the pertinent question of the moment, and its answer, which Mr. Beveridge has set forth in his lucid and picturesque narrative, relates to the most fascinating part of Russia's Manchurian advance on Asia. From the time of Peter the Great, whose vision embraced all future Russian policy, so far as the eye of man can now discern it, one vast purpose of Russia has become so fixed as to be almost a religion, and that is the determination of the Slav to reach the seas where summer skies await him and over whose waters the winds of commerce blow. "There is something pathetic about the effort of the Russian to reach the oceans of the globe—to sail the seas that other men sail, to make the ports that his brothers make, and to meet his fellows face to face in all the harbors of the world. There is something that wins our sympathy in the Russian's almost instinctive attempts to escape from his vast and mighty cage, unequalled in its own extent though that cage may be. . . . For this priceless privilege of the seas, the Slav has for centuries been battling, until by sheer experience in the concentration of his energies and thoughts on foreign policy, he has become the most finished diplomat in the history of negotiation, and the first in foreign affairs among the statesmen of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries."

With the colonization of Manchuria and the occupation of Port Arthur, Russia has gone far to achieve its end—an achievement so simple and so easily accomplished that, as Mr. Beveridge says, to readers of the world's affairs it appears as sheer luck or else a very miracle. In the summer of 1901 a single ship of the "Russian Volunteer Fleet," which Mr. Beveridge inspected at Port Arthur—Russia's Manchurian stronghold on the ice-free sea—had landed at another port 1500 Russian peasants. These peasants were not sent into Manchuria, of course, but they were set practically on the Manchurian frontier; and surely and swiftly the agriculturalist and the artisan, the humble hut of the Russian peasant and the untiring patience of the Greek Church planted new seeds of the Slav empire on the fresh fields of the extending Russian dominion, and have kept pace with the hundreds of miles of railway lines being built by Russia across Manchuria, granted by Japan. In the late summer of 1899 three Russian war-ships lay in the beautiful harbor of Nagasaki, Japan. "Oh yes, we are getting used to that," said an English merchant, whose attention was called to the Russian colors. And it was natural enough, for Nagasaki is a coaling-station. But in 1901 the sea-flag of the Czar floated from a ship in the roadstead from which the Woosung River leads up to Shanghai, the commercial clearing-house of China. "Ten years ago that flag was seldom—in fact, hardly ever—seen in these waters." Again it was an English merchant who spoke, one who had spent his entire life since boyhood in commercial enterprises in the Far East. "It is a multiplying circumstance," he went on, "and it has its counterpart right here among our business houses. The most active, aggressive financial institution in Shanghai to-day is the branch at this place of the Russo-Chinese Bank. It is not yet so great as some of our other banks, but it is making itself felt very effectively." So the Russian advance is a commercial and financial as well as a military movement—a diplomatic advance, too—throughout every province of the Flowery Kingdom; an advance by merchant vessels and war-ships; by railways, by Russian peasantry, cultivated farms, and permanent homes, by all the activities of peace into the very centre of Manchuria, which, until this very moment the world's wisest statesmen have insisted and believed was permanently Chinese territory. It was thus the Slav took his first step in Manchuria; it was thus that he found himself prepared to extend his advantages, his railroad, his power, his dominion southward through Manchuria, and to occupy and fortify the best ports for commerce and war, with only two exceptions, on all the coasts of China. Thus has been realized, at last, part of the nation's great passion and dream, and thus the world beholds the beginning of the fulfilment of the policy of Peter the Great—open ports on open seas

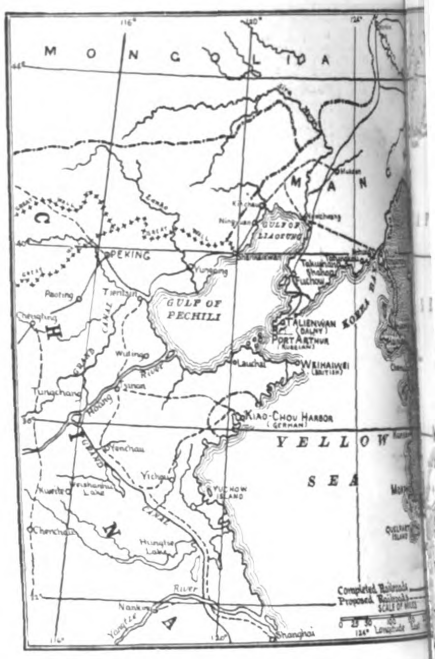
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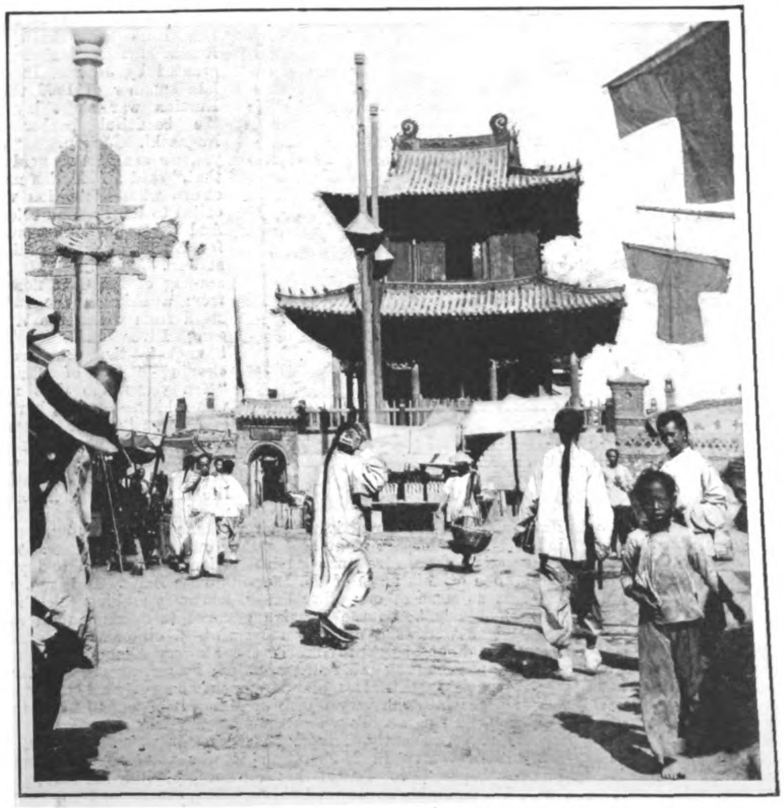
A View of the Liao-Hsi Mountains, in Manchuria



On the Bank of the Han River at Yung San, Kore



Map showing the Scene



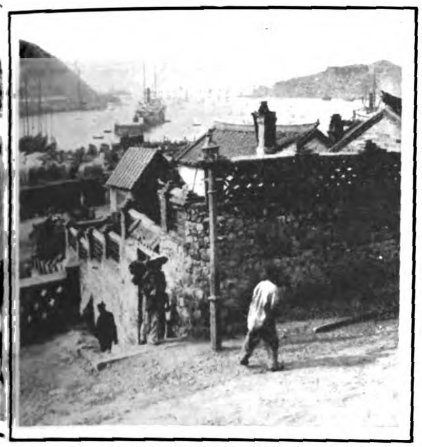
A Street Scene in Newchwang



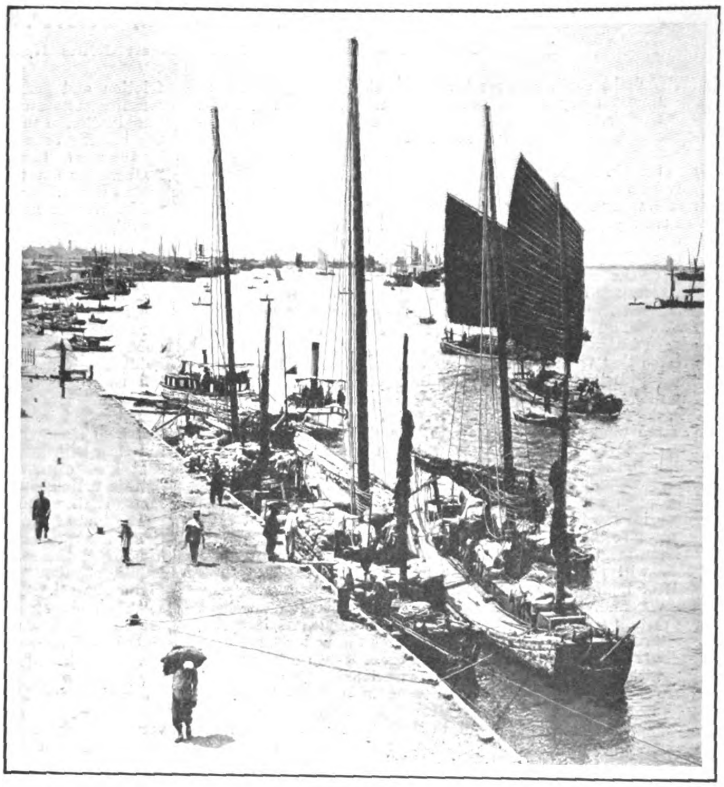
H.M.S. "Vestal," in the Liao River at

THE CRISIS IN THE FAR EAST—S

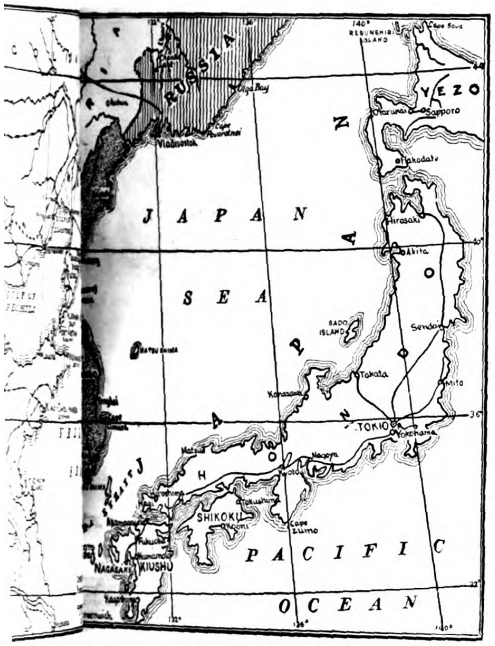
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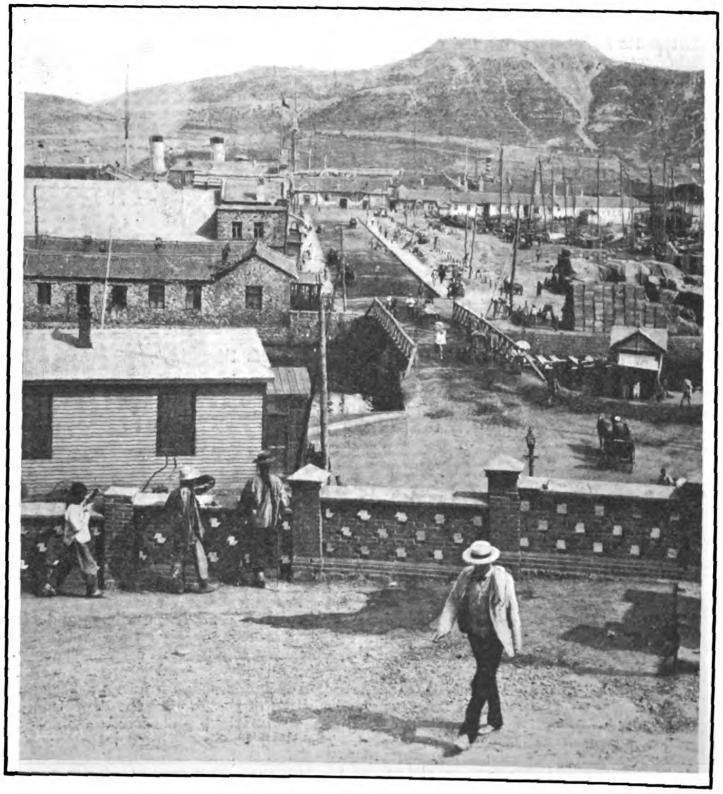
The Harbor, Port Arthur



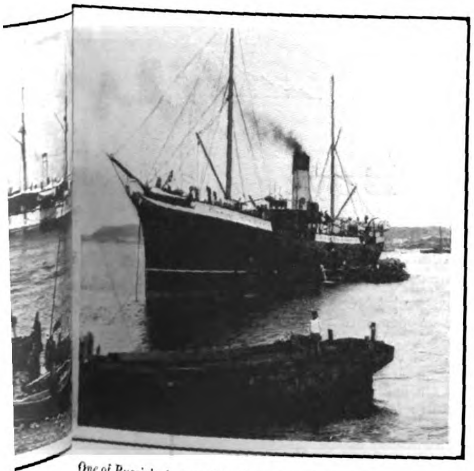
The Liao River, Newchwang, from the Custom-house



War Crisis in the Far East



Looking South across Port Arthur



One of Russia's Armored Cruisers Coaling at Port Arthur

...S IN JAPAN, KOREA, AND MANCHURIA

...wood & Underwood, N. Y.

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Is the Sun Hot or Cold?

By R. W. Wood, F.L.P.S.

Professor of Experimental Physics at Johns Hopkins University

THAT the earth receives heat from the sun must seem to almost every one a self-evident truth. A certain Mr. Warder, however, denies it most emphatically in a recent magazine article. The fantastic and wholly illogical arguments which the author makes use of are hardly deserving even of adverse criticism, and it is doubtful if he is taken seriously by any save the feeble-minded. I have been asked by the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY to prepare a short article setting forth some of the arguments for and against the emission of heat by the sun.

So far as I know, no reasons at all for doubting the high temperature of the central body of the solar system have ever been found. There are in general three distinct ways in which heat can be transferred from one body to another—conduction, convection, and radiation. The first two are dependent upon the presence of matter, the latter will take place across a perfect vacuum. We may receive heat from a stove by all three methods. If we place our hands upon it we receive heat by conduction; if we hold them above it they are warmed by convection, the heat being brought to them by the rising current of hot air. If now we stand in front of the stove we still feel its warmth, the sensation in this case being produced by the heat waves which it emits. These waves are similar to the electric waves used in wireless telegraphy, differing from them only in their length. They bear the same relation to them which the ripples on a mill-pond bear to the Atlantic rollers. With the instruments at our disposal at the present time we can measure the length of these waves as accurately as we can measure the length of a table with a foot-rule, and we can prove that they will pass through a vacuum, a plate of glass, or a tank full of liquid air, without losing their ability to warm our hands. We find, however, that if we pass this radiant heat through certain substances, water-vapor, for example, its intensity is diminished, owing to the fact that some of the waves have been absorbed. It is possible to determine the exact length of the waves of heat which have been removed by absorption in the vapor, and if we test the radiation which comes to us from the sun, we find that waves of this same length are absent, the water-vapor in the earth's atmosphere having refused to transmit them. This fact, taken alone, is pretty good evidence that the sun and the hot stove are pouring out the same kind of energy.

Mr. Warder tells us that heat cannot possibly penetrate the cold of space, and that it is impossible to force an atom of heat from the sun to the earth. It would be interesting to hear his definition of a heat atom. The philosophers of the seventeenth century believed heat to be a substance, but their material theory was disproved more than a century and a quarter ago. Mr. Warder appears to have raked it out of the refuse heap of science.

Experiments in the laboratory have shown that when a body is heated it emits heat waves, the lengths of which are governed by a certain law. As the temperature is increased, we get shorter and shorter waves, until finally the very short ones which we call light begin to appear, and we say the body is red hot. Measurements with the spectrometer and bolometer show just what proportion the waves of a certain length bear to the total radiation at any definite temperature, and it is therefore possible to determine the temperature of a body merely by examining the radiation which it emits. Now it is found that the proportion of long to short waves in the radiation which comes from the sun is precisely what we should expect from a body heated to a temperature considerably above that of the electric furnace. The same law which governs the emission of heat by bodies heated to a high temperature in the laboratory, governs the heat emitted by the sun, and by studying the proportion in which the waves of different lengths are present in its radiation it has been possible to make a fair estimate of its temperature, which is probably not far from 6000 degrees.

Let us now examine some of Mr. Warder's alleged proofs that the sun is a cool body, sending no heat to the earth.

"Heat is not from the sun," says the author, "as is proven by the flight of meteorites, for when the meteors strike our atmosphere they have an opposite polarity to the earth, and they create friction and generate heat." Disregarding the preposterous and meaningless statement regarding polarity, which exists only in the imagination of the author, what possible connection is there between the heating of a meteoric stone and the emission of radiant heat by the sun? It would be as logical to argue that a stove radiates no heat into a room because pounding a penny with a hammer makes it hot.

Mr. Warder next informs us that the sun's photosphere and the earth's auroræ are of similar nature, a statement which is so absolutely false that one cannot but feel that he has made use of the word photosphere without knowing to what part of the sun it is applied. In another place he contends that the nebulæ are cold, and shine by reflected light, refraining, however, from giving us his reasons for contradicting the evidence which the spectroscope furnishes us that they consist of masses of incandescent gas. His hobby appears to be to make the entire universe cool and inhabitable—everything shining by reflected light—but he does not tell us where the light comes from by which they shine. Heat he imagines to be the result of a transformation of electric waves (coming originally from a cool body) in the atmosphere of our earth. Planetary bodies which are devoid of an atmosphere cannot then be heated by the sun, for he makes the positive statement that heat cannot exist where there is no atmosphere. In spite of this ultimatum the millions of carbon filaments in our electric lamps continue to give out both light and heat.

The law of gravitation is next demolished by the ambitious author, who refers all planetary motion to electricity, thereby placing himself in the same class with the peripatetic quack doctor, who loudly shouts, "Electricity is life," believing that he has explained it all.

"There is an unanswerable fact," we are told, "that proves the sun's corona is cold, like our auroræ, and that is the unquestioned fact that comets have passed through it without being affected in the slightest. These comets were excessively cold, and the corona must have been cold, or there would have been a disastrous explosion."

Assuming the comet to be cold, which is by no means certain, what evidence can Mr. Warder cite which proves that the comet was not heated to a high temperature during its passage around the sun? The substance composing the comet could be heated to a temperature of a thousand or two degrees without experiencing any change that could be detected with the telescope when the comet again came into view. It is possible to calculate the approximate temperature of bodies heated by solar radiation at different distances from the sun, and the statement that the comet would explode is absurd, unless Mr. Warder's comets are made of gunpowder, a notion which is quite as reasonable as some of his ideas.

He makes no reference to the indisputable testimony of the spectroscope, which proves that the sun is surrounded by a dense atmosphere of metallic vapor which can only exist at an exceedingly high temperature. The presence of iron vapor in the sun's atmosphere is as definitely proven as the presence of salt in the ocean.

The electric waves, which we are told come from the sun, are described as being exactly similar to the waves used in wireless telegraphy. As soon as they strike our atmosphere they are transformed into heat in some remarkable way,—the precise mechanism of the transformation being left to our imagination. We are not told, however, why the same thing does not happen to the precisely similar waves used in telegraphing, which, according to Mr. Warder's theory, ought to be detected at the distant receiving-station with a thermometer instead of a coherer. It is quite true that the heat waves from the sun are similar to the electric waves, as I have already said, but we can measure their length, and we know that waves of such shortness and intensity as those coming from the sun can only come from a solid or liquid body heated to a temperature far hotter than the electric arc. Heat waves are about 1-25000th of an inch in length, while the electric waves which we employ in signalling may be many hundred feet long.

Mr. Warder's writings ably illustrate the old saying that "It is better not to know anything at all than to know so many things that are not so."

How Shall I Educate My Boy?

By Charles F. Thwing, D.D., LL.D.

President of Western Reserve University

IN certain great fundamental respects of purpose, method, condition, and force, the education of your boy and mine and of all lads is to be made alike. One of these primary conditions relates to health.

Before me, as a college officer, there pass reports of hundreds of boys and of girls, largely Freshmen, touching the condition of their bodies. The statement of defects and deficiencies, of malformations and of no formations, is surprising and painful. The ills and the weaknesses extend from ankle bone to optic nerve. Curvature of spine, unequal height of shoulders, defects in vision, are the more common ailments, and they are painfully common. A teacher of gymnastics, who has met hundreds, and I might almost say thousands, of students, has said to me never had but one perfectly formed and thoroughly healthy student been placed on official hygienic lists. Of course the standard was high, as it ought to have been. But it is safe, at all events, to say that the bodies of most boys and girls are not so well formed at the age of twenty as they would have been had proper care been given and taken. A certain share of children are not well born; but even of those who are not well born, the larger share are allowed to abuse and to injure themselves. Therefore the first thing that I have in mind in the education of my boy is his health. My youngster goes to a school, of which the buildings are large, well warmed, well ventilated. He goes away with me in the morning at eight o'clock; he returns at six o'clock. The intervening hours he is spending under good physical conditions, as I have intimated, in the pursuit of knowledge. His lunch he takes at the school building. His play, at football or tennis, he takes every afternoon under the supervision of the school authorities. Such outdoor play belongs to the fall and the spring months. The close of each day of the winter-time he spends in the gymnasium, also under an instructor. But in every season of the year he closes the day's work and play with

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a shower-bath or with a swim in the pool. He walks home after five o'clock, about two miles. Reaching home, he rushes in crying, "I'm as hungry as a bear!" I presume my boy is getting some knowledge; I know he is. But I also am assured that his growth in stature is well cared for; he is a healthy boy.

The vigor of maturity, the energy of permanent working power, the length of service and of life, depend, in a very large degree, upon the growth and the health of the years of the second decade of the boy's life.

I have intimated that my son is at what may be called a home school. It is a school in the city wherein he dwells. But it is not a school in the sense in which many schools are called a home school. That condition in which the boy is able to have the advantages of a school away from home,—which is the advantage of independence,—and also the advantage of home itself, which is the comprehensive advantage of love, is, in my thought, the best for most boys. I think that the ordinary home parts with its sons at a too-early age. Jean Ingelow somewhere says, speaking for a mother and her children, "to bear, to rear, to love, and then to lose." For their own comfort and happiness parents want their children, and for their own growth in noblest elements of character parents need their children. Boys, too, need their parents; the supervision, wisdom, suggestiveness, direction, and love of the home they require. Most boys are savages. No ruler is so well fitted to transmute the savagery of boyhood into the dawning civilization of early manhood as the wise, strong parent. Therefore the school which gives independence without alienation from the home, and the home which gives motherliness and fatherliness without an excess of the manifestation of affection, represent the best condition.

Your son and my son also should have as long a training as possible. By long I do not mean merely length in time; I mean richness in quality as well. Merely temporal length should not be gained through the heavy cost of sacrifice of essential values. But most boys have a training altogether too brief in time, as also altogether too poor in quality. The course of a class from the day of its entering the public schools until the day of its graduation is a course like the march of an army in retreat—it is marked by what is lost. "Of the 7785 pupils who were in the first grades of the Cleveland schools in 1889, 2024, or about 26 per cent., were in the highest grade of the grammar schools about eight years later. Of these, 1253, or about 16 per cent. of the original number, were in the first-year high school in the following year, and 664 of them, or between 8 per cent. and 9 per cent. of the original number, were in the senior classes of our high schools four years later." Such a decimation may not be so thorough in many schools as obtains in the schools of Cleveland, but in every system of schools the slaughter of the innocents is great. To think that three out of four of all the pupils who enter into the primary school have dropped out before the close of the last year of the grammar school, and to think that more than nine out of every ten pupils who enter the primary schools do not survive until the close of the high-school period, represents a tremendous fact for not only the American school, but also and more for the American home and American civilization. Therefore, the duty of doing all that can be done to make the education of the ordinary boy and girl as long as possible is absolutely plain. A prolonged infancy, of course, not being too prolonged, represents a prolonged and more efficient maturity.

The chief method of prolonging education, either in point of time or through efficiency, lies in better teaching. Two years, at least, in the school period between six and eighteen, could be saved by the enrichment and improved discipline of the teaching staff. The teacher under whom we wish placed your child and mine is to represent and embody fundamental elements of the best character. The teacher is to be sympathetic. He is to be able to put himself inside of the student's brain, to see with the student's eyes, to hear with the student's ears, to feel with the student's heart. Such sympathy is quite as valuable, and some would say more valuable, than a knowledge of the subject taught or than aptness to teach. In fact, aptness to teach arises in no small degree from intellectual and emotional sympathy. This sympathy represents the essential element of love. This love is not a mere emotion; it is a will for the betterment for the boy. The teacher is to use knowledge as a means of helping the student. He is to teach not German, Greek, geometry, he is to teach boys. The teacher, too, is to use knowledge as a means, not as an end. The primary intellectual end is to promote the power of thinking. Accuracy, a sense of proportion, thoroughness, represent qualities of thinking which the conveying of knowledge should train. I also want the teacher of my child to have enthusiasm for humanity. I wish to inspire my child with the abounding desire to do something worthy, to help men. Constantly I wish to be placed before my child the highest purposes, of doing his work for the sake of helping forward, even in the least degree, the great movements that constitute the essence of civilization.

I wish, as I have intimated, that my son, while he is being educated, shall have a purpose; but this purpose I wish to be of the most general character. Both parents and children are overinclined to desire to conceive and to select a specific purpose at a too early age. A father, whose son is sixteen, frequently says to me, "I don't know what work my boy will take up." Of course he does not know; neither parent nor son ought to know. Education is largely a process of self-discovery. Education reveals the potentialities, the aptitudes, as well as, be it said, the essential weaknesses of the youth. One chief reason of education lies simply in the purpose of finding out one's essential nature and character. In fact, if the choice of a life's vocation be made early a mistake often results. Temporary preferences are misinterpreted as permanent choices. Waste, disappointment, failure, misery, may thence result.

But, although the specific purpose should not be entertained, the general purpose of self-enlargement, self-enrichment, self-control, should obtain. Mr. Gladstone wished for a time in his early career to become a clergyman; many of his friends thought that he ought to, and would, become a clergyman. His father did not desire that his son should become a clergyman. If Mr. Gladstone's early wish had controlled, there would, of course, have eventuated a great bishop or archbishop; but it is probable that Gladstone made richer contributions through not following his early purpose, Downing Street, not Canterbury, was his proper seat of power. Yet the great qualities of mind, heart, conscience, will, character, were so well disciplined in the course of his education that when specific problems were set for his doing he addressed himself to them with superb efficiency. Gladstone speaks of concentration as his chief characteristic. But with this mental and moral quality were united a magnanimity and gravity, a courage and a courtesy, a sense of orderliness, patience, practical aptitude, a union of self-confidence and self-distrust, self-control, a tact and a tolerance, which constituted one of the greatest men of modern times. These elements were the qualities which received signal discipline through the associates and associations of his educational career. *The training of a great manhood*, therefore, in order to render effective service to humanity, I would place before my boy as an atmospheric and general purpose. I would not so place this purpose before him as to develop self-consciousness. Let all intimations of a mission or a career be eliminated from his conscious thinking. Let his boyhood be natural, simple, happy. Let not the boyhood be spoiled by trying to make it a *jejune* manhood. But so far as the boy at the age of fourteen or sixteen does at all live in the future,—and many boys live in the future more than we think they do,—let that future be large, great, high, worthy of the best.

If such a future, in such conditions, I can keep before my boy, then at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two he will be able to choose his life's vocation. I will gladly let him choose his own career. Not a few fathers hurt their sons and damage the careers of those sons by picking out careers for them. Train up the boy in the way he should go, and then let him choose his own work. In the choice of a vocation, as in the choice of a wife, every young man should be left alone. If he is not worthy of being left alone, the parent has grievously injured the boy in the preceding decade of his life.

The sum, therefore, of what I am trying to say about the education of my son relates (1) to the promotion of his health, (2) to his being at once at school and at home, (3) to the best use of his time and education, which use is made more effective by good teaching, (4) by holding before my son a general, although not a specific, purpose of the highest character.

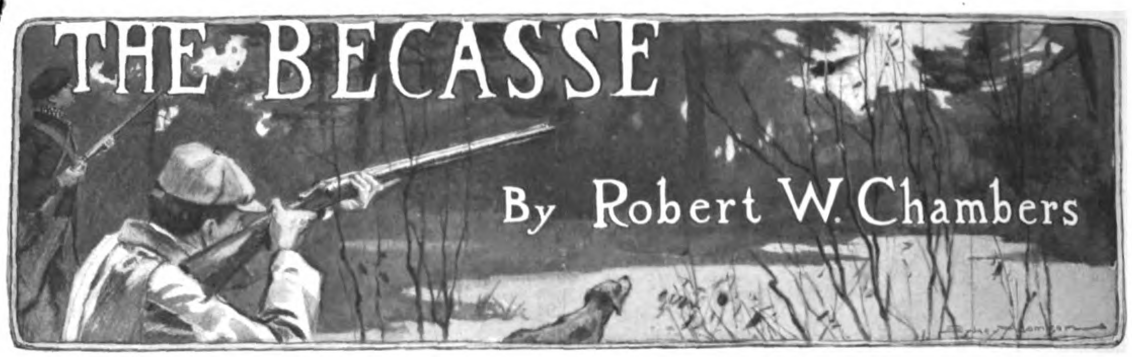
These interpretations mean that I would not educate my boy under a private tutor. I would educate my boy with boys, although not entirely by boys. Boys do, however, educate boys; but a boy who is trained alone is liable to fail in adjusting himself to his membership in humanity. He is to become a brother of the common lot. He therefore should learn early how to adjust himself to his fellows. Furthermore, he will lose a great deal of fun by not being with the boys. It is, furthermore, difficult, practically impossible, for me and for most people to employ a private tutor. When I associate myself with a score of other people in a private school we can afford to get great men and women as tutors; but alone it is impossible. An unworthy man, too, as a private tutor is, indeed, a fearful looking forward to a yet more fearful judgment day.

Neither would I educate my son abroad; he is an American boy. I should be glad to have him get all that is best from the private school in Lusanne or Geneva, but not for one instant would I have his ideals formed by the French master, or his methods by the German. A primary note in his character should be the American, although a note more fundamental is the human. He is, as a human boy, to be trained up for service in this great, interesting, new life of our New World.

In closing, there are two words which represent two elements of education that seem to me of utmost importance for the home and school to represent. The child should be trained in the atmosphere of trustfulness. The parent should rely on the child's honor, should have confidence in the child's statements, should believe in the child as seeking the best. Nothing so makes a child worthy of trust as trust; nothing makes a child so worthy of distrust as distrust. At the age of fourteen I went away from home to fit for college. The temptations of that early time and of the remaining years of the 'teens were the severest I have known. Nothing more constantly or greatly helped to keep me pure than the knowledge that my father and mother trusted me. It used to be said by the boys at Rugby, "We would not lie to Arnold; he'd believe us."

It is also, I think, as blessed as it is important, and important as it is blessed, for the child to be brought up in the companionship of his father and mother. I have seen children in whose companionships I have felt that parents could not take much happiness; the vision was a sad one. I have also, be it said, seen parents in whom children could not find companionship; the vision was still more sad. A companionship, however, of an inferior with a superior, or of a superior with an inferior, may be noble and helpful on both sides. The companionship of a parent and child may be, too, a companionship as of two brothers. It is told of a boy, a member of a public school in the Boston district, that he was asked who was the Governor of Massachusetts; his reply was, "I don't know." The teacher said, "When you go home ask your father who is the Governor of Massachusetts." On returning, the boy was asked, "Who did your father say was Governor?" and the boy said: "He said he was! But, you know, I could not believe him, for he is always fooling with us!" That intimacy of companionship embodied in such a story, in case the parent be worthy, represents one of the most beneficent conditions for the education of a son.

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THE BECASSE

By Robert W. Chambers

SICK and tired of hearing the very word "becasse,"—the word to which so many unconvincing tails had been appended,—the word which had become a keystone for the fabric of lies builded by every French and Breton sportsman in the vicinity,—I made up my mind that when again that word "becasse" was uttered in my presence, I too should have something to say on the subject. And I hoped, for the sake of my morals, that what I had to say might be more or less truthful.

"Becasse," in French, means woodcock; not our own smart little American gamebird with his ochre or deeper saffron-colored breast, and his treble twitter and his fascinatingly uncertain habits which endear him to us all; but the European bird, a big bull-headed, mottle-breasted creature, almost as large as a young ruffed grouse, rising with a deep whir, in which lingers a faint thunderous sound long after two barrels of No. 9's have speeded him over the pines and into a too-distant tangle of hopeless swamp.

In England the becasse is appallingly scarce; in France less so; in Brittany, Department of Finistère, I had not yet found out whether there were any or many. But I meant to.

My first information came from a breezy specimen of American artist: "Woodcock? Why, last year an Englishman bagged eight brace—"

And so forth.

In the long smoke-stained oaken room of the tavern where Bretons and Frenchmen collected to drink Morlaix cider and lie to each other and to me, the impassioned torrent of prevarication was always checked by the word "becasse"; and one and all laid down their pipes and shoved aside their glasses, while a spontaneous and simultaneous "A—h!" echoed the introduction of that word "becasse."

"Are there any?" I would demand, sulkily.

"Any? Parbleu! T'nez, m'sieu, Gilbert and I, on the last day of October—"

And so forth.

"*Are* there any?" I would repeat, more sullenly.

"'Crè nom! Why, on Saturday the pilot of the port, passing by St.-Julien—"

And so forth.

"No doubt," I would sneer, "but it's funny that *I* never put up a becasse. Monday we were all day with the partridges, Pierre Marie and I,—and Luff quartered St.-Julien so close that a cliff-mouse couldn't have escaped. Tuesday we cut up the Laïette cock-coverts and drew two pair of mallard, a curlew, and a dozen vanneaux. Wednesday was a mixed bag; becassine on the marsh, curlew and widgeon west of the semaphore, and a hare on the cliff. Thursday we scored pheasant and partridge beyond St.-Jean; and if I can't hit everything that flushes I can *see* it. And it's very funny, isn't it? that I never saw a becasse," I sneered, swallowing my cider and walking out of the door amid a pained silence from the ancient and honorable guild of liars.

Down on the sea-wall there was moonlight. Alex, a giant Breton, was also there; and when at a whistle my pointer, Luff, joined us, the company was complete.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "repetition does its work sooner or later. Alex, there are woodcock here, aren't there?"

"Dame,—when there is a flight we have them sometimes."

"Many?"

"No, monsieur. Where are there many woodcock?"

"To listen to those buffaloes in the tavern you'd think the woodcock were crowding out the chickens in Finistère," I said.

The quiet Breton smiled, patted Luff, and turned a sober eye seaward.

"We have them sometimes," he said. "We understand that the becasse breeds far to the north,—Norway, perhaps. Then when frost comes, the becasse moves slowly, by stages, southward, stopping to feed in certain spots until the frost appears and hardens the mud. They go to Greece, do they not, m'sieu?"

"Men tell me the cock-shooting is good in Greece," I replied. "But men have told me too many things. I never know, Alex, until I see for myself."

"I also, m'sieu," he observed, seriously.

We sat smoking in the moonlight; the perfume of coast-grown roses filled the night air. October had been mild; yet there was frost in the moon's glitter, frost in the sea rime, frost surely lurking somewhere beyond the blue-black splendor of the northern sky.

"I wish you were fond of shooting, Alex," I said.

"I am, m'sieu," he replied, tranquilly.

I gazed at him, astonished.

"You shoot?"

"Yes, m'sieu."

"Well, why the devil didn't you say so? Here we've been friends for six months, and you never told me you could shoot? That's a Breton! That's a Breton all over. Oysters are garrulous compared with a Finistère Breton. And here you've allowed me to go out every day with that ragged poached Pierre Marie—!"

Indignation choked me silent.

"Because," observed Alex, thoughtfully, "you never asked me."

"Asked you? Confound it, I never knew you went out with a gun!"

"I don't any more," said Alex.

"Why not?"

"I have a family. Powder and shot are too dear, m'sieu. . . . I love the sport." He was very quiet, and I looked at him keenly. It is like that with Bretons; a craving unsatisfied is endured in silence. And nobody except a lover of out-door sport can understand what it is to be denied the satisfaction of that wholesome passion. And through poverty, too!

"Alex," I said, pretending to yawn, "I've a seven-and-three-quarters gun that I never use. There are several hundred shells filled for it. We'll shoot together till New-Year's—at your regular rate."

"I shall be very, very happy," he said, simply. I saw his great brown sea-burnt hand trembling on Luff's silky head.

"Suppose we settle this becasse question to-morrow?" I suggested.

"I think we can, m'sieu. There is a skin of ice on the moon."

"A flight? Do you think there might be a flight, Alex?" I asked, eagerly.

"Dame—if there is I know where we shall find them, m'sieu."

"Alex," I said, "I've simply got to get a becasse. If I don't, those marksmen of the Estaminet yonder will drive me to Greece by their chatter. Show me a becasse, Alex,—only one single becasse! And if I miss him I'll never ask you again."

He was laughing, the full frank Breton laugh, musical and almost noiseless,—for in such manner is the mirth of the men of the sea. And he was one of the "Icelanders" who left for the north on the *Deux Pigeons* when the fleet had been blessed in Concarneau Bay.

I rose; he also stood up to his full height in the moonlight.

"If I do not show you a flurry of snow, a skin of ice in the bog, and a becasse at sunrise, my name is not Alex le Roux!" he said.

"Strike, m'sieu!"

We struck palms in the Breton fashion; and the bargain was sealed.

"Come on, pup," I said to Luff.

Who but an "Icelander" could prophesy so exactly? Over the fair Finistère landscape a color of snow lay at dawn: the swamps, cased in delicate films of ice, glittered gold and rose as the sun pushed up.

Afield, knee-deep in frozen gorse, we breasted the landward-rolling ascent; he in sea jersey beret, embroidered leggings, and sabots, game-sack slung and crossed with his cartridge-pouch; I shivering in that accursed yet indispensable fabric called canvas-duck, gun slung, digging my frosted fingers deep into flannel-lined pockets.

It was becasse or bust that day; but in translating the phrase for Alex's benefit, he seemed to gather the idea that my one object in life was to eat becasse sautée; and I was too cold to explain.

We now arrived on the undulating plateau and struck across country, wading shin-deep through frozen grasses and weeds over which lay miles of stiff silver frost spangles.

Now that sort of thing, before the sun melts the icy films, is baffling to the keenest dog that runs; and we were not at all prepared when Luff, quartering an immense white pasture, stopped rigid. Before we could unsling our guns a snipe darted off, *squakking*, and soared up into the sky, where he was soon lost to sight in the dazzling blue-white ether.

Then that pup advanced on signal, gave one disgusted sniff at the spot where the self-flushed "Englishman" had been, and, wheeling, proceeded to cut up the ground in field-trial form and at a speed that warmed us to behold.

He was only a stray Breton pointer, muddy white, with yellow saddle and ticked muzzle, and those discerning gentlemen who award three kinds of prizes at bench-shows would have called for help if anybody had attempted to show Luff, son of Icelander, son of Malheur. Personally, I have never loved but two dogs as well as I loved Luff. And what a certain celebrated financier said of the public, I might say of the bench-show—if I ever used the language of commerce, which I don't know how to use.

The muddy-hued son of Icelander came in to heel as we plunged into the gorse. He wanted no thorns in his feet at that stage of the game, nor did I. But when a vista of frozen turnips stretched away westward, the dog cut up that vista as an expert carver manipulates a grouse.

"Lookout, m'sieu," said Alex.

I was "looking out." A peasant's house of gray stone stood on the edge of a thicket, flanked by flat wastes of frost-killed vege-

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tables. Into these wheeled Luff and pointed;—a statue moulded out of mud.

There was no need to say "partridges." Alex advanced on the left, I on the right; but the covey flushed wild as sea-swallows. Bang! from Alex; down went a partridge. Bang! again; down went another. I stopped a partridge with the first barrel, then fired a long shot with the second. The bird aimed at immediately rocketed, rising higher, higher, straight up like a skylark until he had dwindled to a speck. Then the speck became larger, increasing in size as it descended, whirling downward, and apparently striking the ground behind the peasant's hovel.

The son of Icelander had dropped to fire; signals were exchanged for retrieving the three in the fair ground; then I sent the dog over behind the house.

After a while I said, "The bird is hung up somewhere," and we started after the dog, and found him thrashing about, at fault.

"Dead!" I said, mechanically, but it was useless. Alex shook face, I fitted and strapped on Luff's collar with my numb fingers, while Alex fumbled in his pockets for the tiny silver bell.

Then, down in a hollow behind us, a cur began to yap and yelp. There was a peasant's hut down there, half hidden in the pine and willow scrub.

"What's that cur yapping at?" I said, tying the bell to Luff's collar.

"Mark!" came the sudden shout from Alex like the crack of a pistol in the frosty air.

Stupefied, I looked up; across the dazzling disk of the sun a bird whirred, a big, black, ungainly silhouette with long bill outlined and strong wings beating.

"Becasse!" breathed Alex, gaping, empty gun clutched tight. "The cur put him up in the pines. Sacré nom!"

"He's down," I said, striving to speak calmly. "I've marked him. Come on!"

The bird had suddenly tipped sideways and plunged into a bunch



Drawn by Sydney Adamson

A moment later I knelt to receive from Luff's pink and quivering mouth my first becasse!

his head, and we prowled about the house, hunting everywhere, until, by accident, I looked in through the window.

An old Breton woman sat there knitting; on the table beside her lay a dead partridge.

"Madame," said I, politely, "have you seen anything of a partridge?"

"This one fell down the chimney," she observed, nodding her white coiffe toward the bird on the table.

I wouldn't have claimed that bird for a fortune.

Going out again, I said to Alex: "There's your Bretonne for you. She's seen us for the last fifteen minutes grubbing about after that bird, and she never said a word!"

"She told the truth when you asked her," commented Alex.

"Oh, they're honest," I assented, with a grimace.

Swinging *au large* once more, we came to the crest of a slope. To the left were low pines; to the right, more pines; in the centre, willow swamps.

"Now for a becasse," said Alex, grinning.

"Do you mean it?" I said, sharply.

"Parbleu! m'sieu, it may be the willows, and it may be the pine scrub. In either case it is well to bell the dog for close cover."

And now the unexpected happened. I had unloaded my gun; Alex unloaded his; it was a rule I insisted on when we were obliged to lay down our pieces.

Standing on the crest of the hill, the eastern sun flashing in my of pines which stood half-way up the slope of an otherwise bare hill-side opposite.

Down the hill we hurried over the thin coating of snow. Under the pines there was no snow and no frost; that's where the birds would be.

Straight at the bunch of evergreens went Luff, Alex to left, I to right; and the dog had already winded the bird, for he advanced, head up, tail level, eyes snapping, slower, slower, then a halt, then an advance, then another halt.

The becasse was moving on the ground, somewhere in that dense covert. Presently the dog disappeared; the bell tinkled, then ceased. I ran around the tangle of brier and evergreen, and halted just as a drumming, whirring bird burst through the bushes almost into my face and went kiting off.

Crack!

Smothered in a cloud of flying feathers, the brown-winged lump seemed to stop in the air, then drive slanting to the ground.

"Alex," said I, trying to speak coolly, "they can talk becasse all day at the inn, now."

The tall Breton laughed.

"And," said I, "it was very generous of you to give me that shot. It was yours, Alex. Why didn't you take it?"

The tall bronzed fellow laughed again, too shy to reply.

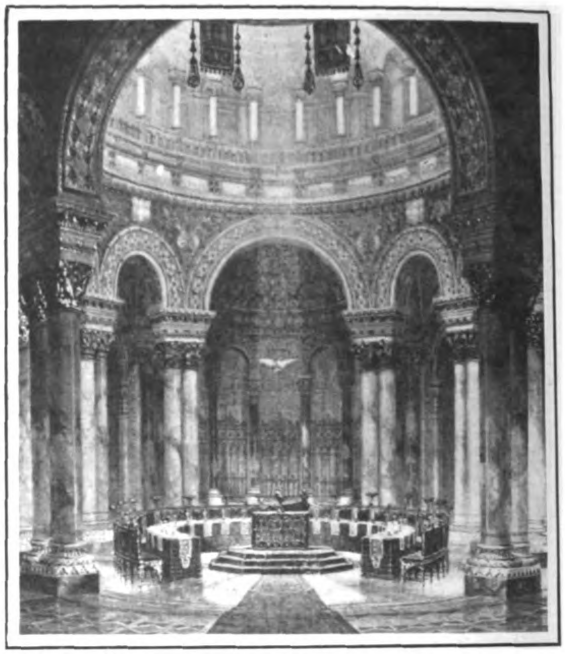
A moment later I knelt to receive from Luff's pink and quivering mouth my first becasse!

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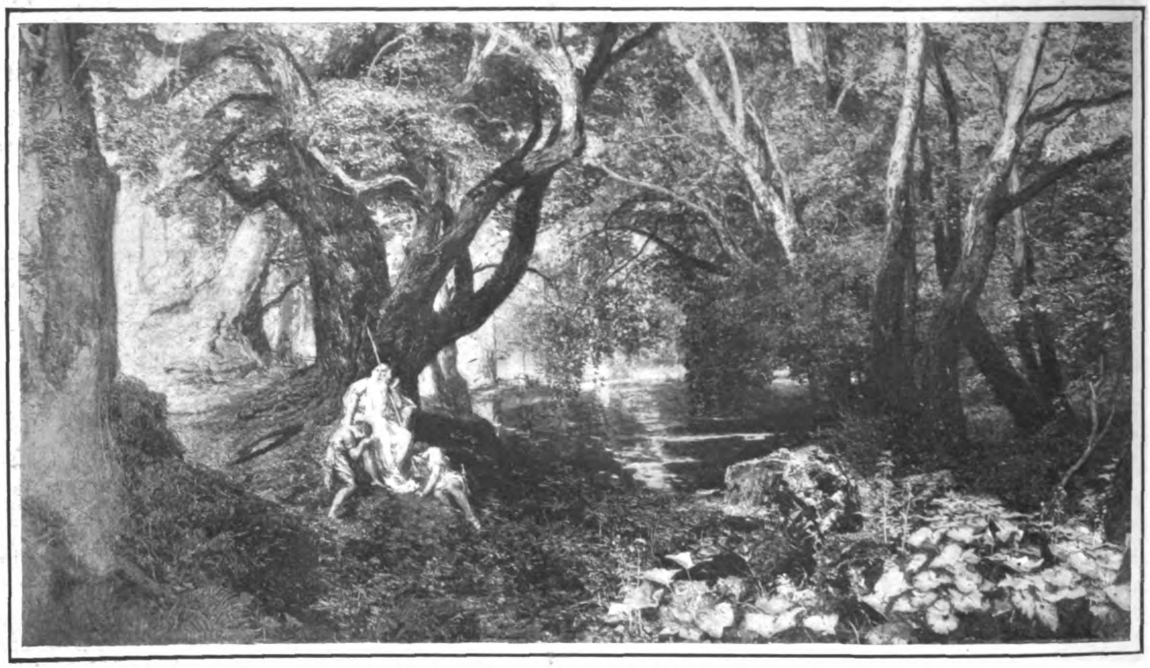
The Changing-Scene in the First Act

"Parsifal," conducted by "Gurnemanz," is taken from the forest glade of the first scene to the Communion Hall of the Gralsburg, to witness the unveiling of the Grail and the administering of the Sacrament. The progress of the two is represented by the moving scenery, which changes panoramically



The Communion Hall of the Gralsburg

The second scene of the first act shows the interior of the Communion Hall in the Castle of the Grail, where the Grail is unveiled and the communion supper celebrated. The knights enter and take their places about the table; the Grail is uncovered, and with it "Amfortas" blesses the Wine and Bread



A Forest Glade near the Gralsburg

The opening of the first act reveals a woodland scene in the Domain of the Grail. The illustration shows "Gurnemanz," the aged knight, arousing the young esquires from sleep at the sound of the reveille from the castle

"PARSIFAL" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Weekly performances of Wagner's "Parsifal," which was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House on December 24 for the first time outside of Bayreuth, will be given at the Metropolitan during January and February. The action of the drama is simple. "Amfortas," chief warden of the Grail, has forgotten his holy office in the enchanted garden of the wizard "Klingsor," where the Knight has fallen a victim to the seductions of "Kundry," a temptress in the service of "Klingsor." While there "Amfortas" is wounded with the sacred spear of the Grail, stolen from him by the magician. He cannot be cured except through the agency of a pure fool enlightened by pity. "Parsifal," a wild forest lad, comes to the Grail's domain, and is brought into "Amfortas's" presence in the hope that he may be the awaited deliverer; but he remains unmoved, and is angrily dismissed. Leaving the Gralsburg, he is enticed to "Klingsor's" castle and subjected to the wiles of "Kundry." Her kiss awakens him to a sense of "Amfortas's" sin and suffering, and, repulsing "Kundry," he regains the sacred spear from "Klingsor," and sets out for the Gralsburg to fulfil his mission. He finds it after long wanderings, and is taken to the Temple. Healing "Amfortas" with a touch of the spear, he is proclaimed the new guardian of the Grail

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MISS IRENE BENTLEY IN MUSICAL COMEDY

Miss Bentley has the principal part in "A Girl from Dixie," the musical comedy by Harry B. Smith, which has recently been playing at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. The plot deals with the fortunes of a young Southern woman, "Kittie Calvert," played by Miss Bentley. At the time the play begins she is a pupil at the district school at Tammarack, Maryland. Her cousin, "Nick Calvert," falls heir to an estate, which by mistake is given over to "Kittie." "Nick" is aware of the error, but refuses to claim his property, and so "Kittie" is permitted to retain possession. She moves to New York, where she is made love to by an English nobleman, "Lord Dunsmore." Here "Kittie" discovers that the fortune does not really belong to her, but to "Nick." "Lord Dunsmore" discovering this makes love to another girl with a fortune, and all ends happily

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Correspondence

"WHERE NEGROES MAY NOT GO"

BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION AND INFORMATION,
SOUTHERN EDUCATION BOARD,
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, *December 8, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In HARPER'S WEEKLY of December 5 Professor Albert Bushnell Hart says:

"It is true that there are no townships in which negroes are forbidden to *live*, because townships in the South are called parishes and precincts, but it is equally true that there are regions, areas, counties, or what you will, that are surrounded by an invisible wall which no negro is allowed to pass. The particular county, existence of which is thought impossible by your Texas and Tennessee contemporaries, is Mitchell County, North Carolina."

As to whether negroes are permitted to live in Mitchell County, North Carolina, I think it in point to refer to the United States census of 1900. That authority says there were in Mitchell County, North Carolina, during the census year, 536 negroes. The same authority also says that there were 126 native negro males twenty-one years of age and over among those 536. The State Superintendent of Public Instruction, of North Carolina, reports two negro schools in Mitchell County as late as June 30, 1902. Personally, I have been in Mitchell County three times within the last ten years, and have seen a number of negroes walking about the hills and valleys of that county unmolested.

In North Carolina, Alabama and some other Southern States, the minor divisions of the county are known as townships. In Tennessee the minor divisions are called civil districts. In Louisiana there are no counties, but parishes. The minor divisions of the parish are called wards. If I mistake not, Louisiana is the only Southern State that still retains the term "parish."

Of course the South has its negro problem and its labor problem which grows out of the negro problem. There are localities in the South where emigration agents have been *waited on* by committees and asked to leave the country. This conduct on the part of the whites was due to the fact that the emigration agent was trying to induce the negro farmers to leave the farms after the crops had been planted and after the negro farmers had received advances in the way of food and other supplies for the year. Less *provocation*, perhaps, has caused labor riots in other localities. I think it would be hard to find instances in the South where the negro is not allowed to go and come at will except in such instances as the one cited above. Nor do I believe there is any county, township, or precinct, ward, or civil district in the South where any law-abiding citizen, black or white, may not live in peace and quiet, so far as race is concerned.

The last census of the United States warrants the assertion that the negro population in several States has been declining, relatively to the white population, since 1860. This is notably true of Kentucky, where the negroes formed 20 per cent. of the total population in 1860; they now form less than 14 per cent. of the population. In Missouri there has been a still more rapid decline in the *negro population, which formed 10* per cent. of the total population in 1860, but which now constitutes less than 5 per cent. of it. There has also been a marked falling off in the negro population of Maryland and Tennessee *since* 1860. *In that year* the negroes constituted 26 per cent. of the total population of Maryland, but now they are less than 21 per cent. of the population, while the negro population of Tennessee has declined from 27 per cent. of the whole in 1860 to less than 24 per cent. in 1900.

There has also been a marked decrease in the negro population of many rural districts of the South during recent years. The tendency of the negro element of the population seems to be to congregate in the towns and the regions of the South known as the "Black" belts, where slavery planted the largest negro population in the days before the civil war. But white antipathy and shotguns are not the cause of all this.

The cause of this local decline in negro population is no doubt that the negro of all peoples dislikes isolation. A scattered population can have no schools, churches, and social life. But the great mass of the negroes still live in the South, and will continue to live here. I am, sir, CHARLES L. COON.

EAGLE, WEST VIRGINIA, *December 8, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The question recently raised as to whether or not a township is to be found in the South where the negroes are not allowed to enter is not of itself very important, nor does the fact that there are no townships in the South signify anything except that a writer who is ignorant of the political divisions of the Southern States is hardly in a position to speak authoritatively as to Southern conditions. There are parishes in Louisiana, and a few in Florida, but elsewhere the county is the territorial unit, the counties being subdivided into districts, which are sometimes designated as precincts, and in some parts of North Carolina as townships.

These districts, precincts, or townships are usually from one to four miles across, and if one such exists in the South where negroes are not allowed to enter it is difficult to see how any great importance can be attached to the fact.

It is certainly true that not one, but hundreds of districts are to be found in which no negro lives, but it is of his own volition that he keeps away. The negro is gregarious in his instincts, and invariably drifts into the towns or on to the railroads or into the mining districts, if the means of support are to be found there. There is, or ought to be, no question that in those regions where the negro is seldom seen, he is regarded with a measure of suspicion when he does put in his appearance, and it is equally true that the negro is most liked where he is best known.

In his letter to HARPER'S WEEKLY of December 5, 1903, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart says,

"No Southern newspaper has denied that the negro is not allowed to leave communities in which he does not feel comfortable, because everybody in the South knows that the emigration of negroes on a large scale is never permitted."

The Southern newspapers have not deemed it necessary to deny preposterous charges nor to correct the erroneous opinions of Northern writers, and as for the latter part of the charge, the Southern people know nothing of the sort, for the reason that the experiment has been made too infrequently to enable them to form an opinion or even to set them thinking about the matter. We are not concerned about what happened once in 1889, nor twice, nor a hundred times, but only with those things which are or have been of regular occurrence—that is in so far as they bear on the negro problem.

Professor Hart further says that thousands of negroes are now moving out of the Southern States *in* twos and threes and families. In reply it may be said that thousands are moving back in twos and threes and families. Whether the Northern climate is too cold, or their reception not what they had expected, or that they find that they are regarded as negroes wherever they go, and begin to long for their old homes, they unquestionably come back in such numbers that their exodus has no appreciable effect on the population.

"The Southern white people do not cordially like the negroes in any relation," says Professor Hart. The truth of this statement we may unhesitatingly deny, and it is the only serious charge that the professor has brought against us. No man can speak authoritatively in regard to this matter until he has mingled for years with both whites and negroes *in the* South, and by such the charge is not made. Isolated facts amount to nothing in such a discussion as this; the rule is everything, and, as a rule, the relation existing between the two races is most cordial. It is a mistake to suppose that we look askance at the negro and the negro askance at us. We laugh and jest and talk, and each bears an affection for the other race which is altogether real. We like him, and he likes us, far better, if the truth must be told, than either of us likes the Northerner. Each race understands and appreciates the other, and there are not many things which either would not willingly do for the other in the way of favors in the ordinary affairs of life. The negro does our heavy work, digs our coal, builds our railroads, sweeps our houses, does our washing, and is glad of the opportunity; and for all these things he is paid. The service is voluntary, and is given cheerfully. If he rises no higher the fault is largely his own. The negro who, perhaps more than any other, enjoys the respect of the whites is the school-teacher, who invariably stands high in the estimation of everybody. You will find men who are opposed to the education of the negro, but they do not represent the people. The negro takes kindly to education, and we see to it that he gets every dollar that is appropriated for him. We also see to it that he does not take the leadership in the management of our affairs, partly because he is black, more because he is incompetent, and because the exercise of power at times makes him intolerably insolent. But when all is said the fact remains that considering the better element of both races, which constitutes the great majority, the existing relation between them is cordial to a marked degree. We who see him every day, working with him and talking with him and laughing with him, know that we like him, and are equally sure that he likes us. We do not take his property away from him, nor drive him out of doors, nor prevent his going when and where he will, and if most of us had our way he would never be lynched. These, Mr. Editor, are the sentiments of the writer, who believes that they are likewise those of ninety-nine-hundredths of the people of the South. I am, sir, E. C. HUFFAKER.

[The letters above, and others on the same topic which we have not space to print, are discussed on another page of this issue of the WEEKLY.—EDITOR.]

WESTERN SENTIMENT

DETROIT, *December 4, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The evidence of dyspepsia is so strong in the letter from Monroe Dobbins in your issue of November 21, that it is scarcely worthy of a reply. I am surprised that a paper of the character of the WEEKLY would have published it.

President Roosevelt *is* popular with *all* classes—excepting Wall Street and some Democrats—the *people* are for him, and if Mr. D—— has not found such to be the case, it is probably because his travels have been confined to Tennessee.

I have within the year covered over 15,000 miles, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and fail to find any sentiment opposed to the President.

There will be no "force" to his nomination, as no other name will be presented in the convention, and no nominee within thirty years will have received such an overwhelming recognition of popular favor.

The people will see that he is both nominated and elected.

I am, sir, C. F. HAMPTON.

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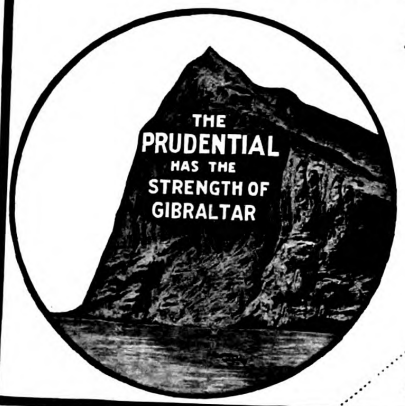
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THE WAVE

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON



SCOTTY strolled down to the dock and sat on a spile. He had no particular business there, aside from the business that every sailorman, out of a berth, out of money, and down to his final pipeful of tobacco, has near the shipping. Downstream at another dock lay his last ship, the tow-barge *Anita*—from which berth he had retired in deep disgrace—with her consort, the *Champion;* and here at this dock lay the big ocean tug *Proserpine,* which towed the two barges, and belonged to the same owner, Mr. Jacob Steiner. Having been honored with a personal discharge from the owner himself, Scotty did not hope for a berth in any craft of the employ; but he yearned for sympathy and companionship, and he might have accepted an offer to work his passage to some other port in the stoke-hold of the tug, whose captain and crew he knew. As he smoked and brooded, Captain Anson of the tug came out of the engine-room and spied him.

"Hello, Scotty," he said, genially, "when did you get out?" Then he stepped over to the dock and joined him.

"This day, Cappen," answered Scotty, rising and taking the extended hand. "I expect ye've made a couple o' trips since I was locked up."

"Yes, two. Twenty days you got, didn't you?"

"Aye, Cappen," replied Scotty, sorrowfully. "Twenty days for tappin' a ship-owner on the nose. I wadna mind the twenty days nor the shame o' the thing; but it was twenty dollars' fine too, and it was all I'd airned on that last trip. Now what 'll the poor mither do?"

He took from his pocket a letter and handed it to the captain.

"She says she'll be a charge on the town soon if you don't help out. That's it, Scotty," said the captain, when he had read.

"Aye, a charge—an object o' charity in her old age. It 'll kill her, Cappen. I've sent her most o' my pay, right along, but this business stopped it." There were tears in Scotty's eyes.

"I'd give you a berth, Scotty, only that I'd lose my own if I did."

"But could ye gi' me a passage, Cappen, to Philly, where I can ship?"

"Yes, I will. Hang around, and sneak aboard at the last minute. But don't let him see you. I expect him down soon, as we make a start this afternoon. Here he comes, though, and he's seen me talking to you. Too late now."

Scotty sat down on the spile again, and the captain climbed aboard the tug to receive the owner. Mr. Steiner came down the dock with a businesslike stride, and a scowl on his face made more rigid and intense by crossing strips of adhesive plaster that almost covered his large nose. He passed Scotty without a glance at him, but when he had joined the captain aboard the tug he turned and shouted, "Here you, McPherson, get away from here."

"Is this your dock, Mr. Steiner?" asked Scotty, mildly, removing his pipe for the speech.

"Get away, I say."

"Go ye to the de'il, ye bad example." Scotty spoke mildly.

"If you don't take yourself off, you loafer, I'll direct Captain Anson to drive you. Understand?"

"Aye, I do; but Captain Anson won't do that."

"Won't he? Why won't he?"

"I won't let him."

Captain Anson grinned behind the owner.

"That's right, Mr. Steiner," he said, quietly. "Look at the size of him."

"Well, the police can do it. Police," yelled the owner. "Police, police. Here, boy," he said, addressing a near-by gamin. "Go get two policemen."

Scotty had lifted his six feet of bone and muscle upright, and now extended his hand—a mighty hand it was—toward the owner, opening and closing the fingers menacingly. Mr. Steiner was palpably alarmed, and retreated to the open door of the tug's dining-room. Close to this haven of refuge he was braver.

"Move on, now," he said to Scotty, with spirit. "Just go right on up the dock and keep out of trouble, you ruffianly jailbird, or I'll have you in jail under the habitual-criminal law. I can jail you at any time under that law. You're an habitual criminal."

"D—n your heart and soul!" yelled Scotty, rising from the spile. "You lie, you lie! And who be you to call me that, you—you—ship-owner. You're naught but a ship-owner."

As an adequate response to this insulting epithet Mr. Steiner got inside the door, reached his head out, and said, "You're a Sawnee."

Sawnee Beane, the cave-dwelling cannibal, who with his numerous progeny enshrined his name and fame in Scottish history, is the one disgrace that a Scotchman will admit rests upon his native land. One who calls a Scot a Sawnee should be prepared to run, or fight, or intrench himself behind stone walls. Mr. Steiner was ill prepared to do either, though he closed and locked the door.

With the roar of a bull Scotty cleared the rail, brushed Captain Anson aside, and pulled on the door knob. It held, but the woodwork gave way, and he entered the dining-room, followed by the captain. Mr. Steiner was just opening the opposite door, and through this, and aft along the alley, Scotty pursued him. The captain glanced out at them, then hurried across to the other door to head off the animated tandem on the other side. Loudly yelling "Police," Mr. Steiner raced forward, with Scotty, growling hoarse profanity, close in his rear. Captain Anson flung himself between them. He disturbed Scotty's headlong rush to the extent of crowding him half over the rail, and while the owner ran round the house, he and the engineer seized him. Then the deck-hands came aft to help.

"You confounded fool," said the captain, while Scotty struggled in their grasp, "do you want to go to jail again? He's got a sure case now. Think of your mother, you imbecile. Think of her."

"Mither," repeated Scotty, looking at the captain helplessly, almost pathetically, like a frightened child. Most of his fury had passed from him with the utterance of the word, and the rest was going. He trembled in every limb.

"Stand quiet," said the captain, "till I see where he is."

He darted through the dining-room, peered out the door, and returned.

"He's ashore with the coppers," he said, "and they're coming. Down in the stoke-hold, Scotty, and hide. Take care of him chief," he said to the engineer. "We'll tell 'em he jumped overboard and swam under the dock. But it's all my job's worth if he finds it out."

In darkness and silence Scotty spent the next three hours seated on a coal pile far down below the deck. In this time not a word reached him from above, yet his trained apprehension took note of every move of the tug, in picking up her barges, by the sound of the engine bells. He knew when she had stopped alongside the *Champion* to take her line to the *Anita;* he knew when the *Anita* had passed hers to the tug; he knew when it had straightened out, with tug in midstream and the first barge leaving the dock; he knew when the second barge was clear; and when he heard the "jingle bell" he knew that the tow was heading down-stream and that soon he would be called. He anticipated this by coming up, and sought the captain, to offer apologies and thanks. He found him at the fantail, inspecting a brand-new tow-line.

"It's a peach, Scotty, isn't it?" he said in answer to Scotty's halting overtures, while he patted the bright, straw-colored rope, thirteen inches in circumference, and rigid as an iron bar. "He's a poor feeder, and won't insure, but he will furnish good, safe gear instead. Seems that nothing could part that big rope."

"And is he no insured this trip?" inquired Scotty.

"Insured? No, not with this new tow-line and brand-new canvas on the *Anita.* Looks fine, doesn't she?" He pointed to the *Anita,* heeling under the weight of three new mutton-leg sails and a jib.

"Does he know I'm aboard, Cappen?"

"No," answered Captain Anson, looking him squarely in the eyes. "He thinks you're drowned, and is a little scared about it. They couldn't find you under the dock. It's up to you to ship for home and that old mother o' yours and keep still about this."

That night Captain Anson tested the new tow-line. The wind had been strong from the east when he started, and he had expected that it would moderate and come more from the northward, so had not made the offing that he would had he been a better prophet. Before eight bells that evening it was blowing a gale, and he

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headed out to sea a little to allow for leeway; then, in the middle of the night, the wind hauled to the southeast, heading him still more, and blowing harder, and his problem of navigation was reduced to steaming head to wind and sea in the effort to keep off a lee shore, with judicious attention to the effect of wind and sea upon the helpless barges in his care. He had seen with the night-glass that they had taken in the now useless canvas, and he went aft to the fantail to watch the straining of the tow-line. Scotty went with him, but the rest of the crew were under cover.

The powerful and high-sided tug was making good weather of it, though steaming at full speed into combers that met her at fifteen feet a second. Far astern the red and green lights of the *Anita* twinkled in the darkness, and now and then, as she yawed and brought them in sight, those of the *Champion* behind her. Captain Anson clambered aft and gauged with his hand the stretch of the line from bitts to taffrail as it grated back and forth over the smooth wood.

"A new line ought never to be stretched more than six inches to a fathom," he shouted in Scotty's ear when he returned. "It kills it, and the next strain parts it. I'm going to slow down."

He moved toward the bell-pull on the after end of the house, but then, as though deciding to inform the engineer by word of mouth, passed on to the engine-room door. Scotty, bowing to the blast, saw him enter the engine-room, and then heard faintly from within the sound of a bell.

"One bell," he muttered. "That's to slow down. But why does he go below to ring bells?"

Another stroke of the bell came to him, then two more in quick succession.

"The stoppin' and backin' bells," he exclaimed. "What's up?"

An indistinguishable cry, containing, however, a note of warning, came out of the darkness forward, then the slamming of a door. He looked against the pelting rain and spume, and saw a high wall of blacker darkness lifting up ahead. The next instant the tug stood on her tail. And even as he slid, blindly groping for support, toward the taffrail, Scotty felt the vibration of the reversed engine in the deck. Then he was struck by an avalanche of water that lifted him clear of everything, buried him, and swept him away. Choking for air, in the black envelope surrounding him, he yet knew that he was overboard, and with presence of mind born of large experience, he kicked off his rubber boots, and struggled with his last remnants of strength with the buttons of his oilskins. Soon he was free of these, and he swam, with the unerring instinct of a dying animal seeking life, upward—toward the air that he needed. He shot head and shoulders out, and as he plunged back a breaking sea submerged him still further; but he had obtained one mouthful of air, and it sufficed until he came to the surface, when he paddled, rested, and breathed.

He could see nothing of the tug nor her lights. They were extinguished, no doubt, by the terrible tidal wave that had struck her. Then it came to him that a wave that could reach up to the masthead lights would leave but little of the tug. It would crush in her house and her deck, beat her down, fill her, and sink her. All hands were below at the time; they had gone down with her. He turned and swam to leeward, now looking for lights or shadowy shapes of the barges as the seas lifted him—shouting, shouting, hailing for help.

There came a thought to cheer him. They had been well within the hundred-fathom curve. The tow-line was new, securely fastened to the bitts of both craft, and ninety fathoms long. If it had not parted as the wall of water struck the *Anita*, and she still floated, she was riding to it, with the tug for an anchor—stationary, but far away. He swam with redoubled vigor, breasting the sea with long, powerful strokes, and making actual progress, through that angry turmoil, of two feet a second. His mind, supremely active from the peril, reduced fathoms to feet, and speed to minutes. If the *Anita* still floated, anchored to the sunken tug, he should reach her in twenty minutes; if she was drifting, his battle would be longer. He began counting his strokes.

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and still he stared at blank darkness, unrelieved by aught but the phosphorescent gleam of breaking seas; then twenty-five, then thirty, and the strong, desperate swimmer was about to give up, when he made out a cluster, or centralization, of the phosphorescent gleams, far ahead and a little to the right. He swam toward it, abating nothing of the furious energy of his strokes, and soon distinguished a vague shape above them. It was one of the barges, adrift in the trough, and it was the wash of the sea along her side that had lighted the way to her.

"God be thankit," he groaned, hoarsely; then shouted: "Barge ahoy—ahoy! On board the barge! Man overboard!"

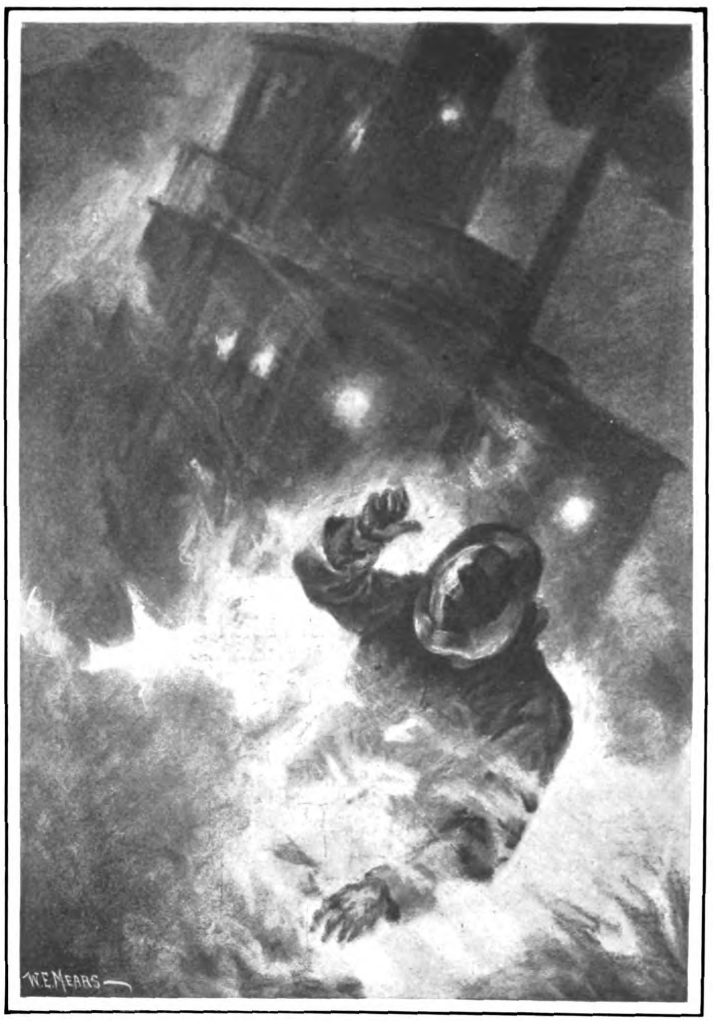
There was no answering shout, and, saving his breath, he swam on. Soon he could see that she lay stern toward him, and he knew by the shape of the stern that it was the *Anita*. And he knew that there was nothing fixed or pendent to which he could cling, or by which he could climb, nearer than the bobstays, at the other end of her. And toward this end he swam, shouting occasionally, but getting no answer. He swam under the bowsprit, watched his chance as the barge buried her bow, and, seizing the chain bobstays as high as he could, was lifted up as she rose. He was doused but twice, and then reached the bowsprit, where he clung for breath a scant moment before scrambling inboard. His movement from the knightheads to the break of the forecastle deck was on hands and knees, and his descent of the steps a headlong lurch.

An hour later he wakened from the swoon, and with every bone and joint in his body aching from the violent strain put upon them, made his way toward the forecastle door. He found a misshapen pile of wreckage in place of the forward house. Ropes washed from the pins, and capstan-bars from the racks, littered the deck. The poop-steps were gone, and the forward side of the cabin was crushed in, but he shouted in through the apertures before mounting the sacred poop-deck. Going aft he found the wheel and binnacle intact, but the lights were out, and the green and red lights on the quarter, screens and all, were gone, while the boat had been torn from the davits at the stern. The *Champion's* steel-wire tow-line hung up and down from the chock in the taffrail, proving its disconnection from the *Champion*, and on going forward again Scotty found that the brand-new Manila tow-line that Captain Anson had been so proud of had parted at the bitts. Worn out in body and mind, Scotty crept beneath the forecastle deck and went to sleep.

It was high noon when he aroused himself, and, stiff and sore, crawled out to the dismantled and deserted deck. The wind still blew briskly from the southeast and the barge still wallowed in the trough of a sea that showed an occasional comber, but the gale was over. Seamanlike, Scotty's first look was aloft, and he noted with gratification that the three new mutton-leg sails, brailed into the masts, and the furled jib on the bowsprit, seemed uninjured by the wash of water, though sagging baglike in their fastenings.

He inspected the interior of the wrecked forward house. No one, living or dead, was in the forecastle, carpenter shop, or galley. He found the cabin deserted, and every apartment and stateroom in it more or less drenched and upset. Securing the skipper's binoculars, he climbed to the poop by the after companion, and searched the horizon. Directly to windward, rising and falling in the trough, about a mile away, was a craft that at first glance looked like a house-boat adrift, but which, after a keen scrutiny, Scotty knew for the tug—low in the water and minus her funnel. But there was no sign of the *Champion*, unless she was one of the craft on the horizon, making port under sail.

A six-foot able seaman may do some heavy work with purchases. With the aid of a watch tackle, Scotty set the three mutton-legs and the jib. The mutton-legs had booms, which would swing free for either tack, but the jib, inasmuch as he could not attend to it when wearing ship, as he would need to in that sea, he trimmed down amidships with both sheets, making of it a good balancing sail, but depriving it of driving power. Then he began a beat to windward, and three hours later, by the simple operation of hauling aft his spanker-sheet as he luffed, hove the barge to under the lee of the tug, and within hailing distance.



Drawn by W. E. Mears

Then he was struck by an avalanche of water that lifted him clear of everything

"Halloo-o-o, Scotty," came Captain Anson's voice from the bridge, where he stood, looking through his glasses. "How'd you get there? You're born to be hung, you Scotchman. Are you alone?"

"Aye; all alone. All hands washed off, I s'pose. I swum it. What's wrong wi' ye?" asked Scotty.

"Half full o' water, boat and funnel gone, pumps out o' gear, and the tow-line fouled up in the screw. We were backing, and backed over it."

"Aye, I remember the bells. What aboot the *Champion?* Seen her?"

"Saw her makin' for port early this morning. Couldn't see us, I suppose, and expected you to follow."

"Well, what's to be done, Cappen? If I had your line I could tow you in wi' this good fair wind. How can I get it?"

"I can float a heavin'-line down to you on a fender."

"Aye, but if I could get it I could na get the tow-line up, and steer, and handle sail at the same time. S'pose you try to get the *Champion's* line here"—he indicated the dragging steel-wire rope hanging from the taffrail—"you've got the men."

"How long is it, Scotty?"

"Don't know, but I'll tell ye what. I'll fill away, and come back nearer to ye and headin' your way. Throw me a heavin'-line as I pass, and I'll make a bow-line on the line, and you can get the bight. I'll luff around ye, and if it's lang enough make it fast to your niggerhead forrard, and I'll fill away."

"Good enough, Scotty. Go ahead."

Scotty let fly his spanker-sheet, and the barge, falling off, gathered way. He made a long board to the northeast until he judged that he had the weather-gage of the tug, then wore ship, and came back with a "good full," steering so as to pass close under the lee of the tug, whose head lay to the southwest. Scotty caught the heaving-line as it whirled over his head, hurriedly cast a bow-line (a noose) about the dragging tow-line, and as the tug men pulled, ground the wheel down and luffed around the *Proserpine's* bow. The barge lost way as her canvas rattled in the wind, and as he could not now depend upon steerage way, he ran forward, ready to manipulate the jib should she fall off to port, and threaten

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to drift down upon the tug. But this did not happen; she lay steady, head to wind, and soon began making stern way. Then, as she slowly sagged back and brought the *Proserpine* abeam, a shout went up from the tug, and he saw that they had the end, and were taking it forward to the nigger-head, or mooring bitt, in the bow. He hauled the jib to port, and, running aft, slacked off the spanker and took the wheel. She slowly forged ahead, and soon she was before the wind. Then Scotty slacked off the sheets and took the wheel again.

When darkness closed down, he picked up the revolving search-light on Navesink Highlands, and, later, Sandy Hook light. He did not stop for a pilot at the lightship; he could not have stopped had he wished to. For the wind had again become a gale, and his sails were jibing from side to side as the barge yawed, necessitating his whole attention to the steering. But he knew the way in, and once in the Swash Channel and past the dangerous Romer Shoal, he took advantage of a smooth time and clear track, and by a mighty effort of his great strength succeeded in brailing in the spanker. Then, resting as he steered, he sailed into the comparatively smooth water of Gravesend Bay, and here he took in the mainsail, the dragging weight of the tug keeping the barge fairly on her course while he worked.

In the Narrows he took in the foresail, and made a hurried inspection of the big anchor. It had been "fished," but not stowed inboard; it hung by its ring stopper and the corner of its upper fluke, the latter resting in a grooved casting on the rail from which it would slide when the former was slipped. Shouting joyously, he again took the wheel, and steering the drifting craft up to the crowded anchorage, where, picking a good spot, he unlocked the windlass, dropped the anchor, and gave her chain. When the anchor bit, and enough was out, he stowed the jib, saw that the tug was anchored, hailed her, and cast off the wire tow-line with a fender for a buoy, ate some supper, and turned in.

In the morning when he appeared on deck he found a gray gale of wind blowing from the northeast, and the barge, with every craft at the anchorage, tailing inshore against the pressure of the ebb tide. Among these craft he recognized the missing *Champion*, and as he looked a boat left her side, propelled by four oars, and containing three men in the stern, who, as it drew near, he recognized as Captain Anson, Captain Bolt of the *Champion*, and Mr. Steiner, the owner. He took and secured the painter as it was thrown up, then assisted them over the rail. Captain Anson immediately seized his hand, gripped it fiercely, but said nothing. Captain Bolt did the same, but uttered the words, "Good for you, Scotty." Then Mr. Steiner, smiling painfully under his bandaged nose, offered his hand—which Scotty politely received—and said, in a strained voice, as though the speech cost an effort, "I hear some very good things of you, Mr. McPherson."

"Aye, and is that so, Mr. Steiner?" asked Scotty.

"Ya-as. I hear that you swam from my tug to my barge, and saved your life; but you would have been drowned, wouldn't you, if my barge had not been right there?"

"And if *he* hadn't been right there, Mr. Steiner," broke in Captain Anson, warmly, "your barge and your tug would be going to pieces on the beach now."

"Well, I've a counter claim for saving his life," spluttered the owner, the smile on his face giving way to the easier scowl. "You're not working for my interest, Captain Anson."

"You forget, Mr. Steiner, that you discharged me half an hour ago, and have not reinstated me."

"And I won't," answered the owner, bitterly, "either one of you."

"Very well. Then Bolt and I will be witnesses for Scotty."

"Well, what do you want?" inquired Mr. Steiner, patting the air with both hands in his agitation. "You are trying to ruin me, and I am a poor man already. Father in heaven, how much do you want?"

"Want my tug back and a two years' contract. I've a family."

"Same here," said Captain Bolt. "My barge and a contract."



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"And you," said the owner, glaring at Scotty.

"He wants the salvage on the *Anita* and the tug," said Captain Anson, speaking for him. "And he wants a two years' contract as skipper o' the *Anita*. She's lost all hands, and you'll need a skipper, anyhow."

"How much do you want to sign a quit-claim on salvage?" said the owner, desperately.

"Let's see what he wants," said the tug captain, making figures in a note-book, while Scotty looked on in sheer bewilderment. "Make out a check to Scotty for this amount"—he opened the note-book before the owner's face—"and a receipt for the same, which Scotty will sign."

"It is pure robbery," said the owner, brokenly, "and I am a ruined man, but I must pay. I will give you your contracts."

"I see," said the captain, "publicity is bad, sometimes—for bankrupts."

"But what does it all amount to?" said Scotty, as he looked at the retreating figure of the owner, making aft. "How much do I get? Enough to help oot the old mither?"

Captain Anson opened the note-book and pointed to the page on which he had made his calculations. "How many hours did you work?" he asked.

"Aboot twenty-four, counting the swim," said Scotty. Then he read, with popping eyes, the figures indicated by the captain's forefinger.

"I'm going to send you a bill for the door you smashed, Scotty," said the captain, with a smile. "But aren't you glad you didn't catch him? Your bill is a thousand an hour."

"Twinty-foor thousand dollars," said Scotty, his eyes devouring the page. Then came, in a choking gasp, the word "Mither!"

An Interview with Gen. Huertas, Commander of the Army of Panama

By Jorge Nelken y Walberg

General Huertas gave the following account of his experience with the Colombian emissaries to the correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in Panama:

On November 3 General Tovar, of the Colombian army, came to assume command of my troops, having in his pocket orders from the Colombian government to shoot my officers and myself. This massacre would have happened, to the shame of the civilized world, if I had not followed exactly the orders given to me by him—with the exception that instead of constituting my officers and myself prisoners, I placed the general and his companions under arrest.

On the morning of the 3d of November I was called to the house of Dr. Amador, our Presidential candidate, where I met also Mr. Zachréson, who told me that they had positive knowledge about an order which General Tovar carried with him, directing him to take command of my troops, and, on the arrival of his own troops from Colon, to shoot my officers and myself. Both gentlemen proved this to my satisfaction, and invited me to join them in the liberation of the isthmus. Considering the ingratitude of Colombia, for whom I fought victoriously in thirty-six battles, in one of which I lost my right hand, I decided to join them.

For seven months previous my troops had not received a cent of pay from Colombia, and all were on the verge of starvation and mutiny.

As is customary when a new commander arrives, I went to the station with my troops and band, and received General Tovar and his generals with the honor corresponding to their grade, afterwards returning with them to the barracks, without any suspicion of wrong on their part.

As soon as we reached the barracks General Tovar passed the troops in review, and asked me to show him my arsenal and relate what artillery and arms and ammunition I had; he next asked me how many officers and troops I had. Also, how many of those officers were married and how many had children.

When he left the barracks I requested the honor of presenting my officers to him that evening at the residence of Señor Jovane, where the general was stopping, to which he consented. In the mean time it was hard for me to keep down the excitement of my troops and officers, who, knowing the fate in store for them, had held a stormy indignation meeting. I succeeded, however, in calming them, at the same time preparing myself for the crucial moment.

Contrary to agreement, General Tovar, accompanied by three other generals and fifteen high officers, appeared at the barracks, and asked me for a private interview, at which the other officers requested to be present. I agreed immediately, as I knew that every moment the people of Panama, who had been given arms that morning, might arrive to rescue me and take the barracks.

General Tovar asked me if I knew that there was a secessional movement on foot, and what I was going to do. I answered indirectly that I intended to fight, but did not say for whom, and that my troops were prepared.

We were sitting at this time upon banks near the entrance to the barracks, and General Tovar invited my officers to sit down, taking his place in front of them. I understood his intention, and requested permission to appoint a special guard of thirty soldiers to scout for any movement. I then detailed Captain Salazar with thirty of my trusted men on this commission. As soon as he was ready I myself took command, and, calling the captain, told him to follow me with the thirty men. When we reached the spot where General Tovar stood with his officers, the general was prepared to give the order for my detention. Instantly I formed a carré with my troops round the general and his companions, and told him that Panama had declared its independence, and that they were our prisoners of war, by order of the provisional government.

General Tovar attempted to draw his revolver, but he was told that he would shoot at the risk of his life, and that he and his officers were not recognized as officers, because they were in citizen clothes, contrary to the Colombian military rules. I then requested him to turn over our death-warrant. This he refused to do, and we were obliged to take the order from him as a means of justification. Accompanied by the same band which had received him at the station, the general and his men were then taken to police headquarters, where they were held.

Hawaii To-Day

Some interesting facts about present conditions in Hawaii are presented by the Department of Commerce and Labor through its Bureau of Statistics. These facts reached that bureau in the Hawaiian Annual for 1904, which arrived on the opening day of the new year.

Regarding population, the figures show a steady decrease in the number of natives and a steady increase in the number of persons of foreign birth, especially Japanese and Chinese. In 1872 the number of natives was, in round terms, 50,000, and in 1900, 30,000. In 1872 the number of Chinese was, in round terms, 2000, and in 1900, 25,000. The record of Japanese among the population only begins with 1884, when the number was 116 persons, but in 1900 the number was over 61,000. The total population of 1872 is given at 56,897, and in 1900 at 154,001. The relation of nationality to plantation labor is indicated by a table which shows the nationality and number of sugar-plantation laborers, the number of Japanese being 31,029 out of a total of all nationalities of 42,242, these figures being for the year 1902. The Japanese plantation laborers increased from 13,884 in 1894 to 31,029 in 1902; while the Chinese laborers on sugar plantations fell in number from 8114 in 1897 to 3937 in 1902. Portuguese are next in rank in the number of sugar-plantation laborers, the number of Portuguese being 2669; the next following this is Porto-Ricans, 2036, while native Hawaiians are only 1493 in number.

Sugar, of course, continues to be the principal crop of Hawaii, though a number of other tropical products are now receiving careful attention, including coffee, tobacco, Manila hemp, vanilla beans, and pineapples.

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Music

Some Remarkable Songs

In the course of a musical season uncommonly fertile in events of moment, we can recall no occasion yielding more rare and persistent pleasure than the production, at a recent concert of the Kneisel Quartet, of five songs by Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler. Mr. Loeffler, who is an Alsatian by birth but a Bostonian by profession, occupies a peculiar place, entirely of his own selection, in the field of contemporary music. He is a seeker after the realities of shadowy and dim illusions, a painter of grays and greens and subtle golds. The "purple patches" in which Richard Strauss delights, with the exuberance of his fiery temperament, have no attraction for Mr. Loeffler. The obvious splendor, the expected richness, the continual iridescence of Strauss's schemes are wholly absent from the strange and intimate music of this tonal Verlaine. Mr. Loeffler is, primarily, a creator of atmosphere, a weaver of evanescent and slender arabesques. His music has the subdued and elusive beauty of antique tapestries. He reminds one, at times, of Brahms in his more ascetic moods; yet he has a concentrated intensity, a veiled yet stinging poignancy, a sensuousness of mood, quite foreign to the frankly Teutonic temperament of that master.

The songs by Mr. Loeffler, of which we write, are settings of the verse of Gustave Kahn, Baudelaire, and Verlaine: of the first, "Timbres oubliés," "Adieu pour Jamais," and "Les Paons"; Baudelaire's tragic "La Cloche Félée," and Verlaine's "Sérénade"—"Comme la voix d'un mort qui chanterait. . . ." For this reticent and singularly effective verse Mr. Loeffler has written music of exquisite beauty. Here is work of authentic distinction, of vivid individuality—music that has not its superior, that has, indeed, few equals, for distinction of thought, for originality of contrivance, for delicate eloquence. For Mr. Loeffler, Verlaine, Baudelaire, Kahn, and their poetic kind, are as bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh. If he is, with them, as his detractors are fond of maintaining, slightly decadent, he is their peer in artistry, in force of temperament, in fineness of accomplishment. Nothing could better summarize the quality of his imagination than these haunting lines of Gustave Kahn, for which he has written unforgetable music:

"Timbres oubliés des charmants jardins,
Timbres argentins des Thulés lointains,
Timbres violets des voix consolantes
Epandant graves les bénédictions,
Timbres bleus des péris aux féeries,
Timbres d'or des mongoles orfèvreries
Et vieil or des vieilles nations."

Concerning Brahms

Will the Brahms controversy ever come to a final settlement? How often have we been assured that Brahms is the only modern composer who is worthy of being ranked with the immortals? Yet here is Mr. Vernon Blackburn, of London and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, again throwing us into doubt and confusion. "Brahms," says Mr. Blackburn, with refreshingly positive conviction, "remains the most extraordinary, though uninspired, composer that the world has ever seen. . . . Brahms knew everything worth knowing about music; why did he not put that knowledge to beautiful uses?" Perhaps he did. Has Mr. Blackburn ever heard the E-major Intermezzo for piano, opus 116, or the B-minor rhapsody, opus 76, or the D-major symphony? No doubt he has; and that merely deepens the mystery.

Scottish Song and Burns

An eminent but erratic English critic has aroused the ire of lovers of Scottish music by some vigorous deliverances on the subject of Burns. Gaelic song, and that treasured institution of the Highlander — the bagpipe. The critic does not set very much store by the poetry of Burns, nor does the musical element in his songs greatly appeal to him. But, says an indignant correspondent, "he begins by stating that he does not understand the language in which Burns's poems are written"—a fatal confession!



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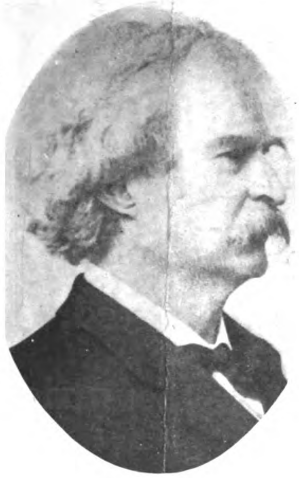
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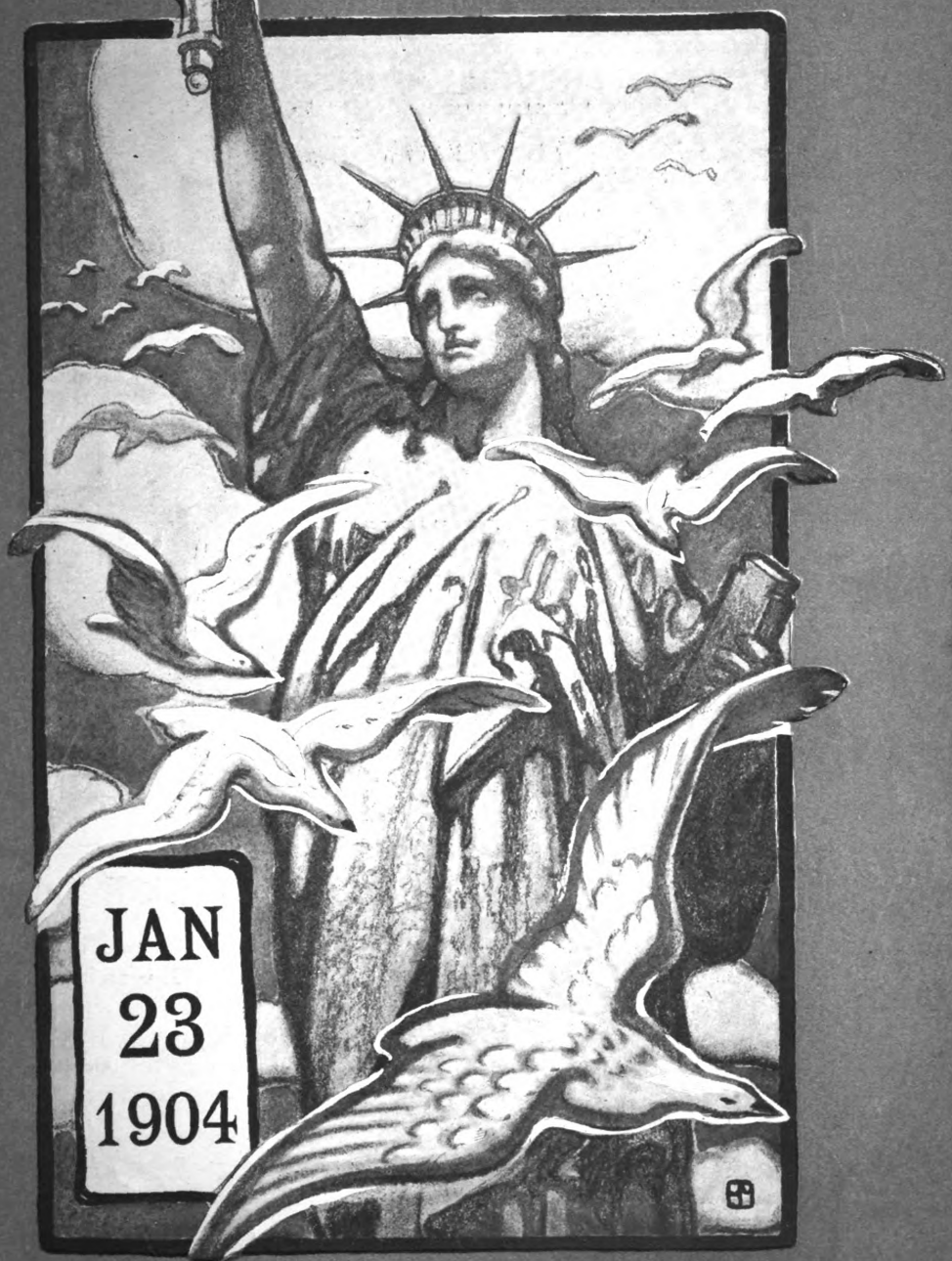
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Edited by George Harvey



JAN
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1904

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COMMENT

THERE is no change in the political situation, so far as the attitude of the great majority of Republicans toward the nomination for the Presidency is concerned. Their national convention is but five months distant, and the talk about the emergence of competitors for the nomination has almost died away. If there ever was a chance of launching a Hanna boom, the pernicious activity of Perry S. Heath on behalf of the Ohio Senator seems to have killed it. Never had any politician more cause than Mr. Hanna to pray for deliverance from "fool friends." The sole effect of the campaign literature concocted and circulated by Heath has been to provoke the Senator to declare for the hundredth time that he is not a candidate; and his chief lieutenant in Ohio, Governor Herrick, has clinched the denial with the assertion that "all talk of Mr. Hanna being a candidate for President is bosh." It is possible, however, that Ohio may figure on the Republican ticket, for we are beginning to hear the name of Judge Taft mentioned for the Vice-Presidency, though the impression has been current that his ambition pointed to the place of Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and that when a vacancy on that bench should occur, he would resign the post of Secretary of War. In view, however, of the tremendous victory lately won by Mr. Hanna in his State, it seems superfluous to conciliate Ohio by the selection of one of her sons for the Vice-Presidency. That would be a waste of ammunition which may be needed urgently elsewhere, as, for example, in Indiana or Illinois, should the Democrats in a lucid moment manage to frame a unifying and electrifying ticket.

Is Mr. Roosevelt to be congratulated because he now appears to have a clear field for the Republican nomination for the Presidency? It seems certain that his opponents inside of his party, who, although they do not control the machinery, are numerous and powerful, will concentrate their energies during the next five months on securing the nomination by the Democracy of a man whom they can support. What Mr. Roosevelt now has to fear is the fate that awaited Mr. Harrison in 1892. Triumphant in the convention, the latter encountered a landslide at the ballot-box. To those who were living in Washington at the time, it is well known that until late in the evening of that eventful November Tuesday in the year named, President Harrison felt entirely confident of reelection. He believed, as the present President believes, that he could win without New York, and hope did not expire until the report of the catastrophes suffered by the Republicans in the Middle West was verified. The true explanation of those catastrophes is that in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan tens of thousands of anti-Harrison Republicans refrained from voting. That is to say, throughout the Middle West in 1892 the devoted friends of James G. Blaine followed precisely the same tactics which they had adopted with such memorable success against Judge Folger in New York ten years before. *Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*

The Democratic politicians are now taking the centre of the stage. Notwithstanding the loyal and magnanimous eulogy of his former chief, delivered by Mr. Richard Olney at the McClellan banquet, the Democratic State Committee of Massachusetts, on January 9, voted unanimously to urge the Democratic national convention to nominate Mr. Cleveland's ex-Secretary of State for the Presidency. A firm conviction was expressed that, under his leadership in the coming campaign, important New England States could be swung over into the Democratic column. We presume that the States which the committee had in mind are Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island. If Mr. Bryan and his friends would accept him, Mr. Olney would probably get the electoral votes of New York; indeed, it now looks as if that State would support any conservative Democrat capable of uniting his party. Whether Mr. Olney could regain New Jersey from the Republicans is, as we have often said, a very different question. The Republican leaders in New Jersey believe their organization to be well-nigh unconquerable, except by a native of the State. Hitherto Mr. Cleveland has been the only man of whom they would confess themselves in fear, but they are now beginning to admit that McClellan's name also might be one to conjure with.

It has been hitherto taken for granted that Mayor McClellan's youth put his candidacy in 1904 out of the question, but, as a matter of fact, he is not much younger than President Roosevelt, and has had a far more extensive experience of public life than Mr. Roosevelt had when he was elected Governor of the Empire commonwealth. From the view-point of certain veteran Senators both Roosevelt and McClellan are boys, but we have had boy Senators and boy Speakers. Henry Clay was but twenty-nine years old when he first entered the United States Senate, and only thirty-four when he was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives. It would be a profoundly interesting incident in political history if Mayor McClellan should be nominated and elected to an office which his illustrious father, though nominated, failed to secure.

On Saturday, January 9, Mr. William Jennings Bryan, who had just returned from his tour in Europe, made, at the Victoria Hotel, an admirable speech to a large number of citizens representing both political parties. If the speech delivered by him at the Thanksgiving dinner of the American colony in London was equally happy, we are not surprised at the profound impression it is said to have made upon his hearers. It is evident that he kept his eyes and ears open when abroad, and we look forward with curiosity to the publication of his experiences and observations. Unquestionably, he draws an important distinction not always recognized, when he says that in some parts of Europe—in England, France, and Switzerland, for instance—there is as much freedom of thought and speech as there is on this side of the Atlantic, but, on the other hand, in no other country is there such an opportunity to make the most of one's life as the United States afford. Here is applied the greatest stimulus to good work, physical, mental, and moral. The speaker's good sense and modesty were attested by the evident sincerity with which he disclaimed accepting the courtesy with which he was received in Europe as a personal compliment. He is thoroughly alive to the fact that the deference was paid simply and solely—and very properly—to one who had twice been the candidate of a great political party for the highest office in the gift of his fellow citizens.

It is manifest that Mr. Bryan has widened and grown since 1896 almost as much as Mr. McKinley grew between March 4.

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1897, and the day when he was assassinated. Do we mean to imply that Mr. Bryan is for a third time a candidate for the Presidency? No one sees more clearly than Mr. Bryan himself that, for some years to come, his place is in the ranks, but that, if he strives to bring about the reunification of his party, and gives the loyal and able support of which he is capable to its standard-bearer in this campaign, his hour may come again. In an interview with a representative of a New York newspaper on Saturday, he repeated in the most explicit and emphatic way his former declaration that he will not be a candidate for the Democratic nomination this year. He added that he would not pledge himself never again in his lifetime to run for office. He did not view with favor the suggestion that the Democratic National Committee might decide to hold the national convention in New York. Mr. Bryan was quite right in thinking that, not even a suspicion of being influenced by "Wall Street" should attach to the nominee of the Democracy, and, in order to avert such a suspicion, it would be judicious to hold the convention in some inland city. The committee, meeting in Washington on January 12, chose St. Louis, and named July 6 as the date. As to the platform to be framed by the Democracy this year, Mr. Bryan adheres to the ground taken by him in the *Commoner*, that while, of course, there will be new issues, the party should take no step backward. With a prudence which Senator Gorman might have done well to imitate, the former nominee of the Democracy for the Presidency declined to say what he thought about the Panama affair, on the ground that he was not sufficiently familiar with the facts. It looks as if he were more likely to concur in Mr. John S. Williams's view of the matter than in Senator Gorman's. Mr. Williams holds that the Democratic party must recognize accomplished facts, and, consequently, should not oppose the ratification of the canal treaty with the Republic of Panama.

It will be remembered that a resolution introduced in the House of Representatives for an inquiry into the alleged connection of certain members of that body with the postal frauds was sent by the Republican majority to a committee which is expected to smother it. A similar resolution introduced in the Senate encountered strenuous opposition on the part of Mr. Lodge and other Republican Senators. What do Republican members of the Federal Legislature expect to gain by such an attitude? Have they been divested of common sense? Do they expect to convince the people that no Senator or Representative has been guilty of complicity in cheating the government? How can it avail them to refrain from an inquiry of their own when judicial investigations have already proved that one Representative was an accomplice in the perpetration of a fraud upon the Post-office Department, and that a United States Senator charged with a similar offence has confessed himself afraid to stand a trial on its merits? When the case of Senator Charles H. Dietrich, of Nebraska, accused of receiving a bribe in connection with the appointment of a postmaster in that State, came up on January 8 in the United States Circuit Court at Omaha, the technical point was made that the defendant was not a member of Congress at a time when the crime imputed to him was said to have been committed. The presiding judge held the point well taken, on the ground that a man elected to either House of Congress does not actually become a member until he has qualified and taken the oath at the bar of the Chamber to which he has been chosen.

Precisely the same point was raised by ex-Representative Driggs of New York, charged with corruptly receiving the sum of $12,500 for selling to the Post-office Department, at the price of $150 each, 250 registering machines for which the manufacturers received but $50 apiece. In this case the presiding judge refused to rule upon the technical point, and left the jury to decide whether the term of the accused person in Congress had begun at the time when the crime was perpetrated. The jury found the defendant guilty, but, strangely enough, added a recommendation to mercy, of which, still more strangely, the trial judge approved. The extraordinary reason given by the judge for his approval was that he believed the prisoner not to have been cognizant of the existence of the Federal statute which he violated—the statute prohibiting a member of Congress from robbing the government. It is obviously immaterial whether Driggs had or had not read the statute in question. He had read the Ten Commandments, and knew that he was forbidden to steal.

The printed testimony taken before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs concerning the nomination of Brigadier-General Leonard Wood has been furnished in confidence to individual Senators, and, through one of them, has found its way into print. It is intensely interesting. Between General James H. Wilson and President Roosevelt there is a distinct issue of fact. The President asserts, and General Wilson denies, that General Wood participated actively in the battle of San Juan. It appears that Secretary Root, who was not, of course, in Cuba at the time of the battle of San Juan, testified before the Senate Committee that the records of the War Department show General Wood to have "been there." He further testified that President Roosevelt could, of his personal knowledge, bear witness to General Wood's presence in that fight, and to the extraordinary gallantry and efficiency which he displayed. On the other hand, General Wilson affirmed on oath that he had an interview with Mr. Roosevelt after the latter had been elected Vice-President of the United States, and told him that General Wood had never been under fire in his life until the Spanish war began, either in the Geronimo campaign, or at any other time; and that in the Spanish war, he was never in but one battle, that at Las Guasimas, where, but for his rescue by colored troops, he would have been badly handled. To this statement Mr. Roosevelt rejoined: "Oh yes, he was at San Juan." Whereupon General Wilson replied: "I beg your pardon, he was not. You know that he was in the rear, looking for ammunition." General Wilson swears that Mr. Roosevelt then admitted the fact to be as his interlocutor had put it, but expressed a wish to keep the truth a secret. "Yes," said he, "but do not tell anybody."

The President himself has not, under his signature, contradicted General Wilson's assertion, but Secretary Root testified before the committee: "The President informs me that General Wilson is mistaken, and that no such conversation regarding General Wood's presence at the San Juan fight ever took place between him and General Wilson. It could not have taken place, because General Wood was there, and the President saw him there." General Wilson did not deny that General Wood was "there," namely, at San Juan, or thereabouts. What he said was that Wood was at the rear, and took no part in the fighting. It ought to be easy to find out just where Wood was during the battle, and it is important to do so, for the principal ground for the extraordinary promotion of Wood is his alleged gallantry in a battle which, according to General Wilson, he took no part in. If it be true that General Wood has never in his life seen any fighting except at Las Guasimas, where the negroes had to rescue him, he certainly is not qualified for a rank, which, should we become involved in a great war, would almost certainly cause him to be placed at the head of the army.

New York is not the only State which is contemplating extensive canal improvements. The banquet given on Friday, January 8, by the Wilmington Board of Trade, and presided over by Judge George Gray, was intended to promote the conversion of the existing shallow canal between the Delaware and Chesapeake bays into an artificial waterway deep enough and wide enough to accommodate the largest vessels of our war fleet and our merchant navy. If this project should be carried out, the water distance for large steamships between Philadelphia and Baltimore would be shortened from over four hundred to about one hundred miles, and some thirty hours would be saved. Baltimore would then be two hundred miles, or twenty hours, nearer by water to New York and Liverpool. The strategic value of such a canal is obvious. As its terminals would be well above the ports which guard the entrances to the bays named, it would enable all the warships and torpedo-boats in both the Delaware and the Chesapeake to be quickly concentrated at the point of hostile attack on either bay. If, moreover, a ship-canal were once con-

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structed between the Delaware and the Chesapeake bays, a second connecting the Delaware and Raritan bays and a third cleaving the Cape Cod peninsula would be of such manifest utility that their eventual construction would be assured. When those three links in the chain are forged, we shall have interior water communication from Norfolk to Boston. As for the preliminary step, the proposed enlargement of the present Delaware and Chesapeake Canal—an enlargement which presents no engineering difficulties, and, probably, could be carried out at the cost of two battle-ships—it interests not only the five States that would be most directly affected—New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia—but also the Federal government.

It will be remembered that in the curt order retiring Lieutenant-General Miles not a word was said about his memorable services to his country during the civil war and, subsequently, against the Indians. The order of the War Department, on the other hand, by which Lieutenant-General Young is retired recites his services at great length and in the most eulogistic terms. It may be recalled that the pretext given for ignoring General Miles's honorable record was an order issued in the second Cleveland administration by Secretary Lamont, prohibiting the issuance of complimentary general orders on the retirement of general officers. That rule has never been formally set aside, but not the slightest heed is paid to it in the general order retiring General Young. After reciting in detail all the incidents of his military career, from the time when he entered as a private a volunteer regiment in 1861, up to the time when he returned from the Philippines and undertook the task of presiding over the army war-college board, the Secretary of War declares that "he goes into retirement with the respect and esteem of all his associates." Secretary Root adds that there can be no better wish for the regular army in the future than that its officers shall remember how distinction and the highest rank came to General Young, not as the result of self-seeking or of political and social influence, but as the result of duty well done, a high standard of honor, sane and kindly judgment, and unselfish loyalty to his commander-in-chief, to the army, and to the country.

Some newspapers have thought they could detect in the grounds specified for the commendation bestowed on General Young a backhanded blow at General Miles. We have never heard the successive promotions of General Miles attributed to self-seeking or to political or social influence, and we have never heard him accused of disloyalty to his country, to the army, or even to his commander-in-chief. Major-General Chaffee, who succeeds General Young in the headship of the army, as chief of staff, with the rank of lieutenant-general, has had, in one respect, a unique career. He is not a West-Pointer, neither did he secure his position in the regular army through the exhibition of gallantry and efficiency as a volunteer during the civil war. He served, indeed, throughout the four years of the war between the States, but when he enlisted, in 1861, it was not as a volunteer, but as a private in the regular army. He presently earned promotion from the ranks to a commission, and at Gettysburg was brevetted for gallantry. After the civil war was over, he, like Miles, gained distinction as an Indian-fighter, but many years were to elapse before Chaffee rose to the command of a regiment. He commanded, it will be remembered, the American contingent in the joint expedition for the relief of the foreign legations at Peking, and his circumspect conduct in a delicate and difficult position reflected the highest credit on his country.

Death has removed two of the most distinguished figures in the history of the war between the States. With the exception of General Lee and General Stonewall Jackson, there were no better soldiers in the Confederate army than General James Longstreet and General John B. Gordon. To those that admired and esteemed them both it is a matter of regret that Gordon should have asserted in his recently published memoirs that the Confederates lost the battle of Gettysburg because Lee's orders were wilfully disobeyed by Longstreet. So far as we know, this charge was unheard of until after General Longstreet accepted an office at the hands of a Republican administration and frankly expressed his recognition of the military greatness of General Grant. Thereafter a disposition was evinced in certain quarters to make Longstreet a scapegoat for Lee, although the reputation of the latter was too firmly established to need the disparagement of any subordinate. Lee himself never gave any countenance to the impeachment of Longstreet's acts or motives. After Stonewall Jackson's death, Lee unquestionably regarded Longstreet as his greatest lieutenant. Longstreet was a West-Pointer. Gordon, on the other hand, was a lawyer by profession when the war broke out, but organized an infantry company and joined an Alabama regiment, of which he was successively chosen captain, major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel. Notwithstanding the fact that he had no military experience before the war, his handling of troops in the seven days' fighting around Richmond was pronounced admirable by expert observers, and certainly was wonderfully successful. At Antietam he was shot four times, but continued to hold his men to their work, until a fifth bullet, striking him in the face, knocked him senseless. At Fredericksburg he led the storming of Marye's Heights. At Gettysburg he took a conspicuous part in the attack upon the Federal right wing, earned the fervent commendation of Lee for his services in the Wilderness, and, on May 12, 1864, fought the battle of Spottsylvania Court House. On that field he was made a major-general, and had risen to the rank of lieutenant-general before he surrendered at Appomattox. It is, we repeat, a pity that he and Longstreet in their later years should have become involved in a controversy. Great soldiers both, they did what they believed to be their duty to their respective States and to their section, and the fame of each is secure.

In a letter elsewhere printed our correspondent, Mr. J. Aubrey Jones, asks whether the United States did not violate the obligation imposed upon us by the treaty of 1846 with New Granada when we forbade Colombia to reassert her former sovereignty over the seceding state of Panama. We answer that the treaty named, as repeatedly interpreted by Attorney-Generals and Secretaries of State, bound us to defend New Granada's sovereignty over the isthmus against aggression on the part of any foreign power, whether European or American. It did not bind us to assure, as against an internal revolution, control of the isthmus to any government, *de jure* or *de facto*, which, at a given moment, might happen to be installed at Bogota. Had our correspondent's construction of the treaty of 1846 been the true one, it would have been our duty in 1861 to defend the Bogota government against the Democratic uprising which substituted for the centralized republic of New Granada the confederation known as the United States of Colombia. As a matter of fact, we did nothing of the kind. In the following year, 1862, the Conservatives, being in power at Bogota, invoked the aid of the United States, suggesting for the first time that the treaty of 1846 imposed upon us the duty of upholding their faction on the Isthmus of Panama. The Washington government declined to comply with the wishes of the Colombian Conservatives.

Some time later the Attorney-General of the United States declared that our guarantee referred only to foreign governments, and did not pledge the United States to take sides with one or another faction in the internal troubles of Colombia. Such, according to Mr. Raúl Pérez, himself a Liberal, and the son of the greatest leader of Colombian Liberals, has always in Colombia been understood to be the purport of the treaty of 1846. The letter written in 1866 by Secretary-of-State Seward is not irreconcilable with this view of our treaty obligations. In that letter Mr. Seward said, speaking of the isthmian interests of Colombia, that if those interests should ever be assailed by "any power at home or abroad," the United States would be ready to defend them. An examination of the context and of the circumstances should convince our correspondent that by the words "at home" Mr. Seward did not contemplate an internal revolution, but an invasion of Colombian territory by Venezuela or some other American republic. In 1903, as in 1861, and at several intervening dates, the United States were at liberty to recognize, if they chose, the *de facto* government which happened to be in possession of the Panama isthmus. In 1885, for instance, the Liberal revolutionists against the

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usurper Nuñez not only held the isthmus, but also the Magdalena River, the only means of access to the interior of Colombia and to its capital. That our failure to exercise the privilege at that time is a matter of deep regret to Colombian Liberals is evident from the article contributed by Mr. Raúl Pérez to the December number of the *North American Review*.

At the hour when we write, it begins to look as if Japan might forfeit some of the sympathy which hitherto has been hers in Great Britain and the United States. There is no doubt that, by the offer to recognize Japan's preponderance in two-thirds of Korea, provided the northern third of the peninsula should be converted into a neutral zone, Russia would have but little to gain, and very much to lose. The request for the neutralization of the northern third of Korea looks like an attempt to save Russia's dignity, which might be seriously impaired in the eyes of her Asiatic neighbors by complete acquiescence in Japan's demands. None of the purposes, economical or strategic, which Japan has had in view would be frustrated by her acceptance of Russia's offer. Two-thirds of Korea would afford for decades to come an ample outlet for the overflow of Japan's surplus population, and her control of Massampho and the southeastern coast of the peninsula would enable her to interrupt at any hour that intercommunication between Vladivostok and Port Arthur which is of so much importance to Russia. By securing the neutralization of a belt of territory adjoining the Manchurian frontier, Russia would really accomplish nothing of substantial moment, beyond what to Orientals seems of vital moment, namely, "saving her face." The Japanese should be warned betimes that, while Americans and Englishmen have looked with approval on their recent pretensions to ascendency in Korea, they have no desire to see Russia humiliated. Neither do they wish to witness a war in the Far East if it can be averted without making of Japan a victim. It would be absurd to assert that the Japanese would be victimized by an acceptance of Russia's last proposal.

The commercial treaty with Menelik, Emperor of Ethiopia, has been duly concluded, through the very successful efforts of Consul Skinner and his Abyssinian expedition. All parties are to be congratulated. To the United States the chief immediate effect of the treaty will be to transfer to American hands something like a million dollars' worth of trade in American cotton goods, which now finds its way by indirect routes through various third parties. Abyssinia will doubtless pay us in "jungle products," such as ivory, wax, and gum arabic, the chief articles of export, but it is by no means likely that the ultimate result of the new commercial agreement will be limited to this elementary exchange. When we remember that the Ethiopian empire is about the size of California, with thrice the population, a somewhat similar climate, and great natural resources, we can easily look forward to a time when these resources will be exploited by American enterprise and skill, and when the whole country will be so opened up that its exports and imports will be multiplied tenfold. The French have set us an example of enterprise by opening two hundred miles of railroad from Jiboutil to Harrar, with telegraph and telephone, and there is no reason why American bridges and steel rails should not do as well in Abyssinia as in Uganda or the Sudan. Abyssinia now imports steel goods from France and Switzerland.

English politics have been enlivened by a skirmish between the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain, the two great Liberal seceders who lead the right and left wings of the much-divided Tory party. The bone of contention, in the present case, is the Liberal-Unionist Association, formed when the Liberal party went to pieces over Mr. Gladstone's first home-rule bill. Of this association the Duke of Devonshire is president, and he has been in much perplexity over its future destinies, since the fiscal controversy has divided its members into two hostile camps. In view of this division, the Duke, as president, recently suggested to Mr. Chamberlain that the association should dissolve, since it no longer had a sufficient excuse for existence. Mr. Chamberlain wrote a reply, full of his characteristic energy and audacity, and showing that he ardently desires, and confidently hopes, to capture the association outright, and use it for the purposes of his fiscal campaign. He declared that the matter should be put to the vote, and that the minority party should retire in a body from the association, leaving the majority to shape its future career. The Duke of Devonshire, with his customary moderation and conservatism, replied that it would be a pity thus to rend the association asunder by violent means, and asking Mr. Chamberlain to consider the matter in a friendly spirit, to see whether arrangements for dissolving the association in some more urbane and orthodox way could not be devised. Mr. Chamberlain at this point took the bit in his teeth, and announced that since the president of the association refused to call the meeting he asked for, he himself would do so on his own responsibility. This he intends to do immediately after the assembling of Parliament, and it is evident that he expects to oust the Duke of Devonshire from the presidency, and to take his place as head of a purified and enlightened Liberal-Unionist Association. This procedure is directly opposed to the traditions of English public life; but it is uncertain whether Mr. Chamberlain will cause displeasure by his abrupt and revolutionary methods or win admiration by his audacity and decision. This controversy once more demonstrates, what we recently affirmed, that the ex-Liberals are by far the most prominent personalities in the Conservative party.

It is welcome news that lynching—especially the lynching of negroes—seems to be on the decline. The newspapers, in reviewing the lynching record for 1903, report very few cases for the last half of the year. The particularly horrifying destruction of a negro in Wilmington last June made a great stir, and the vehement protests which ensued appear to have had an effect. At any rate, the record of fifty-two lynchings for the first seven months of the year has had so few additions that the year's total is placed as low as sixty. We are told that there were two hundred lynchings in 1882, and that the record showed a slight annual reduction until 1901, when it rose a little. But in 1902 the total fell to ninety-six, and this year's total—if the figures given are correct—is a third less than that. Possibly the partial disfranchisement of the negroes in some of the Southern States has resulted in more peaceful conditions, but most of the improvement is, doubtless, due to an aroused public opinion. Southern leaders have set their faces hard against lynching, and newspapers, both North and South, have discussed and denounced it so urgently and with such persistence that the habit seems to be losing its grip. Arthur Stewart, a negro who had shot a white man, was lynched late in December, at Pineapple, Alabama. But the lynching party set fire to the jail and burned a large hole in the business part of the town, which so angered the townspeople that they held a mass-meeting and resolved to call a special term of court to punish members of the mob. That was discouraging to the lynchers. Still better was the recent case at Council Bluffs, where a mob that had gathered to take two negroes out of jail was dissuaded from its purpose by Congressman Walter I. Smith. Every case in which lynching is punished or prevented strengthens the tide against it.

The death list for the first ten days of 1904 includes an unusual proportion of well-known names. The deaths of General Longstreet and General Gordon are noticed above. New York has lost a venerable and familiar figure in Parke Godwin. Yale has lost Francis Wayland, Dean of its Law School; Charles Foster, of Ohio, formerly Governor of that State, and Secretary of the Treasury under President Harrison, died on January 9; Jean Léon Gérôme, the French painter, on January 10, and on the same day, in London, Antoinette Sterling, the singer. Mr. Godwin came to New York to live about 1836, being then twenty years old, and became the assistant editor of the *Evening Post* under William Cullen Bryant. For nearly seventy years he was active in the life of the city, and in close association with its writers and its politicians. He edited *The Harbinger*, the mouthpiece of the Brook Farm reformers; he became an editor of *Putnam's Magazine;* he succeeded Mr. Bryant as editor of the *Evening Post*, and later edited the *Commercial Advertiser*. He published many books and made many public addresses, among which will be remembered his eulogies on Edwin Booth, Kossuth, Audubon, Bryant, and George William Curtis.

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What Might Be Done for Colombia

It seems to be settled that the canal treaty with the republic of Panama will be ratified, more than the sixty votes needed for the purpose being obtainable in the Senate. The willingness exhibited by many Democratic Senators to recognize accomplished facts and to accept the treaty has, naturally, caused the Republican majority to adopt a conciliatory attitude, and to consider seriously such amendments of the treaty as may be offered from the Democratic side. It is understood that the aim of one contemplated amendment is to enlarge and strengthen the control over the canal zone which is already conceded by the terms of the convention to the United States. Would it not accord even better with the position assumed by Democratic leaders with reference to the Panama affair if another amendment should be proposed which should have in view the offer of a certain amount of compensation to Colombia for the loss of her principal asset? We incline to regard with a good deal of favor a suggestion on the subject made by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Why, it asks, should not our Federal government pay for the canal franchise a somewhat larger price than the ten million dollars promised by the treaty to the Panama Republic, on condition that the excess over the sum named should be transferred to Colombia, which, in return, would give to the seceding commonwealth a quit-claim to the isthmus? The *Public Ledger* argues that, if it be true that the canal will prove of inestimable value to the United States and to civilization, it might be expedient, by paying a few more millions of dollars—say, for example, by increasing the lump sum from ten million to twenty million dollars—to extinguish whatever claim Colombia possesses, or that she may think she possesses, in the forum of equity. In the opinion of our Philadelphia contemporary, it would be better policy to renew our old ties of friendship with the Colombian republic at the cost of a few additional millions than to spend an equivalent or larger sum on fleets and armies in the prosecution of an inglorious war against a power so feeble. Let us look a little closely at this proposal.

There is a section of the Colombian population—the most liberally educated and high-minded section—for which, at this conjuncture, we cannot but feel a good deal of sympathy. It has been the victim of events which, for about eighteen years, have exposed its country to usurpation, civil war, anarchy, and bankruptcy, and which have culminated in the forfeiture of the American isthmus, that has long and justly been regarded as its most precious possession. The Liberals, who for many years preceding 1886 strove to give Colombia an adequate and invigorating system of public education, to establish a régime of law and order, and to develop their country's agricultural and mineral resources, have made a gallant but fruitless fight in the interest of civilization since in the year named the usurper Nuñez abrogated the organic law then existing, and substituted by his personal fiat the present reactionary constitution, which neither the department of Panama nor any other part of Colombia was morally bound to obey. The moneys successively extracted from the French company for extensions of the canal franchise granted to M. de Lesseps have been used to frustrate the efforts of the Liberals for the regeneration of their country. It is not the Liberals, but their unscrupulous opponents, the Reactionists, installed in power at Bogota since 1885-6, who are responsible for the foolish attempts to blackmail the United States, if not, also, to rob the French company of its franchise, attempts the inevitable outcome of which was to provoke the department of Panama to secede from the rest of Colombia, and to proclaim its independence. It is hard that Colombian Liberals, who have borne so many wrongs in the past, should now have to witness also the dismemberment of their native land. For their sake, for the sake of the innocent, it may be well for us to ask whether something cannot yet be done to uphold the dignity and honor of their country by the offer of a reasonable compensation for the grievous loss brought upon her by corrupt politicians at Bogota. Although to the usurping government headed by President Marroquin, or to the greedy Senators, who, for motives they dared not avow, rejected an equitable treaty, we may be under no obligation, either in international law or in the forum of morals, it by no means follows that the plea of Colombian Liberals, powerless and hopeless though they are, for a show of generosity on our part which should leave to their country at least a remnant of prestige, ought to go entirely unheeded.

There is a recent precedent for such an act of generosity on the part of the United States. When, in the autumn of 1898, our commissioners met those of Spain in Paris, to arrange a treaty of peace, we were virtually masters of the Philippines. We had annihilated the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, and Spain would have been unable to send a single regiment to strengthen the feeble force which she possessed in the archipelago. We had but to stretch forth a hand to take the islands. We resolved, nevertheless, to offer despoiled and humiliated Spain some compensation for a territory which, practically, was the prize of war. We, accordingly, tendered, and she accepted, the sum of twenty million dollars for the renunciation of her nominal claim to the Philippines. Of all the features of the Treaty of Paris, it is this one that is viewed with most satisfaction by fair-minded and magnanimous Americans and it should, undoubtedly, be credited with the willingness of Spaniards to resume, with unexpected promptitude, friendly relations with the United States. We were neither legally nor morally bound to pay one penny for the Philippines, but it was well for all concerned that Spain's commissioners went not away, with hands quite empty, from the sad conference, at which were surrendered the last remnants of the empire which Columbus gave to the Castilian monarchy.

What we did for Spain we might do for Colombia. Nay, in proportion as Colombia is by far the weaker power, the act would be more graceful and more gracious. But, it may be asked, should we agree to pay a lump sum of twenty million dollars, instead of ten million dollars, for the canal franchise, on condition that half of the amount should go to Colombia, what assurance have we, or can we have, that Colombian Liberals will ever profit to the extent of a penny by our generosity? The only precaution that now occurs to us by which we might avert or postpone the confiscation of the consolatory sum awarded to Colombia by the corrupt politicians now in power at Bogota, or the application of it to the extermination of Colombian Liberals, would be a proviso that Colombia's share of the purchase-money should be paid in ten or twenty annual instalments. A payment of $500,000 a year in gold for twenty years would be an acquisition of importance to Colombia, and it is extremely probable that, before the expiration of the term, the Liberals would recover power.

The effect on other Latin-American republics of such an act of generosity as the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* has proposed, and as we also are inclined to recommend, would be far-reaching and profound. It would prove to the satisfaction of our sister commonwealths in the New World that we are sincere in protesting that our quick recognition of the republic of Panama was prompted by no selfish motive, but was, in truth, dictated by a regard for the interests of the civilized world. Those commonwealths, and Colombia herself, no less than Europe and the United States, are certain, eventually, to profit by the opening of an interoceanic waterway.

Some Fresh Suggestions about the New Negro Crime

On January 10 Dr. Felix Adler discussed the negro question at Carnegie Hall in New York city. He sensibly said that the North, while it cannot evade its share of responsibility for the difficulties presented, ought not to assume any airs of superiority over the South, but, on the contrary, should recognize that the South, by long experience, is peculiarly qualified to solve, or at least attempt a solution of, the problem. We have no doubt that Dr. Adler and the many thousands of Northerners who concur in his views will read with interest an article on the cause and prevention of the lynching of negroes, contributed to the January number of the *North American Review*. Before and since the civil war, the author of the article, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, a native of Virginia, has been an eye-witness and a student of the relations between the whites and the blacks. He lends the weight of his name to the assertion, supported by innumerable authorities, that the assault of white women by colored men may fairly be described as the "new" negro crime. In conjunction with many other careful students of Southern history, he avers that during the whole period of slavery the crime did not exist. Even during the civil war, when all able-bodied white men were away in the army, the negroes were loyal guardians of the white women and children. On isolated plantations and in lonely neighborhoods, white women at that period were as secure as in the streets of Boston or New York. Neither were many examples of the crime here contemplated observed for a good many years after emancipation. The particular crime to which we refer did not become frequent at the South until the old paternal relation which had survived even the strain of reconstruction passed away with the departure of the old generation of negroes from the stage. There was no extensive outbreak of the new negro crime until the teaching that accompanied the attempt to impose carpet-bag government had borne its fruit in the new generation of negroes. The substance of the teaching was that the negro was the equal of the white, that the white was his enemy, and that the black must assert his equality. The growth of the idea was gradual in the negro's mind, but, when it became widely and deeply rooted, its effect was shown in many ravishings of white women by negroes, sometimes in the presence of the victim's family. Mr. Page points out that conditions in the South render the commission of the crime peculiarly easy. The white population is thin, the forests are extensive, the officers of the law are distant and difficult to reach. Above all, the negro population, as a whole, seems inclined to condone the fact of mere assault. Touching this point, the author testifies that the average negro does not believe in the chastity of women. Such a belief could not be evolved from his acquaintance with the female members of his race. He cannot accept the credibility of an assault being com-

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mitted against the will of the victim. Such a state of facts is beyond his comprehension. On the other hand, his sexual desire, which always was a controlling force with him has become, since the new teaching of political and social equality, a desire for the white woman. This assertion is confirmed by William Hannibal Thomas, himself a colored man, in the interesting work entitled *The American Negro*.

It is obvious, however, that the negro had the same animal instincts under the slavery régime that he exhibits now. Neither is it deniable that the punishment which follows the crime is no more certain, terrible, and swift to-day than it would have been in slavery times. To what, then, must be attributed the alarming increase of the horrible brutality? By Mr. Page the emergence of the new negro crime is attributed to two things—first, as we have seen, to racial antagonism and to the talk of social equality that inflames the negro, unregulated and undisciplined; but, secondly and mainly, to the absence of a strong restraining opinion among the negroes of any class, however enlightened and law-abiding. It is manifestly important to note what a specially qualified observer like Mr. Thomas Nelson Page has to say upon the latter point. He tells us that a close examination of the examples of rape and lynching, and of the ensuing public discussion thereon, has led him to the painful conviction that most of the leaders of the negro race have rarely, by act or word, evinced a right appreciation of the crime of ravishing and murdering women. Their denunciation has been levelled almost exclusively at the crime of lynching. Underlying most of their protests against that supersession of the law is the suggestion that the victim of the mob is a martyr. Mr. Page avers that, so far as his own observation has gone, the records of negro meetings will show, for one righteous outcry against the violation of women, much furious reprobation of the attacks of mobs upon the criminals. As to any serious and determined effort to stamp out the atrocious crime that is blackening the whole colored race to-day, and arousing against them the deadly and, possibly, undying enmity of their white neighbors, he has been able to find scarcely a trace of such a thing, except in the utterances of a few individuals like Booker Washington, who always speaks for the right, of Hannibal Thomas, and of Bishop Turner. A crusade against the lynching of negroes has been preached as far as England, but no crusade has yet been heard of against the ravishing and tearing to pieces of white women and children. In a word, so far as Mr. Page's observation goes—and whose is wider—the sympathy of negro orators and preachers, and of the whole negro race, is generally exhibited for the object of mob violence, and not for his victim.

Mr. Page does not touch upon the fact—we believe it to be a fact—that, since colored men were practically excluded from the exercise of the franchise in Mississippi, there has been no instance of the new negro crime in that State. Evidently he does not believe that the crime can be exterminated by statute or by any exterior pressure, but thinks that it can only be gradually eliminated by the inward regeneration of the colored race itself. He holds that, until the negroes shall create amongst themselves a sound public opinion—such as existed before the civil war—which, instead of fostering and condoning, shall reprobate and sternly repress, the crime of assaulting white women and white children, the new negro crime will never be extirpated; and that, until this crime is stopped, the crime of lynching will never be suppressed. Never will lynching be done away with while the sympathy of the whites is with the lynchers; no more will the ravishing of white women be done away with while the sympathy of negroes, more or less veiled, is with the ravisher. When the negroes, as a race, shall stop applying all their energies to harboring and shielding negro criminals, no matter what their crime may be, so long as it is against the whites; when the negroes as a race shall distinguish, sharply and sternly, between the law-abiding negro and the colored law-breaker—a long and effective step toward the extinction of the fundamental cause of lynching will have been taken. It is Mr. Page's belief that the arrest and prompt handing over to the law of negroes by negroes for assaults on white women would do more to break up ravishing and to restore amicable relations between the two races than all the harangues of all the politicians, all the resolutions of all the conventions, and, we presume that he means us to add, all the discriminating laws of all the Southern legislatures. Should the negroes, he says, sturdily and faithfully set themselves to prevent the raping of white women by members of their race, the crime would be stamped out. Should the whites, on their part, set themselves against lynching, that defiance of the law would cease. The remedy, then, he thinks, is plain. Let the negroes, he says, take charge of the crime of ravishing, and put it firmly away from them; let the whites take charge of the crime of lynching, and renounce it with equal firmness.

Is Mr. Page's suggestion Utopian? He is by no means prepared to assert its practicability. He submits, however, that the method of dealing with the new negro crime which he advocates is worth trying, and that from foreign countries a little evidence may be gathered in favor of its feasibility. Is it not possible, he asks, that, in every American community which contains a large colored element, negroes might be appointed officers of the law for the express purpose of controlling law-breakers of their own race? Attention is directed to the fact that in the Mediterranean and in the East the English manage such matters pretty well under similar, if not equally complicated and delicate, conditions. On the island of Malta, for example, where the population is composed of different nationalities, between whom a good deal of jealousy exists, there are several divisions of police, to each of which is assigned the charge of one of the three elements of which the insular population is composed. In Hong-kong, also, where the situation presents an even more complicated problem, there are several kinds of police—English, Chinese, and Hindoo. The first alone have comprehensive powers; the two other classes of officers are authorized to arrest members of the races to which they respectively belong. Mr. Page suggests that, similarly, negro officials might be clothed with powers sufficiently large to enable them to keep order among their own people, while for the efficient exercise of such powers they would be held accountable. It seems that the recent vagrant laws of Georgia represent an effort in this direction.

To what conclusion are we driven if Mr. Page's suggestion be pronounced impracticable; if, in other words, it be impossible to entrust the suppression of the new negro crime to colored men themselves? We should, then, as Mr. Page admits, be driven to the conviction that the ravishings of white women by negroes and the resultant murders of black criminals by mobs, have their roots so deep in racial instincts that nothing can eradicate them, except a desperate resort to the supreme arbitrament of force.

Women Voters in Australia

AUSTRALIA has just turned a new page in the political history of the world, adding another to the many daring innovations conceived and carried out beneath the Southern Cross. At the federal elections, which were held a few weeks ago, nearly a million women voted, for the first time since the formation of the commonwealth. Their votes were cast in the broad arena of general politics, not confined to some one limited sphere, such as the schools, or some department of local or municipal sanitation.

The women of Australia, following the now stereotyped methods of modern democratic politics, drew up a platform, and, to some extent, voted as a separate party; that is to say, they attempted to throw all the weight of their sex on the side of certain well-defined principles and ideas, for it does not appear that they chose and supported separate party candidates. They had a platform, but no slate. Their first principle, very naturally, was that the sexes should be equal before the law, and that all government offices should be equally open to men and women. We shall comment on this proposal shortly.

The second article in the woman's platform called for the total suppression of the opium traffic, a reminder that so many Australian towns have their Chinese opium and fan-tan dens, centres of degeneracy and demoralization for the curious persons of white race, who begin to smoke opium in a spirit of mere idleness and novelty-seeking, and presently find themselves slaves for life. There is also a demand for the restriction of the alcohol trade, but, as we have so many prohibition States where women do not vote, this cannot be called specially characteristic, or the revelation of a new force in political life.

Thirdly, there is an assertion of the principle of arbitration, rather, it would seem, in the domain of economics, and the struggle between capital and labor, than in the larger world of international law. We are further told by the rather brief cable summaries that there is also a demand for the reorganization of the army and navy, but we have not enough detail to make this quite intelligible; perhaps it is a question of separate colonial forces or of certain ships to be owned and manned exclusively by colonials. This, however, is not very important for our purpose, which is rather to seek certain general principles, taking this Australian election, with its million women voters, as our text.

The matter of real and enduring interest is the question of the true relation of the sexes, of men and women, in the region of law and law-making, and, as a corollary, in the larger region of intellectual and moral life. We may clear the ground by pointing out that women have hitherto had practically no part in politics, simply because, in the earlier and ruder epochs, politics was only organized force, systematized fighting, having its origin in the desire to hold certain territories as cattle-pastures; the ownership of cattle being everywhere the motive of territorial sway. As women were not warriors, and, moreover, were likely to suffer misery and degradation if taken captive, the force of circumstances kept them out of politics, in the days when politics meant only organized force. The European states, with their ruling classes and their immense standing armies, are a survival of the union of politics and force, and there is little vitality in the woman-suffrage movement, for instance, in Germany or Italy.

England laboriously worked out, for all mankind, the theory of

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civil rights; of the citizen who, in virtue of his citizenship, and not as a result of force, had certain defined rights and immunities, recorded in such instruments as Magna Charta and the Habeas Corpus act, and in the general proposition, fought out through centuries, that there should be "no taxation without representation." This is England's splendid and lasting contribution to the treasures of mankind; arrived at, not by design or calculation, but through the individual force and self-assertive life planted in so many robust and self-reliant persons, throughout a long succession of centuries.

The idea of woman as a citizen is directly derived from this English discovery of citizenship based on rights, rather than on force, and the conception of law as the total of the separate rights of all the individuals in a community; their individual rights and duties collectively stated. It is, therefore, logical that the theory of woman suffrage should become a fact on a large scale for the first time in a great English colony, in the commonwealth of Australia, which is rather a separate sovereign state of English origin than a colony, in the old dependent sense.

If we fully admit the idea of woman as a citizen, by right, and not merely through toleration, we come at once to the most interesting of all questions: the inherent likeness or unlikeness of the intellectual life of the two sexes. Are women, as Tennyson said, only "weaker men," whose passions, and, presumably, whose intellects, are to ours "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine"? Or are they, as is sometimes maintained, really the stronger sex, especially in the moral qualities? Or, to take a third possibility, are they essentially different?—different, for instance, as poetry is different from algebra; so that it becomes absurd to say either that poetry is better than algebra or that algebra is better than poetry.

We have here, perhaps, a genuine clue. Let us say, provisionally, that while the minds and souls of men and women seem to us to be compact of the same essence, yet the minds of men are, generally speaking, more abstract, while the minds of women are more concrete. Or we may go at the problem in a different way. If we say that our powers are divided into three great groups: Intellectual, psychic, and physical, we may be justified in saying that, in men, the first and the third, the intellectual and material, are the more pronounced; while in women the mid-region of the mind, the psychical nature, predominates.

To put this in a concrete way: man's mind intellectually conceives the idea of a house, and makes an abstract plan of it, as architect; this is the intellect, the first of our three groups of powers. Again, men do the actual building, the matter of bricks and mortar, the grappling with the sheer nature forces. Thus the man builds the house. But woman makes the home.

The difference between a house and a home is the added psychic element. It is a matter of feeling; yet here feeling, we will all admit, is the vital matter.

This is merely a simile. We have not used it to arrive at the platitude that "woman's sphere is the home," and that, consequently, she should keep out of politics. On the contrary, we hold, and by this instance sought to illustrate, that into every completed work of humanity all three elements should enter—the intellectual or spiritual; the element of concrete feeling or psychic; and the material and physical; and that, in general, men will supply the first and the third, while women will supply the second. There may be exceptions; certain men accounted saints, like Francis of Assisi, have given exquisite expression to feeling and tenderness; certain women have excelled in abstract mathematics, suggesting that, in the last analysis, all souls are alike. Yet, generally, the distinction we have made holds good; the power to reach new abstract and general principles is more pronounced in men, as is also the power to grapple with material nature. The psychic region, the domain of feeling, is stronger in women, though all three qualities exist in both. It would seem, therefore, that in law, as in all else, there is work for both sexes. The large general abstraction, the conception of law as universal, is masculine. The application, in thought, of this abstraction, to definite and concrete persons, is feminine. The final enforcement of the law, not merely by police force, but by sanitary engineering, by constructive material work, is again masculine.

If this be true it will follow, as a larger generalization, that the creative activity of both sexes is essential to success in every range and department of human life; that active and willing cooperation is the true law; that much of human misery and perplexity would be removed by understanding this; by each sex taking the attitude of helpful cooperation towards the other; that each should seek to be of real and lasting benefit to the other, rather than, by more or less tortuous and unavowable methods, to extract selfish advantage from the other, to sacrifice the other to the ends of vanity or sensation. But, like all great questions of human life, this one must be solved in practise, not by theory. It was not the dictum of a Rousseau that confirmed the rights of man, but the ages of hard struggle which won the Great Charter, the writ of Habeas Corpus, and the difficult successive victories on which are built the fortress of civil rights.

"Old Ironsides" Again

THE Massachusetts Historical Society, by its officers and council, has addressed a memorial to Congress asking that the old frigate *Constitution* be repaired and put in commission as a training-ship, and at suitable seasons in future be stationed at points along our coast, where she may be visited by Americans who are interested in her and her glorious history. At present she lies, dismantled, out of repair, and liable to injury at a dock in Charlestown. The memorial sets forth some of the incidents of her career, and especially notes the timely solace she brought to American hearts by bringing into Boston Harbor, as prisoners, on the morning of August 30, 1812, the captain and crew of the *Guerrière*. The Boston newspaper which published on the following morning the story of General Hull's surrender at Detroit, was able to print in another column the story of Captain Hull's victory in a great sea-duel, in which two frigates, evenly matched to a man, deliberately sought one another out, and tried conclusions in mid-Atlantic. "In less than thirty minutes from the time we got alongside of the enemy," reported Captain Hull to the Secretary of the Navy, "she was left without a spar standing, and the hull cut to pieces in such a manner as to make it difficult to keep her above water." Her crew were taken aboard the *Constitution*, and the *Guerrière* went to the bottom. No victory was ever more timely. New England was inexpressibly cheered by it, and the whole country shared New England's delight.

The *Constitution* was built in Boston in 1797. In July, 1812, she escaped from a squadron of six British ships, which chased her for three days; in August, 1812, she sunk the *Guerrière*, and in December the same year she captured the *Java* off Brazil. In February, 1814, she captured the *Cyane* and the *Levant*. In 1830, when it was proposed to dismantle the old ship and sell her, Dr. Holmes came flaming out with "Old Ironsides," the lines beginning,

"What, tear her tattered ensign down!"

and from that day to this the recurring schoolboy has regularly protested against any slight to the *Constitution*. The Massachusetts Historical Society protests that our old "fighting frigate" is at least as worthy of preservation and honor at our hands as Nelson's *Victory* is in England, and that opinion rests on facts which may reasonably be expected to appeal to Congress. "It seems strange to me," writes the president of the society, "that, when every petty struggle on land in the history of the nation is commemorated by some monument, the memory of the achievements of the *Constitution* cannot be preserved in the preservation of the ship itself."

It should be preserved. We hope Congress may make the modest appropriation that is necessary, and that when our North River sees another naval review the old *Constitution* may be on hand to see it and to be seen.

"Parsifal" and the Public

WE have read commentaries innumerable upon "Parsifal"—musical, literary, ecclesiastical, social, ethical, frankly journalistic—but we have seen none which takes note of what is perhaps the most striking aspect of the current production at the Metropolitan Opera House: we mean the strikingly complete manner in which it confutes those who held, in advance of the event, that the New York public was unfit for the proper reception of Wagner's work. How often were we not assured that "Parsifal" on Broadway, "Parsifal" in an opera-house of the conventionally fashionable type, "Parsifal" disclosed in an atmosphere of decolleté gowns, shirt-fronts, and small talk, would be quite unthinkable. Those who had heard the work at Bayreuth, or who wished it to be assumed that they had, had much to say of the reverent and prayerful attitude assumed at the Wagner theatre and made possible only by conditions obtaining there. How was it possible, protested these excellent persons, to give the master's unique work among proper conditions at the Metropolitan Opera House under even the most favorable circumstances? Would not its subtle and intimate appeal, its profound significance, be lost in the vast and unholy spaces of Mr. Conried's gilded temple of the lyric muse? It was asserted, moreover, that our presumably lightsome, pleasure-loving, commercialized public was not of the stuff of which "Parsifal" audiences should be made. Well, the "Parsifal" first night has passed into history, and the second, third, and fourth performances have come and gone, with what result? Wagner's music-drama, which some have chosen to call sacred, but which we prefer to call merely inspired, has been heard, at a rough estimate, by 16,000 persons, most of them New-Yorkers; it has been listened to with the utmost absorption, with reverence for a great work most beautifully interpreted, with an intentness and quick sympathy which have amazed even those who chose to think best of New-Yorkers and their capacities. It has been, in a singular degree, a vindication of our American public—for New York is representative enough to express us all.—Let there be no more impolite references, then, to pearls and pork.

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General Huertas

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF PANAMA SWEARING ALLEGIANCE TO THE NEW REPUBLIC

The photograph, sent by our representative in Panama, is a snap-shot taken on December 20 during a ceremony marking the establishment of the new republic. It shows General Huertas, Commander-in-chief of the Panamanian army, swearing allegiance to the flag of the republic before his troops, the Secretary of War, and the police and fire departments

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Some New English Plays

By W. D. Howells

THAT difference between English and American plays which I noted last week, seems to me more evident now, after seeing so many more of both sorts, than when I first adopted, as a working hypothesis, the theory that English plays were social and American plays were domestic in their nature. The reader who wishes to agree with me need not be at the pains to limit himself as to the meaning of my words, for I do not limit myself very strictly. By social I do not mean solely that which relates to society, and by domestic I do not mean solely that which relates to the home, though I believe that even with this limitation my hypothesis is sound. If we extend the sense of domestic to cover the region in which a man lives by his love for his family, or by his love for a woman, and mean that the play psychologically ends with his conquest of the woman, or with the happiness of his family, we have a just definition of the American drama. This is true of the best pieces I have seen, with "Her Own Way" and "Glad of It," with "The Other Girl," and with "The County Chairman" on its level. Brilliant as three of these pieces unquestionably are, fresh and true as they measurably are, honest and courageous as they comparatively are, they do not leave one thinking, when they are done, of anything but how well they are done. They have scarcely a suggestion beyond themselves; they concern the intelligent spectator only as a technical critic, and not also as a man or a fellow man. They are very personal to the characters and their supposed interests, but they are not personal to the witness after he leaves the theatre.

The English plays, on the contrary, follow him out, and keep him busy with their social implications. I do not mean that such a thing as "Lord and Lady Algy" does this, and still less that such a hash of stale French motives as "The Marriage of Kitty" does it; both of a dramatic creed outworn; but I do not feel bound to consider these, as I do not feel bound to consider the inferior American plays. If we come to the better English plays, to "The Admirable Crichton," to "Whitewashing Julia," to "Merely Mary Ann," to "Candida," I believe my case is made out. Such plays are of the high lineage of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "The Gay Lord Quex," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "Judah," "Ghosts," "Honor," "Magda." That is, they invite, and not only invite, but they compel, you to think of somebody besides the *dramatis personæ*. They bid you consider the whole social world, and how it is made of men and women in a complicity which you yourself cannot escape. We rashly suppose, those of us who wish to suppose anything, that the English plays are of larger scope because they concern a larger world than ours, but this is not so. It is because our plays do not pass the bounds of the narrow personal world, not merely in their facts, but in their implications, that our plays are not as great as the English, that they are provincial, and not universal. Mr. Fitch had a glimpse of vaster things in "The Girl with the Green Eyes," where he dealt with an eternal and universal passion like jealousy; and the lamented Hearn had it in his "Griffith Davenport," where he dealt with the problem of public and private conscience. He had it still more distinctly in "Margaret Fleming," where he touched with the clean and sanative hands of antiseptic surgery the dreadful evil that lives from sex to sex. But our public would not have either of those great plays of Hearn's, and it might not have had Mr. Fitch's play if it had known how far and deep it went. That is because our public is, if it will allow me to be so frank with it, often a shallow and a silly public; and I do not believe it would have the admirable English plays which it is now accepting, if it realized quite what they were. Because they are in a foreign air, and amidst strange circumstance, it feels itself safely remote from their challenge. If the London terms of "The Admirable Crichton" could be translated into New York terms, our public would not have had it; and I doubt if even the intellectual elect whom I saw keeping their courage up at a matinée of "Candida" would have enjoyed it so much if it had been naturalized to our conditions. Our public, then, is not likely to get the truth of life direct from the native drama, and the good that the alien drama can do it is not in the ratio of the pleasure it gives.

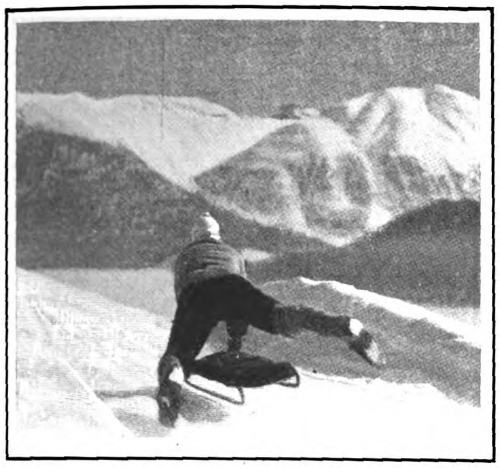
Still I should hope that the message of "Candida" was not lost in midair, but was at least partially caught in the wireless-telegraph apparatus of our consciousness. It was not a very new message, having been sent us already in the whole body of the Ibsenian æsthetics, and the whole soul of the Ibsenian ethics. It was, indeed, the old message which bids men everywhere and always not be humbugs, and it spoke equally in the bohemian who found himself humbugging, and in the philistine, who was rather more deceived through being such a large-minded philistine. The instruction beyond that was not very absolute, in Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, as it is not absolute in any of Ibsen's plays. The most one could say of it was that it made room in one's mind for one to think whether he was at that time or at some other a hypocrite, and whether his habitation was built upon a rock or built upon the sands. You were not invited to suppose that the wretched little neurotic poet whom the Christian socialist clergyman brought home out of the midnight street was a nobler man than the clergyman, or more deserving of the clergyman's wife whom he tried to make love to. In fact, all his bravery of sincerity does not commend him till that last moment when he has to own that there is a poison drop of insincerity, which he has not known of, at the bottom of his own heart, and he confesses that he is "nothing but attitudes." Really, the clergyman is the sincerer of the two, because the active good of his pose does not allow him to realize the passive evil of it. He remains true because he remains true to himself, and if his wife cleaves in unswerving fidelity to him it is not because, as she says, he is the weaker and has the greater need of her, but because he is the better man, as her silent instinct teaches her. Perhaps this meaning, which I read into the play is not the author's meaning, but if it is not, I make bold to believe it should be, and I will not consent to another, where one is allowed such large liberty in choosing one's meaning.

The part of *Marchbanks* was wonderfully well taken by Mr. Arnold Daly, and I wish to say of the playing in nearly all the pieces that I have seen, that it was satisfyingly equal to the writing. I have the greater pleasure in saying this because I do not find it often said; because I see the actor so commonly made the scapegoat of the author's sins by the criticism which conceives of its office as the duty of being rather rude to both, but rather ruder to the actor than the author. It has seemed to me that the actor generally, by instinct or inspiration, has now seized the ideal of truthfulness, and that when the author has given him a true thing to do, he has done it well. Whereas, when he has given him a false thing to do, he has seemed embarrassed and helpless, in several cases which I will not specify. I do not say that he has yet thought out the reason of his defeat, in such cases, but I will say that the unreality of the work given him was the reason of it. I have fancied him almost pathetically glad of the chance of being natural and lifelike, and when he could not be so because the part given him had no life or nature in it, that he pathetically did his best to put life and nature into it. I speak of him, when I mean her too, and I think it a duty, as certainly it is a pleasure, to bear witness to the general advance of the histrionic art among us. It has advanced because of the refinement and elevation of all art through the insistence of the ideal of truthfulness which most critics of art have contested. Without the prevalence of this ideal, on the modern terms, such a piece of exquisite work as Miss Eleanor Robson's portrayal of the simple goodness in the character of *Mary Ann*, the slavey in Mr. Zangwill's beautiful play, would not have been possible. I venture to say, what I firmly believe, that if a playgoer of fifty years ago could have seen that masterpiece, he could scarcely have credited his senses, so far was it beyond what used to satisfy the playgoer. There was not a flaw in its constant perfection, and it was subdued in its beautiful restraint to an effect of nature which the play itself often enough transcended. Because such innocence, if not such ignorance, does exist on just such terms and in such circumstances, Miss Robson could dedicate her best to its expression in a scheme of which you had so often to say that it was in the region of poetry, in order to reconcile yourself to its aberrations from reality. But however unfaithful to reality "Merely Mary Ann" might be, *Mary Ann* herself was always true.

The play had many most fortunate events. It was amusing, and it was touching, and it was edifying; it made you laugh, and it made you want to cry; and if it was not always socially it was humanly natural. You felt in it the stir of the revolt against man-made conditions which is the animate thing in the modern English drama, and the absence of which from our own leaves it the poorer, leaves it inferior, in spite of our dramatists' equal skill. It is a virtue which they of course do well not to affect if they have it not, but I believe that upon the analysis which I have no time or place for here, it would be found the vital difference between the work of Mr. Fitch and Mr. Pinero, and the work of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Jones or Mr. Barrie. I do not say its defect is the fault of our playwrights; perhaps it is rather the fault of our civilization, which seems less generous and less hopeful than the English in its present forgetfulness of its primal inspirations, its love of liberty, its faith in equality, its longing for fraternity. We cannot blame our dramatists for not imagining something like Mr. Barrie's fantasy of "The Admirable Crichton," if this is true, and still less if it is not true; and we cannot claim that the English dramatists are always in their highest mood.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones apparently was not in it when he wrote "Whitewashing Julia," and yet here was that revolt too, though rather on the personal than the social grounds. It is society in the narrower sense which makes a victim of *Julia*, and her martyrdom moves one rather to smiles than to tears. The satire lies in the fact that the scruples of society concern her situation more than her behavior, and that it does not condemn her for being a wife of the left hand, so much as for being a wife of the left hand while the wife of the right hand is still living. It recognizes that there are necessities of royalty which do not exist for even the nobility and gentry, and its complacency in this is Mr. Jones's opportunity for social satire. He does not neglect it, though most of his satire is personal, and has its finest effect in poor *Julia* herself, whose positive and negative sinuosities are charmingly intimated in the extremely clever handling of the part by Miss Fay Davis. In the reality of this again, I felt how essential to the actor was the truth in what the author had done. If he had been at any time false to the character he was portraying, the delicate fabric would have fallen to pieces even in hands so skilful as the hands of Miss Davis. *Julia* is socially rehabilitated by her marriage with a socially accepted gentleman who needs moral rehabilitation even more than herself, and the realization of his, her, and its ideal by the event, is the author's expression of the revolt which I find no trace of in our drama. If there is now, or has been any American play treating of our conditions, as importantly and significantly as the poorest of these English plays treat of English conditions, I have not seen it, and I should like very

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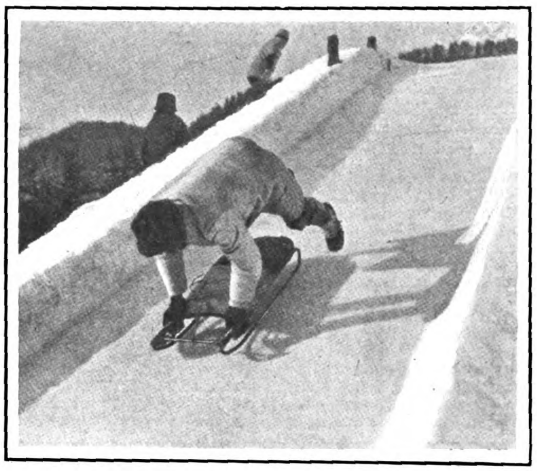
One Way of Finishing



Making a Flying Leap



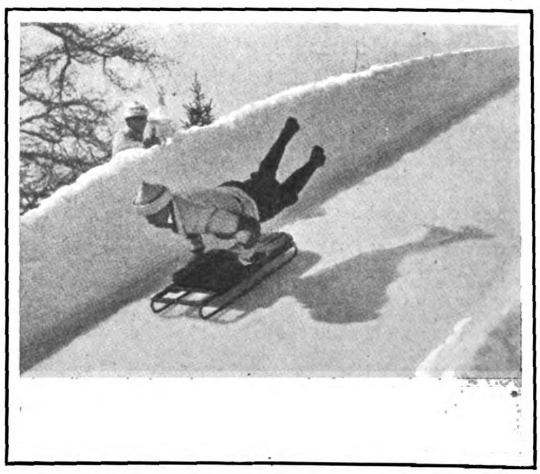
The Winner of a Race at the Finish



Getting on at the Start



A Bob-sleigh on its Course



A Flying Start

SCENES FROM THE PRIZE CONTESTS IN TOBOGGANING AT ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND

The photographs show some picturesque incidents of a contest at St. Moritz—the Cresta. Prize competitions are held during the winter months on the course at St. Moritz, and form one of the favorite diversions of the residents and tourists

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much to see it. We have the portrayal of people whose lives are given to getting to the top in society and business, but nothing to intimate that there is anything structurally wrong in the card houses where they hope to dwell. The satire does not go beyond this or that individual; it has no social implications; and when you go away from the theatre, privately well pleased, and patriotically content with the artistic qualities of the show, you do not go away thinking; for it has not vitally concerned you; it has not touched your actual meanness as a man, or appealed to your potential greatness as a human being.

That is not the sterile mood in which you turn from seeing "The Admirable Crichton," or "Merely Mary Ann," or even "Whitewashing Julia." I should not mind it if our plays had to do with society in the larger sense of humanity, and taught some moral which we must take to our hearts as men and women, if not as citizens. But do they? If they do not, why is it that the English plays are obedient to a nobler ideal of the theatre than ours? Is it true that in the English conception, however unconsciously, the theatre is or ought to be a school of morals? I think that our dramatists, when they set honestly about it, paint manners entirely as well as the English. They get character equally well, and they are beginning to get conditions, though for the present they content themselves with the outer rather than the inner likeness. One could hardly ask for better work of that sort than some of the work in Mr. Fitch's later plays, and I think Mr. Thomas goes even farther in his latest. The New York broker, with his sort of self-satisfied, arrogant *bonhomie;* the New York *grande dame* as she realizes her ideal in the broker's wife; the saloon-keeping prize-fighter, with his mixture of honest simplicities and duplicities; the independent clergyman, with an athletic Christianity which does not know where to stop; the heavy Philadelphia father with his locally limited ideals of a parent and a gentleman—are all delightfully genuine, as to the lifelikeness. But we get no hint of any human kindness inside of them. They join, the broker and the clergyman, in doing an abominable injustice to the butler, whom they punish for an infraction of servile discipline, with no hint to the spectator from the dramatist that they were wronging him in his higher conception of duty as a man. It is all as hard as nails.

Is it true, then, that the English have really more of what used to be called "heart" than we have? I do not venture to say so; it would be almost as fearful a treason as saying they have more humor. But one may safely, I trust, say that they seem to have more heart, or that they at least make more show of it in their modern drama. It may be that in their social conditions, where the lines are distinctly drawn, and the lower class cannot hope to pass to the upper, it is possible for them to be kinder, just as for each Englishman, on his own level, it appears possible to be manlier than we. The logic of the situation would be a deepening of the divisions between Americans, for those virtues are worth having at the sacrifice of the beautiful social ease which is now our boast. Of course there may be some other way out. I wish our dramatists would try and find if there is. I do not like the English dramatists' being more democratic than ours.

A View of Mr. Barrie

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *January 6, 1904.*

THERE are some people who simply cannot stand Mr. Barrie. His mawkishness revolts them. They complain that he wallows in sentiment, and exaggerates tenderness almost into a disease. "I feel," said one man after reading *The Little White Bird,* "as though I had been standing underneath a Niagara of treacle." The comment, of course, was extreme, but it had its spice of truth. Mr. Barrie's recent plays and novels show an unmistakable and progressive decline in the power of self-criticism. He would seem to be losing the knack of putting the brake on at the right moment. He is allowing simplicity to straggle into effusion, pathos into a harrowing intrusiveness, fancy into undisciplined phantasy. Happily for Mr. Barrie we live in a world whose average intelligence feeds only too readily on sentiment. Were it not so, "Quality Street" could hardly have been the amazing success it has been, and, indeed, still is. The multitude has a passion for the smaller domesticities, and Mr. Barrie stimulates it, as no one else can, by his artless prattle. In doing so he must of course repel the few by the very qualities that attract the many; and those who can enter most fully into the spirit of his quick, dry turn for humor and of his delicate half-feminine fancy are precisely the ones who are beginning to complain the loudest of his sugary sickliness. To dramatic critics he is an endless puzzle. They never can quite make him out. I remember assisting some years ago in New York at a Barrie play, with the most distinguished of English-speaking critics for my right-hand neighbor. He almost groaned in his efforts to find the secret of Mr. Barrie's success. "Here is a fellow," he said, "who is no more a dramatist than I am. He is just a man of letters writing plays; and he writes them as they were never written for. He breaks all the rules, cuts clean through every accepted convention, and yet, somehow, gets there all the same. How the deuce does he do it?" Personally I confess I don't know; but you in New York had another chance of finding out when Mr. Frohman, who, by the by, is already almost as great a success and as big a power in London as in New York, presented "The Admirable Crichton." London awaited New York's verdict on that play with a good deal of eager curiosity. The atmosphere of it, its motif, its central problem are all so unmitigatedly English that there is some interest to see whether and how far Americans will appreciate it. Here it is considered not only the best of Mr. Barrie's plays but one of the most remarkable productions of the English stage for the last twenty years.

Meanwhile we have Mr. Barrie's latest effort to amuse, bewilder, and tease us. "Little Mary" has the hall-mark of its author all over it. You would think it impossible for any man to write a play that turns on a joke which is not explained until within five minutes of the fall of the curtain; or rather you would think it impossible that a play so written could hold its audience. Yet this is the miracle which Mr. Barrie has accomplished, which none but Mr. Barrie would even have dreamed of attempting. His innocence of ordinary canons and conventions is like that of a child in the presence of danger, an innocence so superb as to be genius in itself. Nothing is so impertinent or so uninteresting as to boil down into a paragraph the plot of a play. Yet the plot must be unfolded to show the defiant waywardness of Mr. Barrie's humor in all its fulness. *Lord Carlton,* then, enters a chemist's shop in London to get some powders made up. The chemist, an old Irishman named *Reilly* who has an unbridled admiration for England and the English aristocracy, asks his lordship to wait in a back room while the powders are being mixed. In the back room *Lord Carlton* discovers a sort of amateur crèche, four or five boxes with children in them. They turn out to be the property of *Moira Loney,* the chemist's granddaughter, a girl of twelve, who has taken them in and "mothers" them from a pure instinct of maternal sympathy and love. During the conversation between the lord and the girl it comes out that the old chemist has been engaged all his life on a book which will "cure" the English aristocracy. What they suffer from and what the cure is we are not told. The scene closes with the chemist handing over the volumes to his granddaughter, bidding her study them and carry on his work when he is gone. Six years pass by. *Moira Loney* is now *Miss Loney,* "the Stormy Petrel," famed for her almost miraculous cures. She is asked down to the *Countess of Plumleigh's,* *Lord Carlton's* sister's, in order to cure the countess's daughter, *Lady Milly.* The nature of her treatment and of the medium through which she works is unknown; it is spoken of throughout as "Little Mary." At the countess's country cottage there are some delightful scenes. *Lord Carlton's* son is in love with an actress and determined to marry her, and the conversations between father and son, full of slyness and restraint and yet revealing their mutual affection, could hardly be bettered. The two doctors who have been attending on *Lady Milly,* one of them a famous London specialist, the other a local physician, are inimitably sketched in. The other characters who are staying at the *Countess of Plumleigh's* include her son, the *Earl of Plumleigh,* a lazy lubberly schoolboy, and the actress, *Eleanor Gray,* with whom *Lord Carlton's* son is infatuated.

It is into this company that *Miss Loney* is introduced, to the scandal of the professional doctors, with "Little Mary" her medium. *Lord Carlton* recognizes in her the little girl of six years ago, whose motherliness had so fascinated him. He is disgusted to find her now living by what he believes to be systematic quackery. She protests that her cures are genuine, and entreats him to let her prove it. He consents, and goes away for a fortnight. When he returns it is to find a household transformed. His son has tired of the actress; the actress has tired of him; the worldly countess has had distinct symptoms of religion; her son has suddenly developed a passion for athletics and Greek grammar; *Lady Milly,* whom he left in an apparently fatal decline, is now skipping about like a four-year-old; and the whole household breakfasts at eight, dines at two, and has high tea at six. *Miss Loney* and "Little Mary" have done it all. But how? What is "Little Mary"? Is it a symbol for spiritualism, Christian Science, faith-healing, or what? The answer is late in coming, but when it does come it is shattering. *Miss Loney* explains that the grand discovery her grandfather had made was that the English aristocracy suffered from overeating. His cure for all their ills was to reduce the number of their meals to one good one a day. That was the simple secret of all she had been able to effect. The "medium" she worked through she called "Little Mary." "Little Mary" was—the stomach.

Even from this brutal summary you may see that here we have the mocking, whimsical, tantalizing Barrie almost, if not quite, at his best. No doubt his moral that sympathy and common sense are the best of doctors is a sound one, but one does not go to Mr. Barrie to learn things. Enough that he has this happy, this unique gift of pleasing and provoking at one and the same time; that his sly, unexpected, topsyturvy wit is still as quietly agile as ever, and that in "Little Mary" he hardly for a moment "slops over." Every one will criticise and condemn the construction of the play, every one will go to see it, and every one will like it. It ends, by the by, with a true Barrie touch. *Miss Loney* marries *Lord Carlton,* but the rest of the characters, outraged at being saved through their "Little Mary's," revenge themselves on their benefactress by ordering dinner for eight o'clock. A wit summed up the whole production in a brilliant epigram. "Sentimental Tummy," he called it.

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Leap-Year Proposals

A Few Reversals of Customary Forms

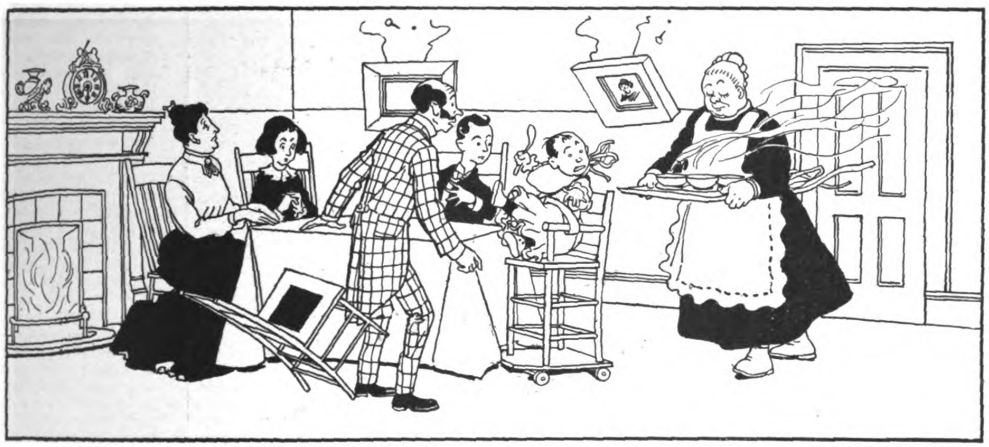
Drawn by Albert Levering



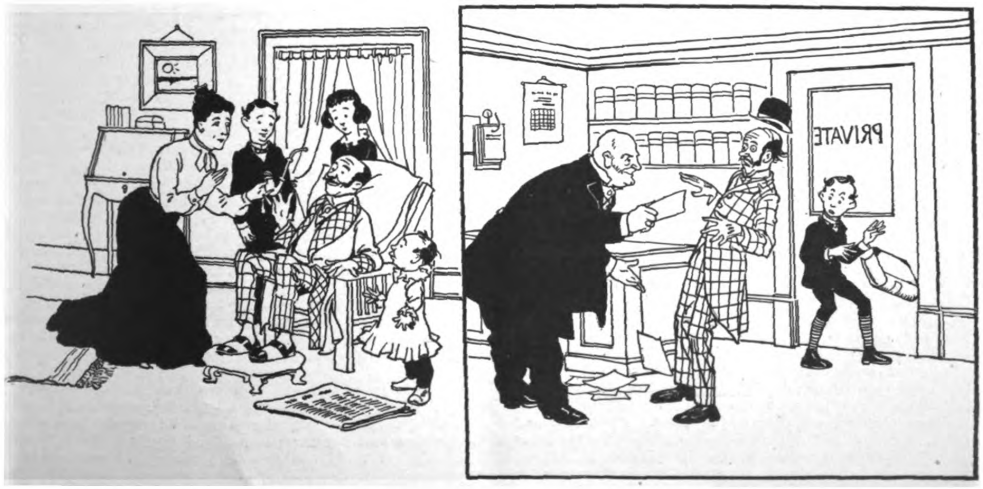
Your neighbor proposes returning everything borrowed during the year.

Your "joy and pride" proposes sweeping off the front walk unasked.

Your landlord proposes a reduction on the rent of the house.



Your cook proposes to have breakfast throughout the year at 7.30 sharp.



Your wife proposes smoking all over the house.

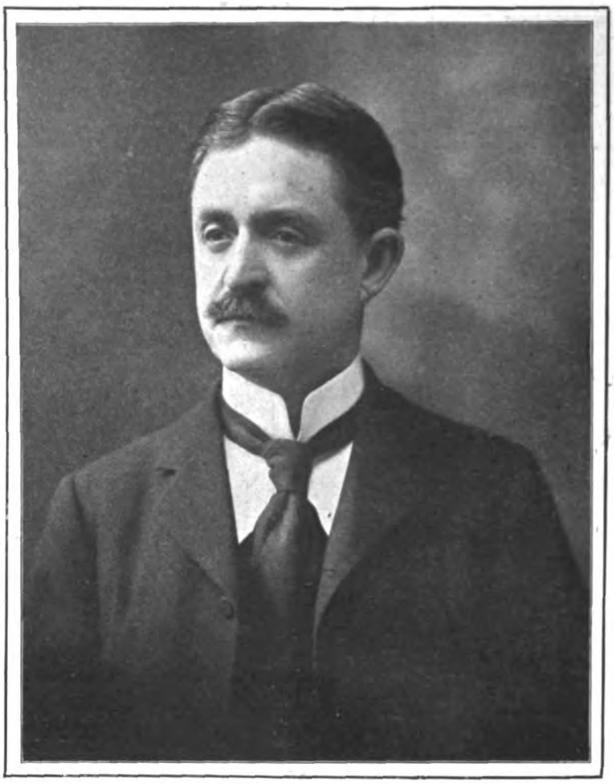
Your banker proposes unlimited credit for the coming year. (Don't refuse this.)

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Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

SOMETIMES the best criterion of public taste in reading is to be found in the composing-room, where the book is set up in type, and not in the literary department of a publishing house. If this be true in a recent instance, then *Lux Crucis*, by Mr. Samuel M. Gardenhire, has an enviable popularity in prospect. It so happens that the manuscript of *Lux Crucis* passed through the hands of the same man who set up *Ben-Hur*, nearly a quarter of a century ago, and it appears that his enthusiasm was roused to such a pitch that he declared he had not read any story that excited his interest in such a degree since he read *Ben-Hur*. *Lux Crucis* possesses, undoubtedly, great elements of popularity. Just as *Ben-Hur* was "a tale of the Christ," so *Lux Crucis* is "a tale of the Great Apostle." Paul is a very human and picturesque figure in the story, of a commanding yet loving personality. Without detracting from his high calling as an Apostle, the author has insisted on the human side of his character; and has woven his mission into the thread of fiction without violating the truth of history. I know of one reader whose interest in Paul and the momentous part he played in planting the early Christian Church was so freshened by a reading of *Lux Crucis* that it sent him back to the familiar pages of the Acts of the Apostles with renewed zest. But *Lux Crucis* is not a religious novel in the strict sense of the word. The background is Rome in the days of Nero, when that cruel monster's malignant humor was wreaked on the innocent sect of Christians nourished and promulgated by Peter and Paul and their followers within the purlieus of the Roman city, and which was represented to Nero as a menace to the throne of the Cæsars. The crowning tragedy of Nero's reign—the massacre of the Christians by gladiators and wild beasts—is the climax of *Lux Crucis*. The action of the tale itself involves the drama of conflict betwixt Roman and Christian, the decadence of luxury and lasciviousness, and the new uprising life of simplicity and unselfish devotion to the Christian ideal. It is a tale of love and sacrifice, of passion and power, of turbulent emotions and human strife, of court intrigue, of the things of this world that pass away, and the things that endure. The story is told with great power and simplicity, with force and intensity of feeling. It is wonderfully vivid and graphic in its descriptive style, and the reader cannot fail to be thrilled by the narration of the closing scenes in the amphitheatre at Rome which inaugurated the reign of Christianity. Mr. Gardenhire has conceived a story of this ever-interesting epoch in the making of Christian civilization, which he has carried out with great constructive skill and human interest, and which is likely to command a wide and far-reaching audience. The drama of the early Christians in the reign of Nero has served the ends of fiction in several notable instances, and the outstanding landmarks of the period are familiar to us; but the author of *Lux Crucis* has brought a fresh imagination to bear on the subject, and has added a novelty of plot and characterization to the familiar dignity of the theme which invests it with a new and exciting interest.



Samuel M. Gardenhire
Author of Lux Crucis: A Tale of the Great Apostle

The story begins with a premonition of things to happen. The scene opens in Cæsarea. The city is awakening to life. We are transported to the prison of the palace and find ourselves in the presence of Fabyan, a young Roman tribune, and Paul the Apostle, both awaiting trial before the tribunal that very day. The conversation of the two prisoners reveals the causes of their imprisonment, and also hints at a future relation which remotely yet closely binds these two brought together by accident. Paul touches, as was his wont in season and out of season, on the message of eternal life through the risen Christ. His fellow prisoner is interested. "There is a rhythm in thy speech that falls pleasantly upon mine ear. The life eternal—it seems that I have heard the words on Myrrha's lips."

"Myrrha," muttered the Jew, his head upon his breast, speaking softly and earnestly. "'Tis a beloved name to me."

"And to me, good Paul," said Fabyan, his eyes sparkling with a glad light. "Thy wife, perhaps?"

"Nay," and the gentle expression upon the Jew's face deepened into a frown, which grew severe and took on a suggestion of pain. "A sister, dear to my youth, and woven in all my better memories. I have been a Roman soldier, but I have much to forgive the Cæsars and their armies. She married a man of Sicily; there were two children, little Myrrha and a boy. They are lost, and, though I have preached to many people in many lands, God hath not given me trace of them."

"Lost?" asked Fabyan. "Being a soldier, I can guess the meaning of thy words. They were lost in war!"

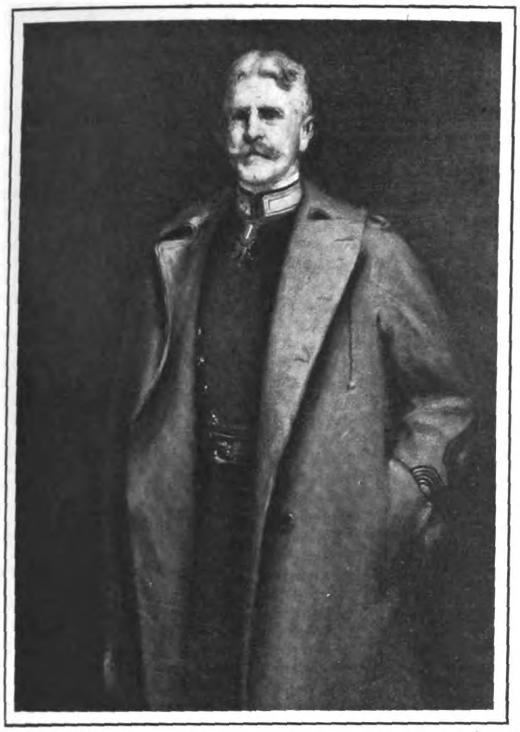
"In war," replied Paul, sighing deeply. "But there is yet Rome—no matter; the story is a long one, and would interest thee little. In his own good time, God maketh all things to come to pass."

Had Paul only known, the story would have interested Fabyan beyond all things, for that same little Myrrha had been adopted by his uncle in Rome, and it was while on a seemingly vain quest to learn, if possible, something of the lost brother of the beautiful young Jewess whom he loved, that he had fallen into his present plight through an untoward event. Paul's prophetic words, "But there is yet Rome," spoken on the eve of his appeal to Cæsar, point to the development of the story which begins at this dramatic stage in the Apostle's career, when he had reached the parting of the ways, and, turning his back on Jerusalem, faced westward toward Rome. "This man might have been set at liberty," said Herod Agrippa to Festus, "if he had not appealed unto Cæsar." The constraining human motive which the author joins to the urging of the Spirit that compelled Paul to journey to Rome at this time is a pleasant and agreeable fiction, and in no way molests the dignity of his mission, while it magnifies his manhood and emphasizes his gentle virtues. Fabyan and the Jewess princess Berenice, an old love of the young tribune's, and a troublous element in days to come, embark for Rome on the same ship that carries Paul. Their lives are thereafter linked together in the good and evil days that follow. Paul lives to see the children of his beloved sister Miriam, and has the happiness of knowing that they and their friends have escaped, as by fire, the awful vengeance of Nero when he imputed to the new sect the burning of Rome. The day that saw the final tragedy closing in on the Christians in the arena witnessed a cavalcade of travellers pressing along the Via Triumphalis and moving toward the north. That night to the watchers on the hillside there came a strange spectacle. The stars hung like fireflies low down on the horizon, where the martyrs impaled on stakes were set like living torches. Gradually the starlight mounted into the vast abyss as it were the ascension of departed spirits. "What is it?" asked Myrrha, as they looked in awe and wonder. "I could almost fancy it the flight of souls to heaven," said another. "But look!" cried Fabyan, "how the stars group themselves; 'tis a strange and familiar outline." And, indeed, "far up in the deep blue arches of the sky the eternal stars were circled over a cross of light, shining like a promise above the summit of the radiant hill." Hence the title, "The Light of the Cross"; the full significance of which is only borne in upon the mind of the reader as he views the story in its reflected radiance.

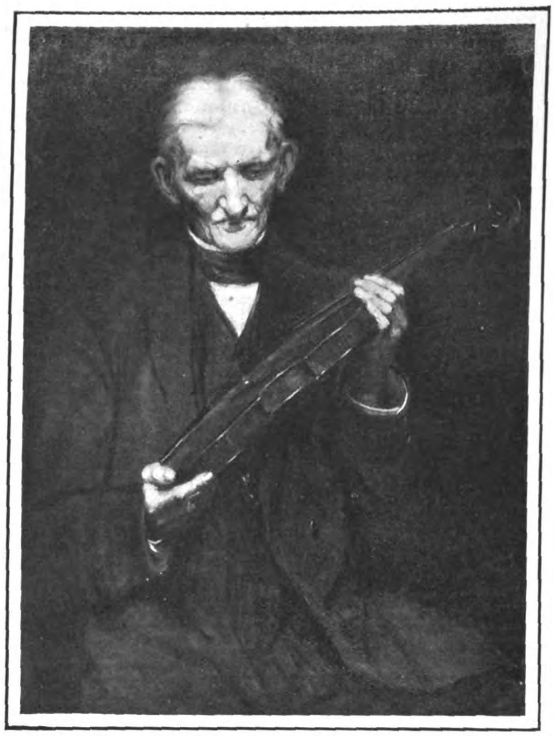
It is impossible to do more than indicate the large scope and range of *Lux Crucis*. We see the salient events of those memorable years pass in procession across its pages. Nero and Tigellinus, Poppæa and Berenice, Festus and Agrippa, Paul and Peter, are conjured up from the past and made to reenact one of the great triumphant tragedies of human history. Unquestionably, *Lux Crucis* is a novel that will appeal widely to the popular imagination. It will be read wherever the New Testament story is read; nor are its most avid readers likely to be confined to the religious public. It is a book that knows no distinctions of class or prejudice.

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Portrait of Colonel Mills.—By J. Carroll Beckwith



"Finale."—By S. J. Woolf



"Girl in Green."—By Charles W. Hawthorne



"Sisters."—By Louise Cox

PAINTINGS AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION

The seventy-ninth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design is now in progress at the Fine Arts Building, New York, with more than three hundred and fifty exhibits. The four paintings selected for reproduction are the "Girl in Green," by Charles W. Hawthorne, which took the first Hallgarten prize; "Sisters," by Louise Cox, which took the second Hallgarten prize; "Finale," by S. J. Woolf, which took the third; and J. Carroll Beckwith's portrait of Colonel Mills

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The New Unions of Employers

In a series of four articles published in recent issues of "Harper's Weekly," our special representative Mr. John Keith, traced the influence of organized labor upon the cost of transportation, of food, of clothes, and of every-day necessities. In the present article Mr. Keith shows how the employers throughout the United States are meeting the power of organized labor by counter-organization. In an article to be published in a forthcoming issue of the "Weekly," Mr. Keith will consider some of the plans proposed for a solution of the difficulties encountered by these two great opposing forces in all parts of the country

By John Keith

THE most important social revolution in many years is quietly taking place to-day. Upon the horizon there is a portent of the most enormous industrial war that has ever taken place. Those of the past few years have been disastrous enough, but they have been the more or less successful struggles of one or more capitalists against organized labor. To-day, capital is organizing and preparing for a mortal combat which shall forever decide the existence or at least the authority of organized labor.

In this new union of employers, the labor-union has been frequently taken as a model, and it is to be feared that the ruthlessness of labor-unionism will be adopted. In several cases these methods have already been used; the sympathetic strike has been met with the sympathetic lockout, and the boycott with the blacklist.

Perhaps the most surprising feature of the organization of the employers is its novelty. On this point one of the leaders of the movement, John Kirby, Jr., said the other day:

"Employers must face the fact that organized labor has fifty years start of them. As a matter of fact, associations of employers are of but recent growth in this country, and they have been forced into existence by the arbitrary and dictatorial attitude of the labor-unions. Moreover, they could not and would not exist were it not for the conditions imposed upon employers by labor-unions, which make such organizations imperative as a matter of protection against unlawful interference by the unions."

The interference of the labor-unions has taken various forms, as I have shown in previous articles. Not only has the employer been told what wages he should pay, and what hours his men shall work, what men he shall employ or discharge, to what men he shall give his work, and what men shall act as foremen in the shop; but he has been told where he shall buy his raw material; he has been compelled to discuss his financial standing with the labor men; his shop has been used as a battle-ground for the quarrels of rival unions and for the discipline of union men who have failed to pay fines; he has been ordered to discharge faithful and efficient workmen; he has been forbidden to employ apprentices; he has been compelled to decide between running his shop at a loss or giving it up altogether on account of the high wages and conditions demanded; and he has been in general so contemptuously treated that he has often been rather the hireling of his workmen than their employer.

Labor-unions are not to blame for organizing or for acquiring a giant strength, but they are to blame for the multitudinous tyrannies to which they have put their strength. And some of them will have deserved almost the worst that could happen to them in the coming war of the organized employers.

At first sight it seems curious and perhaps hypocritical to see the employers choosing for their watchwords, "Americanism," "Liberty," the "Constitution," and the "Protection of the Workingman." And yet there is only too much in the history of the labor-unions to justify these words, to justify the employers in issuing what they call "A Declaration of Independence." Their devotion to the cause of the laboring-man is also something more than a pious pretence, for the reason that, strange as it may seem, organized labor is not in the majority in the labor world. And yet this minority not only oppresses the majority, but it shows that great tyranny and folly toward members of its own faction.

Furthermore, without the aid of the non-union men, or of the liberal-minded union men, the employers would fight without troops. The ease with which they enlist non-union workmen is eloquent proof of the unpopularity of many unions in their own field.

A few years ago there were only a few associations of manufacturers, and they were organized for chiefly social reasons, or for the purpose of increasing trade, or of influencing tariff legislation.

In Dayton, Ohio, there was, however, an Employers' Association of thirty-eight firms as early as June, 1900, which grappled with the labor tyranny with some success. It secured the defeat of Police-Judge Roehm, who had overstepped the limits of his power in favor of the labor leaders. A sheriff of like sympathies was also defeated.

In May, 1901, there was a machinists' strike, which caused a great recruiting of the Employers' Association. The practical achievements of this association are numerous. The boycott, which was a frequent weapon, has gone out of use in Dayton. The labor-unions have been reduced in numbers, and several large manufacturing concerns have refused to employ union men. Charles Atherton, the labor candidate for Legislature was defeated; a non-union union of working-men, called "The Modern Order of Bees," was fostered; thousands of copies of pamphlets describing its methods and achievements have been distributed around the world; the association was instrumental in stopping several bills in the Legislature with regard to the use of injunctions in labor matters; furthermore, the association has secured the arrest and prosecution of men who have assaulted non-union workmen, or who have interfered with the employers. It has brought suit against the national and local Plumbers' Union, and has had a large part in the suit for $25,000 damages against the Metal Polishers' Union. During the pending of this suit no member of the union could lend or sell his property.

The Dayton association has been, in fact, so successful that it has become, in the words of its president, "The pivotal point of this most important movement." And it is this same captain of industry who said not long ago that the organization of employers is "the most important question that has ever confronted the American people, because of its immediate relation to the whole people. The Revolutionary war was fought by our forefathers that we might enjoy the rights which, as free men and citizens, organized labor, through its tyrannical leaders and walking delegates, says we shall not enjoy."

The Dayton association is a type of many local associations throughout the country. Perhaps no other has occupied so prominent a place or gained so complete a victory as the Building Trades Employers' Association of New York city, which had the honor of meeting and defeating Sam Parks. The story of the infamous exactions this man forced out of the builders of New York and the members of his own union is too well known to need repetition here. The whole country breathed a sigh of relief when Parks and others of his crew were safely shipped to the penitentiary. The history of the association which fought him and his methods is not so well known, and is worthy of a brief sketch, as a type of the manner in which purely social clubs of employers have been led to put on the armor of battle.

In 1888 the Building Trades' Club was organized by Mark Eidlitz, mainly as a place for luncheon and social meetings. He was the first president. Mr. Eidlitz died in 1892. In 1903, Charles L. Eidlitz, then the president, took business offices in a new building. There was the usual harrowing series of strikes to postpone completion, but at last the office was ready. He sent for two men to fasten to the floor a low iron railing for the front of his office. These men were union men, who came from a union shop. But as they got ready to put the screws into the floor a walking delegate strolled into the building and forbade them to finish the simple task. Mr. Eidlitz was told that these men could not do the job, as they belonged to an "inside union."

"But this is an inside job," said Mr. Eidlitz.

"No, it isn't," said the walking delegate. "This is an outside job that is done on the inside, and an inside man can't do it."

Mr. Eidlitz was hardly more bewildered than indignant. At this moment one of the carpenters at work laid down his tools to join the walking delegate, and he demanded:

"What right has an iron-worker got to put screws into a wooden floor, anyway? That there job belongs to the carpenters' union!"

Mr. Eidlitz finally solved the difficulty by announcing that he would do the work himself with the aid of the office-boy. The consequence of the trivial squabble was not only the loss of the job itself, to the three unions—inside, outside, and carpenters'—but also the organization of a new power, which has coerced all the building trades unions and cowed them by the amazing application of their own methods.

Mr. Eidlitz went that night to a meeting of the Building Trades' Club. With the remembrance of the three-sided interference with his liberty still fresh in mind, he called for a postponement of the formal reading of minutes and reports of various committees, and summoned the club to a larger cause. This was on May 11, 1903. Shortly after, a meeting of all the building trades employers in New York was convened, and there was a large response. One paragraph of Mr. Eidlitz's address to the meeting is worthy of note. He said:

"It is unnecessary to describe to you what is meant by the labor situation. There is not a man in this room who does not appreciate that we have been gradually backing down and giving way to the outrageous demands that have been made upon us year after year, and not one who does not feel that he has gone as far as he can without surrendering completely. At first you were asked simply to take down the bar from the door. Later the chain was to be taken off. Still later the key must be left on the outside. All these demands and many others were granted; and now what is asked of you? That the door shall be taken off the hinges and thrown into the street. What will be your answer to this request?"

The result of the meeting was the instant formation of the Building Trades Employers' Association. One of the first problems of this organization was the binding of the employers so fast that they could not be separated by any of the inevitable dissensions and rivalries. This was done in the most effective manner: the employers are under heavy individual bonds to obey the mandates of an executive board known as the board of governors. The bond ranges from $500 to $2500, and is deposited with a surety company under an iron-clad agreement to pay that bond to the board of governors upon its written demand. The board is not compelled

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to give the surety company any reasons, and the fact that forfeiture is put down in the contract, not as a fine, but as "damages," has kept the courts from declaring the contract illegal, in the one or two test cases that have been brought by employers who disobeyed willingly and paid reluctantly. There are now a million and a half dollars on deposit as bonds for the 1000 members of the Employers' Association.

The members are divided into four classes—the honorary; the associate (such as selling agents for plaster and other materials); these are not represented on the board of governors; third, the individual members, those who have no organized associations, such as the dealers in slate, for instance, who have three representatives on the board of governors; fourth, the represented members, or members of various employers' associations, such as the manufacturers of metal-covered doors, the Bluestone Dealers' Association, the Iron League, the elevator manufacturers, the electrical contractors, and others. There are some thirty of these associations, each of which has three representatives on the board of governors. Each trio of representatives has but one vote. The board of governors deals with nothing but labor problems. Its power, while apparently absolute, is limited. It has obtained its great influence by ordering general lockouts as a retaliation upon the labor-unions.

Before any cessation or resumption of work can be ordered, however, a quorum of seventy-five per cent. of the associations represented is required, and four-fifths of this quorum must be in favor. This makes a decided contrast with the irresponsible autocracy of the labor-unions, where a walking delegate may order men to and from work on his own initiative and by a mere word.

Owing to the fact that various employers had previously signed agreements with the unions, it was not possible for the association to ignore organized labor. It was proposed, instead, to have a general arbitration board, which should consist of two men from each of the associations and two men from each of the labor-unions connected with the building trades. It was stipulated that no walking delegate should be admitted to this arbitration board.

This plan was submitted to all the labor-unions in the feeling that they would welcome such a plan for insuring peace and equality. But they were so contemptuous of their employers that of all of the unions only two gave any answer at all, and these two announced that the proposal had been consigned to the waste-basket.

Now the power of the new organization showed itself. The unions were amazed to find that they themselves were being boycotted. A lockout was ordered on every building on which they had work, and building materials were refused to any employers who recognized them.

It took from June 3 to July 1 to get ten unions to sign the agreement. The others came in rapidly, and thirty-three unions are now represented on the general arbitration board.

This arbitration board has accomplished marvels. Among its results may be mentioned the settlement of the famous quarrel between the masons and the electrical workers' unions, for the privilege of punching holes through walls for electrical wires. This trivial debate had lasted over ten years, with an incredible number of strikes. The arbitration board settled it quickly and finally by a fair division of the privilege. Other important findings were in the matters of quarrel between the plasterers and their employers, between the interior decorators and their employers, between the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and the Mosaic employers, and the quarrel of fifteen years' duration between the carpenters and the woodwork manufacturers.

It is a rule of the association that the union shall pay half the stenographer's fees, and in this last dispute they amounted to $1000. This puts a decided check on frivolous appeals.

The Building Trades Employers' Association includes practically all employers connected with the construction of buildings, except the stone-cutters, who have a profit-sharing agreement with their employees, and who, on account of this alliance, have been refused admission.

The George A. Fuller Company attracted much attention during the strikes of the association by its refusal to join the movement to discipline the unions. When the Employers' Association called a general lockout, as a measure of reprisal, against Sam Parks and his school, the Fuller Company made separate agreements with the walking delegates and labor-unions. It saw work going on continuously on its own buildings, while everything else in New York city stood still. But the alliance with the walking delegate was the alliance of the lamb with the lion, and the exactions of the labor men soon made it impossible for the Fuller Company to proceed. In fact, there was a rumor that its very existence was threatened. However, after a period of some hesitation, it has recently applied for admission, and has been received into the fold with as good grace as could be expected and under an increased bond.



David Maclean Parry

President of the Citizen's Industrial Association of America and the National Association of Manufacturers

Meanwhile, the Employers' Association having convinced the unions of its willingness to keep the labor man idle indefinitely, if he did not listen to reason, the building situation in New York has changed from chaos to order and activity.

This form of enforced arbitration has gone far toward solving the labor problem in New York city. But any form of alliance is distasteful to many employers, notably to Charles L. Eidlitz, who believes that it is as contrary to Americanism to ask a man whether he is a union or a non-union man, as it is to inquire whether he is Catholic or Protestant, Democrat or Republican, free-trader or protectionist.

There are some employers who believe in the unions and their recognition. There are others, like Mr. Eidlitz, who believe in treating them without either favor or rancor; there are still others who have been so incensed with the inveterate tyrannies of the labor-unions that they would make a strong discrimination against all organized labor, and give employment only to the non-union workmen. It is from this last class that the spirit of war is most likely to rise.

Among all the holders of this last opinion there is no more prominent a crusader than David M. Parry. Indeed, he is rapidly becoming one of the most important personages of the day, for he is at the fore-front of a movement which has more social significance than any other at the present time. Like many of the other employers whom the labor man regards as devoid of all sympathy with him, Mr. Parry has himself been a laboring-man. He was born on a farm near Pittsburg. At the age of seventeen he became a clerk at a salary of $20 a month. He has seen service in the dry-goods and hardware businesses and as a travelling salesman. Eventually, he organized a carriage-building business, and for four years he and his brother worked in a shop at manual labor all day and did bookkeeping at night. His work gradually increased, until he now has one of the largest plants in the world in Indianapolis. He employs 2000 men. But he still rises at 5 A.M., and is at his desk at seven.

Mr. Parry had long taken a prominent part in general commercial associations in Indianapolis. In 1901 he was elected president of the National Association of Manufacturers, which had been formed in 1895, for the purpose of building up export trade. In 1901, at the Indianapolis convention, the association took up the matter of preventing the passage of two labor laws—the eight-hour and the anti-conspiracy bills. Mr. Parry and his association brought all possible pressure to bear on Congress, and

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managed to defeat the bills. This brought him into the fierce white light that beats upon any opponent of organized labor. This also spurred him on to a general organization to resist the encroachments of the unions. His motto has been "Meet organization with organization."

In April, 1903, the National Association of Manufacturers held a convention at New Orleans, and all decided upon immediately launching a general federation of employers and employers' associations. A committee on constitution was appointed, and met in July at Indianapolis.

October 29 and 30, 1903, a general convention of employers was held at Chicago, with nearly 300 delegates from various alliances of citizens and employers. After some discussion it was decided to call the federation "The Citizens' Industrial Association of America." The committee's constitution was adopted with some changes, and a new convention was appointed for February 22, 1904, at Indianapolis. The constitution mentions as the objects of the association:

"First—To assist by all lawful and practical means the properly constituted authorities of the State and nation in maintaining and defending the supremacy of the law and the rights of the citizen. Second—To assist all the people of America in resisting encroachments upon their constitutional rights. Third—To promote and encourage harmonious relations between employers and their employees upon a basis of equal justice to both. Fourth—To assist local, State, and national associations of manufacturers, employers, and employees, in their efforts to establish and maintain industrial peace, and create and direct a public sentiment in opposition to all forms of violence, coercion, and intimidation. Fifth—To foster and encourage, by legitimate means, individual enterprise and freedom in management of industry, under which the people of the United States have made this the most successful and powerful nation of the world. Sixth—To establish a bureau of organization, for the formation of associations favorable to the objects of this organization and federating them with this association. Seventh—To establish a bureau of education for the publication and distribution of literature tending to foster the objects of the association. Eighth—To create and maintain a fund for such purposes, in harmony with and promotive of the objects of this association, as shall approve themselves to the executive committee thereof.

The initiation fees were arranged as follows:

National trade organizations	$100
State organizations	100
Local general organizations	50
Local trade organizations	25

All members pay dues at the rate of fifty cents per annum per employing member, but in no case is the amount less than $10 nor greater than $200 per annum.

Mr. Parry was unanimously elected president, and among the members of the executive board the following prominent opponents of labor-unions were appointed: John Kirby, Jr., Fred. W. Job, secretary of the Chicago Employers' Association, and Berkly R. Mervin, president of the Merchant Tailors' National Protective Association.

Resolutions were adopted urging the organization of all crafts, in their various cities; proffering assistance to all non-union workmen, and to all union men eager to escape from union tyranny; forming a labor information bureau, which "shall keep a carefully tabulated record of all law-breakers and undesirable workmen"; and opposing the eight-hour legislation and the union label.

Realizing the importance of enlisting the sympathy of non-union workmen, the Rev. J. C. Boetcker, of Shelbyville, Indiana, proposed that employees be admitted to membership, saying that ninety per cent. of the workmen are opposed to unionism.

The association hopes to acquire a membership of 500,000, and offices have been established in various places for the propaganda. In New York there is a central bureau, with a large staff, under the direction of Marshall Cushing, who, as secretary, devotes his entire time to strengthening the movement.

To show how broad a field the industrial association finds fallow for its harvest I may mention the number of associations already organized. Of national associations there are fifty-nine, including the advertisers, the publishers, the horseshoers, the tailors, the bakers, the plumbers, the confectioners, the lye manufacturers, the plasterers, the stove founders, and the Typothetæ. Of district and State associations there are sixty-six. Of local organizations, including citizens' alliances, there are 323. All these include many members, have prominent officers, and hold meetings. They are all good material for the industrial association, and they merely outline the possibilities of such organizations. Their number will be vastly increased under the spur of Mr. Parry and his associates.

What are the possibilities of such a national movement, and by what methods does it hope to make war upon the great number of local unions, of district and State and the national labor federation? In the first place, the associations can enlarge their local practice of trade agreements, which regulate prices and competition, as far as they dare in the face of laws against such practices. In the second place, they can influence legislation and bring pressure to bear upon politicians. This phase of their activity is one of the most important, and one of the most dangerous. The demagogue has previously found it necessary to cater only to the masses and to pose as the friend of the people. But now, that the employers are formidably organized and their lack of numbers is counterbalanced by their greater wealth, the demagogue must prate of his devotion to industry and prosperity.

I have already mentioned the success of the Employers' Association in defeating labor candidates and preventing the passage of the eight hour and anti-injunction bills. In Marion, Indiana, this last year, certain firms had a picturesque struggle with the local unions, and every night the union sent a brass band, which accompanied the officers and employees from the factory to their homes through a mob of jeering union laborers. The police permitted this outrage, until the local employer's association took a hand and forced the resignation of two of the police commissioners and the chief of police. Under the new régime the mobs have been dispersed, and the employees allowed the ordinary privileges of citizenship.

The publicity department of this movement is a strong feature. It was formerly the custom for employers to decline interviews. In consequence, many reporters gave all the advantage to the labor men, who furnished the newspaper men with their material.

The new spirit is to give the widest publicity to everything. Charles L. Eidlitz made a special point of this, much to the opposition of his more conservative associates. But he realized the vital necessity of public support, and not only gave interviews lavishly, but prepared elaborate statements day by day for the guidance of reporters. The result was the enlightenment of the public of the facts in the case and the arousing of their interest in the employers' side of it, and, furthermore, the education of the working-men to the actual behavior of their representatives, who had been previously allowed to give their own versions without contradiction.

Education by means of pamphlets is costly but fruitful, and is a proper reply to the tracts published by the unions. The American Federation of Labor spends over $10,000 a year in publishing its official organ, and it behooves the employers to copy this manœuvre as they have so many others.

In the matter of dealing with the labor-union, the employers are divided, as I have said before. Some of them believe heartily in the labor-union, and recognize the numerous improvements in the laboring classes, while bewailing the evil it is doing in its day of power. Many of the employers of this school have made agreements with their unions, and favor a combination with them, such as that of the New York Building Trades' Association. Where these agreements exist, the organized employees can enforce them or can bring great pressure to bear for their enforcement. A prominent mover in the new cause, Ernest du Brul, of the National Metal Trades' Association, said the other day:

"Even if you have an agreement, I would not give a snap of my finger for it if it does not have power enough behind it on the part of the organized employers to enforce it. I do not suppose that the law of contract would amount to anything if we did not have courts to punish men for violations of that law. And as you cannot reach a labor contract in court, you will have to organize some compelling force to keep these men from violating their agreement."

He described an agreement which his association had with the machinists' union, and the total disregard which the union showed. Mr. Du Brul is opposed to agreements and arbitration. He has found arbitration a vanity. None the less, where agreements exist, nothing but an organized power can hope to enforce them. In the National Metal Trades' Association, the individual employer is not permitted to have any talks with walking delegates. If he makes trouble, the commissioner of the association takes care of him.

In this way the employers' association may act as a sort of clearing-house for strikes and as an insurance against them.

In case strikes are declared, after all, the employers, if organized, become almost omnipotent. They are building up a code of legal procedure, and the different associations exchange briefs and court decisions, and such forms of injunctions as have been most readily granted by the courts and most completely sustained. It is one of their cardinal principles that one of the best ways to avoid strikes is to refuse absolutely to discuss any question, unless the men continue to work during discussion. Thus the Merchant Tailors' National Protective Association states, as one of its guiding rules, that it "Will not arbitrate any question with men on strike. Neither will this association countenance a lockout on any arbitrable question, unless arbitration has failed."

Perhaps the most helpful feature of the employers' organizations is the assistance they can afford one another during strikes. Thus, in the war which has been waging between the Journeymen Tailors' Union and certain employers in Denver, Kansas City, Binghamton, and Cleveland, the Tailors' Protective Association has secured non-union workers for shops in trouble, and when these men have been decoyed away, the association has taken care that any contracts on hand should be done in other cities for the tailoring concerns involved. So smoothly has this been arranged that there has not been any violence, and the strike in Cleveland has already failed. Indeed, there has been also a strike against a firm in New York city, which the association has handled so well that the public has not known of its existence.

The secretary's office of an association is in a sense a labor bureau for non-union workmen, and members are encouraged to reward non-union laborers with special consideration. Thus the tailors' association agrees to provide for the interchange of information regarding character, reliability, and competency of employees, and equalization of labor by the distribution of journeymen as circumstances require. It will inaugurate a system of registration of employees and the use of recommendation and identification cards.

After a strike is settled, or during its progress, the average employer often finds expensive or inadvisable the punishment of those who have been most violent. This work, the impersonal association with its permanent officers and large resources can easily and thoroughly accomplish. During the building strikes in New York, the Employers' Association spent nearly $25,000 upon de-

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tectives alone. The result was the purging of New York from the Sam Parks idea of ruling both workmen and employers, and the exposure of the appalling conspiracies of the "wrecking crew." When Sam Parks ceased to battle after his second conviction, the meekness with which he reentered the penitentiary amazed many people. His change of heart is less surprising now that we know that evidence was being collected against him which would have proved him guilty not merely of business conspiracy, but of conspiracy to murder a fellow official in the labor-union—Frank Buchanan. When Sam Parks was safely landed in the penitentiary, his old cronies began the dynamiting of buildings and the destruction of derricks. It was through the detectives of the Employers' Association that Buchanan was warned, and that various other plots to murder or to cripple were prevented, and in the five thousand typewritten pages of the report by the detectives there is the strongest indictment of the extent to which labor tyrants can go. In their lust for power at any cost, in their ruthless disregard of the lives, the liberties, and the prosperity, not only of those who oppose them, but of those who obey and support them, it has been only too clearly shown that the unscrupulous leaders of labor are not yet to be trusted with power.

The army which is mustering to oppose the labor-unions is an army equipped with limitless advantages. It has not the numbers of the mob, but it has the advantage of wealth. The united employers can endure a lockout far longer than laboring men can endure a strike. They are a long way from starvation at the worst, while the laboring-man in comparison is very near it at the best.

But, however justified may be the punishment in store for some of the labor-unions, the general public would not congratulate itself upon their destruction. It is to be feared that, in spite of their appeals to "Americanism" and "Constitution," and even in some cases to the divine law, the employers are really most concerned for their profits. No man ever yet got enough profit out of his business, and the employers will not be easily satisfied. In the long run, the trade battle is for the spoils. And the spoils are the public's pocketbook.

It is within the bounds of possibility that the organization of employers shall be of immediate and lasting benefit by establishing peace in the industrial world. In this case, their union will be a blessing. But, blessing or curse, it was inevitable that it should come some day, and it is inevitable that it shall attain enormous power.

The likelihood of a disastrous war rests chiefly upon the attitude employers will take toward the labor-union. If they recognize its right to exist, and its certainty to exist, we shall have a peaceful contest with benefit as the result.

If the hotheads among the employers who believe in crushing labor-unions out of existence succeed in stampeding the employers' unions as the labor-unions have been often stampeded by impossible promises and bloodthirsty summons to revenge, there will be bitter days of struggle and conflict.

The Growth of a Metropolis

By Frederick Boyd Stevenson

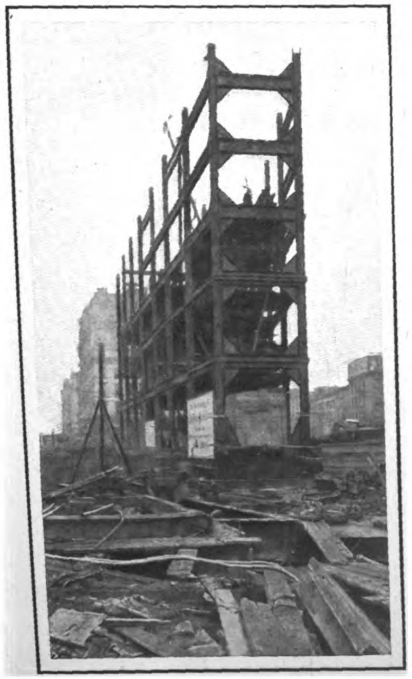
NEW YORK has many wonders, but none are so marvellous as the innumerable transformation scenes that are daily taking place within her borders. At the present time there are great stretches of barrenness and desolation on the west and east side of the island where once stood the finest and the first houses in the land. This part of the city is in a state of commercial siege. Two mighty corporations have within their grasps the withering remains of the old city. Four solid blocks of bewildering disorder between West Thirty-first and West Thirty-third streets and Seventh and Ninth avenues indicate the extent of the enterprise undertaken by one. To the east the other has despoiled twelve blocks of brownstone buildings and other structures, formerly covering the area from East Forty-fifth to East Fiftieth street on Lexington Avenue; from East Forty-fifth to East Forty-eighth street on Park Avenue, and from Lexington to Park Avenue, with a jog over to Madison Avenue on East Forty-eighth Street. On the West Side is one company preparing for the erection of its gigantic passenger station on the line of the great tunnel to be cut across the width of Manhattan from New Jersey to Long Island; and on the East Side is the other corporation making ready for its towering terminal railway station, depress its tracks, and revolutionize the handling of through and suburban transportation.

With the crumpling walls fortunes have melted away at the mere wave of the hand of the wrecking boss. Dwellings costing from $20,000 to $50,000—once the pride of old New York—have been razed to the ground without a thought of sentiment for their passing. Modern apartment-houses, built within the year for sums ranging from $150,000 to $250,000, have been ruthlessly cast into the general ruins. One asylum worth three-quarters of a million; another costing one-quarter of a million, and three churches of historic memory—all these, too, have been levelled to the dust.

Something like $5,000,000 worth of buildings have been torn down in these two districts of the city. One may learn that the value of the land to be occupied by these two projects is about $22,000,000; that the excavations will cost in the neighborhood of $11,000,000, requiring the work of four thousand or more men for fully two years, and that the proposed structures of the railroad companies will probably require an outlay of $14,000,000.

When all the structures on the West Side have been torn down there will be demolished twenty-six buildings at a cost of $4,000,000. The one million square feet of ground acquired by the company is worth fully $10,000,000. The cost of excavation, which will require one year or more to accomplish, will be $3,000,000, and the amount to be expended in erecting the new terminal station is estimated at $8,000,000, making an outlay of $25,000,000. If one looks over the field that has been laid waste in the western part of the city he will realize the enormous amount of money that it has cost to bring about this destruction. A row of fine brownstone houses on West Thirty-second Street, between Seventh and Ninth avenues, costing from $15,000 to $50,000 each, not taking into consideration the land values, has been made a part of the general sacrifice. On the south side of West Thirty-third Street is a similar row of residences being razed to the ground. On the north side of West Thirty-first Street a large apartment-house worth $200,000 has been demolished. A little to the east, on the same side of the street, is St. Elizabeth's Hospital, worth $250,000, which has been marked for the devastating hammer and chisel.

A short time ago the old North Presbyterian Church, which stood on the northeast corner of Ninth Avenue and West Thirty-first Street for more than half a century, was torn down. In its time it was one of the finest church edifices in the city, having been erected at a cost of $175,000. It was the storm centre of the Orange riots on July 12, 1871, and, according to a common story, was saved from utter destruction by the efforts of the late Father Arthur J. Donnelly, of St. Michael's Church, which stands across the way on Ninth Avenue.



A Sky-scraper and Subway Station Building at Broadway and Forty-second Street

In the mean time old landmarks on the East Side are also being rapidly reduced to oblivion. Seventy buildings there, costing from $18,000 to $750,000 each, will soon be utterly demolished. Sixty or more of them have been already torn down. St. Peter's German Lutheran Church, formerly on the southwest corner of Lexington Avenue and East Forty-sixth Street, is among the ruins. Preceding it in the mass of débris now confronting one on every side was the Episcopal Chapel of Heavenly Rest, just west of Lexington Avenue on East Forty-seventh Street. The big building of an express company on Lexington Avenue and East Forty-eighth Street, worth $100,000; the Orphans' Home and Asylum of the Protestant Episcopal Church, on East Forty-ninth Street and Lexington Avenue, worth $750,000, and six or seven minor buildings will be demolished within the next few months. The excavations, which have been already well advanced, will require an outlay of $8,000,000 before a stone is laid for the main building. The land value is estimated at $12,000,000, and the cost of the terminal station will be about $6,000,000, which, with the $1,000,000 or more valuation of the buildings torn down and to be torn down, will make the total expenditure $27,000,000.

Thus we have seen how $52,000,000 must be outlayed in the unmaking of a city. Untold millions will be required in its making. Three hundred and fifty buildings have been jumbled into a promiscuous mass of brick and stone and mortar. On their sites will arise magnificent structures of granite and

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steel and marble. Where once the roses bloomed will be broad streets. New people and new life will make the new city. It will be as if Aladdin had rubbed his lamp again.

From the great waste on the West Side will arise a stupendous building, ten, twelve, perhaps fourteen, stories high. It will occupy the space from Seventh to Eighth avenue and from West Thirty-first to West Thirty-second street. The street on West Thirty-second from Seventh to Eighth Avenue will be closed. Below the building will be a subway from forty to fifty feet deep, to be used for trains conveying passengers through the tunnels from Jersey City and Long Island City. Busy throngs of shoppers will fill the streets, and to meet the new demand a new shopping district will have its growth. Suburban dwellers in New Jersey and Long Island towns now living at impossible shopping distances from New York will be put in touch with the great trade centres of the metropolis, and served as easily and as conveniently as the residents within the limits of Manhattan. The department stores to be erected in this new quarter, it is believed, will be the finest in New York. In order to keep pace with the sudden growth, here and there on the side streets will be erected tall and stately apartment-hotels and restaurants. Everywhere there will be new structures. Eighth Avenue will become a great retail centre, and there will be such a change throughout the district that it will regain its lost splendor in a way that was never dreamed of, but it will be a splendor of a far different kind than formerly.

On the East Side of the island there will also be a metamorphosis. There a great terminal station, reaching up twelve stories, will stand out like a monument with all the modern beauties of the architect's creation. All tracks will be depressed, and streets, which are now cut off by unsightly railroad yards, will run directly across the regular grade. Along Park Avenue will be ornamental walls. There will be no smoke, for electricity is to be the motive power in trains. Tall apartment-houses will be erected in the vicinity, and plans are already being made to construct one or more hotels, the cost of which will run high into the millions.



West Thirty-second Street, New York, showing the Demolition of Property to make room for the new Pennsylvania Station

While these changes are progressing there will be a general transformation in all parts of the city so badly torn asunder. Even now the beginning of it is to be seen. There is the invasion by the retail traders of Fifth Avenue to the north. Already they are crowding close upon Central Park. There are promises of the wiping out of the Ghetto with broad boulevards and small parks. There is the beginning of a grand residential district along Riverside Drive, which will be made continuous with the Boulevard Lafayette on the Hudson River to Dyckman Street on the north, and thence joining the Speedway and leading into the proposed grand concourse on the east side of the Harlem. Then, there are the tunnels that are to unite Brooklyn, Long Island, and New Jersey with Manhattan, and make possible in unopened territories new sites for new homes—all adding to the glory and the prosperity of the great American metropolis.

The Science of a Light

By Sir Hiram Maxim, C.E., M.E.

CHEAP commercial acetylene gas was discovered by accident. Willson, a scientific experimenter, believed that nearly all metallic oxides could be reduced to a metallic state by heating them to an extremely high temperature by the voltaic arc in the presence of free carbon. Aluminum had been successfully reduced in this way. Mr. Willson wished to obtain metallic calcium. He therefore mixed a quantity of quicklime with pulverized coke, and brought the mixture to a high température by the action of the voltaic arc. He expected to obtain a white metal, but instead he appeared to produce nothing but slag. This was thrown into the yard, and one day at noon while the boys were having their luncheon they picked up these bits of slag and threw them at each other. One piece fell into a pail of water, and produced a bubbling effect and a strong odor. This attracted Mr. Willson's attention, and upon investigation he found that the strong-smelling gas was extremely inflammable. Further investigation revealed that it was pure acetylene gas.

The reduction that Mr. Willson had expected had really taken place. When the quicklime, which is oxide of calcium, found itself in the presence of carbon at an extremely high temperature, it gave its oxygen up to the carbon, forming carbonic-acid gas, and was reduced to its metallic state, but at that instant the carbon combined with the calcium, forming a carbide of calcium. When carbide of calcium is plunged into water, the water is decomposed, the hydrogen combining with the carbon in the calcium carbide, and the oxygen of the water combining with the calcium. The products of this decomposition are therefore hydrate of lime and acetylene gas. Acetylene gas is a hydro-carbon. There are many forms of hydro-carbon gases. Ordinary marsh-gas contains a very small percentage of carbon, and its flame is not very luminous. Coal-gas, such as is used for lighting purposes, contains sufficient carbon to give a very luminous flame. When coal-gas is ignited, the oxygen of the atmosphere first consumes the hydrogen, converting it into water; the carbon of the gas is thus set free. As Mr. Tyndall observes, "Carbon cannot exist as a bachelor, in a pure state, except as a solid." If there were only sufficient oxygen present to burn out the hydrogen, we should have all the carbon set free in the form of lampblack. But if sufficient oxygen is present, the carbon, which is first set free and then raised to incandescence by the hydrogen flame, takes fire itself, and is converted into carbonic-acid gas (carbon dioxide), and the light is produced by the solid particles of carbon while in a state of ignition. If sufficient atmospheric air were introduced into the gas-pipe for the complete combustion of the gas, then the carbon would not be set free at all. The mixture would burn with a blue flame, both carbon and hydrogen being consumed simultaneously. Such a mixture is explosive, and is employed for driving gas-engines. As a rule, no luminous gas is explosive by itself.

Acetylene gas contains a great deal more carbon than coal-gas. Coal-gas has only two sources of heat, the combustion of the hydrogen and the combustion of the carbon, but in acetylene gas we have three sources of heat—first, the endothermic energy, which is stored up in the gas, and primarily obtained from the electrical energy in the furnace. If pure acetylene gas is compressed and liquefied in a very strong cylinder and ignited, a terrific explosion follows. Upon opening the receptacle it will be found to contain marsh-gas and free carbon in the form of lampblack. There is just as much carbon and just as much hydrogen as there was before the explosion took place. The explosion is due altogether to the heat generated by the disassociation of the carbon and the hydrogen. It might be said that they are locked together in an unwilling embrace, and that under the influence of heat the repulsion becomes so great that they tear themselves asunder, and the friction of being thus torn asunder raises the temperature of the gas to about 5000 degrees Fahrenheit. It therefore follows that when acetylene gas is ignited at the burner, the hydrogen is

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the first to burn. This sets free a very large amount of carbon, and at the same time develops the endothermic energy in the gas. We therefore have three sources of heat. The result is that the flame becomes very hot, and as the carbon is very abundant, the light is very intense. The light which is derived from a heated body is said to increase in geometrical progression about as the fifth power of the temperature. It is probably something less than this. However, this enables us to account for the enormous amount of light which may be obtained from the combustion of a very small quantity of acetylene gas.

Acetylene gas is now being extensively used for lighting private dwellings and places of amusement beyond the reach of electricity or coal-gas.

A French chemist has discovered that a small percentage of acetone mixed with liquefied acetylene prevents it from exploding except in the presence of oxygen.

College Men and Money

By Professor C. L. Kitchel

In Charge of the Bureau of Self-help at Yale University

IN the Freshman class entered last year at Yale in the academical department, or Yale College proper, there are forty-eight men, just twelve per cent. of the entire number, who are wholly dependent for their education on the money they make. In the other academical classes the proportion is slightly smaller, about ten per cent., making in all in the academical department say one hundred and forty. It is possible to speak with exactness in respect to this department, because here tuition scholarships are granted to needy and worthy men, whose exact financial condition is revealed in detail with each application. In the other departments of the university, except to some extent in the Divinity and Graduate schools, such aid is not granted, owing to lack of the requisite funds, and so only a rough estimate can be made. Probably five per cent. at least of men in the departments other than the academical support themselves altogether, making the entire number of such students in the whole university something over two hundred. To these must be added at least as many more who have to earn more or less, giving in all a little army, say four hundred strong, who depend either entirely or to some extent on their own exertions.

The Bureau of Self-help has for an important part of its work the assigning of the tuition scholarships referred to. They are given on the basis of need and scholarly standing. A student who is entirely dependent on himself and who is of the first rank as a scholar receives a scholarship in amount equal to the entire annual charge for tuition, which is one hundred and fifty-five dollars; one less needy and less excellent in his studies, a scholarship amounting to one hundred and fifteen dollars, while those less needy still and lower in scholarship, though still above a certain limit, receive at the rate of seventy-five dollars. By means of these scholarships a very important item of expense is gotten out of the way, while such a degree of excellence is required that the opprobrium of a gift does not attach to the acceptance of them.

A week or ten days before the university opens in September the advance-guard of this army of students who must earn their own way begins to appear. It consists in the main of the more prudent and energetic members-to-be of the newly incoming classes. The needy men of the upper classes, having been on the ground before, have, to a large extent, retained the opportunities for work which they held in the year preceding. The new-comers find the Bureau of Self-help ready to aid them. Its office is centrally located in the archway of Phelps Hall, one of the most frequented approaches to the campus. So far as this part of its work is concerned, the bureau is an employment agency, and its methods are determined accordingly. Its function is twofold: to find work for the men and to select men for the work.

To accomplish the first end every sort of advertisement and solicitation is made use of—circulars, cards, postals, personal letters, and personal appeal. It has been realized that this business must be built up, like any other, by letting it be known over and over again that here intelligent and reliable men can be obtained for pretty much every kind of work not requiring more than two or three hours a day,—a limitation imposed by the student's college duties. The good-will of good people for worthy young men struggling for a worthy end has also been counted on, and not in vain. Practically no opposition on the ground that work is thus being taken from the youth of the city has been met with. The employment which the student wants is either so immediately connected with the university or so limited in time that the city boy who has all his time cares little for it. As a result, more and more work and of better kinds is being offered.

The second object of the bureau is to select the right man in each case for the work. To this end when the student applies he is carefully examined as to what experience he has had, and the kind of work he is best fitted for. Any special limitations as to time or circumstance are carefully recorded, and lists are thus prepared from which, when any sort of a demand is made, the right kind of a man is pretty apt to be found. Of course the greater part of the work men do in the business world is not found for them by employment bureaus. They know where the work is and they go for it, and the man who goes for it most quickly and intelligently gets it. The same is true of college men. The initiative ought to remain with the man. But when two or three hundred men are looking for the same thing at pretty much the same time and place, much can be done in the way of advice and direction, as well as actual assistance.

Of the work done in term time, it is remarkable what a very large proportion has to do with the life and activities of the university itself. For example, more money is made by tutoring than in any other one employment. From one to three dollars an hour are the rates of compensation, and the time and the energy thus employed are all in the line of the student's scholastic discipline and endeavor. In 1902 it was reported that $8652 was earned in this way by seventy-one men. Had all reported, the amount would without doubt have exceeded $10,000. Again, the manifold activities and organizations of the university life call for various and considerable expenditure. The preparation for the several athletic contests and the policing of the field; clerical work in the various offices, libraries, and the co-operative store; typewriting in connection with prize papers, theses, and articles for college and other publications; the selling of programmes, class pictures, and books, and violets in vast quantities on the great social occasions; these and many other opportunities which college life and activity afford are eagerly seized and improved. Probably nearly one hundred and fifty men earn their meals—one of the most considerable items of expense—by waiting at table. As little as possible is it a menial service. In the small clubs of ten or a dozen men in a private house, the student who "stands and waits" has the respect and comradeship of those whom he serves, according to the quality of his personality. Here is an exigent service which can be done by no others so well, occupying but a little time and where its loss will be least felt, and in multitudes of cases sufficient in what is thereby saved to determine whether the man shall remain in college at all. The earnings of sixty-five men in this way in 1902 were reported at $8237. Had all reported, the amount would have been increased at least one-half.

The item of room rent or its equivalent is met in many cases by the care of furnace and lawn, often for members of the Faculty. In these and other ways, roughly speaking, four-fifths of what students earn in term time is derived from the university life and activity.

Very important is the part which vacation plays in the finances of the self-supporting student. It gives opportunity to accumulate a little fund which will greatly relieve the pressure when college work begins. It is not too much to say that unless he improves his vacation well in earning money, the student will either not succeed in continuing his academic course, or if he remains will be so overburdened as not to reap the benefit of it. Many find business opportunities in vacation at or near their own homes in banks, stores, factories, or upon farms. Many act as hotel clerks, or canvass for books, etc. The majority of self-supporting students return at the end of vacation with from one to three hundred dollars laid up against the needs of term time, in which their studies must take the first place.

The whole amount reported as earned in 1902, including both vacation and term time, was $38,000. Had reports been secured from all, the amount would probably have been fifty or sixty thousand dollars.

Here it should be said that no young man should enter college any more than he should venture into any strange community without some considerable reserve fund upon which he may draw until he has established himself in his duties as a student and found the opportunities of self-support. To do otherwise is reckless imprudence. It is better to remain out of college a year longer and accumulate a little fund. In competition for work so limited in its range and engaged in by so many at the same time, it is inevitable that temporary failure and delay should occur, and then unhappy is the man who has not provided for that evil day. Particularly is this true in the first year and the first months of the first year.

Toward the end of the college year and in the later years of the course is often the time when a little money judiciously borrowed will save the day. It can be repaid easily after graduation, and a life-insurance policy can meantime protect the lender. In any university a loan fund administered on business principles is a most wise aid. It is one of the great needs at Yale now.

These students from frugal homes and of scanty means are a most desirable element in the university community. Unspoiled by luxury and earnest in purpose, they give character and tone to the whole place. In spite of the great handicaps to which they are subject in having to expend so much time and strength on extraneous work, they get what they come for. They carry off far more than their share of scholastic honors. In the class of 1903 fifteen out of the nineteen highest appointments at graduation fell to men who had received tuition scholarships. In the class of 1902, eighteen out of thirty-three. In every class something like this occurs. They rank high out of all proportion. In debating too they are conspicuous, upon the boards of the college journals, in the management of the athletic associations, in every activity of the university community.

What is more, the fact that a man is working his own way does not debar him from social recognition and success.

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"Lohengrin" in English

The photograph shows the scene in the third act of Wagner's opera where "Elsa" implores her mysterious husband to tell her his name. She has been wrought upon by the malicious insinuations of "Ortrud," who is eager to advance the interests of her husband "Telramund," with whose ambitions the Knight of the Swan has interfered. "Elsa's" confidence in her rescuer is shaken, and in violation of her promise not to inquire his name, she asks the forbidden question. "Lohengrin," compelled to reveal his identity, makes known his name and mission



French Comedy at Harvard

The members of the Cercle Français of Harvard University recently presented Beaumarchais's comedy, "Le Barbier de Séville," at the Bijou Theatre, Cambridge. W. M. Shohl, '06, played the lover count, P. G. Henderson, '05, was the "Rosine," J. V. Blanchet, '05, the "Bartholo," and O. L. Mills, '05, the barber "Figaro." The photograph shows Mr. Shohl as "Comte Almaviva." The Cercle Français was founded by Mr. James H. Hyde, of New York city, for the purpose of promoting a knowledge among the university students of the language and literature of France



The Execution Scene in "Tosca"

Puccini's music-drama "Tosca" is based on the drama of Sardou, which tells the story of the love of the Roman singer, "Floria Tosca," for the artist "Cavaradossi." The painter has an unscrupulous rival in "Scarpia," the chief of police. "Scarpia" succeeds in implicating "Cavaradossi" in a political plot, and attempts to gain "Tosca's" favor by promising to save her lover from execution. The singer kills him after accepting his assurance that he has ordered only a mock execution for "Cavaradossi," but discovers too late that she has been deceived. The execution turns out to be real, "Cavaradossi" is killed, and "Tosca" commits suicide

OPERA AND COMEDY ON THE STAGE

Henry W. Savage's Opera Company is giving a season of grand opera in English. A four weeks' engagement at the West End Theatre, New York, has just been concluded, and the company is now playing at the Amphion Theatre, Brooklyn. Mr. Savage's organization has a large repertoire of the principal French, German, and Italian works, all of which are sung in English

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MISS LAURA HOPE CREWS IN "MERELY MARY ANN"

Miss Crews plays the part of "Rosie," the daughter of the keeper of "Lancelot's" lodging-house, in "Merely Mary Ann," the play by Israel Zangwill now running at the Garden Theatre, New York. A description of "Merely Mary Ann" was given in the "Weekly" of January 9. Miss Crews was formerly leading woman of the disbanded Murray Hill Stock Company

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Correspondence

AS TO PANAMA

SAN FRANCISCO, *November 30, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I quote the concluding sentence of editorial captioned, "Latest Aspects of the Panama Affair," in HARPER'S WEEKLY of the 28th inst.

"If we now do what we ought always to have done, when the State of Panama has revolted against Bogota oppression, and prohibit Colombia from committing a breach of the peace on the isthmus, we are but subserving the primary, humane, and honorable purpose for which the Treaty of 1846 was framed."

I now quote the language expressing one of the provisions of the Treaty of 1846.

". . . The United States also guarantees . . . the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada has and possesses over the said territory"—meaning the Isthmus of Panama.

Now, I beg to propound the following questions:

First.—Has not the United States at all times since the United States of Colombia succeeded to the "rights of sovereignty and property" which New Granada had and possessed in the Isthmus of Panama, recognized the provisions and obligations of said Treaty of 1846, as in full force, effect, and binding as when New Granada was the parent State which had the "rights of sovereignty and property" in the isthmus?

Second.—Does not the guarantee provision of said treaty clearly imply, and has not this always been the construction put upon it by the State Department of our government, assistance to be rendered by the United States to Colombia, to maintain her "rights of sovereignty and property" in the isthmus against assailment by any power at home or abroad?

Bearing upon this question, as likewise upon the question preceding, I beg to quote the following words from a letter written on April 30, 1866, by Secretary of State Seward, to the United States Minister at Bogota:

"The United States desires nothing else, nothing better, and nothing more in regard to the State of Colombia than the enjoyment on their part of complete and absolute sovereignty and independence. If those great interests shall ever be assailed by any power *at home or abroad*, the United States will be ready, co-operating with the government, and their ally, to maintain and defend them."

Finally.—By recognition of the provisional government of the seceded State of Panama, and maintaining a protectorate by armed power over the seceded State, preventing the parent State, Colombia, from reasserting her "rights of sovereignty and property" in that part of her territory by coercing back to their allegiance the revolutionists and secessionists, does not our government stand convicted of wilful disregard and flagrant violation of its solemn treaty obligation expressed by, and involved in, the language above quoted from the Treaty of 1846? I am, sir,

JNO. AUBREY JONES.

[A reply to this letter will be found in this week's Comment.—EDITOR.]

AMERICANS IN THE ISLE OF PINES

CHICAGO, WINDSOR CLIFTON HOTEL, *January 3, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As one of between five and six hundred Americans who made an investment in the Isle of Pines, the thought never entered our heads that our government would ever trade it off for two or two thousand coaling-stations, I wish to thank you for your editorial comment on the subject in your issue of December 26. You dispose of all the points justly and fairly, and I regret to say that HARPER'S WEEKLY is the first of any newspaper or magazine I have seen that has asked of our government any consideration for the Americans living and financially interested in the island, who, by the way, own eighty per cent. of the total acreage.

These Isle-of-Pines Americans have been generally referred to by some Senators and newspapers as a set of land-speculators. As a matter of fact they consist, with a few exceptions, of middle-aged or elderly men, doctors, lawyers, dentists, and other professional men from Northern States, who have invested in many cases their all in the isle, with the hope of securing a home and competence in a milder climate. These men, without exception, bought their land, firmly believing it was United States territory forever.

Until General Wood withdrew from Cuba, without setting up a government on the island, as he promised to do at a banquet given him in Havana a few days before he left Cuba (this statement I can prove, and it has been proven by a number of Americans who were present, and whose veracity is unimpeachable) you would not find a Spanish or Cuban business man in Havana who, when the Isle of Pines was mentioned, would not say, "Oh, that is American now." When General Wood, for reasons best known to himself, failed to establish a civil government on the island, when he turned Cuba over to the Cubans, they commenced to lay slight claims to the island, which they expressed their willingness to waive upon the cancellation of their debt to this country of three millions of dollars advanced by President McKinley to pay off their soldiers after the Spanish war. As time rolled on, their confidence rose, and they now claim the island, and set a value of forty millions on it. And it is worth it.

Maps, books, magazines, and leading newspapers for a long while after the war described and referred to the Isle of Pines as United States territory. The Americans down there invested in good faith, never doubting for a moment that the island would continue under the United States flag. These people are entitled to some consideration.

There is no ambiguity about the Treaty of Paris. After disposing of Cuba it reads, "Spain cedes to the United States Porto Rico *and all her other West Indian islands*," etc. The Isle of Pines is separated from Cuba by an open sea voyage of sixty miles, and, geographically, is as separate and distinct from Cuba as France is from England.

The American people, like their English cousins, are a land-loving nation, and if the island is ceded to Cuba, it will be the first time in our history we have ever given away a foot of territory.

If a small percentage of Americans knew—as they will know in time—what a little garden spot the island really is, its untold natural wealth and wonderfully productive soil, a mighty protest would go up against the pending action of the Senate.

The administration says, "Let us be liberal with Cuba." We on the Isle of Pines say to the administration, "Be just to us before you are generous to Cuba." I am, sir,

Santa Fe, Isle of Pines. CLEMENT J. WALL.

THE ENGLISH OF COLLEGE GRADUATES

NEW YORK, *December 5, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Perhaps the most significant address made during the recent session of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools at Columbia was that of President Remsen of Johns Hopkins University, and the sentence from it which invites our especial attention is the following:

"So much evidence has been given that shows that our college students are sadly deficient in everything that pertains to the use of their mother tongue that it is perhaps superfluous to furnish any more evidence on this point. I cannot, however, help unburdening my soul."

To many persons, both in and out of college, this statement comes as a revelation, and one likely to be gainsaid by the devotees of higher education. However, so far as my own experience goes as a private tutor during four years of undergraduate life at one of the "big four" universities, I am inclined to think that the distasteful fact is a true one. Men from the Junior and Senior classes, who ought to be ashamed of themselves, compose very badly and spell worse, and from Dr. Remsen's statement are not materially improved in these arts after graduation.

"While my own work for years past has not brought me to any great extent in contact with college students, it has brought me in contact with college graduates."

". . . The first point that has impressed me in my dealings with these students is that there does not seem to be much, if any, difference between one college and another, so far as the proficiency of their graduates in English is concerned."

Now, granting the truth of these assertions, why do young men from some of the best families in the United States persist in exposing themselves to such chastisement? The fault lies partly in themselves, partly in their literary bringing up. If in themselves we must assume the following conditions as responsible factors: 1. That students are ignorant of correct usage; 2. That they are not ignorant, but sloven in such usage; 3. That they are both ignorant and sloven; 4. That they read too little standard literature; 5. That they do not get the benefit of constructive effort in composition; 6. That their interests are athletic rather than intellectual. Of these it seems most likely that the reading and speaking hypotheses are the correct ones. Too little time is spent in general reading, and almost no time at all is given over to copying the best usages. Your average college man is a kind of intellectual miner in an educational junk heap. He is what is termed a "good fellow," whole-souled, large-hearted, wise in his own conceits, and almost crude. He greets you with a "Hullo, Bill," and parts from you with a "So-long" that reminds one of the Western cowboy. He is sloven in his walk, in the manner of wearing his hat, is not inclined to offer too much of the sidewalk to an underclassman, and thoroughly enjoys a "good scrap," even if it be nothing more than a dog-fight. No wonder, then, that you do not find him quoting Shakespeare or Thackeray, or delving into the lily-whiteness of Keats. He dwells in the midst of culture, yet is quite apart from it.

But undoubtedly the methods of teaching English do not appeal to many students, because their literary sense is as yet too uncultivated. Literary drill is drill and nothing more; it is a requirement for the degrees, and is laboriously taken up and eagerly laid aside. Reading tasks are assigned which are entirely out of sympathy with students' mental make-up, hence they are completed in a slipshod fashion, and leave behind very little imprint of the beauty to be found in them by the properly qualified. The professor seldom or never shows his class how to read, but satisfies his conscience by dilating on the eccentricities of Carlyle or the boorishness of Byron in a more or less soporific lecture.

If this arraignment of the college student and his instructor seem a little too severe, I ask their pardon individually, for I am one with them in all things that pertain to a betterment of English speech among educated men. Such betterment, however, will come only with an elevation of our standard above that of the uncouth office boy or the ignorant though well-meaning stableman.

I am, sir,

I. W. V.

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Our Increasing Wealth

"THE Progress of the United States in its Material Industries" is the title of a statistical statement presented through an interesting report of the Department of Commerce and Labor. The financial, industrial, and commercial condition of the country are included in the tables, which give opportunity to compare present conditions with those of earlier years. In area, for example, the total in 1903 is 3,025,600 square miles, against 2,980,959 square miles in 1850, and 827,844 square miles in 1800. These figures do not include Alaska or the islands belonging to the United States.

The population in 1903 is stated at 80,372,000, against 23,191,876 in 1850, and 5,308,483 in 1800. The wealth of the country is stated at 94 billions of dollars in 1900, and presumably 100 billions would not be an unreasonable estimate for 1903, while for 1850 the wealth of the country stood at 7 billion dollars, no estimate being given for any year earlier than 1850. The per capita wealth is set down at $1235 in 1900 and $307 in 1850, having thus more than quadrupled meantime.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

IF YOUR PHYSICIAN prescribes a milk diet, for its easy digestibility, it will be well to use BORDEN'S PEERLESS BRAND EVAPORATED CREAM to get a rich, deliciously flavored milk food, perfectly sterilized according to latest sanitary methods. For general household uses. Prepared by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.—[*Adv.*]

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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"There is no beauty like the beauty of health" was also meant to disparage. Instead, it encourages beauty.

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Sold all over the world.



This half-tone reproduction of "Winter Winds" only partially conveys the beauty and design of the lithographed plaques.

The four Season Plaques containing no advertising and the Calendar Plaque make beautiful and artistic decorations.

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With Calendar Plaque for 1904

AT GREAT expense, Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n has secured from the brush of the celebrated color artist, A. Von Beust, a series of magnificent oil paintings, representing the artist's conception of the four seasons. These are reproduced with splendid fidelity as to detail and coloring, in the form of four plaques, "Spring Breezes," "Summer Flowers," "Autumn Riches," "Winter Winds," and an additional plaque containing the twelve monthly calendars for 1904. The five plaques are each 12 inches in diameter, lithographed in the highest style of art, fourteen printings on finest ivory china-finished cardboard, with relief embossing, giving the effect of hammered metal rims.



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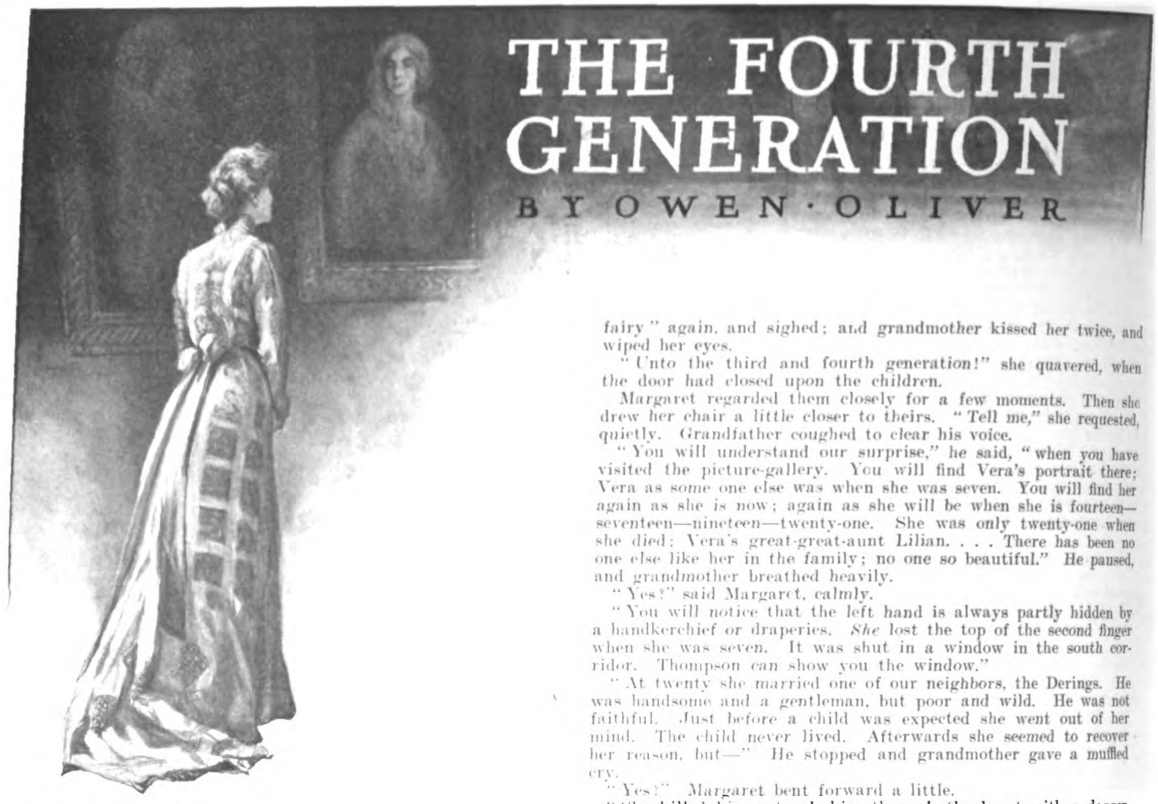
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THE FOURTH GENERATION

BY OWEN · OLIVER

GRANDFATHER rose slowly, with the aid of his stick, when they heard the carriage in the avenue, and gave grandmother his arm. His lips were restless, and there was a moist smile in her eyes. George Harnley had married abroad twelve years before, and now he was buried abroad, and they had bidden his wife and child home. They were a proud family, and though he had been enthusiastic about his colonial wife, he and they always saw things differently. They glanced at each other uneasily as they moved slowly towards the door. They had come to understand each other without words.

Their faces brightened when they met Margaret Harnley. She looked as the wife of a Harnley should look; she dressed as the wife of a Harnley should dress; and she spoke as the wife of a Harnley gone to rest should speak—clearly and sweetly, and bravely for all the tears in her eyes.

"I had thought that *he* would bring me," she said. "You will love me for his sake."

"We shall love you for your own." Grandfather raised her hand gallantly to his lips.

"My dear," said grandmother, "I have wondered so often what my boy's wife was like. . . . I am happy now, my dear. We will have a cry together some other time."

They held hands without speaking for a few moments. Then Margaret turned to the yellow-haired, blue-eyed child of eleven who stood shyly at the door.

"This is our little Vera," she said, with the mother-light in her eyes. Grandfather started and leaned heavily on his stick, and grandmother clung heavily to his arm. They glanced at each other for the least perceptible moment. Then they drew the child to them and kissed her. Their eyes met again with a question and no answer over her head.

"You are surprised that Vera is so fair?" her mother asked. There was a suspicion of combat in her voice, and the old people looked at each other again.

"A little," grandfather owned. "A little. . . . We—we are a dark brood. . . . We have always mated with the dark. *You* are dark, my dear."

Margaret drew the child towards her. "I would not have my little fairy different," she said.

"Of course not; no, no." He lifted Vera's flushed face with his hand and nodded slowly. "A very pretty little fairy. Of course not; of course not. . . . Good heavens!" He seized her left hand suddenly, and pointed to the middle finger. Grandmother trembled violently and he led her to her chair.

"When was it done, and how?" he asked, wiping his forehead rapidly.

"She caught it in a window-frame when she was seven," Margaret explained. "We feared she would lose the joint, but the finger is only shortened very slightly."

"It doesn't hurt now," Vera protested, cheerfully.

"Not now," said grandfather. "Not now." He stroked her hair and sighed. There was an awkward pause. They were glad when two of Vera's cousins came in to fetch her. There was a pony for her, they whispered, and an immense doll's house, and three shelves full of books. She clapped her hands, and kissed her grandparents, and grandfather called her "a pretty little fairy" again, and sighed; and grandmother kissed her twice, and wiped her eyes.

"Unto the third and fourth generation!" she quavered, when the door had closed upon the children.

Margaret regarded them closely for a few moments. Then she drew her chair a little closer to theirs. "Tell me," she requested, quietly. Grandfather coughed to clear his voice.

"You will understand our surprise," he said, "when you have visited the picture-gallery. You will find Vera's portrait there; Vera as some one else was when she was seven. You will find her again as she is now; again as she will be when she is fourteen—seventeen—nineteen—twenty-one. She was only twenty-one when she died; Vera's great-great-aunt Lilian. . . . There has been no one else like her in the family; no one so beautiful." He paused, and grandmother breathed heavily.

"Yes?" said Margaret, calmly.

"You will notice that the left hand is always partly hidden by a handkerchief or draperies. *She* lost the top of the second finger when she was seven. It was shut in a window in the south corridor. Thompson can show you the window."

"At twenty she married one of our neighbors, the Derings. He was handsome and a gentleman, but poor and wild. He was not faithful. Just before a child was expected she went out of her mind. The child never lived. Afterwards she seemed to recover her reason, but—" He stopped and grandmother gave a muffled cry.

"Yes?" Margaret bent forward a little.

"She killed him; struck him through the heart with a dagger as he slept. She was mad—quite mad. She died soon afterwards."

"Quite mad!" Grandmother wrung her hands. "Fair hair and blue eyes. . . . To the fourth generation."

"I see." Margaret's face and voice were calm; but she clutched the locket that held her husband's portrait. "The sins of the fathers! . . . Since you fear disgrace from my child—his child—I will take her away. I do not fear harm from Vera. If I did—" Her eyes blazed suddenly—"I should love her just the same."

She half-rose, but grandfather laid a shaking hand on her shoulder and grandmother caught at her hand.

"You are a mother, Margaret. You *know* I must love my boy's child," she pleaded.

"It is because we love her that we are so afraid," grandfather explained.

"Afraid?" cried Margaret, scornfully. "Afraid of a fancied likeness to a woman dead a hundred years?"

"The likeness is no fancy," said grandfather. "It may be foolish to fear that harm will follow from it, but those whose family records go back for four hundred years do not laugh at heredity. Anyhow, we shall guard and cherish her all the more carefully for the warning. My daughter"—he laid his hand on Margaret's arm again—"we shall cherish you too."

Then he hobbled out, and Margaret sat down beside grandmother, and they talked of George Harnley. Grandmother cried a little, but Margaret shed no useless tears. She was made of stronger fibre than the Harnleys, though every whit as fine. They learned to lean on her in everything during the next few years, and to love her more even than their own. She was a very sweet woman, as well as a strong one, and ruled others without knowing that she ruled them.

Vera, on the other hand, was a true Harnley in disposition—oversensitive, overthoughtful, and too much inclined to rely upon others. Although she was left in ignorance of great-great-aunt Lilian's history, the portraits always had a peculiar attraction for her. She loved to sit beside them and read, and when her mother was not there she used to talk to them.

"It always seems as if she tried to speak to me," she told Margaret once. "Don't you think she looks as if she wanted help? Perhaps she hadn't a wise mummy like you, Marjy." She had adopted her father's pet name for her mother, when she was a baby, and kept to it since.

"Since you have a wise mummy, take her advice and don't trouble yourself with fancies, darling," Margaret said, and drew her away. Margaret imagined that Lilian had failed for want of some one to guide her, and she realized painfully that Vera's future would depend largely on guidance.

She hoped at first to strengthen Vera's character by strengthening her mind and body. In the latter respect she succeeded. In the former she failed. The child was intelligent and learned quickly, and she improved greatly in bodily health during the first two years at Harnley Hall, but education failed to give her any initiative or self-reliance. She always had leaned on others, and she always would. This was her real similarity to her unfortunate ancestress, and Margaret was constantly being alarmed by parallels in their lives. Grandfather and grandmother would so often start at the mention of some harmless thing that she had done; and when

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Margaret questioned them grandfather would bring out an old writing wherein *his* grandfather had set down the history of Lilian; and they would find a fragment of Vera's history there. The coincidences, at which Margaret had laughed at first, began to alarm her; and she found herself trying to make Vera look as different from Lilian as possible by differences in dress, in doing her hair, and in other little ways. She even made her do things because Lilian had not done them.

When Vera was fourteen she took a fever as Lilian had, and they had to cut off her fair hair. The portrait of Lilian at fourteen with short yellow curls might have been her great-great-niece, for all that one could tell. After the fever she grew quieter and brooded, as Lilian had done, and she was always staring at the portrait.

"I feel as if we were two people and yet the same," she said.

At sixteen she began to suffer from fainting fits. Lilian had suffered from them at that age. She grew thinner and quieter than ever, and her eyes were like great lamps in her head. The doctor advised taking her abroad for some months. Margaret hesitated a little because Lilian had gone abroad at the same age; but finally she took her. She brought her back restored to health, but very fragile and thoughtful. She might have stepped from the frame which showed Lilian at seventeen. The writing said that she was depressed after her return from France, and would sit for hours talking to herself. Vera would have done so, if her mother had not roused her.

"Your grandfather and grandmother are growing very old," she used to plead. "No one can brighten them as you can. Let them hear you laugh and sing."

So she laughed and sang and grew more cheerful again. For we do not merely laugh because we are glad, but are glad because we laugh. The great powers that made us have made us so.

When Vera was nineteen she grew brighter for another reason—as Lilian had done—and her eyes laughed like the eyes in the next canvas. She told her dead ancestress the secret first, kneeling before her in the warm June twilight.

"I love him, Lilian," she whispered. "Love him! . . You loved some one, didn't you? Your eyes say so . . . . . It isn't everybody who can love as we do, is it, dear?"

Her mother found her there, and called to her sharply. Then Vera told her the secret, with her face buried in her lap. Margaret sat facing the laughing portrait with her head on her hand. She moistened her lips twice before she spoke.

"Robert Dering," she repeated, huskily. "Robert Dering!" He was the great-great nephew of the Dering who had loved the fair face that laughed from the wall; and the shapely white hand that toyed with the fan had slain him!

"You like him, don't you?" Vera pleaded. "You won't say that I mustn't love him because he is poor. *You* weren't rich once."

"No, dear." Margaret moistened her lips again. "It is not that, but . . . . . I cannot answer you now. I must see what your grandfather and grandmother say."

"They will say what you tell them," the girl asserted. "They lean on you in everything. We all do. *I* do. I always shall till—till—"

"Till you lean on him." There was a frightened sound in Margaret's voice. Vera attributed it to pain at the idea of their severance, and put her arms affectionately round her.

"I shall always come to you, too, dear, dear Marjy," she whispered.

"Yes, dear, yes. It isn't that. I shall be glad for you to have some one who will care for you when I am gone. . . . I—I am not well, I think. I will talk to you presently. Leave me now. No, no. There is nothing the matter. Leave me a little while. . . ."

When she had gone Margaret rocked herself to and fro in the chair. The twilight had grown deep, but the stars were peeping out, and the moon was looking in the endmost window of the gallery. She could distinguish the white dress of aunt Lilian, and the sparkling eyes. She could almost fancy that she felt a presence in the room; a



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hand laid pleadingly on her arm. "Some one to lean upon." That was what frail creatures like Vera and Lilian needed. Vera had leaned on her all these years. Now she must lean on some one else; and if the support failed?

The moonlight crept further along the wall till it covered the two last pictures of Lilian. It lit up both faces—the face with the smiling eyes, and the face full of despair. Margaret read her answer in them. Vera's future would depend, not on herself, but on another. Whether the other should be Robert Dering, whose ancestor had died at Lilian's hand, depended on Margaret. She could prevent Vera marrying him; but she could not prevent her loving him. She could not prevent her heart breaking if he failed her. If he would love her and guard her always—that was the only hope. He was a strong man, and he could guard her if he would. Margaret made a sudden resolution. She would speak to him.

He listened very quietly while she told the story. Then he drew a deep breath.

"I do not attach any importance to the coincidence with the past," he said. "I *do* attach importance to your estimate of Vera's character. I shall do my best, Mrs. Harnley." She gave him her hand.

"Yes, Robert. You will do your best. God help you."

So Vera and Robert Dering were married on a bright summer morning of the next year. They decked the church with wild roses and Vera was like a white rosebud flushed with pink. She looked the world squarely in the face, and made her responses with unexpected firmness. Margaret knew that Vera was brave because she trusted her husband so much; and she was hopeful for her; for in her heart of hearts *she* trusted Robert Dering.

Things went well with the young couple at first. Vera came back from the honeymoon brighter and stronger than they had ever known her. She and Robert were devoted to each other. He applied himself vigorously to his profession as a solicitor, and Vera took a pride in his work instead of calling him from it. He was greatly attached to Margaret and she to him. They rivalled each other in trying to spoil Vera, she used to tell them, and she was going to try to spoil them. She became very thoughtful of their comfort and Margaret told herself that at last the child was "finding herself."

When Vera learned that she was to be a mother she had no repinings or forebodings. Indeed, it was she who cheered them. Nature had planned her for the rôle of wife and mother. Margaret realized this, and was easier about her future than she had ever been before. Then the thunderbolt fell!

Vera had driven over to the Hall to see her mother. Margaret happened to be out, and grandmother, with the irresponsible garrulity of age, told her the history of great-great-aunt Lilian. Robert summoned Margaret in the evening. She found Vera huddled up on the sofa, plucking at nothing with her slender hands.

"Mother!" she cried. "Mother! I've got to kill Bob, grandmother says so. It isn't my fault because I have to do what she did. Beside she's come to make me. Stand out in the light, Lilian, where mother can see you. There! . . . . She looks very childish to be my great-great-aunt, but she died young, you see. . . . Mind, Bob! She's coming near you! She's got the dagger! . . . . I don't want to kill you, Bob, really I don't, because you're such a nice boy. . . . And you'll have your good looks when you're killed!" Then she burst into frenzied laughter, and raved, and sang snatches of songs till she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

The next day, although very prostrated, she was sensible; and when she was strong enough to get up they reasoned with her upon the absurdity of her delusion. It was ridiculous, they said, to suppose that what some one else did a hundred years before could have any influence over her. It did not follow that, because she was like Lilian in looks she was like her in character; and even if she were, she would act differently because she was differently situated. Lilian had come to distrust and hate her husband. *She* had every reason to trust and love hers. Lilian would never have done wrong if she had been married to Robert. She agreed in a dull unimpressed way with their arguments. "Only if I *should* go mad you *will* lock me up so that I can't hurt Bob, won't you?" she repeated, after each assent.

"You won't go mad, darling," Robert assured her.

"Your little baby will make you different forever from Lilian," her mother whispered; and then, for the first time, she smiled.

"Yes," she said, "I shall be different from Lilian then."

When she fell *into* fits of brooding, as she did frequently, Margaret could always rouse her with this argument. "Lilian couldn't have done it, if her baby had been born," Vera used to say; "and if she could *I* couldn't."

A fortnight later the baby was born—dead!

They despaired of Vera's life for a full week; and for another week she laid *staring* at the wall without speaking, and they feared that her reason was gone. Then she plucked at Margaret's sleeve and whispered to her. . . . . "I *am* like Lilian, you see," she said. "I've got to kill him. . . . And I love him so!"

She wanted Robert in the room, and she could hardly take her eyes from his chair when he was absent; but she could not bear him to come near her.

"Don't let him come and be killed," she would shriek. "Don't let him!"

Once when she had been staring at him for a long time she suddenly burst out laughing "He doesn't know what I have here!" she whispered to Margaret. They found that she had a stiletto hidden under the bedclothes. She must have crawled out of her room at night and taken it from his study desk, where he kept it as a paper-knife.



Drawn by W. E. Mears

She crawled out of her room at night and took it from his study desk

She was rational in other respects, and they hoped that, as she grew stronger, the delusion would pass away. But, soon after she was allowed to sit up, the nurse was called away for a moment. When she returned Vera was gone from the bedroom. They found her in a faint beside the desk where the stiletto had laid. Several of the drawers were turned out, and she had evidently been looking for it.

When she came to from the faint she talked incessantly to an imaginary Lilian. "I *have* to do it," she would sob, "Haven't I, Lilian? *You* had to do it. Oh! My dear, dear Bob."

She grew very weak from incessant crying, and the doctor warned them that she was gradually sinking; and that unless they could get the delusion out of her head they would lose her. So they reasoned with her and pleaded with her, but without the slightest result. Lilian had killed her husband when they had been married eighteen months, she persisted, "And you know I always do what Lilian did." Margaret suggested that he should go away; but Vera grew so depressed at the idea, that he dared not. He grew white and hollow-faced about this time; and Margaret

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New-York Life Insurance Co.

JOHN A. McCALL, President

BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 1, 1904

ASSETS

Government, State, City, County and other Bonds (market value, $250,140,939), cost value, Dec. 31, 1903		$247,994,383
(The Company does not include in its Assets the excess of total market value of Bonds over total cost value.)		
Bonds and Mortgages (455 first liens)		24,531,774
Deposits in Banks, at interest		22,126,134
Loans to Policy-holders on Policies as security (reserve value thereof, $40,000,000)		28,502,073
Real Estate, 24 pieces (including twelve office buildings, valued at $10,990,000)		12,725,000
Loans on Bonds (market value, $6,522,660)		5,280,000
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums not yet due, reserve charged in Liabilities		3,603,777
Premium Notes on Policies in force (Legal Reserve to secure same, $5,000,000)		3,139,284
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities		2,563,950
Interest and Rents accrued		2,185,672
Total Assets (No stocks of any kind owned or loaned upon)		**$352,652,047**

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserve (per certificate of New York Insurance Dept.), Dec. 31, 1903		$300,090,347
All other Liabilities on Policies, Annuities, Endowments, &c., awaiting presentation for payment		5,456,654
Reserve on Policies which the Company voluntarily sets aside in excess of the State's requirements	$6,859,193	
Reserve to provide Dividends payable to Policy-holders during 1904, and thereafter, as the periods mature:		
To holders of 20-Year Period Policies	23,539,923	
To holders of 15-Year Period Policies	6,991,284	
To holders of 10-Year Period Policies	477,607	
To holders of 5-Year Period Policies	375,002	
To holders of Annual Dividend Policies	830,915	
Reserve to provide for all other contingencies	8,031,122	
Total		47,105,046
Total Liabilities		**$352,652,047**

Increase in Assets during the year - $29,811,147

INCOME, 1903

New Premiums	$16,235,782	
Renewal Premiums	57,146,392	
TOTAL PREMIUMS		$73,382,174
Interest Receipts from:		
Bonds owned	$9,915,238	
Mortgage loans	1,069,639	
Loans to Policy-holders, secured by Policies	1,578,488	
Bank Deposits and Collateral Loans	806,999	
TOTAL INTEREST RECEIPTS		13,370,364
Rents from Company's properties		930,947
Profits realized on Securities sold during the year		274,454
Deposits on account of Registered Bond Policies, etc.		311,592
Total Cash Income		**$88,269,531**

DISBURSEMENTS, 1903

Paid for Death-Claims ($16,860,082), Endowments ($4,305,941), and Annuities ($1,686,696)	$22,852,719
Paid for Dividends ($5,339,292), Surrender Values ($6,412,236), and other Payments ($65,767) to Policy-holders	11,817,295
Commissions and all other payments to agents $7,164,180 (on New Business of year *$326,658,236); Medical Examiners' Fees $748,418, and Inspection of Risks $164,004	8,076,601
Home and Branch Office Expenses, Taxes, Legal Fees, Advertising, Equipment Account, Telegraph, Postage, Commissions on $1,418,554,663 of Old Business and Miscellaneous Expenditures	10,136,844
TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS	$52,883,459
Balance for Reserves—Excess of Income over Disbursements for year	35,386,072
Total Disbursements and Balance for Reserves	**$88,269,531**

**The New Business of 1903, which was $23,860,007 more than that of 1902, was secured at a lower expense rate.*

New Business Paid for in 1903 (171,118 Policies) **$326,658,236**
GAIN IN 1903 (15,678 Policies) **$23,860,007**

Total Paid-for Insurance in force (812,711 Policies) **$1,745,212,899**
GAIN IN 1903 (108,144 Policies) **$191,584,873**

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began to brood with her face on her hand, and came almost to believe the influence that she had scorned.

So Margaret and Robert pleaded with her once more.

"You are killing yourself, sweetheart," he said, "and breaking our hearts; and all for an absurd fancy. Can't you be brave and fight it? How can a woman dead and buried a hundred years ago make you do what you don't want to do?"

"You don't understand," she replied, feebly. "She doesn't *make* me. She is just an index showing what *I shall* do. It's no use shaking your head. You know that I always have done what she did. I have inherited her nature."

"You are not descended from her."

"I am descended from the people that she was descended from. There is some evil fate in them and me: I cannot help it."

"Yes, you can, Ve. Make up your mind that the past has no power over you and its power will cease. Trust yourself to me, and let me fight fate for you." She sighed.

"I can't, dear. . . . You must let me go."

She sank back on her pillows and closed her eyes. Her breath was very faint; and she might almost be dead to look at. Margaret's lips quivered.

"Try to fight it, dear," she entreated. "At least you can try. We will help you. We are strong people, Bob and I. Lean on us." Vera gave a helpless cry.

"I can't, Marjy! I can't! I dare say you are right. You generally are. But *I* believe it, you see." She raised herself on one elbow excitedly. "It is a curse on the blood that is in me—the blood of the Harnleys!"

In the evening she asked for *Bob*. When he went in she sent the nurse out of the room, and told him to hold her close to him.

"I am a foolish weak little thing, Bob," she said, playing restlessly with his jacket; "but you are very strong. You said that you could fight fate. Well, I am going to trust to you, and let you fight it for me. . . . You won't let me hurt you, will you? You're going to fight the bygone Harnleys and their curse for me; and you're going to conquer them, you and she. For I'm not going to think that I'm their child any more, only my brave Marjy's. . . . God bless her!"

"God bless her!" He buried his face in his hands; and the tears trickled through his fingers. He and Margaret who were so strong had fought with their strength and failed, he was thinking, and the weak little creature, who lay so close to his heart, had fought with her love; and won!

Swearing Allegiance to Panama

By Jorge Nelken y Walberg

Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in Panama

DECEMBER 20 was a gala-day in Panama, or *dia de fiesta*, as they call it on the isthmus. The army, the police force, and the fire department swore the oath of fidelity to the new flag of Panama. The proceedings were very imposing: at 4.30 A.M. the buglers played a call, and the troops formed at the Place Chirrigui, now called Plaza de Armas, where an altar decorated with American and Panamanian flags had been placed. At six o'clock the two regiments and General Huertas, accompanied by his staff, were awaiting the arrival of the police, fire department, and general staff. Immediately after, Señor Nicanor Obarrio, the Secretary of War, followed by Señor Agustin y Arango, the President of the provisory government, arrived in carriages. At about 8 A.M. the chaplain of the army arrived, and ladies of the highest society crowded the observation stand.

The chaplain, after having read the mass, proceeded to bless the regimental flags. This ceremony over, the troops swore the oath of allegiance. Most of the troops were formerly Colombians, but from to-day on are officially recognized as the Panamanian army, without distinction of birth, and are considered equal to the native Panamanians.

Speeches were made by several of the dignitaries present, and at the close of the ceremony a feast was served at the barracks for the troops.

Progress of Science

Rules for Prolonging Life

THE question of the possible extension of human life has recently had renewed consideration by a British scientist. In a lecture delivered before the Royal College of Physicians, in London, Sir Hermann Weber, M.D., F.R.C.P., propounded certain conclusions which he had arrived at as to the best means for prolonging life. The main points in his advice were comprised in these prescriptions:

"Moderation in eating, drinking, and physical indulgence.

"Pure air out of the house and within.

"The keeping of every organ of the body, as far as possible, in constant working order.

"Regular exercise every day in all weathers; supplemented in many cases by breathing movements, and by walking and climbing tours.

"Going to bed early and rising early, and restricting the hours of sleep to six or seven hours.

"Daily baths or ablutions according to individual conditions, cold or warm, or warm followed by cold.

"Regular work and mental occupation.

"Cultivation of placidity, cheerfulness, and hopefulness of mind.

"Employment of the great power of the mind in controlling passions and nervous fear.

"Strengthening the will in carrying out whatever is useful, and in checking the craving for stimulants, anodynes, and other injurious agencies."

Curiosities of the Senses

That impressions made on one of the senses may produce similar impressions on another sense is a fact whose observation has come within the experience of many. There are persons for whom sounds have their equivalents in colors, and who unconsciously translate aural impressions into those of color. To many, the tones of the different instruments in an orchestra, for instance, have their characteristic color correspondences, the violins being orange or red, the flutes white or pale blue, the trumpets and trombones bright yellow or gold.

An extraordinary instance is described in the *Revue Philosophique*. The subject was a youth of twenty-six, born of a neuropathic family. He developed epilepsy in his thirteenth year, and the attacks seriously impaired his mental faculties, although his color sense, which had been remarkable since birth, remained uncommonly acute. The human voice had always, it appears, represented colors to him,—colors of a prism-like delicacy. Even the cries of animals were colored. In the case of the human voice the most intense color impressions resulted from the sound of the spoken vowels. *A*, for example, gave the impression of light green, and other senses were affected as well. The impressions succeeded and were merged into each other. Other vowel sounds produced these peculiar associates: *e* was yellow, *u* dark green, *y* white, *i* black. The printed vowels produced the same impressions, varying in vividness. Smells also had their correspondences—iodoform was deep red, conveying also a sour and bitter taste, and impressions of taste likewise conveyed their equivalent: thus salt was yellow, sweet carmine. "Synesthesia" is science's name for the abnormal condition responsible for this particular phenomenon.

Cars on Skates

The American Inventor reports a new system of railway operation, described as a device for running cars without wheels. Instead, a series of skates, or slippers, are attached to the bottom of the car: between the skates and the rails a thin stream of water is forced from a jet, creating a slight film, on which the car runs. It is asserted that by this method the track resistance is reduced, so that less running power is needed; a smoother motion is also secured, resulting in less wear and tear both of the car and of the rails. The train is run by electric motors, operating a friction-wheel which moves on a third rail between the two outer rails.

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Music

"Tristan" and Mottl

MR. CONRIED, having triumphed with variable success over the difficulties which beset the producer of Wagner's "Walküre," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," and "Parsifal," put his orchestral and vocal departments to the supreme test on January 10 in a performance of the master's most exacting and inspired score, "Tristan und Isolde," with Mr. Mottl in the conductor's chair, and an American singer in the part of the Irish princess.

There are some who have held in the past, despite the preachments of the commentators, that "Tristan" is essentially a symphonic poem with subsidiary text and action. It was said in the WEEKLY a year ago, after a particularly effective reading of the score under Mr. Hertz's direction, that it did not seem possible "to yield oneself to the sway of this magnificent tone-poem—this music which is truly, like the poetry of Shelley, 'a singing and soaring flame'—and not realize, with the utmost conviction, that here is no mere *dramma per musica*, no stage play with an accessory musical accompaniment, but rather a lyric rhapsody with a wholly incidental text."

The performance under Mr. Conried has served, rather unexpectedly, to confirm that opinion. It was, almost from the start, a performance with the statue set firmly in the orchestra, and the pedestal more or less unsteadily upon the stage—the realizing of an accusation which the Wagnerites have always indignantly denied. Some one, hitherto a scrupulous adherent of the precepts of Bayreuth, was heard to wish, in a moment of forgetfulness, that the curtain might be lowered on the proceedings behind the footlights, leaving one to the uninterrupted enjoyment of the orchestral chorus. Few living conductors, save Mr. Mottl, could so have hypnotized the elect. Under his magnetic compulsion the instrumental voices became a surging lava-flood: not even under the great Seidl was the voicing of the orchestra more sustained and puissant in its eloquence: his climaxes are prodigious. It was a singular triumph for him, and he shared it with none. Neither the *Isolde* of Marion Weed nor the *Tristan* of Kraus is adequate, although they both have moments of excellence: nor is Miss Walker's *Brangäne* particularly effective. Klöpfer's *Mark*, though, is admirable, as is, of course, the familiar and touching *Kurwenal* of Van Rooy.

Some Opinions

Professor Felix Borowski, of the Chicago Musical College, contributes to a recent issue of *The World To-day* some remarks on the present condition of music. He is disposed to take a pessimistic view: "At the birth of the nineteenth century Beethoven and Haydn were at the zenith of their powers, and Schubert was commencing a career of artistic glory. . . . There are no giants in these days, and even the most remarkable living composers, such as Grieg or Dvorak, are not Germans."

Curious opinions. Does the professor really consider Grieg and Dvorak "the most remarkable living composers," and Dvorak "perhaps the greatest"? Many have conferred that distinction on Richard Strauss, whom Professor Borowski dismisses as an orchestral writer whose compositions "depend for their effect not so much upon what is said in them as in the manner of saying it"—a threadbare fallacy. France, it appears, "contains but two composers of the first rank," Saint-Saëns and—Massenet! One cannot help wondering where Debussy and Vincent d'Indy belong in the professor's scheme of things. England's chief glory, it appears, is "Richard" Elgar,—whom history will probably recognize as Edward of that surname. American composers are treated with respect. Professor Borowski properly admits the importance of Mr. MacDowell—"the most gifted of American writers." But the professor should scan the map of musical Europe a little more closely. It is too bad of him to ignore so many other geniuses of the eminent rank of Massenet.

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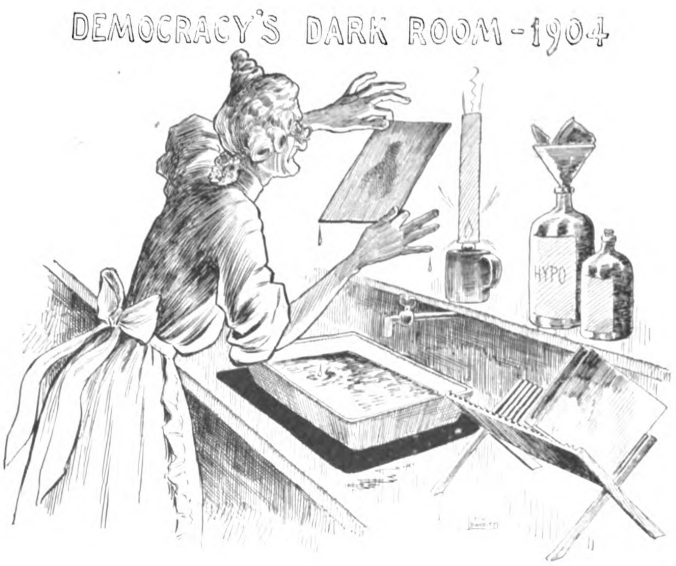
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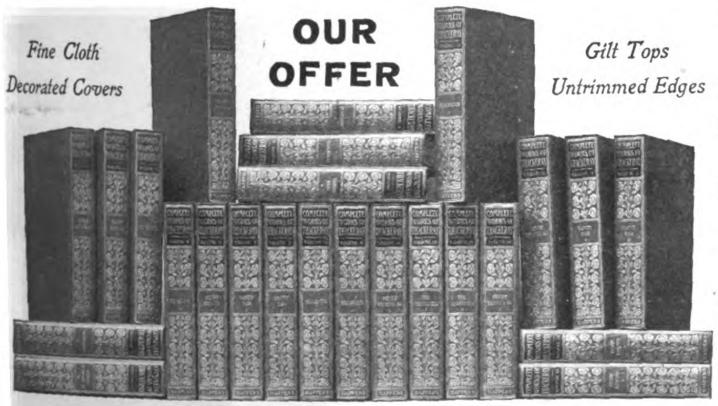




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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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"CAN I CUT A FIGURE 4?"

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COMMENT

WASHINGTON, *January 26, 1904.*

ANYBODY who supposes that President Roosevelt is not prepared for a contest with Senator Hanna in the event of the latter declaring himself a candidate makes a mistake. He is booted and spurred and ready for any fray that may come along. He neither underrates nor overrates Senator Hanna's strength. He appreciates the fact that the Senator would have a large majority of the delegates from his own State, possibly a third from Indiana, a fourth from Illinois, a few from New York, all of the purchasable votes from the South, and scattering delegates from various States who feel under obligations to Mr. Hanna for political favors rendered. The minimum of his strength would be one-third and the maximum two-fifths if the convention were held now. Whether a change can be worked before June no man can tell; so Mr. Hanna continues to play his waiting game, holding the reins well in hand and his possible candidacy as a menace over the President. Opinions differ respecting the quality of this attitude. Some regard it as not wholly creditable to a chairman of the National Committee; others see no reason why he should not remain practically in the field up to the very day of the convention, and then, if defeat should stare him in the face, win applause by an emphatic and dramatic withdrawal. Contrary to many published reports, Mr. Roosevelt considers the maintenance of the Senator's position as wholly within his rights, eminently proper, whether wise or not, and in no sense a personal affront to himself. He is what they call out West "a true sport," and quite willing to abide by any result, so long as the game is played fairly.

***

We ourselves think, and suspect that the country is beginning to think, that it would be more becoming in Senator Hanna to "fish or cut bait." The position in which he leaves the President as the target of every cartoonist capable of depicting the effect of a nightmare is surely anything but beneficial to the political party of which he is the official head, and for whose prosperity, so long as he shall hold that position, he is personally responsible. But it is, after all, a matter of taste rather than of honor, and there is this to be said at least in extenuation of conduct which ordinarily would not win the approval of fair minds: Mr. Hanna undoubtedly is subjected to constant and strong pressure from very potent forces closely affiliated with those financial interests to which he owes his success as the manager of two national campaigns. No one not in intimate touch with men standing for those interests can appreciate the bitterness with which Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy is regarded. Anybody to beat him, is the constant expression of a stern determination—a Republican preferably, a Democrat if necessary, but *anybody* will do. It is, we believe, a fact that any conservative Democrat would be backed by a campaign fund ten times as large as could be raised for Mr. Roosevelt. We are not prepared to believe that money alone can elect a President of the United States, but it is undeniably a sufficient factor to make the present situation, from a Republican standpoint, about as serious as could be imagined.

***

We cannot, however, escape the conviction that the financial interests referred to make a mistake in urging Senator Hanna to remain a passive candidate or in conniving at his nomination. What would be the situation in the event of a successful effort? Simply this, in blazing letters from Maine to California: "Roosevelt beaten and Hanna nominated—*by the money power.*" Everybody would know how the trick had been turned, how many delegates had been bought, what they had cost, and all the shameful details. In no way possible could secrecy be maintained. The favorite of millions of people, an admittedly honest man, striving earnestly, whether successfully or not, to do what is right in every contingency, could not be beaten by such means—and that is the only way he *could* be beaten—without producing such an outburst of indignation, from a sense of deepest outrage, as would not only overwhelm the nominee at the polls, but *would dominate the Democratic convention.* We firmly believe that if Mr. Hanna shall defeat Mr. Roosevelt in Chicago, Mr. Bryan will be nominated in St. Louis, and win to a certainty in November. Mr. Roosevelt's nomination, on the contrary, would naturally result in the naming of his antithesis by the Democrats, in which case there need be no destruction of confidence or disturbance of business. It may be a choice of evils, but those who are urging Mr. Hanna's candidacy upon himself and his party may as well be brought to a realization of the danger of playing with fire.

***

Governor Durbin's self-reported talk with the President, whom he told that Indiana sentiment was largely in Mr. Hanna's favor, was no more nor less than an intimation of the desirability of naming an Indiana man for Vice-President. Who the man should be was left delicately to the imagination. The fact is that the Indiana delegation, by a large majority in any event and probably with unanimity, will support Mr. Roosevelt; for Vice-President it will advocate Senator Fairbanks, if he should decide to permit the use of his name; otherwise, Governor Durbin. Senator Beveridge, being assured of reelection, is definitely and finally out of the race for the Vice-Presidency.

***

We shrewdly suspect that the selection of St. Louis in preference to Chicago as the meeting-place of the Democratic convention was due less to apprehension of the effect of Hearst booming than to the fact that Southwestern sentiment has been distinctly pro-Gorman and Northwestern sentiment somewhat anti-Gorman for a good many years.

An authorized statement of the reasons why Mr. Hearst considers himself a suitable and desirable candidate for the Democratic nomination is made by Mr. Arthur Brisbane, the talented young socialist who writes editorials that are more entertaining than convincing for Mr. Hearst's newspapers. Mr. Brisbane's first FACT is that Mr. Hearst is not "an inexperienced youth" because he is forty years old. This we are prepared to admit as self-evident. Then Mr. Brisbane assures us that Mr. Hearst is NOT a "demagogue" and NOT a "violent radical." There are demagogues and demagogues; some are almost desirable in democratic communities having at times monarchical tendencies; others are not; that Mr. Hearst belongs to neither class is encouraging and to some will seem surprising. Respecting the second assertion, we are disposed to think that our earnest young advocate—he is only forty himself—misplaces his capitals. "Not a VIOLENT radical" would have carried conviction, for a milder-mannered gentleman never scuttled a ship. Summarizing Mr. Brisbane's intimately thoughtful conclusions, however, we are told: (1) that Mr. Hearst has proven his executive ability by successfully conducting four newspapers; (2) that he understands agricultural requirements because he owns several wheat-farms and has "discouraged the manufacture of shoddy";

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(3) that he has demonstrated his unselfishness by advocating public ownership of properties, although personally a stockholder in many corporations, and by supporting an income tax despite the fact that he would have to pay one himself; (4) that he believes a "worker" should be enabled to earn enough to "keep his wife comfortable"; (5) that he is a vote-getter because he had a larger majority in his Congressional district than Parker or McClellan; (6) that he would not be "an enemy to the business interests of the country" because he himself is in business and a capitalist; and, finally, (7) that he is "a loyal Democrat" because he supported Bryan, although in his heart opposed to free silver. Truly, an all-round candidate. The cause is impregnable. But why should Mr. Hearst limit his ambition to *one* nomination? He is clearly entitled to both; with Prohibition support thrown in because, strangely enough, even Mr. Brisbane's comprehensive tribute fails to note the final and conclusive FACT that Mr. Hearst neither drinks, smokes, nor chews.

In a speech delivered by Mr. William J. Bryan in Lincoln, Nebraska, at a banquet given to commemorate his return from Europe, he made it plain that he will demand a reaffirmation of the Kansas City platform by the Democratic national convention at St. Louis. He repudiates the policy of accepting "accomplished facts." Shall we accept imperialism, he asks, as an accomplished fact, in order to appease those Democrats who are willing to indorse "government without the consent of the governed?" He will not entertain the thought of such a surrender. Shall we, he continues, change our position on the trust question, in order to secure the support of the trust magnates? This question, also, is answered in the negative. Mr. Bryan asserts that Democrats want the trust magnates against them, and not for them. Their support would cast suspicion on the Democracy. Mr. Bryan even insists upon retaining the plank in the Kansas City platform which advocated the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. In fact, the Kansas City platform is pronounced sound in every fibre, and, if Mr. Bryan can have his way, it will be readopted in its entirety, although he admits that new planks covering new questions should be added.

It is just as well that Mr. Bryan should let us know betimes what he would do, if he and his coadjutors could succeed in electing a majority of the delegates to the St. Louis convention. They have not the smallest chance of securing such a majority. It is well known that, even at Kansas City, they only managed to obtain a reinsertion of the free-silver plank by a majority of one in the platform committee; and that vote was given by the delegate from Hawaii. Nobody knows better than Mr. Bryan that he and his friends will have nothing to do with framing the platform at St. Louis. As we have said in another paragraph, the utmost they hope for is to dominate a little more than a third of the delegates, and thus veto the nomination of an objectionable candidate. Would they veto the nomination of Judge Parker? We are told that some of Mr. Bryan's friends are investigating the report that Judge Parker voted for Palmer and Buckner in 1896. The report was current in the autumn of 1897, and was refuted by a letter addressed to Mr. Danforth, chairman of the State Democratic Committee. In that letter Chief-Judge Parker told his correspondent that he voted for the last national nominees of the Democratic party, as he had voted for all of the regular Democratic nominees since he had a vote. Whether or not he approved of the Chicago platform of 1896 Judge Parker did not say, and Mr. Bryan has no more right to put such a question to him than he would have had to put it to Mr. Clarke, whom he, Bryan, did his best last year to make United States Senator from Ohio.

Is it absolutely certain, as Senator Platt asserts, that the New York delegation to the Republican national convention will go instructed to vote as a unit for the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt? The question could be quickly answered if we knew precisely what Governor Odell's wishes are. Does he want to be nominated for a third term of the Governorship? Whatever some of Mr. Roosevelt's optimistic friends may say, nobody knows better than Governor Odell that the Republican candidate for the Presidency will have to carry the State of New York, and that this indispensable result cannot easily be attained if Governor Odell is a candidate for reelection. Would the Governor's ambition be satisfied with the post of chairman of the Republican State Committee? It is hard to believe that such an office would content him, and we are assured on what is said to be good authority that he has never thought of resuming the chairmanship. What is it, then, that he desires? Does he want to succeed Mr. Depew as United States Senator? Why, then, does he allow it to be reported from Albany that he favors, first, ex-Governor Black, next, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and then Mr. Edward H. Harriman, for the place? He certainly cannot imagine that, even if Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy should fail to meet with the approval of the Republican national convention—an improbable contingency—the choice of the convention might fall on the present Governor of New York, to the exclusion of Senator Hanna, Senator Fairbanks, and many other eminent representatives of the West. There must be some limit to hypothesis, and we cannot bring ourselves to suppose that Mr. Benjamin Odell can have the Presidential bee in his bonnet.

Is it possible that he has entered into a secret combination for the purpose of sending the New York delegation to Chicago uninstructed, and, if opportunity should serve, of uniting with Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and some other States in opposition to Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy? To our own mind the supposition is incredible, for it would involve an exhibition of unparalleled ingratitude. Was it not after the return of Governor Odell from a visit to the White House that his friends acclaimed him as the recognized successor of Senator Platt in the leadership of the Republican party in the State of New York. Without Mr. Roosevelt's recognition, Mr. Odell could not have pretended to the leadership of his party in his native State, even if it be true that Senator Platt is disabled physically to a limited extent. Would Mr. Odell stab his benefactor?

The Democratic National Committee, which met at Washington on January 12, decided that the Democratic national convention shall be held in St. Louis on July 6—that is to say, fifteen days after the convention of the party now in power. Up to a short time before the vote was taken it was supposed that Chicago would secure the convention, but that city was rejected on the supposed ground that the Hearst boomers had been its most fervent advocates. It is evident that the Bryan-Johnson-Hearst element does not control the Democratic National Committee, and we shall be surprised if it succeeds in dominating a third of the delegates to the national convention. That is, of course, the furthest limit of its hopes. The notion that the Democratic national convention would nominate for the Presidency Mr. Hearst, who cannot get a delegate from the State he lives in, is not entertained, so far as we are aware, by anybody outside of Bedlam. Nevertheless, if Mr. Hearst and Mayor Johnson can get Mr. Bryan's cooperation, and therewith manage to influence a third of the Democratic national convention, they can veto the nomination of any candidate unacceptable to themselves, or prescribe the terms on which their support might be given, which, perhaps, would include the nomination of Mr. Hearst for the Governorship in the State of New York.

Such a concession would, no doubt, be exceedingly repugnant to the friends of Senator Hill on the one hand, and to the leader of Tammany Hall on the other; yet, for the sake of harmony, it might have to be made. For our own part, we have never been disposed to depreciate, otherwise than in a good-humored way, the Hearst boom. Not that we have imagined that its launchers expect to gain the Democratic nomination for their candidate. In our opinion, they are proceeding on the time-honored principle of aiming at the sky in the hope of hitting a tree. Besides, no sensible Democrat wants to drive the Bryanite element into revolt. It is true that Mr. Bryan, if he deemed himself so ill treated by the Democracy as to be forced to accept a Populist nomination, would have scarcely any chance of polling so large a vote as was cast in 1892, when the Populist machinery was in excellent order, and when Mr. Weaver polled more than 800,000 popular votes, and got 22 electoral votes. Nevertheless, Mr. Bryan undoubtedly would display a good deal of strength at the ballot-box—a strength that ought to be employed for the Democratic nominee. There is only one man in the United States who, as his experience in 1892 has shown,

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could beat Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan put together. That man, as we scarcely need remind our readers, resides in Princeton, New Jersey.

The daily newspapers continue to discuss the eligibility of Mayor McClellan to the Presidency, he having been born in Germany while his parents were travelling abroad. It is true that the Federal Constitution provides that no person except a "natural-born" citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, shall be eligible to the office of President. It is also true that the Constitution does not define the term "natural-born," but the first Congress, within less than a year after the government established by the Constitution went into operation, declared that children of citizens of the United States who should be born beyond sea or without the limits of the United States should be considered as "natural-born" citizens. This definition has been upheld in subsequent Federal statutes and by the United States Supreme Court. There is no doubt that the definition was simply declaratory of the common law of England and of the law of nations, both of which construe the term "natural-born" in the same way. The only plausible objection to Mayor McClellan's eligibility to the Presidency is based upon the theory that the statutory definition of the term "natural-born" employed in the fifth clause of the first section of the second article of the United States Constitution has been superseded by the Fourteenth Amendment, which declares that "all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside."

It is asserted that the words quoted constitute an exhaustive definition of citizenship, and, consequently, render Mayor McClellan ineligible for the Presidency. Moreover, they would require him, it is said, to be naturalized, in order to become a citizen. This is, evidently, a mistake. The United States Supreme Court, in construing the effect of the words quoted on Mr. McClellan's eligibility, would unquestionably look at the intention of the framers of the amendment. Their intention, obviously, was to expand, and not to contract, the number of American citizens. Their definition, therefore, is inclusive, but not exclusive. Their purpose was to confer citizenship on the colored race, and not, even by implication, to take from the foreign-born children of white American citizens any rights previously conceded them by statute. That is to say, the Fourteenth Amendment has no bearing whatever on the statutory and judicial definition of the words "natural-born," which occur in the fifth clause of the first section of the second article of the Constitution. No doubt, therefore, is tenable concerning Mayor McClellan's eligibility to the Presidency.

As stocks closed pretty strong on December 31 and January 2 on the New York Stock Exchange, several theories have been put forward to account for the non-arrival of the expected "January boom." The "war scare" in the Far East is not an adequate explanation, and the prospect of a temporary accommodation of the conflicting interests of Japan and Russia has been somewhat brighter than it was toward the close of the last month. Moreover, many thoughtful persons have arrived at the conclusion that, should the United States remain neutral—our neutrality may be taken for granted—we have more to gain than lose by a war between Japan and Russia. The announcement that the Mikado's Ministers proposed to take for government use the vessels owned by all the leading Japanese steamship lines plying in the Pacific obviously promised an increase of business to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which is virtually owned by the Southern Pacific Railway. The immediate result of the announcement was a jump of 2 5-8 in the price of the stock of Pacific Mail. It is further computed that, in the week ending January 16, not less than $5,000,000 was disbursed in this country on Russian and Japanese account for foodstuffs and other commodities. Our geographical position would enable us to profit more than would any other neutral power by the vastly increased demand which, in the event of war, would certainly be made by both combatants for supplies of every kind. Should France and England be eventually drawn into the contest, our position would be far more advantageous. It is highly probable that, in such a contingency, a considerable proportion of England's merchant navy would be placed under the American flag.

It is scarcely reasonable, therefore, to ascribe the unexpected depression on the New York Stock Exchange to the apprehension of war in the Far East. Is it the anticipated decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Northern Securities cases—there are two of them—which is acting like a wet blanket on speculators and investors? We deem it improbable that the decision in the first of these cases will be rendered before the middle of February; and, even should it be adverse to the merger of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific railways, it by no means follows that every other merger would be at the mercy of blackmailers. Unquestionably, should the merger named be pronounced invalid by our highest Federal tribunal, every individual who could show that he has personally suffered damage by a similar merger would be at liberty to institute a suit, but his good faith would have to be susceptible of demonstration. As for the relatively meagre earnings of the United States Steel Corporation in the quarter ending December 31, 1903, the effect of the official disclosure was discounted some time ago, and this is true also of the earnings for the quarter ending March 31, which, even in the most prosperous years, are, by comparison with other quarters, small. On the whole, when we consider the remarkable inflow of money to New York during the first weeks of January and the ease with which it may be borrowed in the commercial metropolis, the reluctance of investors and speculators to take advantage of the abnormally low prices for the most approved securities is not easy to account for.

We are surprised to hear that Mr. Moody, Secretary of the Navy, is reluctant to submit any definite programme of navy expansion to the Fifty-eighth Congress, but is inclined to leave the representatives of the people to decide for themselves what types of vessels should be authorized. Unquestionably, the ultimate decision as to how the money shall be spent will come from the House of Representatives and the Senate, since by them the appropriation must be made. It does not follow that the Navy Department should not have the courage of its convictions, and throw the weight of its official authority in the direction of which it approves. If Mr. Moody, like his chief, President Roosevelt, believes that a strong navy operates like a policy of national insurance, he ought to point out to Congress precisely what he means by "strength." His ideas on the subject ought by this time to be clarified. He should not need to be reminded that the General Board, in replying to a resolution asking for information upon which to base consistent and an intelligent programme of naval increase, declared its belief last year that the defence of the United States, of its insular possessions, and of its commercial interests demanded a fleet possessing an effective fighting nucleus of forty-eight first-class battle-ships.

The General Board added that, in its opinion, for every group of four battle-ships there should be two armored cruisers, four "cruising scouts," and four large seagoing torpedo-boat-destroyers. We have now only eleven battle-ships in commission, and as many more building. When the latter are completed, we shall still fall short by twenty-six of the nucleus declared by the General Board to be indispensable. As for armored cruisers, we have but two, the *New York* and *Brooklyn*, although eight are on the stocks. Of cruising scouts—*i.e.*, vessels of moderate size, but able to make twenty-five knots an hour—we have none at all in commission. On the other hand, of torpedo-boat-destroyers, of which, according to the General Board, there should be one for every battle-ship, we have fifteen in commission and six building. It seems to us that if we are to heed the advice which we asked for and got from the General Board, the Fifty-eighth Congress ought to provide at this session, as it did last year, for no fewer than five battle-ships, for at least two armored cruisers, and for half a dozen cruising scouts of from fifteen hundred to three thousand tons displacement. As Admiral Dewey has often pointed out, the battle-ship is the backbone of a fleet.

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Unquestionably armored cruisers are also imperatively needed, and must be forthcoming. It does not follow that the building of battle-ships should be discontinued, even for a year.

We discuss at some length elsewhere what might be done for Colombia, notwithstanding the firm refusal of our government to accept any responsibility for the secession of the state of Panama. We should note here that in the correspondence between Secretary Hay and General Reyes, transmitted by Mr. Roosevelt to the Senate, the representative of Colombia allowed himself to make a grave charge against our State Department. On no authority except that of unnamed "reputable American newspapers," he asserted that, before the *coup de main* which proclaimed the independence of the isthmus took place at Panama, there were at Washington agents of the authors of the *coup* "in conference with high personages clothed with official character." Mr. John Hay, Secretary of State, repels with indignation the imputation on the conduct and motives of our government. Any charge, he says, that our government, or any responsible member of it, held intercourse, whether official or unofficial, with agents of the revolution in Colombia, is utterly without justification. Equally unwarranted, he declares, is the insinuation that any *action* of this government, prior to the revolution in Panama, was the result of complicity with the plans of the revolutionists. The Department, adds the Secretary, sees fit to make these denials, and it makes them finally. Mr. John Hay's word has never been doubted by any man who has known him, and, for our part, we accept his statement unreservedly.

German Southwest Africa is threatened with a repetition of the horrors of the Zulu war, when the assegais of the native savages caused the wholesale slaughter of so many of the finest British troops, and brought death, amongst others, to the Prince Imperial of France. The German colony which is the scene of this very serious native uprising lies immediately north of the Orange River and west of the Transvaal, running up to the Zambesi and west to the ocean. It is the region to which the Boers, at one period of the South-African war, were supposed to have planned a general retreat, a new "trek" to the west, to escape from the advance of England. In reality, this region is, for the most part, an inhospitable desert. Equal in area to Texas, Oklahoma, and the Indian Territory combined, it has less than a tenth of their sparse population; in fact, in over three hundred thousand square miles German Southwest Africa has under two hundred thousand inhabitants. Of these, only two thousand five hundred are Germans, with some two thousand other Europeans as their fellow colonists. They are, therefore, outnumbered by the natives by about a hundred to one. These four or five thousand colonists include an armed guard of some seven or eight hundred men, who are now called on to face scores of thousands of armed savages, who threaten to sweep them to entire destruction. No reenforcements can reach the colony from Germany before February 8, and even these, to the number of some five hundred or a thousand men, seem quite inadequate to meet the real and pressing danger. The fierce conflicts which have gone on for many months between picked English troops and the Somali Mullah show what bitter experience may be in store for the German colonists, who are scattered among distant inland stations, the largest of which, Windhoek, is about two hundred miles from the coast, and, though connected with Swakopmund harbor by railroad, may easily be cut off by the destruction of a few miles of track.

The statement commented upon in the WEEKLY last week, that there were unusually few lynchings in the country last year, is not borne out by the statistics gathered by the Chicago *Tribune*. The probabilities, as estimated in the statement which the WEEKLY followed, were that not more than a dozen lynchings took place in the country in the six months following the particularly shocking case of negro-burning in Wilmington, Delaware, in June. The estimate for the whole year was sixty. The *Tribune*, however, reports a total for the year of 104, which is six more than in 1902, but less than in any other recent year. According to the *Tribune's* record, the Wilmington horror in June had no immediate deterrent effect on lynching, for in that month there were twenty cases, and in July nineteen. Of the 104 persons lynched last year, eighty-four were male negroes. Of the crimes which lead to lynching, eleven were criminal assault, and ten were attempted criminal assault. That is, about one lynching in five was due to crime, or attempted crime, against women. For murder forty-seven persons were lynched; for murderous assault, complicity in murder or suspicion of murder, fifteen persons, so that murder was the moving cause in almost two-thirds of the lynching cases recorded.

President Jacob Gould Schurman, of Cornell University, is an expansionist by imagination if not by conviction. On January 14, before the Economic League of Lockport, New York, he said he believed that war was bound to come in Panama, and that once the United States troops enter Colombian territory they will never stop until they raise the flag over Bogota. "And where the flag has been raised," he added, "it will not come down." This prospect does not seem to daunt Dr. Schurman, though he does not consider that we have much law on our side in our dispute with Colombia. "I believe fully," he says, "that this country is bound to expand to the north and to the south—to the south first." He sees danger in the probability that the United States may inaugurate a policy of colonization, and may seek to govern outside the Constitution rather than give Statehood or territorial government, or independence under the protection of the United States. If we expand and neither admit independence nor treat subject nations as political equals, we will go, he thinks, the way that Rome went. These latter forebodings are sufficiently remote not to stir the hair on the average reader's scalp. As for raising our flag over Bogota, there would seem to be two considerable hindrances to that. One is that we don't want it there; the other that the Colombians don't want it there. *Per contra* it is possible to imagine that the Colombian Liberals are in a desperate enough mood to welcome any change that would rid them of the despotism of President Marroquin and the Clericals. And as for ourselves it is of course conceivable that we include an element that would be glad to see our flag go up anywhere where it does not belong, and would bawl lustily to keep it up if once it were raised. But it would be only under exceptional conditions that such an element would get a hearing.

Dr. Parkhurst's recent comments on the Iroquois Theatre fire seem in the main to be theologically sound, though somewhat sensational in form. Yet, in at least one point he lays his orthodoxy open to dispute. Descanting on the invariable quality of fire, which always burns, he said, as reported: "Christ, in the midst of the flames of the Iroquois Theatre, would have perished as readily as any other one of the 600." On this point the Doctor seems somewhat rashly positive. Do we not read in the sacred writings, to wit, in Daniel iii., that when Nebuchadnezzar the king had cast into the particularly hot fiery furnace, the three young Jews who refused to bow down to the king's golden image at the sound of the sackbut, not only were the young men not consumed, but the king himself testified: "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt: and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God"? Here we have interesting documentary evidence of an occurrence which seems adapted to abate in large measure the positivity of the Doctor's assertion. What is the use of asserting things which cannot possibly be proved, and which are as easily questioned as asserted?

According to Mr. Bourke Cockran, the most melancholy sight in the world is a millionaire face to face with his securities. The one place, he says, where sadness always prevails is not the prison, the insane-asylum, the hospital, or the almshouse. It is the safe-deposit vault. There, Mr. Cockran says, happiness never enters. It looks as if he had not locked up the right things at the right time. A safe-deposit vault is not built for joy, but for security. When filled with other people's valuables it is not especially exhilarating, but why it should be so depressing to a man whose own honest winnings or savings it keeps does not appear. What is there in Mr. Cockran's box that makes him so sad?

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The Project of an Arbitration Treaty with Great Britain Revived

MR. THOMAS BARCLAY, who may justly claim to have been the principal author of the limited arbitration treaty recently concluded between Great Britain and France, may well feel encouraged at the measure of success which already has attended his efforts to revive in a modified form the defunct Olney-Pauncefote treaty providing for arbitration between Great Britain and the United States. The first gun of his campaign was fired in the January number of the *North American Review*, and it is worth while to note the position taken in the article contributed to that periodical, before marking the results of his subsequent endeavors. Mr. Barclay evinced much discretion in the suggestions made by him in the *Review* to his American coadjutors. He pointed out that, as the first step in the negotiations which culminated in the Olney-Pauncefote treaty of 1897 was taken by Lord Salisbury, the initiatory move, if the project is to be revived, ought, as a matter of diplomatic etiquette, to be made by the United States. That should be obvious. We can hardly expect a great power like the United Kingdom to sue a second time for a boon which we have once refused. Mr. Barclay was also careful to suggest that American advocates of an arbitration treaty with Great Britain should not make the tactical blunder of insisting at the outset upon too sweeping an assent to their wishes. No such blunder was committed in the recent negotiations between the French and British Foreign Offices. In that case the friends of arbitration, asking for but little, and ostensibly obtaining but little, believe that in reality they have secured a great deal. The scope of the Anglo-French Treaty is confined to "judicial questions," or those arising out of the interpretation of existing treaties; and all matters involving the "national honor" or "vital interests" are specifically excepted from its operation. To infer, however, that nothing substantial has been gained by it would be an obvious mistake. In the first place, it is the first general treaty of arbitration ever entered into between two great powers. In the second place, so far as Great Britain and France are concerned, it does all that was contemplated by the Czar when he invited the great powers to confer with him at The Hague; for his proposal to make arbitration compulsory contained the same restrictions as to "national honor" and "vital interests." In the third place, it should be obvious that *any* treaty of arbitration gains time for the governments bound by it, whatever be the real nature of the emergency. Every question is a *judicial* one, till either party disputes its being so.

Now, all that Mr. Thomas Barclay seems to have desired to accomplish by his present visit to the United States is to persuade our Federal Executive and Federal Senate to adopt a treaty of arbitration with Great Britain that shall go no further than the *agreement lately made by England with France*. He evidently does not think it expedient to suggest at this time a revival of the Olney-Pauncefote treaty. That convention, he reminds us, went much further than the Anglo-French Treaty goes. By the first article, for example, the *parties agreed to submit to arbitration*, in accordance with the provisions and subject to the limitations of the treaty, *all questions in difference* between them which they might fail to adjust by diplomatic negotiation. This article gave the executive in either country power to submit matters of the gravest national importance to arbitration of the ordinary kind—*i. e.*, arbitration where the deciding vote is given by an umpire, unless one of the two signatory powers should object to such a reference. In the latter event a question in dispute was to be referred to a tribunal, which would not include an umpire, but would be composed of an equal number of judges from both sides, like the Alaska Boundary Commission. It will be remembered that our Federal Senate declined to ratify the Olney-Pauncefote arbitration treaty unless it should include the following proviso, which, it is needless to say, would *not be accepted* by the British Foreign Office. The proviso ran: "Any agreement to submit, together with its formulations, shall, in every case, before it becomes final, be communicated by the President of the United States to the Senate with his approval, and be concurred in by two-thirds of the Senators present." It does not follow that our Federal Senate would insist upon the insertion of such a proviso in a new treaty of arbitration, which, modelled on its Anglo-French predecessor, should be restricted to judicial questions or those arising out of the interpretation of existing treaties.

An arbitration treaty so circumscribed in scope might be deemed less open to objections based on our Federal Constitution, and it certainly would be less open to objections founded on political expediency. It should be borne in mind, moreover, that the feeling with which Great Britain is now popularly regarded in the United States differs materially from the sentiment which was current among large sections of our population in 1897. At the date last named not only Irish-Americans, but also Americans of Revolutionary ancestry, who, whatever may be their numerical strength, constitute by far the most influential element of our population, were still deeply imbued, or, as some onlookers said, infected, with Anglophobia. The existence of such an antipathy, partly traditional and partly rational, can alone account for the overwhelming approach to unanimous approval which Mr. Cleveland's Venezuela message met with in the United States. We do but chronicle a patent truth when we assert that the forbearance, not to say meekness, with which a mighty and high-spirited nation, like the British, received Mr. Cleveland's rebuff, and, refraining from defiance, suggested accommodation, produced a profound impression upon fair-minded Americans, no matter what might happen to be their race affiliations. For the first time, in the minds of not a few American citizens, there began to germinate a feeling of something like respect and admiration for the self restraint of the British Foreign Office. That feeling was immensely deepened and widened by the sympathetic position assumed by the Salisbury government toward this country during our war with Spain. It will be long before some of us forget that exhibition of magnanimity. It needed a very great man to show in our hour of need that he was capable of grasping in friendship the hand that had humbled him. Lord Salisbury gave that evidence of greatness.

Now let us see what measure of success has attended the campaign of arbitration, which Mr. Barclay began in the *North American Review*. On Tuesday, January 12, was held in Washington a memorable session of the international arbitration conference. Ex-Secretary-of-State John W. Foster presided over the meeting, and the two hundred delegates included Cardinal Gibbons, General Miles, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, President Butler of Columbia University, President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, President Remsen of Johns Hopkins University, Mr. D. S. Jordan, president of Leland-Stanford University, several Governors and members of the Federal or State judiciary, Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, of New York, Mr. J. M. Dickinson, senior counsel for the United States before the Alaskan Boundary Commission, Mr. A. C. Harris, former United States minister to Austria, and Mr. Edward Everett Hale. In an introductory address, Mr. John W. Foster pointed out that, in the future, no question can arise between the United States and Great Britain which will involve more seriously the territorial integrity or the honor of the former nation, its vital interests or its independence, than those questions which have already been submitted to specific boards of arbitration without serious injury to our welfare. He added that there never was a time in the history of our republic when the two countries were more closely united by common aims, and by a recognition of a similar duty to mankind. Cardinal Gibbons deemed it particularly fitting that the movement for international arbitration, which Mr. Thomas Barclay personifies, should originate in one great English-speaking nation, and be carried to another. He liked to think, he said, that the English tongue had always stood for civilization and enlightenment in the past, and would continue to do so in the future. He considered the proposal to secure a treaty for the arbitration of questions not susceptible of diplomatic settlement one of the most momentous steps ever taken in the onward march of mankind. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who was introduced as the "Apostle of Arbitration," said that for eighteen years he had taken part in the effort to secure some form of international arbitrament. He recalled that, when he first became associated with the movement, it was generally considered improbable that the United States and Great Britain would ever have such a treaty as is now projected. At the present time, however, he is convinced that no long time will elapse before new bonds of amity and reason will connect the two English-speaking people who justly may be looked upon as the greatest nations on the earth.

The report of the committee on resolutions, of which Judge George Gray, of Delaware, was chairman, reminded the conference that, by a concurrent resolution of the Congress of the United States, adopted in 1890, the President was requested to invite negotiations with other governments to the end that any differences, which could not be adjusted by diplomacy, might be referred to arbitration, and peaceably adjusted by such means. The report also called to mind the fact that three years later the British House of Commons adopted a resolution expressing cordial sympathy with the plan of arbitration, in the case of the English-speaking peoples, and proclaiming the hope that the British government would lend hearty cooperation to the government of the United States, to the end that the resolution of Congress might be made effective. In view of these facts, and of the further circumstance that a permanent board of arbitration has since been established by international agreement at The Hague, the conference at Washington unanimously resolved that our Federal government should be urged to endeavor to enter into a treaty with Great Britain to submit to arbitration by the permanent court at The Hague, or, in default of such submission, by some tribunal specially constituted for the case, all differences which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic negotiations.

Subsequently, a "group" was formed in the House of Representatives, patterned on similar associations in the British House of Commons and the French Chamber of Deputies, the members of which agree to further the embodiment of the scheme of international arbitration in legislation. On January 14 the House

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Committee on Foreign Affairs heard a delegation deputed to recommend the introduction of a resolution in the House, authorizing the President to invite the governments of the world to join in establishing an international arbitration congress. Meanwhile, a committee of the conference had called on President Roosevelt, and laid before him the resolutions above-mentioned. Mr. Roosevelt's attitude was extremely sympathetic, and he assured the committee that he would give the subject of the resolutions most careful consideration. There is at least some ground for hope that the expediency of concluding a more or less restricted form of arbitration treaty with Great Britain may be advocated in the President's next annual message, and that meanwhile our State Department may take the initiative in that direction. A good deal, therefore, has been accomplished in the thirty days that have followed the publication of Mr. Barclay's article in the *North American Review*. He himself discusses in this issue of the WEEKLY the project with which he is so much concerned.

What Might be Done for Colombia

In the last number of this paper we pointed out that, although we ourselves may not be bound in international law, or in the forum of morals, to pay Colombia any compensation for quickly recognizing the republic of Panama, or for entering into an agreement by treaty to protect the last-named commonwealth, certain equities might nevertheless exist between the seceding state and the Bogota government; and that, with an eye to our national reputation for magnanimity and sympathy, we might do well to facilitate, by influence or by material aid, the satisfaction by Panama of any equitable claim put forward by Colombia. Scarcely had that article been penned, when steps were taken in our Federal Senate to promote such generous action on the part of our government. Senator Bacon of Georgia, who, it is understood, intends to vote for the ratification of the canal treaty concluded with Panama, submitted a resolution commending to the President the negotiation of a treaty with Colombia for the settling of all issues in dispute between that country and the United States, in order that full compensation might be made by the United States to the republic of Colombia for the latter's loss of her sovereignty and property rights on the isthmus, "so far as the same may be shown to be due to any act of the United States through the land or naval forces of the same." It is obvious that the Republican majority in the Senate would never adopt a resolution containing the words we have quoted. For the administration cannot be expected to admit that it has been guilty of wronging Colombia; nor, in our judgment, can it be justly taxed with wrongdoing in the matter. For a similar reason the administration would very properly decline to go before The Hague tribunal, as a *party* to any proceedings growing out of the secession of the republic of Panama.

It did not follow that Mr. Bacon's essential purpose was not exemplary, or was necessarily condemned to frustration. Mr. Hale of Maine, who has long been one of the Republican leaders, pointed out a method of harmonizing Mr. Bacon's generous design with the self-respecting position taken by our State Department. He offered on the following day a resolution, which was the outcome of an agreement reached by himself and the Georgia Senator. The resolution recited that, whereas the state of Panama, formerly a part of the republic of Colombia, has seceded from the last-named government, and has set up a government, republican in form, under the name of the republic of Panama; and whereas the independence of said republic of Panama has been recognized by the United States and by many other nations; and, whereas, finally, a treaty is now pending before the Senate between the United States and the republic of Panama, the ratification of which will insure the speedy building of an interoceanic canal by the United States across the territory of said republic of Panama; *therefore*, be it resolved, that in any claim which the republic of Colombia, in any form, may make against the said republic of Panama for indemnification for loss of territory or for increased burden of the debt of said republic of Colombia, the President is requested to tender his *best offices* toward the peaceful adjustment of all controversies that have arisen or may arise between said republic of Colombia and the republic of Panama.

The compromise proposed by Senator Hale seems to us not only ingenious, but laudable and worthy of adoption. As regards ingenuity, it meets the objection to Senator Bacon's resolution that our Federal Executive would not, and should not, acknowledge that, in its dealings with the department of Panama, it has violated any rule of international law or any moral obligation. On the other hand, Senator Hale would render it possible for our State Department to make good the assurances, given by it to General Reyes, Colombia's representative at Washington, that it stood ready to do everything *in its power* to bring about an amicable understanding between Colombia and Panama. If such an understanding can be brought about by diplomatic negotiations, so much the better. If an agreement cannot thus be reached, we know of no reason why Panama should not consent to go with Colombia before The Hague International Court, and allow that tribunal to decide whether or not Panama shall make any concessions to Colombia; and, if so, what concessions, on account of the severance of political ties. It may be that The Hague tribunal would decide that Panama ought not only to assume a share of Colombia's foreign debt proportionate to Panama's share of Colombia's population, but also to pay Colombia a pecuniary indemnity for the loss of territorial rights on the isthmus. To such a proceeding before the international court our government would not, and could not, be a *party;* but it might facilitate materially the resumption of friendly relations between Panama and Colombia by evincing a willingness to go even to the extent of guaranteeing the performance by Panama of any obligation that she may voluntarily assume or that might be imposed upon her by an impartial tribunal. It is at least possible, though not probable, that Panama might assume, or have imposed upon her, the payment to Colombia of a sum of money amounting to a very large fraction of the ten million dollars, due from the United States by way of bonus to Panama on the exchange of ratifications of the canal treaty. Conceivably, it might be well to provide for such a contingency by an amendment to the treaty, providing that, under certain conditions, the bonus payable to Panama might be increased to a designated maximum. There are precedents for our payment of money when none is due. By the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo we agreed to pay to Mexico a large sum of money for territory which was already ours by right of conquest and occupation. By the Treaty of Paris we agreed to pay to Spain twenty million dollars for the Philippines, which already were practically in our hands, and of which, by no possibility, could Spain have retained control. Those precedents reflect high honor on our Federal government. It will do us no harm to follow them.

The War Cloud Lifting

THE Czar's strong words of conciliation and peace to M. Kurino, the minister of Japan, at the diplomatic reception in the Winter Palace on the Russian New-year, have done much to lighten the storm-clouds of war, at least for a time. We are the more prone to give credence to the Czar's words, and to augur well from them, because of the speaker's record in the cause of universal peace, and the detestation of war inherited from his father, Alexander III. It is becoming apparent that the Russian Emperor is determined to reserve the final decision to himself, and has not delegated his judgment to any combination or council of his ministers and advisers.

There are many reasons, in addition to a genuine love of peace, which might well influence the Emperor of Russia. While Russia's navy and army in the Far East are undoubtedly very effective, there can be no question that this force would be tried to the utmost in a conflict with Japan, and were the victory of Russia as complete as could be desired, there is a great likelihood that she would see herself deprived of the spoils of victory by a convention of the powers, as was the case at the Berlin Congress in 1878, when Russia had either to surrender all that she had gained by an immense expenditure of life and effort, or face a new war with England, Austria, and Germany. Therefore, even complete victory would leave Russia much worse off than she is at this moment, while any other result would be even more calamitous, and might very conceivably undo the work of a whole generation of Far-Eastern soldiers and administrators.

Further, leaving the Far East out of the question, there are many reasons to be found in the condition of Russia at home, which would weigh strongly with the Czar in favor of peace. There is the ever-present danger of trouble in the Balkans, where, in spite of the efforts of the now happily united powers, and the acquiescent attitude of the Sultan, the Bulgarian revolutionists are evidently preparing for a new uprising as soon as the snow melts from the Balkan passes. Here Russia must be prepared to act, and act vigorously, on pain of seeing the age-long anarchy of Turkish rule break out once more in its worst form.

Then there is the disturbed condition of the Caucasus, and the great likelihood of trouble with Russia's millions of Mussulman subjects in Turkestan, who have for some time been plotting movements similar to the great mutiny of 1857 in British India, with the threat of a new Central-Asian war. It took Russia a hundred years to conquer the warlike tribes of the Caucasus, and she is at this moment keenly alive to the fact that these tribes are restless, dissatisfied, and on the alert for an opportunity to break out in rebellion.

Russia's domestic life is also disturbed. There is the great and growing agitation for a more formal and legal recognition of the civil rights of the individual—the rights of free speech, a free press, and open and public trial. There is the additional agitation, not to be confused with the claim of civil rights, for a more representative form of government, the advisability or inadvisability of which is a subject of hot dispute between the Czar's minis-

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ters, as well as by the public at large. Both these movements are loyalist and imperialist, and have, to a considerable extent, the sympathy of the Emperor, who, in this also, follows in his grandfather's footsteps.

All these reasons weigh continually with the Czar. And for these reasons he has every possible cause to "seek peace and ensue it." His task will be made appreciably easier by the fact that Russia has at no time formally denied the sovereignty of China in Manchuria, but has all along made her evacuation conditional on the safeguarding of her interests and investments; she is, therefore, consistent with her record, in her willingness fully to recognize in Manchuria the treaties entered into by China.

Uncle Sam not a Bully

A CORRESPONDENT who writes from Huntsville, Texas, asks the WEEKLY the following questions: 1. Do you believe that our government would have acted as it did in the Panama affair if Colombia had been a nation equal in strength to England or Germany? 2. If not, then did we not play the part of a bully toward Colombia, even though no other valid objection can be found to our action?

To both inquiries our answer is No. If Colombia were as strong as England or Germany she could take care of herself. In that case if she had carried out her apparent purpose to beat the French shareholders out of their canal property, she could have met the objections of France without outside help.

But, as it was, if she had robbed the French shareholders, on what must she rely to protect her from French reprisals?

On the Monroe Doctrine, with the United States behind it.

Her plan, apparently, was to use the prestige of the United States to support her in an injustice to the French company, and in driving an extortionate bargain with the United States themselves.

It was precisely because she was so weak that it was expedient to seize the opportunity that offered to prevent her getting into a trouble with a strong nation from which we would have been called upon to extricate her. We did not play the part of a bully. We merely took timely precautions not to be used as a catspaw.

Pax Anglo-Americana

By Thomas Barclay

ON the 12th inst. a very important gathering took place at Washington, called by the National Arbitration Committee, which was formed in 1896 for the purpose of promoting the adoption of a permanent Anglo-American treaty for the settlement of all difficulties which might arise between the two nations by pacific methods. The treaty was signed, but not ratified by the Senate.

This resuscitation of the movement, after a lapse of eight years, is the outcome of two recent events of the greatest importance for the future of arbitration. The one is the signing by the British and French governments of a permanent treaty of arbitration for the purpose of referring all *judicial* questions to the Hague Court as a matter of obligation between the two states. The other is the decision of the Alaskan Boundary Commission.

There has been a good deal of hesitation as to the exact scope and bearing of the new Anglo-French treaty. It specifically excludes "vital interests" and questions affecting "national honor" from its purview, whereas judicial questions are already dealt with by arbitration as a matter of contemporary practice. Disappointment on the part of ardent votaries of peace, however, is not justified. It is a common mistake to view a permanent treaty of arbitration as a gag upon diplomacy. In reality it is a further method in the hands of diplomacy. The Anglo-French treaty itself contains a misleading phrase—a phrase, however, which has found its way into all current treaty forms. I mean the phrase making the treaty operative when diplomacy has failed. Thus under the Anglo-French, says the treaty, differences which "it may not have been possible to settle by diplomacy" are to be submitted to arbitration. This is obviously a misrepresentation of the situation which arises under a permanent treaty—the current phrase ought to be altered to, "which it has not been possible to settle by other diplomatic means," and this is what the new treaty between Great Britain and France amounts to. In other words, when the two parties cannot effect a settlement upon the merits of a case, they will not, as heretofore, break up and go their respective ways, but they will remain where they are, go on negotiating. They will have to decide whether the case falls within the scope of the treaty, whether a "vital" interest or "national honor" is involved, and if not, the terms of the reference to The Hague.

As regards "vital interests," the only typical instance of such an interest is where the independence of a state, the cession or acquisition of territory, or some deliberate breach in the established usage of nations detrimental to the other state is involved. "Vital," of course, means something of exceeding gravity, going beyond the scope of cases which can be settled by an award of damages. "National honor" is very like "a vital interest," but it generally arises out of the overheated discussion of a question which is originally only a judicial one, and therefore would be "nipped in the bud," as it were, by the new treaty. With the exception of questions involving the *independence* of a state, its self-conservation or self-preservation, or where the question is simply "grab," and the offender knows a judicial decision in his favor would be impossible, vital interests have been dealt with by arbitration over and over again. Just boundary questions, involving the cession or acquisition of territory, have been dealt with by arbitration, perhaps more than any others. The most notable among them, the Venezuela boundary question, was habitually spoken of in the correspondence between the British and United States governments as "vital" and as involving the "national honor" of both parties—in principles in the one as in the other case upon which no compromise would ever be admitted. And yet it was decided by arbitration. "National honor" is involved wherever the nation's prestige is at stake, and the object of diplomacy and international courtesy, in which diplomatists are supposed to be trained, is to so approach differences when they arise that ill feeling will be averted so far as forms are concerned. "It is not the things" he said, "but the way he said them," applies still more in the intercourse of nations than it does in that of private persons. And so an ill-mannered, cross-grained ambassador can soon make two nations fly, like bulldogs, at each other's throat. The slightest question, judicial or non-judicial, can be inflamed with unskilled diplomacy into one involving national honor. A permanent treaty of arbitration does not dispense with diplomatic skill, though the unskilled diplomatist may not be so dangerous, as public opinion would always know there was a further stage of negotiation. The greatest case in which national honor is involved is the faithful and punctilious performance and discharge of national engagements and obligations, whether contracted by treaty or as the result of a reference to arbitration.

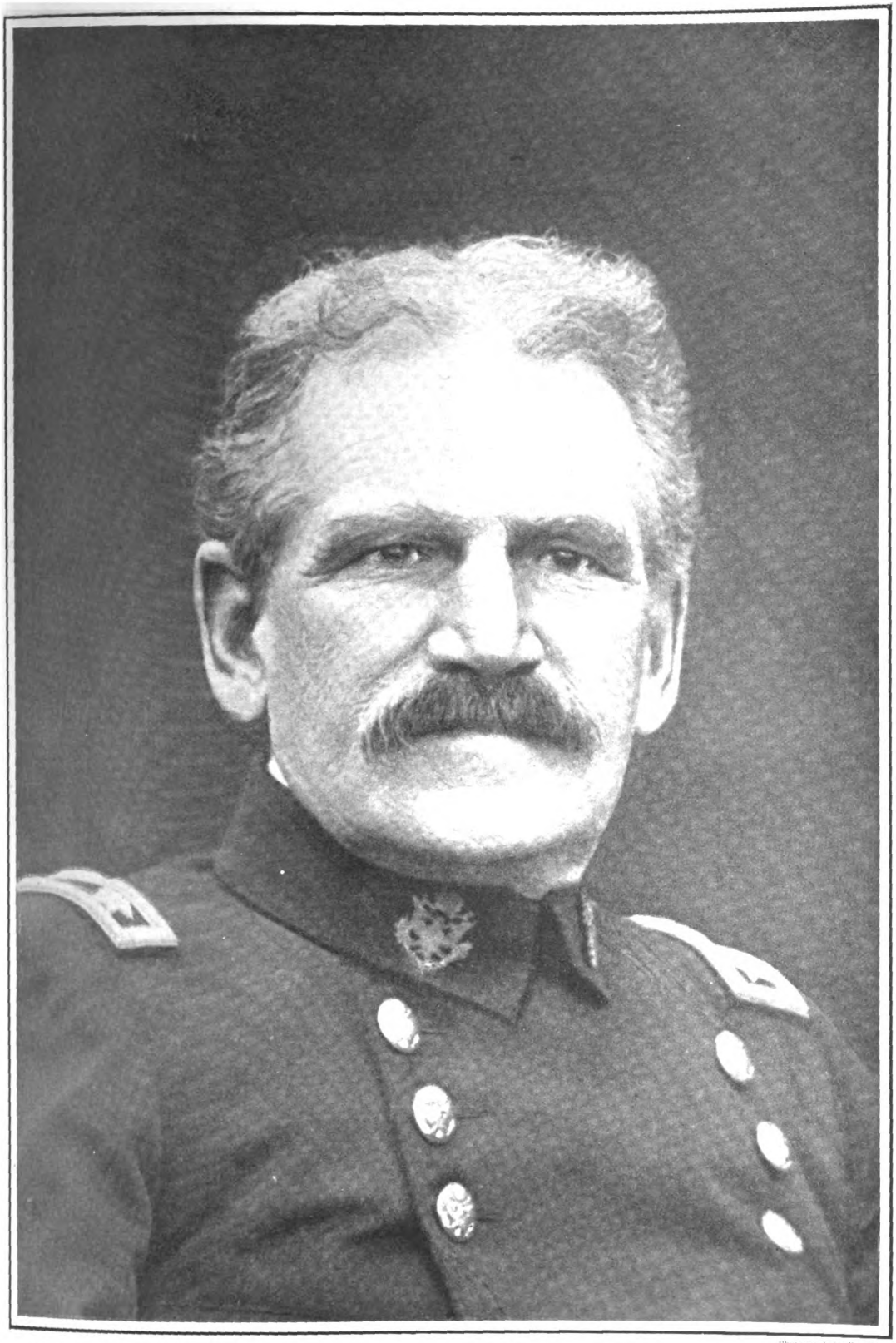
But I must not mislead the reader. I am not arguing for arbitration at any price, any more than I am in favor of peace at any price. There may be objections to binding down nations, body and soul, to perpetual peace as regards other nations. War is the most terrible calamity conceivable in the mind of man, and it is hard to think of cases sufficiently serious to warrant it, and yet many men have had to face situations in which no amicable settlement seemed possible. Physical force seemed the only solution, cost what it might. It is in the life of nations as in the life of individuals. Yet most of us get through life without exposing ourselves to such situations, and let us hope the time may come when it will be the same with nations.

I said the one great event was the Anglo-French treaty: the other, the Alaskan boundary decision. To understand the importance of the latter we must go back to 1897, when the Anglo-American treaty of arbitration was signed, and thrown out by a minority of 26 against 42 in the Senate.

I have discussed that treaty elsewhere (see *North American Review*, January, 1904), and all I need say of it here is that it provided a special kind of tribunal in which there was to be neither an umpire nor foreign arbitrators, but only members of our respective judicial benches, where "matters of grave national importance" were concerned. This, then, was not arbitration in the ordinary sense. The decision of this, as it has been called, *Judicial Tribunal*, was one to be binding if two of the three judges on either side gave in favor of the other country, or if the defeated party, the decision having been given by a bare majority, did not protest within three months. Since then the Alaskan boundary question has been decided by just such a tribunal, except that the judges were not all professional judges, and that the decision of a bare majority was to be binding, whatever the result. The court drew a new boundary-line, which took something from the American and a good deal more from the Canadian claim. The decision lay with Lord Chief-Justice Alverstone, who has created a priceless precedent in favor of such a system of settling matters of "grave national importance," which are practically the same thing as "vital interests."

These two events have paved the way for a new treaty between this country and Great Britain, and defined, as it were, the boundary-line between arbitration and the other system, which I have called "*conciliation*," to be applied where the judges would have to take in account considerations not entirely of a judicial character—I mean such considerations as national prestige, a legitimate sphere of influence, accomplished facts, and so on. But I do not see why they should not be dealt with at the Hague Court just as arbitration cases are. At present perhaps it is more convenient to deal with some cases elsewhere, but when Mr. Carnegie's court-house and library are installed, it is probable that they will be the most convenient place to meet in. Anyhow, it is desirable to do everything possible to increase the prestige of that court, even at the sacrifice of a little convenience.

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Photograph by Pach Bros.

GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE, THE NEW HEAD OF THE ARMY

General Adna R. Chaffee has been nominated Chief of Staff of the Army, with the rank of Lieutenant-General, to succeed Lieutenant-General S. B. M. Young, retired. General Chaffee is not a graduate of West Point. He was born in 1842, and served through the War of the Rebellion in the regular army; he was promoted from the ranks to a commission, and was brevetted for gallantry at Gettysburg. Later he earned distinction as an Indian-fighter. He was appointed Brigadier-General, U. S. V., in 1898, and took part in the Santiago campaign. Later in the same year he was appointed Major-General, U. S. V., and was also Chief of Staff of the Division of Cuba. In the joint expedition for the relief of the foreign legations at Peking, in the summer of 1900, he commanded the American contingent. He was made a Major-General in the regular army, February 5, 1901. He was assigned to the command of the Division of the Philippines, and appointed Military Governor of the islands. In September, 1902, he was relieved, and assigned to the command of the Department of the East

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Travelling in England

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *January 13, 1904.*

"WHATEVER is American is right." One hardly exaggerates in calling that a British axiom nowadays. It has long held the field in commerce and industry, and Mr. Chamberlain is now stretching it to cover the tariff. But the sphere where it absolutely predominates, and up till now has scarcely even been challenged, is the sphere of railroads and railroad administration. Hardly a month goes by without some enthusiastic amateur flinging the big American freight-car, the American automatic signalling system, the American coupler, the lowness of American freight rates, the American Pullman car, the American methods of bookkeeping, and half a dozen other things at the heads of English railroad directors. It is a delightfully easy pastime and delightfully unjust. English and American railroads may be contrasted, but they cannot be compared. They have practically no points in common, and there is really very little that either can teach the other. In the United States, outside of New England, railroads were built to open up what was virtually a virgin country. They preceded the towns, instead of following them. They were subject to no board of trade requirements, no legal restrictions, and instead of having to buy land, it was as often as not given to them. The people wanted them, and wanted them in a hurry.

I was spending a week-end last summer in a tiny Sussex village. It is a bare thirty miles from London, and, thanks to Providence, it takes the railway company an hour and a half and necessitates a couple of changes to cover those thirty miles. I say "thanks to Providence," because these drawbacks have served to preserve the village pretty much as it was in the seventeenth century. It boasts a station, and that is the only modern thing about it. The trains that stop there number only four a day, and run at the most inconvenient hours. I suppose a score of passengers would be reckoned a heavy day's traffic. In America the railroad station at such a place would have consisted of a bare collection of boards and a rough shanty. At the village I am speaking of it was made up of two long, solid asphalted platforms and a station-house built of brick and buried in roses and honeysuckle. I thought it typical of the English carefulness of life that even in this out-of-the-way spot there should be an overhead bridge leading from one platform to the other. I tried to take the short cut across the rails, and found myself peremptorily ordered back by the station-master, a smart and determined official, whose uniform was as faultless as his flower-beds. After that one could scarcely wonder that the casualty statistics of England and the United States should show an immense percentage in favor of English management. Every English railroad was a finished undertaking before it began operations, and the amplest precautions for the safety of the travelling public were insisted on from the very beginning. Every American railroad, on the other hand, was built in the most unpretending fashion, and its improvement left to the chance of the future. Again, the American roads have enjoyed practically no fixity of tenure compared with the English; they have been subjected to every sort of wildcat competition and blackmailing legislation; and they are only just beginning, thanks to amalgamation, to feel their feet. Their equipment is far behind that of the English lines. In England there are 98 locomotives for every 100 miles of railroad, and in America, 20; 307 passenger vehicles per 100 miles in England, and 18 in America; 3161 freight-cars per 100 miles in England, and only 719 in America. An English company's receipts from passengers are not far from equalling its receipts from freight; in America the goods traffic brings in three times as much as the passenger. All this helps to emphasize the lack of any common standard by which the systems of the two countries can be compared. Distances and the vast disparity between the resources and relative growth of England and America are the primal cause of their differences. America has 195,886 miles of track to the English 22,078. American railroads depend for their profits mainly on two predominating factors—big loads and long hauls. Theirs is a wholesale, the English a retail, business.

And yet, though comparison is logically impossible, it exists and thrives, in fact, especially so far as concerns the English and American mode of travelling. It is still, to my mind, an open question which mode is the more comfortable. One oscillates between the two systems in a state of painful indecision, with views that vary according to the experience of each journey. At present the English system has my vote. Nothing, at any rate, could have been more smoothly and easily managed than a trip I made a short while ago to Birmingham. My companion and myself took a hansom from our doorstep and drove to Euston Station with the baggage on top. At the station the difficulty was not to get waited on, but to prevent more than one porter from forcing his services upon us. In three minutes after dismissing the hansom we had bought the tickets and had found and were seated in an empty compartment. The baggage was labelled, and put in the van a few yards ahead of us, and the porter pocketed a tip of sixpence not only without grumbling, but with an obvious recognition that his services might have been had for a penny or two less. Nothing so far could have been simpler. We had the carriage to ourselves, and neither at Willesden nor Coventry, the only stopping places, did any one attempt to get in. The train left on schedule time, and arrived in Birmingham punctual to the minute, covering the 113 miles in two hours and twenty minutes. We travelled, as nine-tenths of the people in England travel, third-class. The privileges of a third-class passenger are, first, that he pays for his ticket at the rate of only two cents a mile, and, secondly, that he is placed either near the engine, where the risk of suffering from a collision is greatest, or else at the other end of the train, where the jolting is most felt. At least that is the theory on which an English train is made up, but as a matter of fact, it is invariably disregarded in practice. Third-class compartments can always be found scattered down the whole length of the train.

Although there is very little that English and American railroads can learn from one another, yet American example has had, and is still having, an undoubted influence on the arrangements of English cars. The old style of English car—I speak of it as the old type, though it still prevails over seven-tenths of the English system—was split up into ten or twelve first, second, and third class compartments, or, to give them their common English name, carriages. Each carriage was a self-contained whole, could only be entered from the platform, and had no communication with the carriage in front or behind. The new type of car, which assuredly will in time supersede the old, is an adaptation of the American corridor car. The carriages remain as they were except that a foot or so has been lopped off each of them and given up to a passageway that runs the length of the car, and outside the compartments. A certain amount of movement is thus made possible. A man may leave his compartment and have a smoke and return—a boon that, absurd as it may sound to Americans, really marks a revolution in the conditions of English travelling. Also, and again for the first time, the corridor cars allow of toilet accommodation, a feature in which English trains are still scandalously deficient. The compartment in which we found ourselves chanced to be one of the old type. No egress was possible until the train drew up at its destination. Nevertheless, it was perfectly comfortable, well cushioned, clean, and with plenty of room for one's lighter baggage and belongings. A shilling to the guard, had we cared to make the investment, would have saved us from all chance of invasion. He would have locked the door and bundled would-be intruders elsewhere. As it happened, we had the carriage to ourselves all the way from London to Birmingham by sheer good fortune. When the train reached Birmingham, it was the work of less than three minutes to have a porter pick out our baggage and call up a hansom. Now, had we been travelling in America we should have been obliged (1) to travel by the Pullman car at a greater expense, (2) to send round for an express company to take charge of our baggage, (3) to travel in a car with some fifteen or twenty other people, at least one of whom would be sure to be a squalling infant, (4) to submit to the pestiferous attentions of the car-boy, and to resist as best we might his efforts to sell us the daily papers, boxes of candy, the latest novels, Mexican filigree paper-cutters, and photograph albums, and (5) to have run the risk of not getting our baggage delivered till the day after our arrival. Travelling in England, on the other hand, we had privacy, every reasonable comfort, and full command over our belongings. So that, as I said, for the moment the English system has my vote.

Privileges of the Theatre

By W. D. Howells

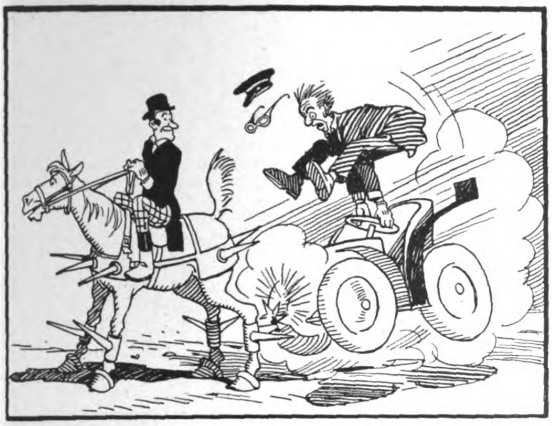
ONE of the most interesting chapters of Mr. Brander Matthews's book on *The Development of the Drama* is the closing chapter, where he makes the history of the drama help him out in his prophecy of it. He treats the histrionic legend as a vital unity, in which a continuous purpose has lived from a beginning which is no more searchable than its ending. It is coterminous with the race, which has always loved a fable, and has loved best of all the acted fable, and according to its powers has striven to perfect the means of its presentation, from the earliest consciousness of the Greek tragedy and comedy, down through the medieval mysteries and moralities, the romantic theatre of Spain and England, the classicistic drama of France (transported from Italy), and the plays of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, to those of our own time and beyond. Mr. Matthews does not think the stage and the drama are separable; he has no use for the closet play, as drama, though he does not say it may not be literature; and he is inclined to respect the devices and appliances of the theatre as more essential to the aesthetic effect than the finest poetry which has not studied their relation to itself. In every time he believes that the stage has done its best; that is it has been as good as the contemporary taste allowed it or liked it to be. The impressive representation of

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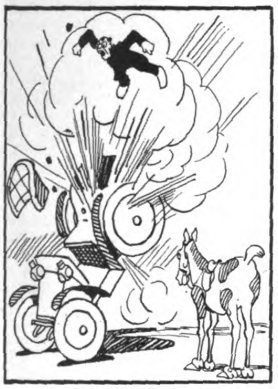
By Albert Levering



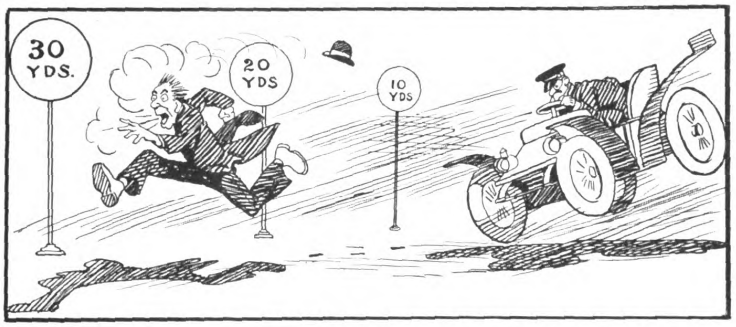
The exhibit of the new horse armor and tire "buster," for practical use by horsemen on the road.



A successful test of the new automobile cow-catcher.



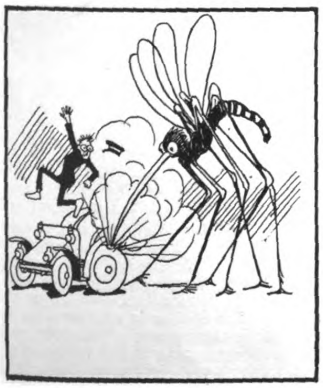
The brake test—from full speed to a standstill in four yards.



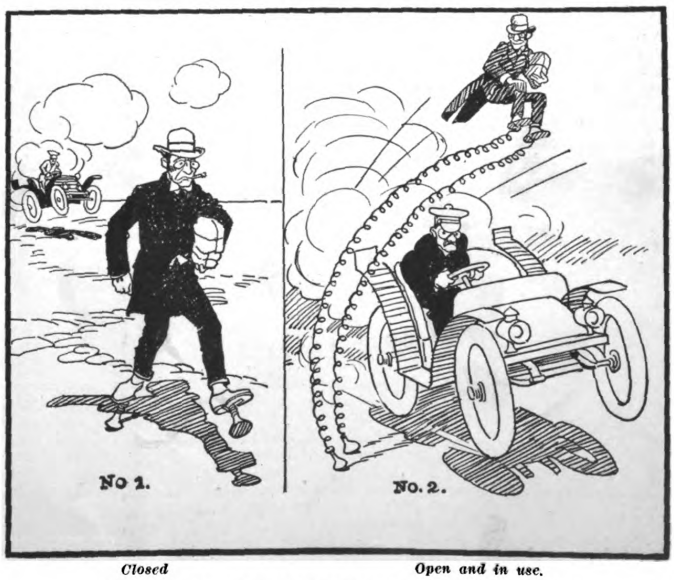
The forty-yard speed test. How long will it take to run down a pedestrian with ten yards start?



Test of new style of armor for the chauffeur.



A New Jersey exhibit. No machine ready for the road without this test.



Closed *Open and in use.*

The Extender. (Designed for the use of nervous pedestrians.)

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Greek tragedy, under the open sky of the plain day, with the scenery of nature was what the Greek public wanted: a full histrionic pomp, which the most abounding actuality of the modern theatre is only now rivalling; and the romantic theatre of London and Madrid was the bare and rather squalid thing it was because the two great peoples it addressed were so lately emerged from the darkness of the middle ages, that they were still taken more with the glories of the subjective world of the mysteries and the moralities than with the joy of life. Action upon action piled, was what their theatre gave them, as their own experience did; but they did not care how little the scene realized the alleged fact. Give them the fact and they would realize it; they would leap from youth to age, and from land to sea, on the same vacant platform which was now a forest and now a palace. But when their robust fancy died and left no heir, the auxiliary art of the stage began to perfect itself, and there was a slow but constant return to the Greek ideal of a ceremonial spectacle; just as there has been a slow but constant return to the Greek ideal of an indivisible action limited in time and space, until now Ibsen or Mr. Bernard Shaw consciously, as Mr. Gillette unconsciously, makes plays obedient to the laws of the long-scouted unities.

Mr. Matthews, with the sympathetic intelligence which is the characteristic of his attitude toward his subject throughout, notes in that particularly intelligent last chapter of his several of the more obvious advantages of the modern stage which are now so common that we have almost forgotten how recent they are. But above all, he thinks that the employment of light, by means of electricity, is to give the future drama possibilities unknown to the drama since the broad day, open-air performances of the Greek theatre. It will render the drama more subtle, more intimate, more appreciable in its finest intentions. In its full resplendence, nothing that the dramatist wished to show need be lost, and Mr. Matthews is of the mind that a good play is fully as much shown as said. The Greeks had their conventional mask, which opposed a barrier between the spectator and what the actor was thinking and feeling for the dramatist; but now if the dramatist thinks or feels anything, the actor can convey it, in the last shade of its significance, to the spectator. As to the mere scenic effects, the part which light now plays, the artificial light which brings back the sun to our theatre, they are already so satisfyingly beautiful, that we can scarcely envy the future the greater pleasure which we can scarcely fancy. But that this is only the beginning, we may willingly suppose with Mr. Matthews, and I hope he will not mind my supposing some advantages of the future stage which I do not know that he has suggested.

It ought to be within the scope of science so to perfect the theatre that everything on the stage could be as distinctly heard as seen, and that the lightest whisper need not be hoarsely shouted from it in order to reach the audience. It is true that the greatest artists can even now subdue their hearers to such a quiescence that the conversational tone suffices, but the stage has only here and there a very great artist in its employ; a genius is almost as rare behind the footlights as before them. I am encouraged in the hope I have intimated by seeing how eager the theatre is to abet the drama to the limits of its power, in certain ways where I do not think its endeavor has been sufficiently recognized. For instance, I note that in a modern play where a fat man is required, the manager no longer takes a lean actor and builds him up into a fat man; he takes a fat actor and lets him live the part physically as well as psychically on the scene. This was the case in "The Admirable Crichton," where anything less real than the obesity of the comedian who did the noble lord of the piece would have been an insufferable solecism. In Mr. Zangwill's play of "Merely Mary Ann," the panting corpulence of the music-publisher, who comes to corrupt the idealistic young composer, was as essentially a part of his Philistinism as any mental or moral attribute of his. In that latest play of Mr. Barrie's "Little Mary," which was only less delightful than "The Admirable Crichton," the fat-wittedness of the great London physician could not have been conveyed in terms less express than the personal pursiness of the actor who looked the part as perfectly as he played it.

All these pieces were in the region of the ideal so far that if the theatre had not spoiled us by the generosity of its endeavors in our behalf we might have been content with far less genuine obesity; but now we would have been no more satisfied with a make-up to that effect than we would have been satisfied with the archaic stage lighting by gas, or, more primitively still, by oil-lamps. In my two former papers about the new drama I have tried to say what I thought the very great merits of two of these pieces, and I will only say of the third, of "Little Mary," that it has the same charm of a humanity so fantastic, of a satire clothing itself in a gayety so extravagant, that it might well seem, as it certainly did seem to many, a plea for a reformed dietary, rather than a reformed civilization, among the upper classes. It was not only the stomach, euphemised as "Little Mary," which was attacked, but also the heart of aristocracy, and the moral was equally applicable to plutocracy, so that I hope every person in the audience with an income greater than my own went home feeling reformed as well as charmed. In these two plays of his Mr. Barrie has invented a new kind of thing, as creditable to his humanity as his dramaturgy. He can be taken on the surface of them and still be found delightful, but if he is taken below the surface too, the spectator's advantage will be double. But however he is taken, it is an apparent condition of his fantasy that it is to be represented with the greatest possible seriousness, and the closest possible approach to nature. In the case of "Little Mary," the character of an English lord was so inadequately realised to me by the American actor appointed to the task, that I have since found myself wishing that a genuine English earl could have been imported for the purpose; and in recalling my dissatisfaction with the butler in "The Admirable Crichton," I have thought perhaps a real butler would be the solution.

I know this is contrary to the teaching of Mr. Henry James in one of his most subtle and pleasing studies, where a real lady and gentleman are shown failing as models for ladies and gentlemen in illustration; but the presence of real fat people on the stage in the fat character of the drama, has restored my faith in reality. At any rate, I should like to have the theatre try it as suggested, now that the theatre is doing so much. I am very well aware that the theatre cannot do everything, and that it may justly retort upon me with a demand for intelligence and cultivation in the audience which I might not be able to supply. The theatre might contend that there was not yet that entire popular appreciation of its finest effects, which would encourage it to go all lengths in their direction; and if it did, I could only say that there might be an unconscious appreciation which might go farther and deeper in its mute fashion. Perhaps I should not be very ingenuous in this, but perhaps I should be as ingenuous as the theatre used to be; criticism has not altogether caught up, yet. In the mean time the situation is that we have now a drama which merits the best the modern stage can do for it, and that we have a theatre which in enlightened adequacy deserves the most that an audience can do for it. The drama is both American and English, or at least as English as Scotchmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, and Jews can make it, and we can gratify both a national and a racial pride in its excellence. It has at least an equal claim on us. We have by no means discharged our duty to the theatre when we have paid more than enough for a seat, and enjoyed the evening. We owe to it an educated intelligence and an enlightened taste, and if we have any of us not these things presently in stock, we had better make haste and get them.

If the reader asks me how he or she shall get them, I can safely reply that there is no better or pleasanter way than to read Mr. Matthews's excellent and entertaining book. So far as I know it is the only book which treats continuously, comprehensively and non-controversially of "The Development of the Drama," and there is none that will so fully and readily qualify the playgoer to understand what he is seeing and enjoying at the theatre. He must regard himself not merely as a vessel to be filled with pleasure from the stage. He ought to realize that he is part of a great and splendid tradition, that he inherits the place of the Athenian who saw the plays of Euripides and Menander under the blue Attic skies; of the Elizabethan Englishman who stood in the mud at the Globe to witness the first production of "Romeo and Juliet," of the Spaniard who darkled in his own cloak at the *capa y espada* dramas of his Lope de Vega, of the Frenchman who tasted the first modern quality in the comedies of Molière; and try to live up to his responsibilities as well as privileges.

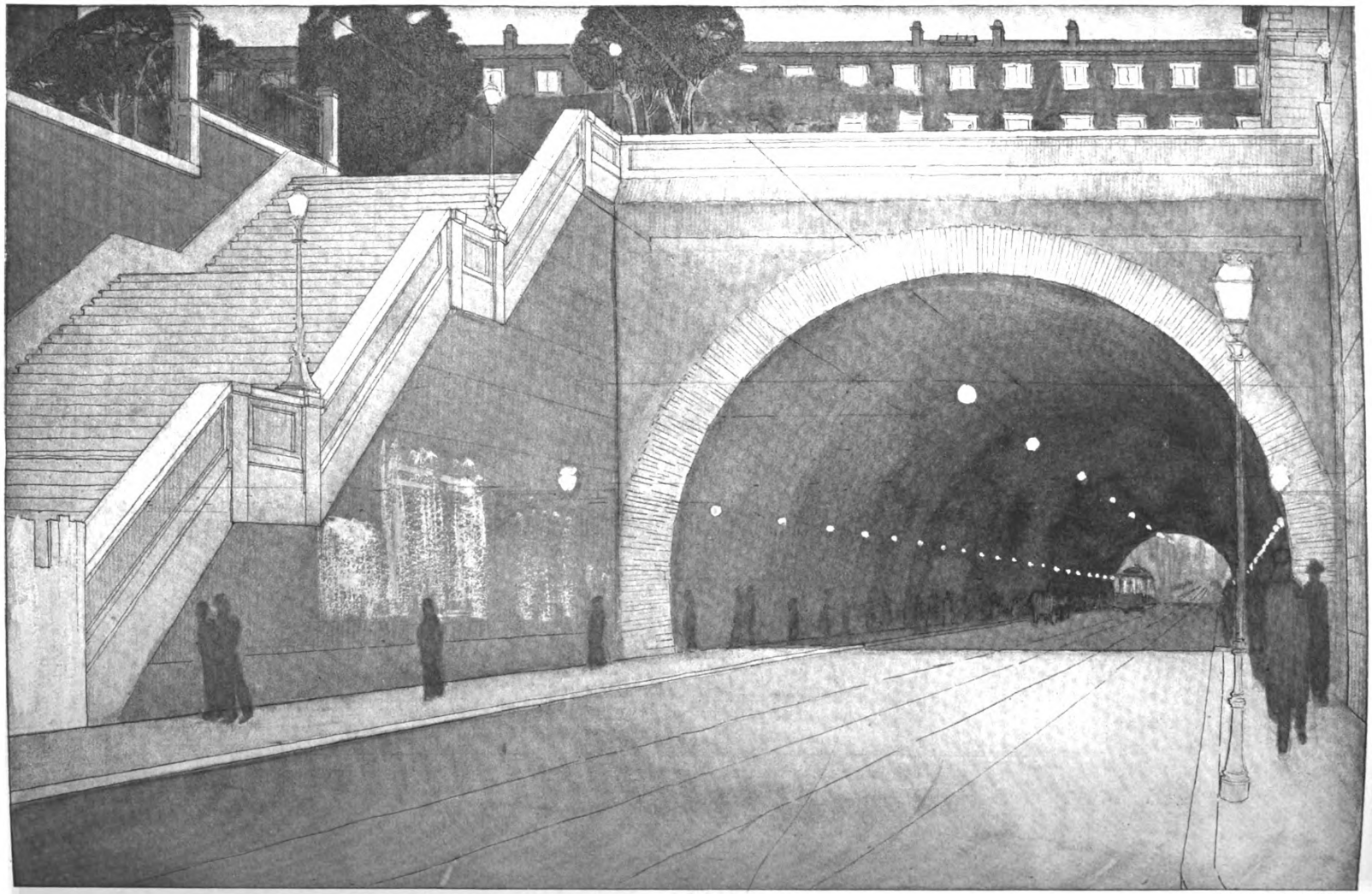
Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

LITERARY productiveness has been so swamped and the mind of the reading masses so absorbed in fiction during recent years that the voice of the scholar and critic is scarcely ever heard in the land. One of the still small voices that still remind us of the native tradition of letters is that of Professor George E. Woodberry, and Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie is another. Professor Woodberry is less vocal and frequent, though none the less searching and insistent. Both writers have contributed volumes of literary interpretation during the past year, which serve to redeem the period from the charge of being entirely barren of critical and contemplative thought. Professor Woodberry is represented by *America in Literature*, and Dr. Mabie by *Backgrounds of Literature* and *In Arcady*. The last-named volume does not come within our scope here. It is more spontaneous and purely imaginative than contemplative and thoughtful. It is the idyllic expression in classic allegory of the birth of a soul, and its search after beauty: it is a prose poem, transfused with the glow of lyric rapture that resides in the burning memories of youth, when men were as gods and nature their temple. *Backgrounds of Literature* and *America in Literature*, on the other hand, are comparative studies of literary conditions, and are alike in this respect, that the same idea governs their method, and forms the basis of their critical inquiry, namely, the appraisal of literature in relation to inheritance and environment.

"Mortal genius," says Professor Woodberry, "always roots in the soil, and is influenced and usually shaped by its environment of birth, education, and opportunity." "Every great work of

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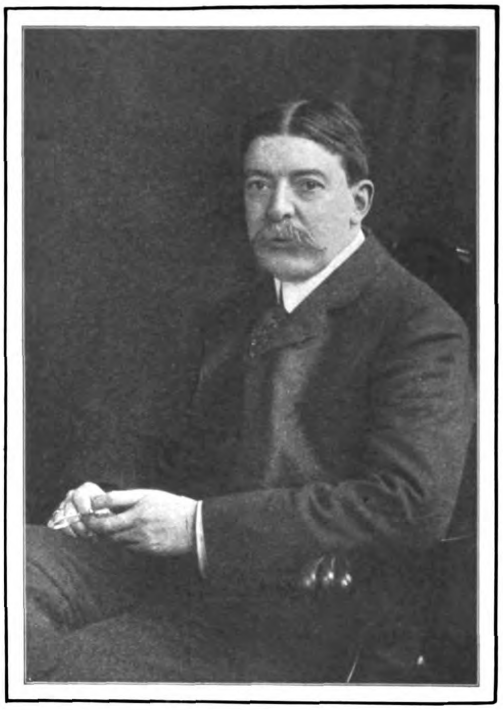
Drawn by J. H. Phillips

HOW ROME IS BEING MADE INTO A MODERN CITY

The drawing shows the new street tunnel in Rome—one of the improvements by which the capital is being made over into a modern city. The tunnel has recently been opened through one of Rome's "seven hills," almost directly under the palace of the King. It is used by pedestrians, vehicles, and tram-cars. The axis through the tunnel and the Piazza di Spagnia terminates at the Piazza del Popolo, near the north entrance to the city, through which most visitors approached Rome before the construction of the railroad. Old business blocks are being torn down to make way for new and up-to-date office buildings; electric trains are common, and new bridges have been built over the river Tiber

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literature," says Dr. Mabie, "has behind it a background of race experience and history." This basic idea gives freshness in the application which these authors have made of it to the treatment of old and familiar themes. The subjects of Dr. Mabie's book are "The Lake Country and Wordsworth," "Emerson and Concord," "The Washington Irving Country," "Weimar and Goethe," "The Land of Lorna Doone," "America in Whitman's Poetry," and "The Land of Scott." Wordsworth's poetry, in its singular unity and consistency, bound together not only by great ideas which continually reappear, but harmonized by a background which remains unchanged from stage to stage, was made possible by the good fortune of a lifelong residence in the Lake Country. "The sources of his poetry were in his own nature, but its scenery, its incidents, its occasions, are, with few exceptions, to be found in the Lake Country." As for Emerson, Dr. Mabie recalls that the future poet and thinker opened his eyes in a Congregational parsonage, "in the silence of retirement, yet in the centre of the territory of the metropolis," where, to continue the words of his father, "we may worship the Lord our God." "That," he adds, "was the lifelong occupation of Ralph Waldo Emerson." The moral fibre of the stock, the vigor of its self-denying ordinances; the influence of star and field and woods; the taste and resources of scholars, and later the quiet beauty of Concord life lying in the tranquil New England landscape, were the forces of ancestral heritage and contemporaneous influence which fed the mind of the Concord sage. "A cosmopolitan in the range of his intelligence, he was a provincial in his habits and personal associations; and this was the prime characteristic of Concord." At first glance, Dr. Mabie says, it would seem as if Irving's work had been done against many backgrounds, but the real Irving was "a true son of the country of which New York is the capital, and his characteristic and abiding work had behind it a city, a river, and a mountain range, which were not simply the stage setting of his life, but which gave color, atmosphere, tone, to his writing." It is by the creation of Diedrich Knickerbocker out of the Knickerbocker tradition, and Rip Van Winkle from the legends of the Hudson, that Irving will be known to the future; and the country that will remain typical to his genius—the background of his art and life—is the old Knickerbocker city, and the witching hills and hollows of the Hudson. In the same manner, Dr. Mabie has visited the little German town, Weimar, which is the custodian of literary traditions and the cherished home of rich memories that cluster about the great poet who for fifty-six years was a dweller there; likewise has he travelled through the land of Lorna Doone, and the land of Scott, gathering impressions of the landscape and of the people, whose characteristic features and human qualities left upon the romances of these writers the stamp of beauty and individuality. So does Dr. Mabie bring home afresh to our minds, the close touch and intimate relation which exists between nature, whether in landscape or mankind, and literature. One more study in Dr. Mabie's book remains to be mentioned, but it would take more space than is at our command to do justice to its thoughtful criticism. Suffice it to say that the chapter on "America in Whitman's Poetry" has seemed to me more enlightening, more clearly interpretative, more penetrating in its insight into the nature of Whitman's place in American thought and life than anything else I have read on the subject. Altogether *Backgrounds of Literature* is a work of spiritual discernment and critical insight on subjects that occupy a permanent place in literature, which deserves to rank as a work of distinctive value among that kind of writing, which Dr. Mabie has elsewhere defined, as secondary and derivative in literary importance, but no less original and creative in achievement.

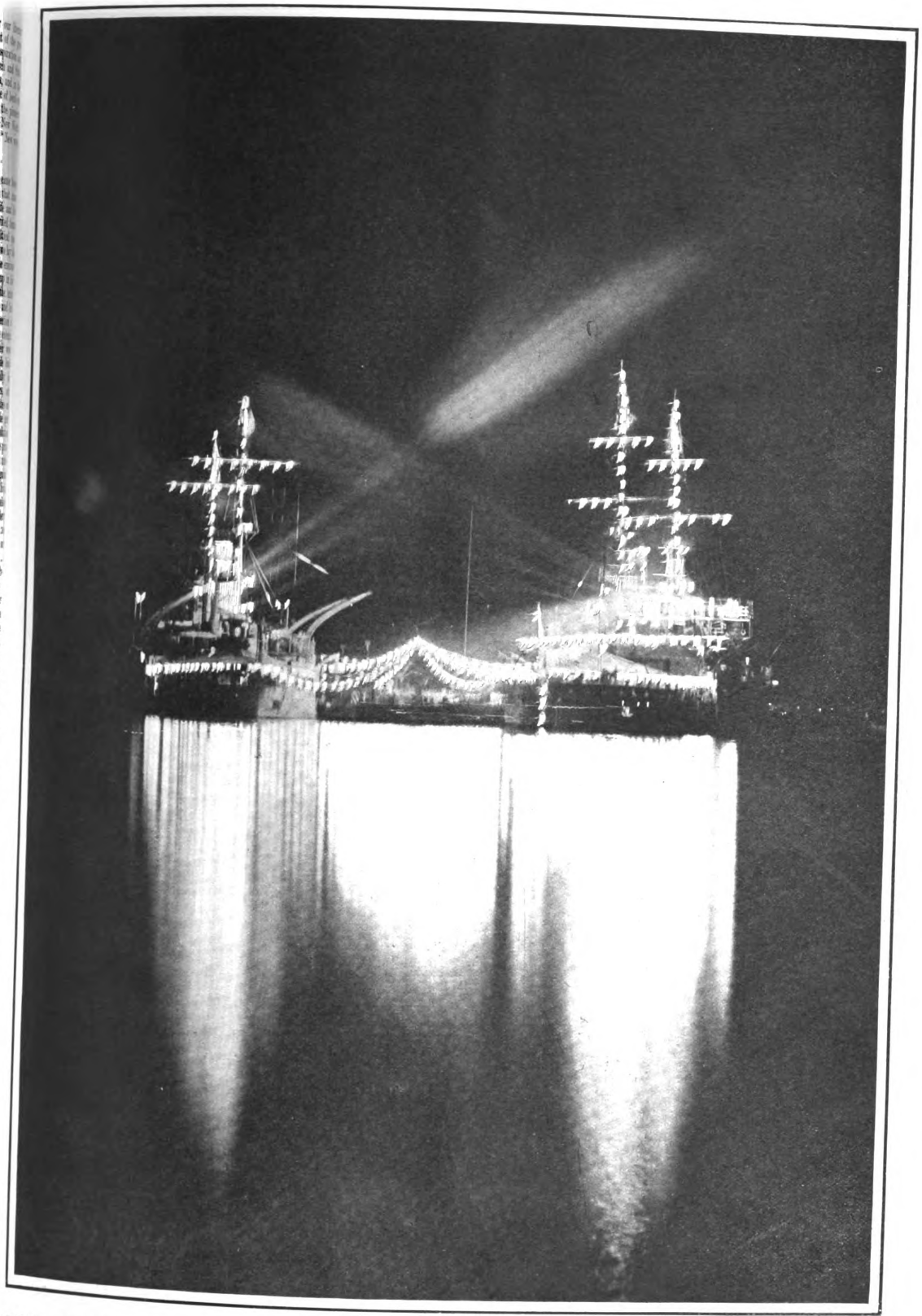


George E. Woodberry
Author of "America in Literature"

In Professor Woodberry's *America in Literature* there is a unity of plan that is denied to Dr. Mabie's book, on account of the separateness of the great authors considered. Professor Woodberry's book is, in fact, a short review or *précis* of American literature, but instead of treating it on the historical plan, he has measured its periods of literary activity from its geographical centres. Hence we have "The Knickerbocker Era," "The Literary Age of Boston," "The South," and "The West." The chapters correlate themselves as distinctive parts of a comprehensive whole with one aim in view, namely, to trace our native literary productivity to its sources, and to follow its results and conditions in the various sections whence it arose and flourished; to sum up its achievement, and to gauge its comparative place as an indigenous growth and power among national literatures. As I have already indicated, Professor Woodberry, like Dr. Mabie, accounts for our literary forces in the heritage of the past and the endowment of the present; finding in the one, that great sap of thought, aspiration and resolve, which fed literature, first through the Church and State in its early beginnings in New England and Virginia, and in the other, that fresh inspiration, atmosphere, and influence of local environment and patriotic pride and passion which led the pioneers of American literature to breathe the spirit of the New World into the old forms, and to emulate Vergil's aspiration, "New ways I must attempt to wing my flight to fame."

Literature in the first century was mainly one that came home to men's bosoms; following upon that it became one that came home to their business. "The first great contact of life and letters in America was through religious passion in inherited forms of speech; the second great contact was through political passion, and created a new literature for itself; between the two lay the literature, always more or less in evidence, describing the environment of life and its events realistically, or summing it up in history or annals. Such, in few words, is the story of the interaction of American life and letters in their vital connection in the colonial times." The colonial generations completed their work in the life which a people leads through books, principally inherited from the fathers, and partly those which it creates out of itself. It was with the generation born after the Revolution that literature began to be practised as a fine art in an independent and original way. Against the background of old New York, over the reaches of the Hudson northward, Professor Woodberry sets Irving and Cooper, the two writers of the first rank in our literature. "The best that literature achieves," remarks Professor Woodberry finely, "is a new dream; this was the first dream of American life, broad and various, in its great new solitudes of sea and land." The poet Bryant was a New-Englander by birth, but Professor Woodberry links his name with Irving and Cooper in the city's literary fame, because Bryant illustrates as a New-Yorker its assimilation of the sons of all the nation. Harvard College Professor Woodberry regards as the fountain-head of New England literature. The accomplished past whose memory most survives in the literary fame of Boston, had its source in the collegiate spark. It began with Channing, was caught up by Emerson, and spread beyond the academic bounds in Phillips and Garrison. Emerson, Longfellow, and Hawthorne—these are the three men in whom Professor Woodberry holds that the genius of the people, working out in the place and among the things of its New England activity, reached its height, so far as concerns that partial expression which literature can give to the people's life. He calls it the aftermath of Puritanism in literature, and adds sadly that the literary age of Boston closed before the Civil War, and that in forty years we have drifted farther perhaps than any of us have thought from the conditions and influences that gave our country so large a part of its literary distinction. In the solitary figure of Poe, Professor Woodberry hails the one genius of the highest American rank who belongs to the South. Poe certainly is "the lone star of the South; and yet it may eventually prove that the song of Dixie is the most immortal contribution that the South has given to the national literature." In the West he finds the home of our native humor. Out of the picaresque adventure of the West came Lincoln, our greatest practical humorist, and on the free, imaginative side Mark Twain, the climax and capital example of Western humor; also Bret Harte, a visitor from the outer world. Eastern born and Eastern bred, and not, like Mark Twain, born of the stuff in which he worked. Another author who bears the characteristics of the West on his imagination is the poet Joaquin Miller, who, Professor Woodberry observes, goes back to Byron, as Bret Harte does to Dickens. Lew Wallace is also named as an author who felt the influence of the romantic West acting on his historical imagination, directly in *The Fair God*, a story of the Aztecs, and derivatively in *Ben-Hur*. Professor Woodberry concludes his literary retrospect by deploring the inadequacy and inefficiency of our literature during the last forty years. "In this halt of our literary genius, it is plain that our nobler literature, with its little Western afterglow, belonged to an heredity and environment and a spirit of local culture whose place, in the East, was before the great passion of the Civil War, and in the West has also passed away. It all lies a generation and more behind us. The field is open and calls loudly for new champions."

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THE CRISIS IN THE FAR EAST—ILLUMINATION OF AMERICAN WARSHIPS AT HONOLULU BEFORE STARTING FOR SUBIG BAY

Admiral Evans, with a force of battle-ships comprising the "Kentucky," "Wisconsin," and "Oregon," and a squadron of cruisers, is now at Subig Bay, where the American fleet in Asiatic waters was ordered in anticipation of the possible outbreak of hostilities between Japan and Russia, for the purpose of preserving neutrality and protecting American interests

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THE CRISIS IN THE FAR EAST

BY HELEN G

WHEN Korea made independent treaties in 1882 with America and European countries, it was naturally assumed that she was a sovereign country, free to do as she pleased.

China, the only power likely to claim suzerainty, by keeping silence at such a time, tacitly admitted Korea's right to enter freely into independent treaties.

Japan, being especially interested, eagerly adopted this very natural view of the matter; and Korea herself, imbibing the idea that she was no longer China's vassal, began to assume independent airs that little suited so haughty and austere a power as China.

But when Japan, a little later, began dealing with Korea as an independent kingdom, China resented it wrathfully, and vigilantly watched for a favorable opportunity to show the land of the Rising Sun and the world at large how mistaken any such assumption was.

More particularly was she jealous of Japan, a country that might be supposed to have more claim to recognition in Korea than any other,



A Body of Korean Soldiers at the Palace Gate

on this account, therefore, China proposed to emphasize the fact that Korea was her vassal in name, deed, and fact.

The opportunity soon came. The dowager Queen of Korea died in 1890, and China determined to send the usual embassy of condolence.

It might be supposed that the occasion was not a very important one, and that a mission of condolence was a trifling courtesy extended to a neighboring country. But this is not the case, for upon all these and other similar ceremonial occasions the exact status of each country—the one offering and the other receiving condolence—is sharply defined.

In all such ceremonies the vassal country is compelled to acknowledge fully the sovereignty of the suzerain and her own inferior position.

The whole ceremony is regulated by constitutional usage, and has been settled by custom and convention ever since the early days of the Ming dynasty.

Though the tribute itself was comparatively light, full acknowledgment of the vassalage of Korea was always demanded. In the seventeenth century the King of Korea was fined ten thousand ounces of silver because he failed in some trifling point of etiquette.

So long as he paid tribute faithfully the burden was light, but in act of omission and commission the penalty was heavy and severe.

Among the Korean people the Emperor of China receives honor as their own monarch, and there is no doubt that they regard as their lawful suzerain. For example, the name or term by which Korean kings are known is Hap-mun, which equals Mikado, etc., "Grand Ruler." All persons in writing the word "hap" must one stroke of the initial letter out of respect. Should the character with which the name of the ruling Emperor of China is written chance to occur in the designation of some public personage or building, though the pronunciation remain the same, the written appearance must be temporarily altered, thus showing him as much respect as is given their own sovereign.

In all official correspondence between China and Korea the king is styled simply Wang, or prince, never king.

The Korean monarch is not permitted to address the Chinese Emperor directly or upon terms of equality, but only through a memorial, like any ordinary high Chinese official.

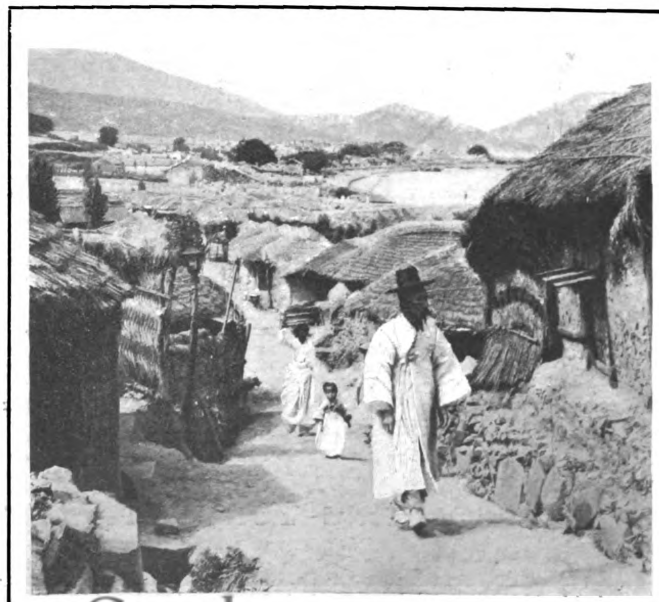
All this is very galling to the Koreans; and after the signing of the treaties which gave her a taste of independence, and being so advised by foreign powers, she tried to repudiate China's claims. Both Korea and China saw their opportunity when the dowager Queen died, and the former vainly attempted to refuse the usual mission of condolence. But China had been awaiting some such chance to impress upon Korea that she had no real independence, that it was but a fiction permitted so that favorable treaties could be concluded.



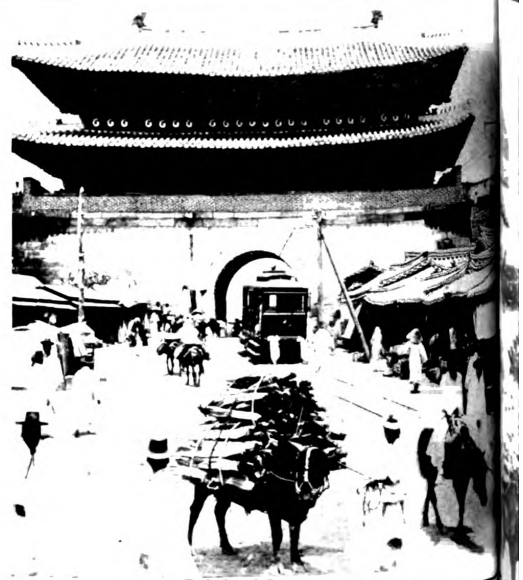
The Korean Minister of W

The reception of the embassy of condolence had always been accompanied by every token of homage and submission, and China insisted upon her rights in the matter, rights established by custom for centuries.

Vainly the Korean king pleaded poverty, for the Chinese charged well for these favors, and the presents must be handsome and When, for example, a new king succeeded to the throne, two noble Peking presided over the investiture, and granted the patent of With them they brought the scarlet silk robes always worn by t mun, which are presented by his suzerain, the Chinese Emperor, sumed as a badge of vassalage.



A View of Fusan, Korea



The South Gate of Seoul, K

The Korean photographs in this arti

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...VS AND EXPERIENCES IN KOREA

BY H... FLESHER, M.A.

...r this gracious act China charged $10,000 in silver—a heavy bill for ...m, which is never rich and frequently poverty-stricken. So it will be ... that the Hap-mun, whose name was Li-Shi, had a good excuse ... he pleaded poverty.

...t China was too wary to be thus caught, the Emperor calmly an...ncing that he would waive all presents or other expenses incidental ...he mission, demanded the full payment of homage and acknowledg...t of vassalage.

...ill the Hap-mun delayed giving the necessary orders for the reception of the ambassadors as long as possible. One of the most important of the acts of homage is the welcoming of the commissioners outside the gates of Seoul. This is the crucial test of vassalage. Were Korea independent the Chinese ambassadors must seek audience of the ruler, and for that purpose must go to him. But in the case of receiving a message from a suzerain the vassal must seek the presence of, and go out to meet, the commissioners, who, of course, represent the sovereign. But despite all protestations, Li-Shi was compelled to yield, the orders were given, and the king's procession started on its way to meet the embassy.



...*of the Photograph) playing a* ...a

In all Korea no spectacle is so brilliant as this of the king's procession.

All the roads are cleared, swept clean, and closely guarded, while the people are warned against going out. No traffic or passage is allowed upon such occasions. Every window, more particularly upper ones, must be sealed with strips of paper, lest some sacrilegious eye should from a superior height look down upon the Hap-mun. Every door must be closed, whether it be that of a public building or a private dwelling, and each householder kneels before his house door with a dust-pan and broom in his hand as emblems of obeisance.

In the procession itself are many thousands of attendants ... noble personages, horsemen, and banners, making it a gorgeous ...ant well worthy of an Oriental sovereign.

...nlike the ancient Japanese usage, the common people are allowed to ...tion the king directly. If any one thinks he has been unjustly dealt ..., he can appeal to the monarch himself upon this occasion.

...ll along the road-side these petitioners may stand, and as the royal ...n-chair goes by they tap upon a small flat drum only a few inches ...iameter.

...s he passes the king listens to the prayer, or it is given to him held in a split bamboo, lest an ordinary mortal hand should touch him. If at any time, by some unforeseen chance, such a thing occurs, the person who has done so must wear conspicuously a red cord for the rest of his life.

Frequently he investigates the grievance, and woe betide the unhappy petitioner if it is decided that he petitioned without due cause, for he is apt to pay for his temerity with his head. Every precaution is taken lest the vulgar eye should gaze upon the sacred person of the sovereign.

Close together in the procession are carried two magnificent sedan-chairs elaborately ornamented.

In one of these, dressed in his scarlet silk robes, heavily embroidered with dragons, rides the Hap-mun.

But in which?

This question can only be answered by the highest ministers of state; they alone know.

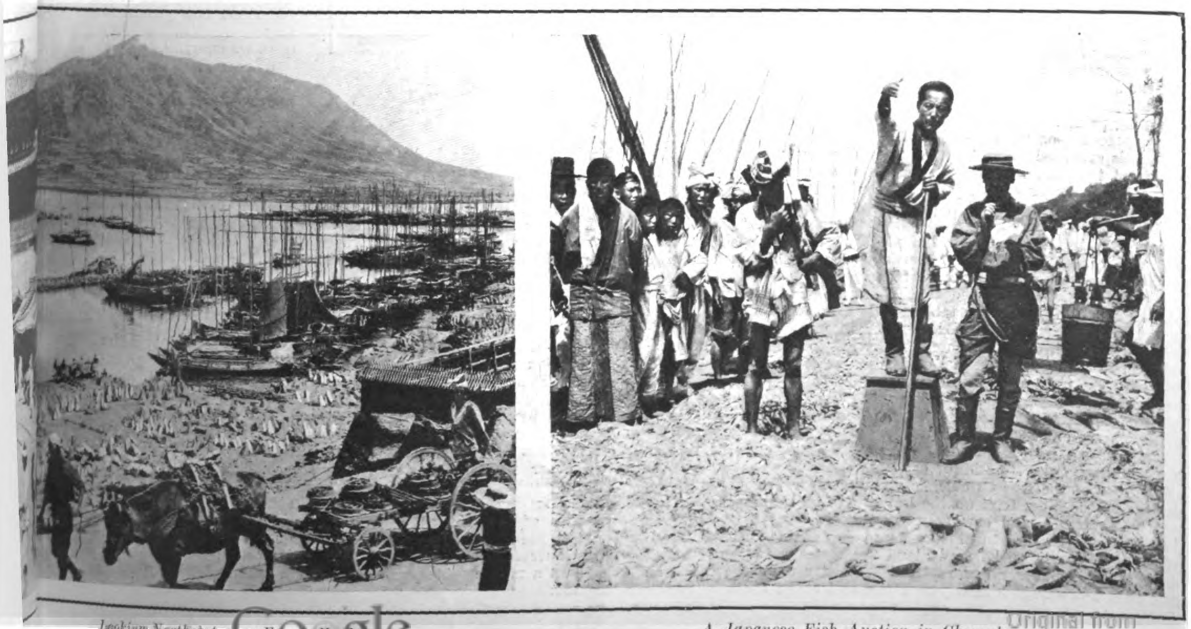
During the march Korean music is played of that noisy kind so grateful to Oriental ears, so distasteful to the uneducated ear of the barbarous Westerner, who learns with surprise that only music of a *quiet* kind is permitted upon such occasions.



A Street Scene in Seoul, Korea

Before the sedan-chairs is carried the red umbrella and enormous purple fan of royalty. A sabre, an axe, and a trident are also borne in the procession, as reminders to the people that the Hap-mun holds the power of life and death over his subjects. Before the royal chairs prance five gayly-caparisoned horses with bright embroidered saddles. But the most striking feature of the whole parade is the great dragon flag glittering with masses of gold embroidery. This splendid banner, which is fourteen feet square, and very heavy, is borne by a strong young horse with a socket in his saddle, while four attendants hold the guy ropes.

Upon the arrival of the Chinese embassy in Korea, Li-Shi's procession, as gay as of yore, wound its way through the city of Seoul and out of the western gates to meet the strange commissioners. In the train of the ambassadors, to mark their equality with the Hap-mun, were borne the



...looking Northeast over Fusan Harbor

A Japanese Fish Auction in Chemulpo

...ted pos... y Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

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axe, sabre, and trident, and accompanying them was a band of music.

The king had yielded reluctantly; but he was compelled to meet the embassy, as formerly, outside the western gates of Seoul, which are never used except for the reception of the Chinese envoys.

In the public square outside this gate, called "The Gate of the Beneficent Reception," the king received the mission and the letter of condolence, and humbly "kotowed" when bidden, thus acknowledging before his people and the whole foreign community his submission to China. But Li-Shi determined to recede as little as possible from the independent stand he was vainly trying to assume. So when the time came for the banquets which are always held in the palace reserved for these ceremonies, orders were secretly given the attendants to serve the king first, thus giving him precedence over the representatives of His Imperial Chinese Majesty, Suzerain of Korea, who should, of course, receive greater honor than his vassal.

Prompt and stern was the demand of the Chinese for a full and amply apology. Alarmed at the firm tone, and fearful of the consequence, the Hap-mun complied, and yielded absolutely. Humbled and terrified at his former audacity, Li-Shi was now completely cowed. In acknowledgment of his total subjugation he gave up the keys of the gates of Seoul to the Chinese envoys. At their pleasure the gates of the capital city were locked or unlocked, and each night the keys were deposited at their official residence, the western palace.

To the Oriental eye no greater token of submission total and complete could be given.

The ceremonies for the reception of the letter of condolence on this occasion were most curious, not only as an illustration of Oriental usage, but as indicating the most abject and humiliating submission.

The following account was given by the private secretary of one of the Chinese commissioners, who was himself present:

The Chinese embassy, after they entered the capital, Seoul, occupied a building or palace set apart for their use, and never occupied by any but members of these embassies.

The day set for the ceremony of the reception of the letter, the ushers of ceremonies met the envoys in front of the principal entrance of the Audience Hall, and conducted them to the table upon which lay the letter, which was written on yellow satin, decorated with gold, and enclosed in many silk wrappers.

With haughty, immovable faces the Chinese ambassadors stood to receive from the kneeling Korean officials the message of condolence and the silk presents offered by the suzerain to the mourning prince. These the envoys placed upon the various tables arranged to hold them. Then the masters of ceremonies conducted the envoys to their places east of the memorial tablet of the late dowager queen, placing them so that they faced west towards China.

Li-Shi, led by the senior and junior ushers, next came up from the western terrace, and took his place on the other side of the memorial tablet, but turned towards the east, so that the king and the Chinese ambassador were face to face.

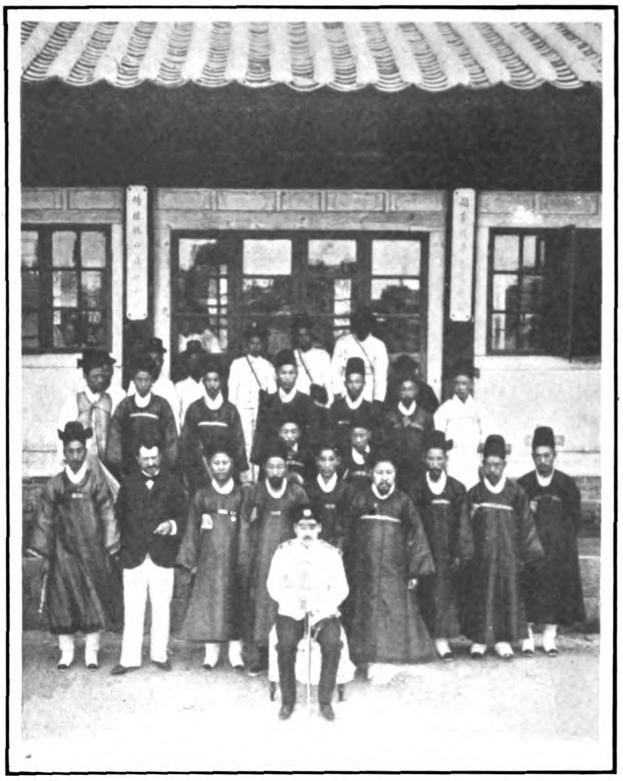
Then the Chinese were led to the incense-table standing below and directly in front of the tablet, and in florid, ceremonious, yet most humble language, invited to offer incense three times. After this had been done, they were requested to offer the silk presents and to pour out a libation of three cups of wine.

During the time that the libations were being poured into the urn and the offerings of silk being made the Chinese stood erect. But the officiating officers, who were, of course, Korean noblemen, knelt to serve and assist the haughty visitors.

The envoys were conducted back to their seats, and the master of ceremonies, going to Li-Shi, bade him kneel.

Then one of the Korean officials standing near the incense-table, and facing the king, took up the letter with an assumption of the greatest reverence, and bowing many times.

In the curious unnatural sing-song adopted by Oriental readers on such occasions, he read aloud the message to the kneeling king. After the reader had replaced the letter upon the table, he bade Li-Shi prostrate himself, then rise and stand erect.



A Group of Korean Government Officials

Then came the strangest, most humiliating scene of the whole ceremony. The master of ceremonies, addressing the king, bade him wail, and at this command Li-Shi broke into the weird Oriental wail given only for a parent, "Ai-ko, ai-ko." (For any other relative the cry would have been "oi, oi.") The Chinese ambassadors were then requested to wail; and, prompted by the proper officials, the members of the king's household and the civil and military officers wailed. The Chinese were first requested to stop wailing, then the king and the rest of the company.

A little south and west of the Yen Hall Terrace stood a heavily inlaid table, upon which was placed a great brass sacrifical urn. After the wailing had ceased, the same official who had read the message and received the silk presents took them to the sacrifical fireplace and burnt them, throwing the ashes into the urn. Then the first and second usher led the king out to the upper terrace, where he stood facing the east, and awaiting the Chinese ambassadors, who were now conducted out to the terrace, and placed so as to confront the vassal monarch. The envoys, clasping their hands together at arm's-length in Oriental style, bowed in salutation to Li-Shi, who returned the courtesy in the same manner. Humbly the king accompanied the envoys to the central entrance, where parting salutations were exchanged once more. The ceremonies ended by the Chinese ambassadors being conducted to their quarters in the Chin Chen Hall.

When the Korean king had returned to his palace, he was bidden by the master of ceremonies to assume his mourning staff and appendages. And again Li-Shi and the whole company broke into the conventional wailing cries. Three times a day did they wail until the actual funeral took place.

The mourning garb of the king consisted of a long, grayish, white cotton garment, torn, patched, and purposely soiled and spotted. This was fastened about the waist by a rope of twisted straw and silk about three inches thick. On his head was a drapery of dark-colored soiled-looking linen, fastened by a small rope with long frayed ends falling on either cheek.

His mourning staff was a plain, heavily knotted stick, and on his feet he wore coarse straw sandals of a peculiar make. Pure white being the mourning color of Korea, all the courts wore white for three years.

Even the ambassadors to foreign countries, the envoy at Washington, and the ambassadors at Tokio wore white. In these long white robes and high glazed hats they presented a very quaint appearance.

I remember at Tokio, when members of the diplomatic corps gave balls or receptions, how curious these two strange, ghostly, black-hatted figures looked as they moved silently about, for they spoke to few, if any, of the guests. They resembled nothing so much as two men who had got up in their night-gowns and put on silk hats.

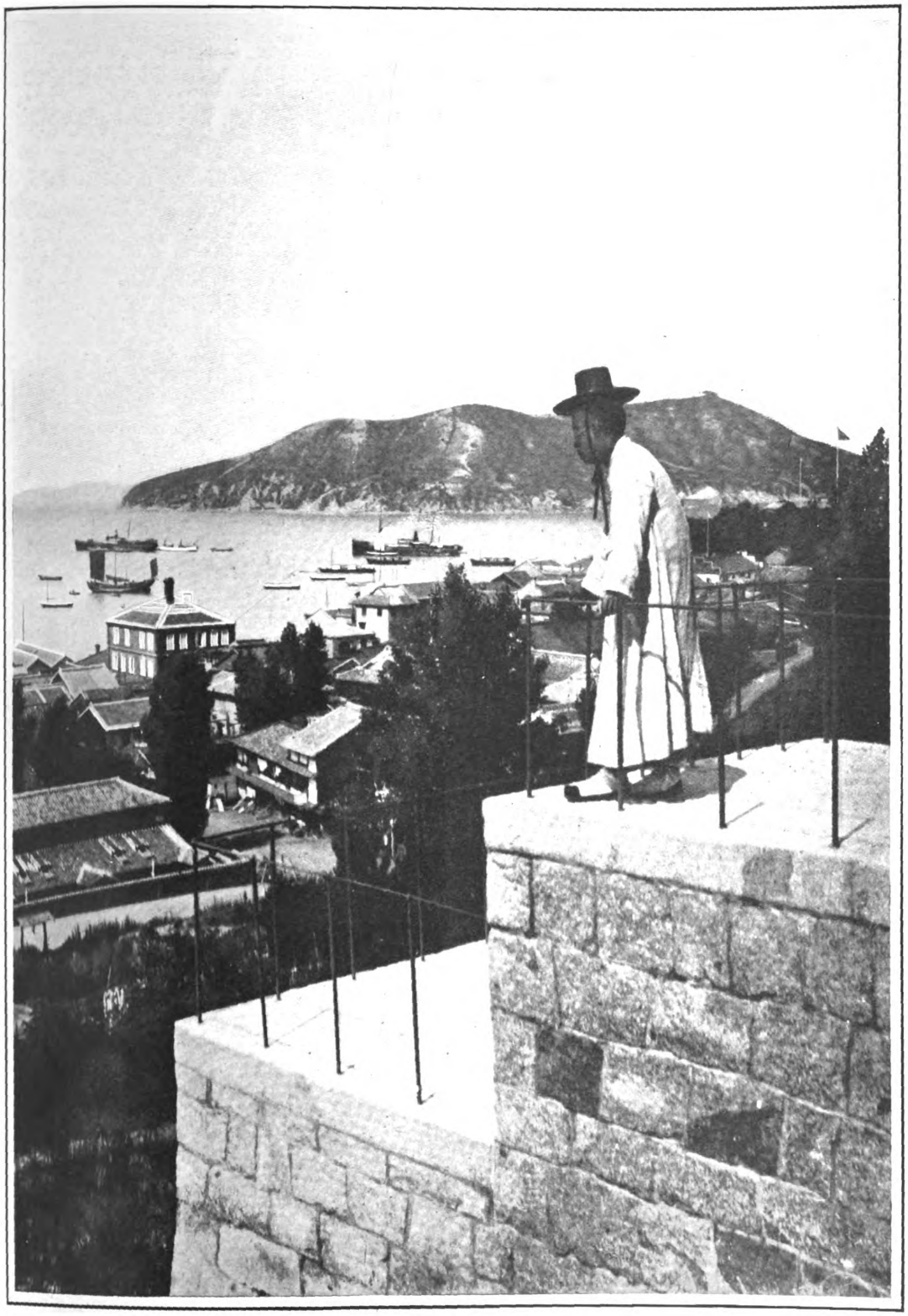
To return briefly, however, to the subject of the reception ceremonies, it would seem ridiculous for Korea to make any pretensions to be other than a vassal state after the performance of an act of homage so full and complete as this.

How Li-Shi can reconcile the fulfilling of the mourning ceremonies held in 1890 with his pretensions to be a free sovereign owing allegiance to none it is difficult to imagine.

The safety of Americans in Korea is being secured by active precautionary measures on the part of the United States government. Reports have been lately received from Horace N. Allen, our minister at Seoul, that Americans there were in danger, Korean newspapers having endeavored to inflame the natives against foreigners, and especially against Americans. A squad of marines is on guard at the United States legation, and there are other marines stationed in the neighborhood. The United States gunboat *Vicksburg* is at Chemulpo.

The feeling against Americans is said to be due to the endeavors of the United States to secure an open port at Wiju, on the Yalu River. The Korean government is disposed to grant the concession, and the people are incensed at what they regard as a movement toward yielding the country too freely to foreigners.

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THE CRISIS IN THE FAR EAST—A VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF CHEMULPO

The photograph shows a view from the steps of the Chemulpo Club, overlooking the harbor of Chemulpo, a strategic point in Korea which would be among the first to be taken possession of in case of war between Japan and Russia

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Women in the Lecture-field

By Florence Jackson

IF women in journalism have gone into the profession without special training tor it, it is not surprising that the lecture-field should be recruited with those who are equally unschooled for their calling. That this is true is one of the reasons advanced against admitting women to the lyceum platform, though as men do not often show any greater preliminary preparation for public speaking, the critics of women fall back upon that antiquated and untrue excuse that women of old "kept silence all."

Because many things are new in the world to-day, the revival of very old customs of class or sex are often believed to be unprecedented, and when they introduce that which prejudice can contest, they are the more eagerly called into question. It had so long ceased to be the custom for women to exhort or lecture in public that, when the revival of an ancient practise began half a century ago, and women ventured upon the lyceum platform, there was a hue and cry raised about it, and the daring creatures were contemptuously called,—New Women. Saintly and charitable Scripture followers failed to find precedent in the conduct of the prophetesses and women leaders of the people of Israel; scholars, lifting their eyes from their Greek and Latin books, saw no revival of the teaching spirit of Aspasia or Hypatia or even of Saint Teresa, and pronounced this effort to give to the world what experience in it had profitably taught—the boldness of the New Woman who egotistically sought to be conspicuous.

Fortunately, opinion changed with time, but even yet there is no little prejudice against women as lecturers, and, in parts of the country, in some cities and by some associations, they are not wanted upon any platforms. In these sections, chiefly in the South, the feminine members of a community are largely responsible for the disesteem in which are held any of its sisters who attempt to take part publicly in the world's work. Unconsciously, they are doing what Mrs. Stetson might call "over-sexing their sex." They are giving women chiefly that value which, taken alone, has been the cause of their lack of mental development throughout the ages—the value as sexual mates before they are considered as intellectual, or even intelligent companions. The Southern women of the present day dread to become less attractive to men if they show any inclination to be independent, and especially to think and to speak for themselves. Thus they look coldly upon women lecturers. Because they do so, men are influenced to discourage the public appearance of women, and, what is more, they discredit the ability of a woman to present subjects of sufficient economic or literary value to make them worth listening to. Only in drama is it excusable for a woman to appear before an audience, and then the amusement she furnishes pardons her for assuming a leading part.

Hardly do these narrow thinkers realize what hinderance they are putting in the way of a woman who needs to earn her living and can do it best by giving to audiences information she has gained. But, fortunately, this antagonism does not exist everywhere, and the districts are numerous in which women are welcomed to the lyceum stage.

Admitted and even sought at last in this profession, it becomes necessary for those women who contemplate entering it to first consider seriously their adaptability for the calling. It is not an easy one, but it has appeared so, and unskilled speakers, and especially the thinkers, have been attracted to it. So short a time have women been "trained" to do what they attempt to do that probably not one industry now followed can show all its workers to have been instructed therein before they undertook it. Yet the sort of education given to women in the past led more consistently to their attempting public speaking than any other calling outside the home, for the reason that "recitation," elocutionary work, the reading of essays, and performing of plays were part of the school programme, and one usually well executed at "exhibition" and "commencement" times.

Then, school life over club life began, and the duties in this last demanded continuation or reinitiation into the habit of speaking in public. The *reading* of "papers" was, in fact, but the extension of school habit. I recall vividly how this impressed me when I first attended a club meeting but little more than nine years ago. A long residence out of the United States had prevented my seeing and sharing in the awakening and growth of women's clubs, and I knew them only through newspaper accounts and through the stories of those writers, who pictured the social fancy of the hour. I went prepared to be impressed, but the "papers" *seemed* to me only very poor school compositions, and the elderly women who read them gave the effect one would receive on seeing a game played as though it were a real *thing*. They seemed to be playing at youth and school-time.

If this were so it was, nevertheless, not a fact to be censured, for the effort toward development deserves praise, however crude may be the first attempts to reach the aim. It was club life certainly that gave the impetus to general lecturing. Women orators, gifted speakers who must give their message, there have been from time immemorial, and some had been known in this country before. But they were as rare as the Aspasias and Hypatias of old. Margaret Fuller was a lecturer, and her audiences were decidedly "representative" men and women, yet she could scarcely be a guide in the manner of meeting an audience of to-day. The great speakers on reforms set the best example of fearlessly appearing on the platform, and what they endured of opposition and ridicule, bravely withstood and finally lived down, has made smooth for us who have come after, the none too easy road to public attention—we can hardly say even yet,—to favor.

But now that this much is won it is well to ask, before choosing this profession, or at least before attempting to follow it,—the calling (it is too precarious, too transient in interest and returns to assume the stability of a profession)—"What have I to say that is worth offering to an audience? Why do I wish to appear in public? Is it merely from a love for excitement, to attract attention, or is there really an honest wish to say something helpful? Have I seen or experienced that which is unusual, or will be interesting and amusing for people to hear?

For, be sure, if the subject treated is not a real one, if anything is "faked," the audiences will in the end find it out, and anything that has been gained will be wholly lost. Lecturing is like all other things to the public—the money's worth is required. Indeed, rather more is required of a lecture than of a play. Amusements are so cheaply offered, and most amusements are, in brightness of setting, inspiration of sound, elan, and expectation, so much more alluring, that a lecture needs an immense amount of some quality that these others have not, if it would win listeners from lighter attractions. The lecturer ought, in fact, to have an engaging personality, but if that is not the case, then her theme and the treatment of it should be on the order of the unusual, the intrinsically worth.

There are some communities where lectures are preferred to any other sort of diversion. These are a delight to the lecturer, who knows so well the difficulties she has to meet in keeping up her own enthusiasm, to say nothing of winning any from her audience. To do this she must create the brightness that in a theatre is supplied by the lights, the music, the very fact of a festively dressed audience. The lecturer has no such inspiration to work upon with hearers who accept a discourse generally as they would a sermon—with repressed feeling or stoic silence. True, at times stoicism is needed on such occasions; I have experienced this both as lecturer and hearer. Then must the afflicted exercise charity and know that "'twas not ever thus."

Such communities as particularly favor lectures are pleased with literary subjects, art themes, or music interpretations. The uncultured and unthinking are harder to address. For them the illustrated lecture, where the pictures will aid their understanding of the topic, are most enjoyed. This has been the case in the courses of "Free Lectures to the People" that are given yearly by the New York Board of Education under the able direction of Dr. Leipziger. East Side, down-town, and remote districts are those to which we are sent with our lantern-slides, and weary as the way may be to travel, especially if the night be stormy, and the carrying of an umbrella as well as the box of heavy slides makes progress, in the teeth of a blizzard, somewhat trying, one cannot help feeling rewarded when an audience of uncultured people show gratitude and appreciation for what they hear and see. It seems, indeed, that on stormy nights the listeners are more receptive, and the lecturer's rewards therefore are richer.

The manner of delivery is a thing to which too great attention cannot be paid. Some read their lectures, and if this is done a very direct and pleasing delivery is more necessary than if the address is made without notes. In the latter case the speaker gets nearer to the audience, and the personal manner will excuse rounded phrasing. Those who read the works of others, those who are "interpreters" of known authors, have still a different manner to cultivate. Each speaker must simply choose that subject which she is best adapted to interpret, *and which she knows accurately*. Sufficient familiarity with public speaking should insure fluent delivery with or without notes. Of course it is much better to be without papers of any kind, but if the manuscript is needed, then it should be so thoroughly mastered that the eyes can be lifted from it continually and the place easily found again. Nothing detracts from a theme more than hesitancy; nothing more wearies an audience. This is to be avoided at all costs. But it is not well to memorize the written lecture. This almost invariably renders delivery stilted, and a hesitation for a forgotten phrase becomes ludicrous.

Illustrated lectures are more easily given by beginners, for the pictures are really prompters, and by using them for a time the memory becomes trained to recall the heads of an address.

No public speaker should ever apologize for anything but a cold, and that is so apparent that it cannot be helped by an apology. To apologize for the subject or the way it is treated (as I have heard done) is not only foolish but directly harmful to the effect of the lecture. And should it be necessary to apologize for being late, the briefest explanation only should be offered. Naturally a lecturer must endeavor not to be late, but accidents to cars, etc., cannot always be escaped. Once in Brooklyn a blizzard had stopped the cars so that connections necessary for me to make were impossible. Nor could a cab be found; there was nothing to do but wait, and on a cold corner; the audience in the hall waited three-quarters of an hour. Not long ago, when staging through the Redwoods of California, from the coast to an inland town, where I was due on the platform at eight o'clock, a delay occurred far up the mountain. It seemed impossible to reach the town in season, but furious driving on the down-grade, with gasping passengers holding on for safety, finally landed me at my destination, dust-covered and breathless, at a quarter to eight. That audience had to wait fifteen minutes for me to remove some of the dust and be able to speak, and so great had been the effect

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on the eyes of the jolting drive that when the platform was reached I could see nothing straight; it would have been impossible to speak from notes. These accidents prove that one must be prepared for any emergency. Wet or dry though the weather be, an engagement must be kept, and only once have I known a storm to be too severe to prevent the assembling of an audience.

The question of dress is not an easy one for such occasions. A short skirt seems the only sensible thing for getting about comfortably when one's hands are sure to be filled with necessary paraphernalia, but a short skirt makes the wearer look neither graceful nor dignified on a platform, while a long gown is difficult to handle in wet weather. The compromise is the carrying of a long skirt of light weight or wearing a long one that is fastened up under a long coat. In no way, however, can a drenching be escaped occasionally. And even under the most favorable circumstances of weather, lecturing is trying to strength, so that every condition connected with it needs to be thought out before it is chosen as a calling.

Then when chosen it must be remembered that constant changes must be made to invite and hold audiences. New subjects must be brought out, new ways of presenting them be used. Many people consider that lecturers are very much over-paid for the work of an hour or two on a platform. Such people do not consider that what is said with so much seeming ease in a couple of hours required months to prepare, years to experience before it could be prepared. The season, too, is short, and the chances of repeated performances uncertain.

The life of a lecturer is not, therefore, an easy one. Still, it has its compensations. If there is a subject to be treated that will be helpful to people to know, if a great theme needs assistance in its exploiting, and the earnest thinker would become

> A voice, a persuasive voice, to carry the wide world through,

then no amount of hard work is too much to endure that the end may be accomplished, and to such the returns of the profession will be quite satisfying.

The New Secretary of War

By A. Maurice Low

IN 1901 William H. Taft, the Governor of the Philippines, was sore in mind and body. He was slowly recovering from a severe surgical operation; "his people," the little brown men over whom he ruled, who were to him something more than mere "subjects," and to them he was something so great and so good that they called him "Sancto Taft," were dying by the score from cholera, their cattle had fallen under the plague, business was at a standstill because of the confusion over the currency. It was a time to try the soul of a man even so buoyantly optimistic as Governor Taft, to make him feel, as all men at times must feel who are not content with merely the trivialities of life, that the burden was almost too heavy to be borne. When things were blackest there came a long telegram from his former classmates at Yale, who, meeting at their annual dinner, determined to show the "Bill Taft" of their adolesence that, although they were separated by 7000 miles of ocean, he was not forgotten. When he received this telegram he was so affected by it, he was so delighted to know that the friends of his youth were still thinking of him, that he was not ashamed to display his emotion.

A year later Governor Taft was in this country on his way to Rome. He had recovered his health, "his people" were no longer cursed by cholera or the plague among their cattle, the problems which had taxed his utmost endeavors were settling themselves, and he was happy, for he was once more among his college chums, and there was a dinner to celebrate the reunion. Governor Taft told how he had received their telegram of the year before, and how it had affected him to know that they still occasionally thought of him. Then, as if moved by a common impulse, every man present said: "Confound you, Bill Taft, forgotten you! Why, we love you."

Now when men past middle life, strong men at that, men who have done something, tell another man that they love him, they set it down that he is a man out of the ordinary, a man of very remarkable qualities; for how many men are there who can inspire love in their fellows?—a love that stretches from late boyhood into middle manhood. And perhaps this better than anything else is the key-note to Judge Taft's character; it explains why the little brown men of the Philippine islands have endeared him with the name of Saint Taft; why the first American called to be the administrator of an American colony measured up to the standard required of him, and showed that although the American people were new to the business of governing subject nations they could adapt themselves as readily to that as they had adapted themselves to other problems demanding the highest qualities—integrity, self-sacrifice, courage, wisdom, restraint.

A man who makes his mark on the world's page owes it to himself, as well as to his biographer, to be born poor, to contend against adversity, and to rise superior to all circumstances; because it makes the task so much easier for his biographer to be able to tell the story of those early struggles and recount the anecdotes with which apocryphal ingenuity surrounds him. Governor Taft has no poverty to be proud of; unfortunately, he never slept under a counter, or swept out a store, or amassed a fortune on a salary of two dollars a week. His father was a distinguished man, not rich as riches are counted these days, and yet not poverty-stricken; the son was carefully prepared for college, and at the proper time went to Yale.

Mens sana in corpore sano is a motto much in favor at Yale, and the men who were with Taft in college agree that it was made for "Bill Taft." He came to Yale physically perfect, six feet two of him from the ground up, the shoulders and arms of a Hercules, a big head properly formed. He was noted as a wrestler, he was in the front rank when Freshmen rushed Sophs, and when Sophs thought it necessary to lay the heavy hand of discipline upon cubs; he was a lover of all good manly sports; and, strange enough, because the two seldom go together at college and the athlete is not often the student, he ranked high intellectually, so high that out of a class of 120 he graduated second, and was the salutatorian and class orator.

Some men are born to be leaders among men. That was the rôle indicated for Taft even in his youth. Every man who was with him at Yale bears testimony to the affection they all had for him, to the control and ascendency he had over them. And the reason why he was so well beloved and was able to wield so much power is the secret of character, the one thing no man may assume if he has it not. In him was typified the highest expression of a sound mind in a sound body. He was sane, well balanced, temperate in all things. He led his class in a rush; he hazed or was hazed, according to the canons that existed at Yale in his day; he entered into the life there, and was prominent in class and college politics, but all with tempered moderation, just as he took his glass of beer, but no one ever knew him to be anything else but temperate or to idle away his time when there were more important things to be done.

The power to master a subject without working was never Taft's gift, as so often distinguished many superficially brilliant men at college, who flash across the university horizon and sink into obscurity as soon as they go out into the world. He was intellectually a strong man before he reached maturity, but his greatest strength was his power of hard and sustained work; he said frankly when he first went to Yale that he came there to work and to learn, and as he was not a prig, and as he possessed to a superlative degree that subtle, indefinable charm of personal magnetism, and he was physically and mentally big, with a heart that corresponded to his body, he was respected for his declaration, and exerted an authority over his associates which they admit was good. It was the force of his sanity, his balance, his moderation that exercised this influence.

When a man deliberately turns his back on the easy things of life to take up those that are difficult and unpleasant, when he makes a sacrifice, knowing full well the extent of his sacrifice; when he puts behind him his dearest ambition because ambition conflicts with duty, that man has deserved well of his country. Governor Taft has done all of those things. The way in which he came to be Governor of the Philippines is typical of the man's lofty conception of duty.

President McKinley needed a chairman of the Philippines commission. He consulted with Secretary Root, and after canvassing many names Mr. Root decided that the one man of all others for the place was Judge Taft, at that time one of the United States circuit judges, if he could be induced to leave the bench. Mr. Root had known him as a distinguished lawyer and judge; he had a high respect for his legal and intellectual attainments; his personality had impressed him. Judge Taft was asked to come to Washington. In Washington a conversation somewhat like this took place between Secretary Root and Judge Taft: "You are at present on the circuit bench, where you have a life position at a fair salary, a dignified and honorable place, with a pension for life after you reach the retiring age. You can count with a reasonable degree of hope of being appointed to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, the ambition of every lawyer. We want you to go to the Philippines. The work is difficult, laborious, perplexing; there is little that can be offered you in the way of reward, there is much that will be unpleasant—which will you take, the easy place or the hard one?"

Judge Taft needed no time for deliberation. He frankly admitted that it had been his ambition to go on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, the goal to which every lawyer looks, and yet he felt that he could do more good and be of greater service to his country if he let his ambition sleep and went to the Philippines to help solve a problem new to Americans; to do his share in meeting the responsibilities which were thrown upon the United States as a result of the war with Spain. So he went to the Philippines, and twice while there the temptation came to him to drop the work in which he was engaged and find dignified rest on the Supreme bench. Twice there were vacancies; on both occasions he was told the place was his if he would take it, and twice he refused—perhaps the only man who has twice declined that honor. But there was still work to be done, and he felt it would be as unworthy for him to leave his labors unfinished as it would be for a soldier to drop his rifle in the thick of the fighting. Now he comes to Washington, because as Secretary of War he can carry on in Washington what he began so well in the Philippines, because the time has arrived in the affairs of his wards when he can be of greater service to them in Washington than in the Philippines.

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Some Recent Plays in Caricature

IN his interesting discussions of recent and current plays, now appearing in the WEEKLY, Mr. Howells notes a suggestive difference between such English plays as "The Admirable Crichton," "Little Mary," and "Whitewashing Julia," and such American plays as "Her Own Way," "Glad of It," and "The Other Girl." Mr. Howells points out that the English plays have to do with man as a social being—a society man in the narrower and wider sense, and that the American plays have to do with man as a family man: that with us the main human interest is the home, while with the English the main human interest is society. The plays of which some of the leading characters are caricatured in the accompanying drawings, while they are variously English and American, scarcely lend themselves to such a comparison. "Raffles," a dramatization based on Mr. Hornung's "Amateur Cracksman" stories, is melodrama in evening dress; "The Marriage of Kitty" is a modified English version of a French farce, "La Passerelle"; "The Pretty Sister of José" is an adaptation made by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett from her novel of that name, dealing with a Spanish subject; "The Red Feather" is a comic opera of the familiar sort, while "Waffles" is a typical Weber and Field burlesque of the Hornung play. Most of these, in the main, are, as Mr. Howells remarks of "The Marriage of Kitty," "of a dramatic creed outworn," and they lend themselves fitly to caricature rather than to sober critical study. A few notes on the productions which have furnished material for the sketches will suggest the dramatic background of the different figures. In "Raffles," produced at the Princess Theatre, the part of the gentleman burglar of Mr. Hornung's book is played by Kyrle Bellew; that of the detective, *Captain Bedford*, by Mr. E. M. Holland. The action of the play turns on the theft of a diamond necklace at a house where *Raffles* is being entertained as a guest. The identity of the cracksman is discovered by an adventuress, also staying at the house, who is in love with him, and who, piqued by his failure to return her affection, very nearly brings about his capture by the detective. *Raffles's* final escape is a memorable incident. In the Weber-Feld burlesque of the play, made by Edgar Smith as a pendent for "Whoop-Dee-Doo," Peter F. Dailey plays *Waffles*, and makes up as an excellent travesty of Mr. Bellew. Louis Mann, as *Captain Deadwood*, burlesques Mr. Holland; and there is *Creshay*, "an honest, hard-working burglar," who keeps his alarm-clock ringing while he robs a house in order that he may stay awake.



Mr. Holland as "Captain Bedford"



Peter Dailey as "Waffles"

Captain Deadwood can't sleep when there is a burglar to run down, he says.

"That," replies *Waffles*, "is because you are not a regular policeman." The diamonds which *Waffles* is after are kept in the ice-chest.

The Honest Burglar sits on the door-step to knit.

"What are you going to knit?" asks Mr. Weber, as *Marie*, the French maid.

"A jimmy," answers the Honest Burglar.

In "The Marriage of Kitty," which had a profitable run at the Hudson Theatre, Miss Marie Tempest played the part of *Kitty*, an attractive country girl in straitened circumstances. She visits her godfather, a solicitor, to consult him about an occupation, at the same time that *Reginald Belsize*, a young baronet, applies to the lawyer for advice. He is about to inherit a large fortune from a deceased uncle, which is left to him only on condition that he does not marry a certain Peruvian widow, of whom the rich relative disapproved. The lawyer suggests as a solution of the difficulty that he contract a temporary marriage with some one, and, after receiving his fortune, divorce her and marry *Madame de Semiano*, the widow from Peru. *Belsize* likes the idea, and *Kitty*, for a consideration, consents to become the nominal *Lady Belsize*. After the marriage, the baronet and the Peruvian, properly chaperoned, go travelling together, while *Kitty* keeps house alone in her husband's Swiss villa. *Belsize* soon wearies of the widow, and returning to his home, falls head over heels in love with *Kitty*. The Peruvian appears on the scene and finds the baronet making love to his own wife; he refuses to be divorced, and the widow goes into hysterics. Finally, the baronet and *Kitty* elope, while *Madame de Semiano* reverts to a former lover, whom she discovers to be her real affinity.



Maude Adams as "Pepita"

"The Pretty Sister of José," Mrs. Burnett's dramatization of her story, was produced at the New Empire, with Maude Adams, who had been absent from the stage for a season, in the principal part. *Pepita*, the "pretty sister of José," is a Spanish girl with a mind of her own. *Sebastiano*, a bull-fighter, is in love with her, and wants her to marry him. But *Pepita* remembers that her mother was abused by the husband to whom she was devoted; so *Pepita* wants nothing to do with men, and repulses the matador. When he is wounded by a bull, however, her sympathies are touched, and while she nurses him in his illness he succeeds in winning her love.



Mr. Seabrooke in "Red Feather"

"Red Feather" was written jointly by Messrs. De Koven, Klein, and Cook; Mr. De Koven wrote the music, and Messrs. Klein and Cook the libretto. It was played at the Lyric Theatre, with Miss Grace Van Studdiford, formerly of "The Bostonians," as the heroine of the story, and Mr. Seabrooke as the chief comedian. The action of the piece centres about the operations of a band of conspirators who are attempting to overthrow the reigning dynasty in the mythical kingdom of Romancia. *Red Feather*, the chief of the band, is known to the world as the *Countess von Draga*. Her lover, *Captain Travors*, of the Romancian army, is ordered by his rival, the Crown Prince, to find and capture the dangerous *Red Feather*. He succeeds in reaching the council-chamber of the band, and finds the dreaded chief in the person of his sweetheart, the countess. In the end, the Crown Prince is deposed, and the captain wins his lady, after the Order of Red Feathers has triumphed.



Mr. Bellew as "Raffles"

The figures caricatured in the drawings are excellent exaggerations of the characteristic personalities of the different actors and actresses.

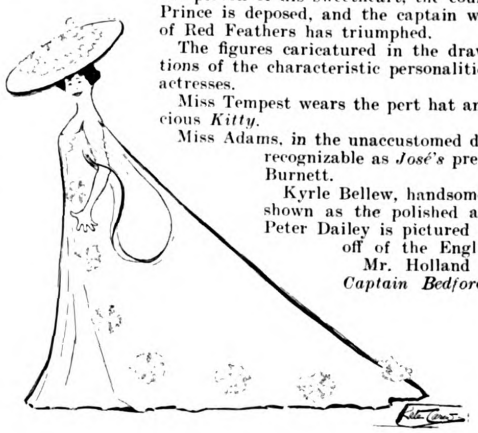
Miss Tempest wears the pert hat and sweeping train of the vivacious *Kitty*.

Miss Adams, in the unaccustomed dress of a Castilian maiden, is recognizable as *José's* pretty sister in the play by Mrs. Burnett.

Kyrle Bellew, handsome and of romantic bearing, is shown as the polished and resourceful *Raffles*, while Peter Dailey is pictured in his admirably comic take-off of the English actor.

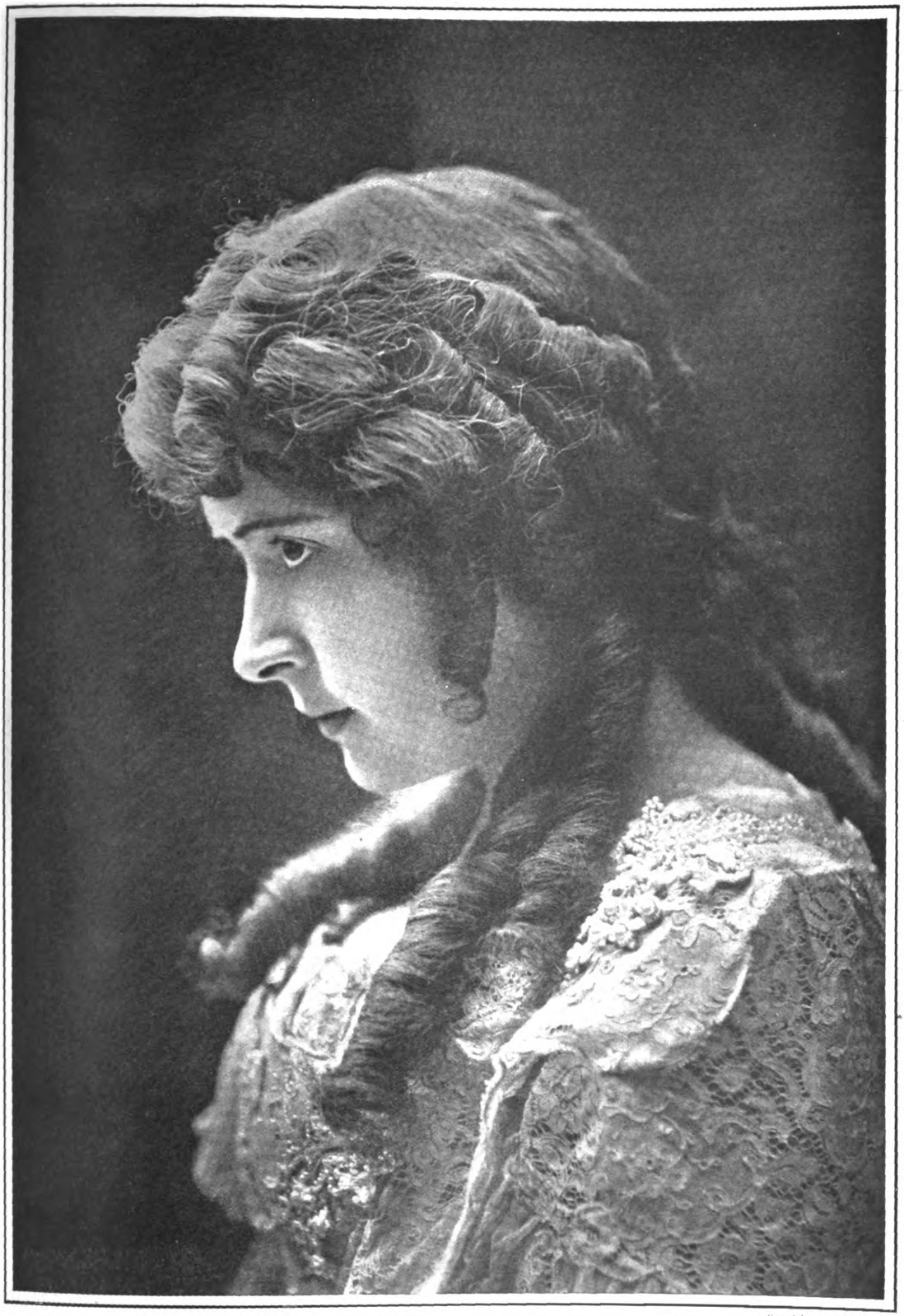
Mr. Holland appears in the drawing as *Captain Bedford*, who almost brings about the cracksman's undoing. The anxiety and intentness of his expression, and his habit of nervously twisting his mustache, are humorously emphasized.

Mr. Seabrooke is caricatured in one of the antics with which he enlivened "Red Feather."



Marie Tempest in "The Marriage of Kitty"

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MISS BERTHA GALLAND AS "DOROTHY VERNON"

Miss Galland has recently appeared in New York in the title part of Paul Kester's dramatization of Charles Major's novel, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." "Dorothy," a girl of Elizabeth's time, loves "Sir John Manners," the son of the "Earl of Rutland," hereditary foe of the "Vernon" family, who is forbidden the house. He is discovered visiting her in secret, and is threatened with death. "Queen Elizabeth" offers to save him on condition that "Dorothy" obtain from him the secret of the hiding-place of "Mary, Queen of Scots," which he knows. "Dorothy" gets the information, and then, in regret for her betrayal of "Mary," contrives her escape by means of a change of costume. Her lover, "Manners," is not killed, but is sentenced to exile; and at the end "Dorothy" eludes her family and goes with him

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Correspondence

HOUSEHOLD SERVICE ON A BUSINESS FOOTING

BOSTON, *January 5, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In a recent HARPER'S WEEKLY a correspondent suggests the solving of the domestic problem by putting every servant and household duty on a strictly business footing.

Of course a man wrote that. Every woman knows as long as young children, illness, and the occasional absence of the housekeeper are facts to be reckoned on, the incidental extra duties of those employed will have to be more or less a favor to the employer.

In the business world the superintendent or manager is present during recognized business hours. There are no universal housekeeping hours, and a well-conducted household runs as smoothly without the mistress as with her.

That result, in my opinion, can *only* be obtained by absolute frankness, honesty, and consideration between the mistress and maids which engender a general good feeling and peace felt in the very atmosphere of the house.

I am, sir,

LISBETH DAVIS OGDEN.

THE NEED OF PUBLICITY

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, *December 11, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Having read with interest your comments on the race question, which prove your desire to be fair at all times to all concerned, I am moved to offer a suggestion as to a possible method of reaching a solution of the problem. One great bar to solution is the mixing of partisanship and sectional feeling in the consideration of the problem; and another difficulty is the lack of authoritative information as to the conditions existing. In order to solve any problem it is necessary, first, to approach it with a mind clear of prejudice and preconceived ideas of what the solution should be, and, second, it is necessary to have at hand all the facts obtainable bearing upon the question at issue. A majority of persons who take upon themselves the task of offering solutions of the race question either approach the problem with a settled conviction that certain conclusions must be reached, regardless of the premise or logic, or they are ignorant of the most elementary facts. These two classes have succeeded only in beclouding the question.

Now what I propose is this:

Secure the enactment by Congress of a law creating a national commission.

The members of this commission to be chosen by the President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Fix the number of commissioners at not more than twelve and not less than six, two to be of the negro race, and half the commissioners to be residents for longer than ten years of States in which slavery did not exist, and half of States where slavery did exist at the outbreak of the civil war.

Give the commission abundance of time and the necessary authority to enable it to thoroughly investigate every phase of the question, the testimony to be taken in writing, and to form the basis of a report, embodying whatever conclusions and suggestions the commission may see fit to make.

The high character of the appointing power would preclude the possibility of the commission being swayed by partisan or sectional influences. The evidence and findings of the commission would be *authoritative*. They would throw light upon all dark places and leave no excuse for any man to remain ignorant of the actual conditions. The report would reduce the whole matter to a scientific basis.

By advocating some such scheme as this your paper may lead the way to the solution of a question which is every day becoming more important to the welfare of the whole country.

I am, sir,

SHIRLEY W. JOHNS.

THE BREAD WE EAT

SANTA MARIA DEL ORE, MEXICO, *January 12, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I take your paper weekly and enjoy it. I read recently an article therein on "whole meal" and "white flour" (bolted) bread. The article tried to prove that "bolted" bread was as good as, if not better than, "whole meal" bread. I enclose the following from a Pittsburg paper which perfectly agrees with my personal experience. When mining in Norway years ago I found that the people only used "white bread" as we use cakes—*i.e.*, as an indigestible luxury; and soon after landing I was warned by a physician to avoid "white bread," and especially that made from fine white bolted flour, and he added, "If you must eat it cut a similar slice of rye bread and eat the two together to avoid indigestion." I found out he was right by experience.

I am, sir,

WALTER E. KOCH.

P.S.—A miner usually has a good digestion.

BREAD.—Baron Steuben says that the peculiar healthfulness of the Prussian soldiers was in a great measure to be attributed to their ammunition bread, made of grain, triturated or ground, but not bolted, and which was accounted the most wholesome and nutritious part of their rations. The Dutch sailors, in the days of their naval glory, were supplied with the same kind of bread. During the war between England and France, near the close of the last century, wheat became very scarce. William Pitt was the Prime Minister, and at his instance the government recommended to the people generally throughout the country to substitute potatoes and rice as far as possible for bread, in order to save the wheat for the foreign army. The scarcity was alarming, and Parliament passed a law, to take effect for two years, that the army at home should be supplied with bread made of unbolted wheat meal, solely for the purpose of making the wheat go as far as possible, and thus saving as much as they could from the home consumption for the better supply of the army on the Continent. Throughout the whole of Great Britain the soldiers were supplied with this coarse bread. After two or three weeks the men began to be much pleased with it and preferred it to the fine-flour bread. The result was that not only the wheat was made to go much farther, but the health of the soldiers improved so manifestly that it became a matter of common remark among themselves, and of observation and surprise among the officers and physicians of the army. These gentlemen publicly declared that the soldiers were never so healthy nor so robust before, and that disease of every kind had almost disappeared from the army. The public papers were for months filled with commendations for this bread.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

WHERE NEGROES ARE ALLOWED IN THE SOUTH

CLARKSDALE, MISSISSIPPI, *January 4, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It was amusing indeed to read the two contradictory articles in your issue of January 2, regarding negroes being allowed to live in Mitchell County, North Carolina, and both coming from Raleigh, North Carolina. Now I am a native Mississippian, also native of Delta portion of Mississippi, where we have easily *twenty* negroes to one Caucasian. Now I will state from my own personal knowledge that Professor Hart is correct when he says negroes are not allowed to reside in some places in South. I know myself of certain localities some two to four miles square, where few, if any, negroes live, and I am positive that 'tis rather uncomfortable for the few who do live either in or on the edge of these localities. These localities are settled with what we term "Red Necks"—low illiterate whites. I don't think there is any place so large as a whole county, but there is no denying the fact that there are such localities. Our negroes have a comical song they sing about these localities, one line of chorus being, "Nigger, don't let the sun set on yo' head," *and* 'tis amusing indeed to have a darky tell his experience with such localities. Just a few days ago I laughed heartily at two negroes relating their experience with such a locality to me. Two counties in this State, Amite and Scott, have portions where the negro is not only not wanted, but was literally driven out.

Now I am distinctly Southern, and don't think I have a single relative north of Mason and Dixon's line, nor ever had. I also supported Vardaman in our Gubernatorial race; however, I think the facts about things should be plainly told.

This low illiterate white is the only enemy the negro has in the South. I knew one negro who worked only two mules, who cleared in cash, after living all year, $1286 40, and numberless others who cleared from three to eight hunded dollars. Do you know of any place on face of globe he can do half so well? The educated white man is friend of negro so long as he remains in his place, and I have never seen him out of his place in Mississippi, and hardly think I ever will. I am and have been for years a constant reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY, rightly called "Journal of Civilization," and you, I think, have most correct idea of exact status of race question and are broad-minded enough to see things as they are. I remember several months since reading article in the *Independent*, stating we of South knew nothing of the negro. If we don't know him, pray who does? Now some resident of Amite or Scott County may read this and take issue with me on ground that the negro there was not compelled to leave by residents, but that shrewd labor agents for planters and contractors in Delta posted notices to leave in a few hours, purporting to come from residents, when really they were posted by the labor agent to frighten negro, so he could take him to Delta. However, the recent whitecap outbreaks against the negro there have proven that this was not so, and that those counties have an element who just "don't like a nigger nohow," and Professor Hart was correct when he so stated.

I am, sir,

"DELTA RESIDENT."

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How Europe Trains its Wage-earners

By William Hosea Ballou

EUROPEAN governments, generally, give more or less free instruction to children of the masses to assist them to be self-supporting and to prevent their becoming a charge on the state. The instruction extended is typical of the leading industry of the particular country involved. Thus, Russia, now expanding its railways, has schools for that branch of education; France, Switzerland, and Belgium instruct in agriculture on a vast scale; Sweden turns out the best landscape gardeners in the world, giving especial attention to arboriculture; and Germany teaches agriculture, but more of manufacturing. While it is true that the United States provides instruction only in its naval and military branches, which is not compulsory, we must not forget that the district school is strictly under the supervision of the States, in many of which primary education is compulsory to a monarchical extreme.

Russia's Railway Schools

The railway schools of Russia are among the most interesting of all nations. When the great Siberian Railway is completed it will form a practical westward continuation of the American trunk lines, connected by international ferries in the form of gigantic steamship lines. It was the construction of the wonderful Siberian Railway which largely liberalized all Russia and turned its attention to the education of children. At the latest report, Russia was teaching 6000 children of railway men all branches of modern railway construction and operation. Russia recently sent two eminent ministers of affairs to this country to examine the workings of the railway branches of the Young Men's Christian Association, for the immediate introduction of the service at division points of the railways of all Russia.

France's Educated Farmers

In France, as in the United States, agriculture engages fully one-half of the population. Since 1822, when the Institute of Roville was founded by Dombasle near Nancy, the French free training system has, with many ups and downs, gradually extended until it covers all France and all forms of soil culture.

French children, under government training, are first put in primary schools, thereafter to pass up through all departments to the National Institute. It must be admitted that the term "French peasant" means something vastly more than a farmer of any other nation. When the French boy emerges from the institute he is no yokel, but an educated man who can make the most of the smallest area of soil. He knows familiarly all life on the farm, animate and inanimate, also all objects, organic and inorganic. He is fully equipped to create wealth from the smallest means. Through him we understand the vast combined wealth of the French peasantry. Were such a system in vogue and compulsory in America, forty million farm-workers would be elevated from a homely and commonplace existence to an educated mass, capable of wresting untold riches out of a vast soil which to-day is often worked in the most ignorant and humdrum manner, producing a mere living per family, and generally mortgaged beyond its present worth.

In Other Countries

Belgium closely follows France as a great government educator. There are separate free schools for both sexes scattered throughout the kingdom for children of six years of age of the poorer classes; primary schools for which a small quarterly fee is charged for those who can afford to pay; free housekeeping schools for girls of the age of fourteen; and temporary dairy schools for girls of fifteen.

Sweden has more than 2000 school gardens, in which gardening is the principal feature. Austria has many of these, and Germany but few. In Germany the higher education occupies the whole public mind, the arts, sciences, and music. It also excels the world in higher technical and mercantile education. Land is too high in Germany and too thickly settled to be devoted to very large agricultural uses. Germany prefers to devote its vast energies to manufacturing and commerce and let other nations feed it.

Switzerland has many government schools, but all are similar to the above and modelled after them.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

ALL SEAMEN
know the comforts of having on hand a supply of BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK. It can be used so agreeably for cooking, in coffee, tea, and chocolate. Lay in a supply for all kinds of expeditions. Avoid unknown brands.—[*Adv.*]

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ON the ocean greyhound, relieve your seasickness with a pint of COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE.—[*Adv.*]

STEADY nerves and a clear, active brain come from the use of ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

QUIT COFFEE

Said the Great German Specialist.

It disappoints some people to be told that coffee causes the disease. But it is best to look squarely at facts and set the face towards health, for that's more fun than anything else, anyhow. A Cincinnati man consulted a Berlin physician on nervous diseases, and says:

"Four years ago I was an habitual coffee-drinker, having used it for 25 years, and being naturally of a nervous temperament, I became almost a nervous wreck, greatly suffering from insomnia, almost constantly constipated, and weighing only 128 pounds.

"I consulted physicians and took medicine all the time, but had no relief. About three years and a half ago I went abroad, and while in Berlin heard frequently of a great physician, Prof. Mendel, an authority on nervous trouble, so I resolved to consult him.

"Prof. Mendel surprised me very much by asking at once if I was a coffee-drinker, and on my telling him I used it two or three times a day, he said, 'It is poison.' After carefully examining me, he told me there was nothing the matter with me whatever but what could be entirely cured in 30 days by letting coffee and other stimulants alone and dieting.

"I had a hard time following his advice. I did not know what to do until I came home and told my wife, who got some Postum. We tried it, but at first did not like it; then we went over the directions on the package together, and found we had not boiled it long enough. That was the beginning of the end of my trouble, for the Postum was delicious after that, and I drank it regularly and it helped from the start.

"In a very short time I began to feel much better, and in the last three years I haven't been absent from business one hour on account of ill-health, for my health is fine now. I have a good appetite, sleep well and weigh 175 pounds." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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A personally-conducted tour to Southern California will leave New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg, by special train over the Pennsylvania Railroad, on February 11. The route of the tour will be via New Orleans, stopping at that point three days to witness the Mardi Gras festivities. The special train will be continued through to Los Angeles, from which point tourists will travel independently through California and on the return trip.

The special train in which the party will travel from New York to Los Angeles will be composed of high-grade Pullman equipment, and will be in charge of a Pennsylvania Railroad Tourist Agent.

The round-trip rate, $250, covers transportation and all expenses on the special train to Los Angeles, including a seat for the Mardi Gras Carnival. From Los Angeles tickets will cover transportation only, and will be good to return at any time within nine months, via any authorized trans-continental route, except via Portland, for which an additional charge of $15.00 is made.

For complete details and further information, apply to Ticket Agents; Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York; 4 Court Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

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By ONOTO WATANNA

Author of "A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE," Etc.

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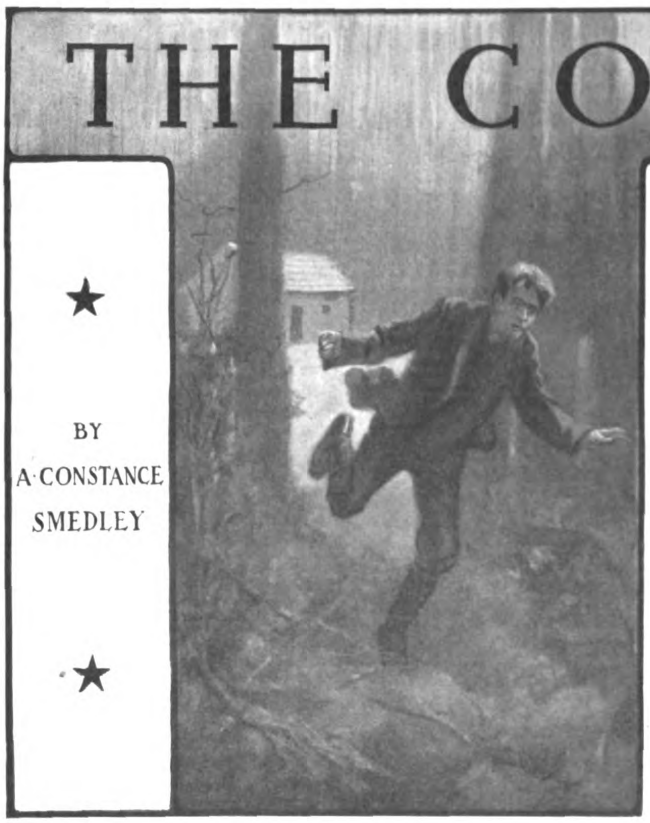


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THE COWARD



BY A. CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

THERE was nothing at all remarkable about Tilden, nothing to single him out from the shoals of young men one may see any morning on the tram-cars in Peckham. He was in a good position as under-manager in a timber merchant's office, and he was very steady and reliable. His position gave him something of importance in his little world; his income was assured, his tastes wholesome and domestic; and he himself passably good-looking in a somewhat sketchy indetermined fashion; and so it was only natural he should have a not unduly diffident opinion of himself. He liked ladies' society, but he took care to raise no definite hopes in any direction; his parents were as careful of him as he was himself, and if any man seemed likely to make a prudent choice, one would have said it had been Tilden.

And then Tilden must fall in love, and with the last girl in the world he would have chosen in calmer moments for his wife! Tilden thought her beautiful, with her innocent brown eyes and curly short hair, fluffy and silky like a baby's, though she was too delicate to be really pretty. She was so slight, one wondered how she kept her feet in a breath of wind, and so soft and pale, one hardly dared to touch her lest she should melt away like a spirit. Yet she was brimful of nervous life and spirit, and was as excitable as a little fowl. She used to chatter away to Tilden, and he was cautiously amused and attracted from the very first.

Then came the night of the performance of his dramatic club. They played "Romeo and Juliet," and the little girl was *Juliet*. She distinguished herself in a way that surprised every one. The tomb scene was her triumph. With the darkness and the limelight, she worked herself up to such a pitch of excitement that she electrified the house, and when it came to the death scene, the scream she gave made people shudder. It was terrible to see her little nervous body, lying on the floor, so pitifully helpless. It gave one a sick feeling, as if one had trodden on a bird.

The audience applauded frantically when the curtain dropped, but she did not appear. She had collapsed into a chair in her dressing-room, and was crying like a child who is afraid of the dark. It was then that Tilden fell in love with her. She held on to his hand when he brought a restorative. "You're so sensible and safe!" she said, and cried and cried, quite heedless of the surprised looks of those around her; and, marvel of marvels, even Tilden the conventional did not seem to heed them either!

Their engagement was announced a few days later, and no one was very much surprised, except Tilden's people. Tilden himself did not improve in his engagement. The way that little girl looked up at him and trusted him would have made a modest man think well of himself, and Tilden had never been lacking in a due estimation of his worth. And the more importance he assumed, the more she admired his manliness. The one ideal that she worshipped in him, besides his wisdom and uprightness, was his bravery. Why, I never knew. Tilden did not look a hero; he was neither tall nor short, and had no particular coloring; his eyes were a pale gray and his hair a mousy brown, and he had a commonplace little mustache and nothing arresting in the way of a chin; and I do not think he had ever given any great proof of courage even in his conversation. But she was never tired of comparing him to great heroes, much, of course, to Tilden's advantage. But with all her romance and imagination, the little girl could not make an ideal of their engagement, even in her most enthusiastic moments, for Tilden's mother, who opposed the marriage, hovered over them like an ominous vulture.

And then the clouds on the horizon showed a sign of lifting. Tilden's firm had lately bought an enormous tract of forest land out West, over which they offered him the post of general manager and overseer. The country was uncleared and wild. He would have to live in a log hut, away from any township, in the midst of the forests. Tilden was not particularly attracted by the prospect; he had little taste for scenery, and none at all for solitude. He was unhappy by himself; he had been born in a suburb, he had grown up in a suburb, and he was made on a small indoor scale.

Still, it was not Tilden, to all outward seeming, that set the ball rolling. It was the little girl who was so anxious for Tilden to accept the offer and go out West.

In vain he pointed out to her how lonely it would be; to her romantic mind that was only an advantage. The more she thought of it, the more ideally romantic and inviting the prospect seemed, and the more determined she was to go, and she did her very best to flatter Tilden into acquiescence.

"If we have to live so simply," she explained, "we can save all your salary; and when the three years are over we can take a heavenly holiday and go to Italy. Oh, and think when we come home again! How proud I shall be of you, when I look at the other men who've lived at Peckham all their lives and have no experience of the world but Brighton!"

With one thing and another she made up such an attractive picture of Tilden's return home that Tilden could not help feeling that he certainly would shine out wonderfully at Peckham when he did return after his foreign experience. He at last decided to go. They were to sail in the early autumn, and the marriage was hurried on accordingly.

One afternoon just before their marriage they planned to take a cycle ride. It was a beautiful July day, and as I had nothing particular to do, and mentioned it, the little girl invited me to go with them, for she was so happy she could not make herself too sweet to any one.

I never saw any one ride so recklessly as that bit of a girl, and yet I felt she had not any real courage. She seemed to be continually rushing into danger through sheer senselessness. A person like that keeps one's heart in one's mouth, especially if one is of a nervous nature. It was dreadful to see the way in which she would go tearing down the hill, and then call out half-way down that she could not stop herself. Tilden, being more used to her, simply shouted to her not to be so silly, and cycled along sensibly with me.

We were pedalling down a rather steep incline, when suddenly the little girl started ahead. She had just attained full speed when, at the bottom of the hill, a herd of bullocks turned into the road from a neighboring meadow, and we did not see a man with them. Then, to my horror, I saw that she had completely lost her head. She had not the sense to take her feet down and back-pedal; she simply gave a scream and flew straight into the midst of them.

Tilden's face was white as death. "Stop, you fool!" he was saying, in a queer strained voice, quite softly. "Stop, you fool!"

His hands were clenched upon his handle-bar. Naturally, I thought he was following. Frightened as I was, it never entered my head to let that little girl ride right into the midst of those bulls by herself, and then turn round and find no one was with her; so I tore down as quickly as I could, shouting out at the bulls to scare them, and, fortunately, the man came up and headed them to one side just as the little girl and I flashed past. We came to a standstill at the foot of the hill, and it was not till then that I discovered that Tilden was not there.

I looked up the hill. I could not believe my eyes. The bulls had turned down a lane and had disappeared, and at the top of the hill Tilden was coming out of the hedge. He was mounting his bicycle. He had got off. The little girl saw him. I shall never forget how she looked. It was as if the whole world had gone away from her and she was left in space. Then we stood and watched him, riding down the hill, and he put up his feet, very brave and dashing, as he did so.

"My bicycle skidded," said he, as he came up panting and rather flushed. "I never had such an awful moment in all my life!"

He said he would like to give the cow-herd a good talking to for his carelessness, which I believed, for this was just the sort of thing Tilden did like to do; but Tilden had mounted his bicycle at the exact place where I had left him, and when a bicycle skids downhill it generally throws you some short distance.

I never had such an uncomfortable ride as that ride home.

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Tilden was the only one who talked, and he had plenty to say—about all his sensations when the bicycle skidded, and the folly of the young lady, and what might have happened! He rode by her very carefully down the slightest incline, but she never spoke, and when I left them a frightened look had come into her eyes, and I do not believe it ever left them again. A few days later the little girl came to Tilden and asked him to give up his post abroad. A sudden fear seemed to have come to her. She said she did not want to leave her people; but Tilden knew what it was well enough. He knew she had lost confidence in him. I expect he felt wretched enough. I am sure of one thing, that Tilden was passionately in love with her, and longed with all his heart to take care of her and make her happy, and when she begged him to stay he turned obstinate, and said he was not going to back out now and look like a fool. The wedding was to be in a few weeks now, and they were to go straight off from the reception to Southampton. He would not budge from his determination now, if he had been wavering before; she cried, and pleaded, and even threatened to break it off at this last moment, but in the end she had to give in.

I went to the wedding, and I felt things were not right. I never saw a bride cry as she did. She gasped with sobs, and held her mother, as if they had been tearing her away to take her to her death. I went down to the station to see them off; and she had quieted down a little by then and held on to Tilden's hand as if she had made up her mind to trust him; but there was a look in her eyes—it was not human—the look when the train went out and carried her away. It was just as if she knew she would never come back again. Nothing will ever make me believe that that little girl had not some presentiment of what was going to happen.

The house to which Tilden took his little bride was built of logs and stood by itself upon a stretch of grass, and the mountains rose up all around them, covered by enormous forests. The river ran between the mountains some way from their cabin, and it was larger than any river we have here, and had horrible, savage, foaming rapids, and when there had been rain they could hear the logs booming down the water, with a muffled sound, like drums or thunder; but it was most horrible of all when it flowed on silently. It was miserable in the long spells of rain, but when the sun shone it only made the mountains seem more desolate and lonely; and Tilden hated the place from the first moment that he came into it, and so, in her heart, did the little girl; though she loved Tilden so much that she pretended to herself that she was happy.

Tilden was away all day, riding through the forests, or down at the settlement, five miles away, where there was a tin-mine; the little girl was left by herself all day, and long days they seemed, there in the shadow of the great trees where no birds sang. But she tried every way she knew in which she could occupy herself and keep bright and cheerful till Tilden's return; and when he came home she would sit by him, holding his hand, and they would talk of their people and wonder what they were doing now; and they would remember the bicycle rides they had had in the days of their engagement, and the dances they had been at together, and they would speak of the dramatic club.

And all the while the wind would be moaning outside in those huge forests; and they would hear the river booming sullen and deep, far in the distance, and they would fall silent.

And while she sat there, with her hand clasped tightly in his, and her cheek against his hand, he would feel something like a tear upon it, and somehow he knew she was not crying because of the dulness of the place, nor even because she missed her home people; only she was longing so passionately to feel the busy life of Peckham round her, to see shops and cars, and people, the every-day commonplace people that she knew. She was frightened, but she always tried to hide her tears, and never did a thing without asking his opinion or permission.

Her sweetness and obedience made Tilden



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love grow so strong and passionate that he longed more than anything in the world that she should feel safe; and to this end he bought a little pistol, and they would practise shooting at a mark together; and then she grew more cheerful, and carried the pistol with her always, stuck in a natty leather belt, and the color came into her cheeks again. She practised through the lonely days, and grew wonderfully skilled and quick, far surpassing Tilden, who could not overcome his nervousness with firearms. But he overcame it in part, for her sake. He says whatever a man could do to make it easier for her he did; if he had been her mother he could not have thought about her more, or been more tender; and there was not a night he did not pray to God to make him brave for her sake; and all the time he hated the mountains and the forests more and more.

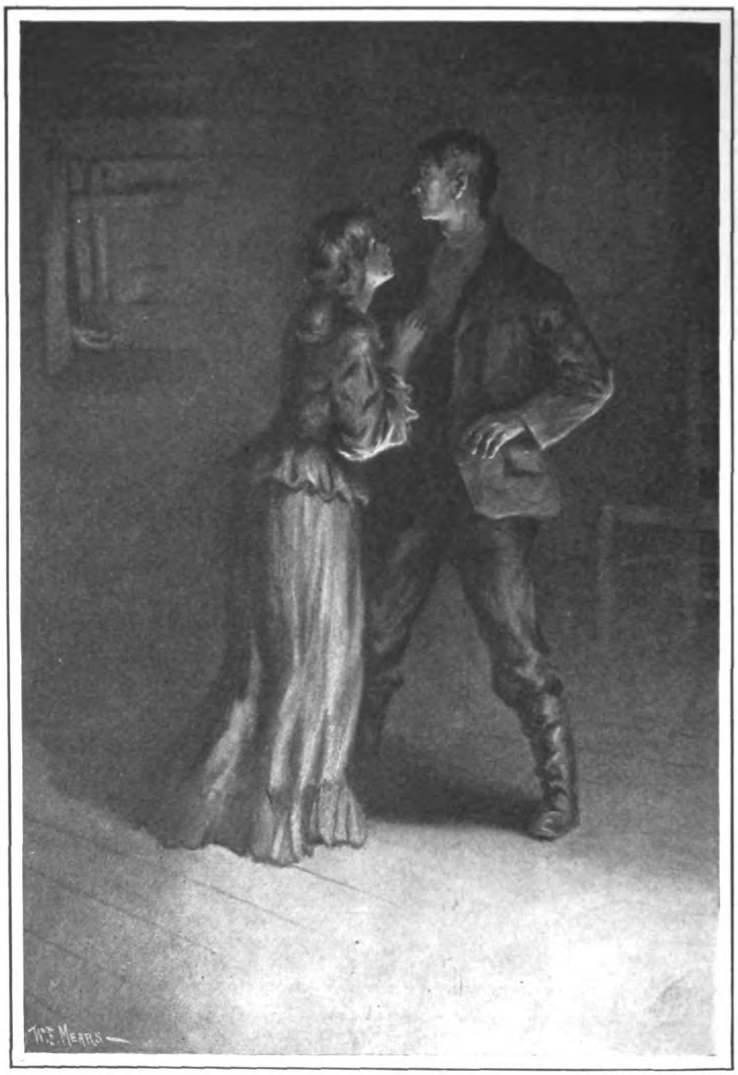
For he heard rustling noises in the branches when he walked beneath them, and dared not look up lest he should see bright eyes shining, silent, in the leaves; and at night, when he sat in the little cabin with his wife's hand in his, he heard soft footsteps coming across the grass, padding round and round the walls, and he dared not look outside for fear of seeing a long black shadow coming over the long stretch of grass out there in the moonlight; and he would wish the hut was underneath in the shelter of the trees. Out there on the grass the moonlight lit up all things so plainly.

Tilden says whatever he is suffering now is nothing to what he suffered then, which I believe; but he also says that this agony of fear was nothing to the agony he felt to think his wife had lost her trust in him. And the thought was always with him that he must convince her he was brave, and see her look up to him confidently, as once she had done.

I have said that Tilden was vain, and I have hinted that he was a fool, but I can hardly expect any one to believe the incredible folly of the idea that came to him. It grew up within him, little by little, in those long, long evenings, when he sat by the fireside and listened to the footsteps thudding across the shining grass. His wife was listening, too—he could tell that by the terror in her eyes; and a passion of longing would rise up in him, and he would yearn to take her in his arms and feel her nestle to him and be comforted. The feeling grew so strong that it made him brave, and there were nights when, if one of the wild creatures he feared so much had crashed in through the door, he would have risen up and caught it by the throat, and felt his fingers dig into the flesh, warm and quivering. It was in one of these nights the plan came to him.

Tilden says he prayed to God to help him show his wife that he was brave, and he thought God was answering his prayer. He thinks he prayed that the danger should be a terrible one that should come to him to prove his manhood.

There were some Chinese at the settlement who worked in the mine; his wife shrunk from them and hated them, and called them thieves, for one day, though she had never told it to Tilden, she had seen one of them peering through the door at the little treasure-chest where she and Tilden kept their earnings. They cringed to Tilden, unlike the Western miners; or the woodsmen, who worked for Tilden, but would not call him "sir," nor yet respect him as their master. But the Chinese hands did as Tilden bade them, when he strutted through the settlement.



The shutter creaked again Drawn by W. E. Mears

So Tilden called two of these humble, cringing Chinese to one side, and said he wished to play a little joke upon his wife, and he wanted the Chinese to break in and pretend to rob the hut that night when it was dark. The Chinese said they were afraid of his wife's pistol, and Tilden promised them he would see it was not loaded. He told them to enter by the window, which he would leave unbarred; then they were to pretend to struggle with Tilden, and let themselves be gradually overpowered. Tilden said the struggle must be a real one. And Tilden was to give them a dollar each next morning.

The Chinese still demurred, and said that his wife might snatch at Tilden's pistol, and Tilden said he would take his and put it away with her own; and the time fixed was when the moon shone round the house and the moonlight entered through the crack within the shutter. And directly he had made this incredible arrangement Tilden felt afraid, but he fought against the feeling, because he longed so for his wife to trust him.

He says directly he came back into the house that night his wife looked up in his face and shrank from him. It made him angry, because he knew what he was suffering for her sake, and he would not eat the meal she had cooked for him, but pushed his plate away, and said he should be glad to get home again, to have some decent food. The tears came into her eyes, but she only said that she was sorry she had not pleased him; she would do better on the morrow. Then she washed up and put the things away, and then he felt her hand touch his as he sat beside the fire, but he would take no notice of her; he was punishing her for doubting him, and as they sat there she suddenly began to cry and shake and cling to him, and beg him not to hate her, because she was so lonely and so frightened and she had no one else. He nearly took her in his arms and kissed her, but the hurt feeling was still with him, and he told her instead not to make a silly of herself, and that perhaps the time would come when she would see him as he really was, and that he hoped it would, and she would be sorry.

And as they sat there he saw the moonlight steal in slowly through the crack within the shutter. Something in him shouted out to him to bar the shutter, quickly, quickly, but he fought it down, for her sake!

Instead, he rose up from his seat, and asked for her pistol, as he was going to clean his and would clean them both. She said hers did not want cleaning, and her hand went to it, and held it desperately; and he told her never mind, he wished to do it.

So she gave it him, and he thought he saw the shutter move. She asked him why he was taking the pistols into the next room, where there was no light; and he told her never mind; and she suddenly ran to him, with a cry, and held to him, and said he should not go like that, he must just kiss her once and say that he forgave her, and loved her, loved her; and he said he felt as if he could have killed a lion then, and he put her on one side, and said: "You've hurt me ever since our marriage by not believing in me. I want you to feel there's only me between you and some danger. I want you to feel I can protect you against anything. Do you feel that?"

And all she could say was, "I'm afraid—afraid!"

The shutter creaked again, and he turned away without another

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word, and went into the next room with the pistols. He laid them on the mantelshelf; the window was shuttered and there was no light. It looked out on the forest. He felt his own heart beating in the darkness. It was so still. As he stood there a great choking feeling came into his throat; and the silence pressed in on him with great soft hands; and a shadow fell across the lintel of the door where the lamplight shone.

His wife was coming, coming to see what he was doing; but the shutter had creaked. He had heard it creaking. And something within him cried out, "Go to her!" and the darkness grew alive with moving shadows, and fear was with him—fear, vague and still. Then he heard a scream, and his wife's voice cried out his name once, again, and yet again. Then a deathblow and all was still.

The window was shuttered—it was so easy to drop the bar; it was but a step thence to the ground. Outside, the fear ran with him across the long, long stretch of grass, so silent in the moonlight. He saw his shadow by him, long and black, and he watched to see it stretch itself out past him, and he waited for the feel of something thin and sharp, that stabbed between his shoulders from behind. He was in the forest now and brushed against the trees; the thorns caught at him like long fingers, and he screamed and tore himself away and ran on screaming.

The dawn came up very cold and gray; he found himself standing by the river, cold and spectral in the mist; and fear went from him and horror came. He tried to throw himself into the water, but he dare not, because the river was so wide and the waters were streaming on so smoothly and so silently. He prayed then that the Chinese might come up and find him; but no one came.

Long hours after, there was blazing sunshine, and some men were carrying him, and he found they were taking him through the forest to his home; but he begged and prayed of them to stop; so some of them went on there and found what had happened. He dared not tell them the truth, for fear that they would lynch him. He only begged to be sent home to England.

He told his people his wife had died. Every one was sorry for him, and made a hero of him, as she had pictured; but he only thought of the long nights, when the little girl and he had sat together by the fireside, and he felt her face against his hand, with the tears wet upon it.

One night his mother spoke of her disparagingly before some friends, and his remorse sprang up and shouted to him to rid himself of the burden which he carried with him night and day, so he told them all the truth; and he felt happier then. His mother begged of him to stop, but he had to go on; it was such a blessed relief to have some one to share his secret. While they talked of it, he felt that they were round him, guarding him. He told every one now he had broken through the barrier; he said it was his punishment.

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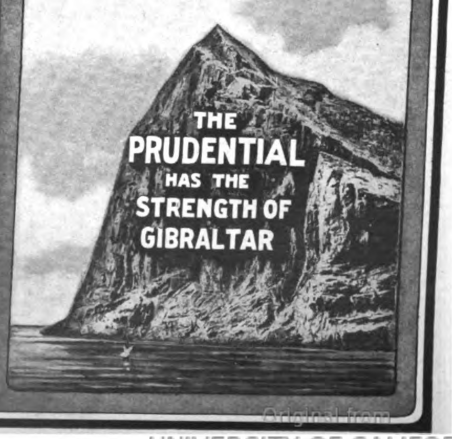
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Some Anecdotes of Thomas B. Reed

By Edward W. Townsend

THERE seemed to be no character of court proceedings into which ex-Speaker Reed could not infuse some humor. The writer once watched him through a session of a trial whose testimony was as entertaining as a table of steel-rail production to a pieman, yet Mr. Reed often found opportunity for a play of his temperamentally prompted wit. It was during Mr. Reed's career as a New York lawyer, when he returned after so many years to the practice of his profession. The witness, Mr. Reed's client, was being cross-examined as to some tedious details relating to a $14,000,000 pool, out of whose operations arose the cause at trial. The witness had been one of the largest contributors to the pool, and his desirability as a client can be further inferred from the fact that his financial affairs were of a magnitude to warrant his testifying his inability to say, without reference to his books, how much "within a million or two" he had contributed to the pool.

Mr. Reed had objected to one of the cross-examiner's questions as "being possibly a little too leading, your Honor."

"But," said the opposing counsel in excuse, "the witness is 'unfriendly.'"

Mr. Reed turned slowly to the speaker with a puzzled look, and then drawled, in a tone of mild surprise: "Do you find him unfriendly? Why, I have found him most friendly."

The numerous and distinguished counsel on both sides had sudden occasion to hide their faces behind documents, and it was a minute or so before the judge, the folds of whose silk gown were curiously agitated in the mean time, said, "Counsel are delaying the proceedings; we will continue."

Mr. Reed alone appeared not to be in the joke, but rather as if he might, with Warwick, be saying,

> But in these nice, sharp quillets of the law,
> Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Upon another occasion, the cross-examiner had asked Mr. Reed's witness some such question as, "Prior to October 9, had you seen Mr. Blank in reference to the terms of settlement?" This question, in view of preceding evidence, was obviously indefinite, and Mr. Reed objected to it on that ground. Counsel altered its form, but not in the direction of definiteness, and another objection followed. Then the cross-examiner inquired of the witness, smiling blandly at Mr. Reed, "Did you, prior or subsequent to that date, see Mr. Blank in relation to any subject?"

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Reed, affecting a sigh a relief, "when counsel succeeds in forming a question which is such a model of concise definiteness, I am compelled to withdraw my objection."

Who He Was

SOME of the experiences which fell to the lot of Arnold Daly, the actor, when he first began his endeavors to produce Bernard Shaw's play of "Candida," are entertaining to him now, but they were not so funny a while ago when no one wanted to listen to his propositions.

Mr. Daly reiterated his ambitions, suggestions, and intentions so often and so fruitlessly that there came a time when irritation got the best of him, eventually culminating in an illuminating definition of the witty Irishman.

"Shaw—who is he, anyway?" asked a certain well-known manager of Mr. Daly. "What's he ever written? I never heard of him?"

"Never heard of Shaw?" gasped the disappointed actor, "never heard. . . . Why,—don't you know? You know that common expression used by so many, particularly country people, when they are incredulous: 'Oh, Shaw!' you've heard of that, haven't you?"

"Yes," drawled the manager.

"Well, that's who he is!" cried the indignant Daly; "he was the originator of that expression!"

"Oh, Shaw, was he!" commented the manager, listlessly.

Progress of Science

The Problem of Flight

THAT the solution of the problem of mechanical flight lay in the aeroplane has been the opinion of students of aeronautics for several years, and now that such a machine has been constructed and has actually been in flight under its own power, this feeling is strengthened. In a test near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, the aeroplane designed by William and Orville Wright rose from the ground with its own power, remained in flight for a period of fifty-seven seconds at a speed of about ten miles an hour, and finally landed safely with its passengers. In previous tests, for example, with the enormous mechanisms constructed by Sir Hiram Maxim and more recently by Professor Langley, there had not been actual flight for any sustained period. If we think of a bird soaring, or a kite, we have the underlying idea of the aeroplane, which consists of a frame so covered as to present one or more surfaces of considerable extent parallel to the earth, so that the upward pressure of the air will tend to support it against the action of gravity. In the case of the Wright aeroplane the power was supplied by a sixteen-horse-power gasolene motor, which was able to drive the aeroplane at a speed of thirty-one miles an hour relative to the wind, which was blowing at a rate of about twenty-one miles an hour. The aeroplane had a surface of 510 square feet, and weighed a little more than 700 pounds. It made four successful ascents. Mr. Wright, who has acquired great experience in manipulating the aeroplane in actual experiments in the air, and has thus learned the best adjustment of rudders, etc., was able to rise and land safely in each instance.

Operating with Radium

The announcement made recently by a New York physician, Dr. W. J. Morten, that he had employed radium in his practice and had effected cures in the case of cancer, has attracted general attention to this much-discussed substance, and especially to its value as a therapeutic agent. During the fall and winter various experiments to determine the effect of radium on various plant and animal organisms have been carried on. Its curative value in such diseases as cancer has also been investigated, and in a report made to the Vienna Academy of Sciences by Dr. Exner, the conclusion is reached that while an operation is preferable, yet the radium treatment is advisable where this is not possible. In nine cases of cancer which had been under radium treatment it was found that there had been considerable abatement in the cancerous swelling and in two of these it had not appeared after five months. In one case there had been considerable improvement, due to the radium treatment, which was the more interesting, as it was impossible to operate on the patient.

Radium and Electricity

Still another clue to the nature of radium has been obtained by the experimental demonstration of the fact that it is able to produce a minute continuous current of electricity. This involves the production of energy from the radium, and as we are able to measure the current we can determine this amount and thus find how much energy is lost. In the experiments this was accomplished by sealing a platinum wire in a tube containing radium and then suspending the tube by a glass thread in a large tube in which a second platinum wire was sealed. A minute current was produced, caused by the disintegration of the radium atoms and the positively and negatively charged electrons or small particles thrown off in this disintegration. The inner tube serves as a sieve to retain the positive or larger electrons, while the negative, which are smaller, pass through readily. This action is explained on Rutherford's disintegration theory, and the experiments are considered of extreme importance, as they enable a calculation to be made of the mass of the particles lost by radiation, an amount so minute that no present methods of weighing can detect it.

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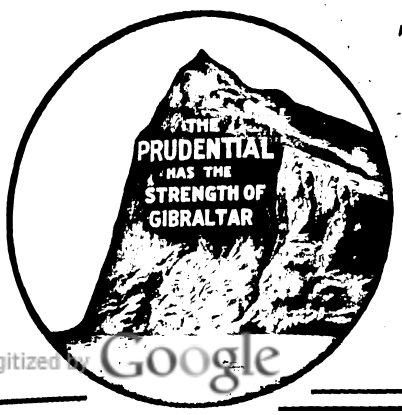
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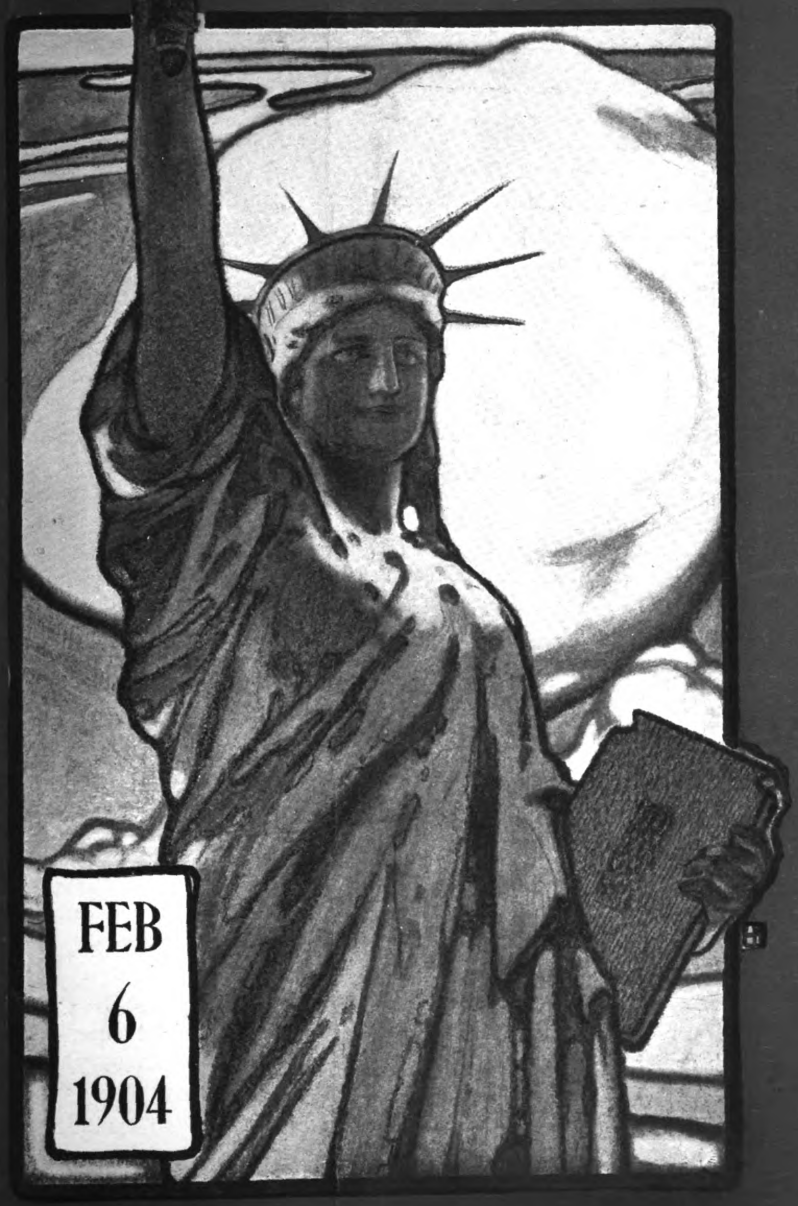
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STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by
George Harvey



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THE DOG IN THE MANGER

A Churlish Envious CUR was gotten into a MANGER, and there lay Growling and Snarling to keep the Horses from their Provender. The DOG Eat None himself, and yet rather Ventur'd the Starving his Own Carcase than he would suffer any thing else to be the Better for't

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COMMENT

WASHINGTON, *January 30, 1904.*

THE Democratic leaders make no secret of their determination to force upon President Roosevelt an issue partly political, but chiefly personal, relative to his appointments in the army. The first and most important will be of a practical nature based upon the promotion of General Leonard Wood. The second will be sentimental, concerning General Miles. In view of this certainty, it is interesting in a political sense and important for public consideration that the exact facts should be made clear.

***

Taking first the case of General Leonard Wood, it may be assumed that the President has never believed and does not now believe that in making this appointment he was influenced by personal considerations. That he has been for many years and still continues to be a warm friend of General Wood is well known. The same might be said with equal truth of his attitude towards many other army officers, with whom he has been brought, from time to time, into personal contact. His sense of responsibility in making such appointments, however, is as keen as his feeling regarding the necessity of maintaining the strictest integrity in all branches of the public service. Whether his judgment be right or wrong, it is only fair and only true to grant that, in the President's mind at least, efficiency was the test which led to General Wood's advancement. He is wholly convinced of the marked superiority of that officer, not only as demonstrated by his work as Military Governor of Santiago and Cuba, but also of his sagacity and intrepidity as a soldier. In view of this firm belief, he felt and still feels that he would have been guilty of gross injustice to General Wood, and would have inflicted a serious injury upon the service, if he had disregarded the regular line of promotion and brought one less capable forward. In other words, he justifies the appointment, not upon proven efficiency alone nor upon regularity alone, but upon both combined.

***

The most unfortunate episode in connection with the affair was, of course, the testimony of General James H. Wilson, to the effect that, in a conversation between himself and Mr. Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, the latter admitted that General Wood was not in the battle at San Juan, and added the phrase "but don't tell anybody." The only possible rebuttal of this evidence was offered by Secretary Root's dignified denial on behalf of the President before the Senate committee. As the result of a careful investigation, we are enabled to state positively upon the highest authority that not only did Mr. Roosevelt never make such an admission or request, but that no such conversation ever took place. Despite the prejudice naturally created by an act not well regarded among gentlemen—*i. e.*, that of repeating in public what he himself designates as a private conversation with his host—we cannot harbor even a suspicion that General Wilson deliberately misrepresented his chief and former friend; but he *was* mistaken. The further assertion of General Wilson that he said to Mr. Roosevelt on this occasion that "in the Spanish war he [General Wood] was in but one battle, and that at Las Guasimas, where, but for his rescue and support by colored troops, he would have been badly handled," also has absolutely no foundation in fact, unless he made it in such a way that it could not reach Mr. Roosevelt's understanding. In any case Mr. Roosevelt never heard it. Moreover, from his own personal knowledge he was and is still aware that it could not be true.

***

The exact facts regarding this engagement are as follows: Mr. Wood was colonel and Mr. Roosevelt was lieutenant-colonel of the First Volunteer Cavalry Regiment. The eight troops of this regiment moved along the hill trail and attacked the Spaniards' right at the same time that the eight troops of regulars, four of the First Regiment (white) and four of the Tenth Regiment (colored) moved along the valley trail and attacked the Spaniards' left. Both the volunteer regiment and the regulars advanced steadily, driving the Spaniards before them, and did not meet until they reached the junction of the road, by which time the Spaniards had been routed. Each supported the other, and neither rescued the other.

***

Before the San Juan fight, Colonel Wood was promoted to command of the brigade, and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt to command of the regiment. On July 1, the morning of the Santiago fight, the latter's regiment had the head of the line, and marched in column immediately after the First Cavalry brigade. Before they started to march they were under shrapnel fire, which killed and wounded several men. General Wood was in personal command of the brigade at this time, and demonstrated both capacity to command and utter indifference to his own personal safety. He went forward at the head of the brigade, with Mr. Roosevelt, as colonel of the leading regiment, riding beside him until he came to the ford of the San Juan River. Colonel Roosevelt led the larger part of his regiment across this ford before the firing became serious, and marched to the right, following the first brigade. General Wood remained at the ford, directing the crossing of the other regiments, and was there during the heavy Spanish firing which gave to the spot the name of "Bloody Ford." At this time this was the most dangerous place in the field of the fight. General Wood remained directing the crossing until the brigade had passed over. Colonel Roosevelt, having gone forward, did not personally witness the crossing of the remainder of the brigade, but he afterwards heard the highest admiration expressed by both volunteers and regulars of the coolness, energy, and disregard of personal injury manifested by General Wood. He did not see him again until evening, when he was the first general to visit the extreme front where the volunteer regiment was stationed.

***

So much for the part played by General Wood in the battle itself. It is plain to see why, when subsequently the question was raised, in connection with General Wood's proposed promotion, as to his capacity as a fighting-man, Mr. Roosevelt felt that he needed no information other than that which he personally possessed. But he never regarded this as more than one of many reasons why Colonel Wood should have been promoted, first to the position of brigadier-general, and, second, to that of major-general. His record as Governor of the province of Santiago and his subsequent conduct as Governor-General of Cuba, which, in the opinion of President McKinley and Secretary Root, entitled him to be made brigadier-general in the regular army, were, in the President's mind, more potent as reasons for continuing his advancement. From personal observation, therefore, in the first place, and from consideration of the results of subsequent work, the President could only deduce the conclusion that his duty was

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plain from every point of view, and he acted accordingly. Personally, as our readers are well aware, we have felt and still feel that General Wood's promotion has been unduly rapid and without adequate justification, but it is only fair to him and just to the President that the conditions resulting in this advancement should be clearly and truthfully stated. This we have endeavored to do.

***

Coming now to the Miles episode: When the time of General Miles's retirement drew near, the President and the Secretary of War unfortunately were obliged to consider whether they could conscientiously cite his services in the civil and Indian wars and ignore his subsequent conduct as lieutenant-general—in other words, whether they could properly and to the advantage of the service commend that which justified commendation without condemning that which equally merited condemnation. They could not ignore the fact that the eyes of the army as well as the public were upon them. They knew that every officer knew that, in their deliberate judgment, General Miles had done everything in his power to harass the department and place obstacles in the way of necessary reforms, without scrupling in the least to injure the service. But this was not all. They had direct and positive information which, to their minds, afforded conclusive evidence that, in endeavoring to gratify his insatiable political ambition, General Miles had been disloyal, not merely to the Secretary of War, President McKinley, and President Roosevelt, but to the army itself.

***

The real question, then, aside from and deeper than that involving an example to the army, was whether they had a moral right to condone offences which would tend to lower the service to the selfish and unpatriotic level of a South-American country. Their eyes were quite open to the fact that the most possible would be made out of a decision against recognition of any sort, that General Miles's ambitions would be served rather than be hampered by their act, and that, from President Roosevelt's own standpoint, it would have to be reckoned a political blunder. The conclusion they reached is well known. The reasons for their reaching it are stated accurately and as succinctly as may be above. It is only fitting to add that, whatever capital may be made out of the episode in the coming campaign, President Roosevelt would sincerely rather be beaten at the polls than, if he had the opportunity, reverse or modify his action. We ourselves cannot even now agree that his course was wise or necessary, but it cannot be successfully denied—and this we frankly admit—that no act of any President has sprung from a keener sense of public duty or personal abnegation.

In the prepared speech which Mr. William J. Bryan delivered at the dinner of the Holland Society on January 21, in New York city, he described the time in which we live as "the era of conscience." The aptness of the description might have been challenged by the members of the Holland Society, who were pro-Boers almost to a man, and who do not regard the treatment of the South-African Republic and the Orange Free State by Great Britain as an edifying example of national conscientiousness. It remains to be seen, moreover, whether Russia's proceedings in the Far East will be reconcilable with the professed intentions of her ruler, who started the movement which culminated in the creation of an international court of arbitration at The Hague. Mr. Bryan omitted to mention what is perhaps the strongest proof that the present age is, relatively at least, an era of conscience, namely, the fact that publicity sufficed in 1875 to frustrate the matured plan of the military party at Berlin, headed by Count Moltke, to reconquer France before that country's military system could be reconstructed. No sooner was the plan made known than the public conscience of the civilized world, personified in the Czar Alexander II., forbade the iniquity.

More attention was paid at the banquet, and afterwards in the daily press, to Mr. Bryan's unpremeditated remarks on the labor question than to his somewhat academic speech on the blessings of peace. Mr. James M. Beck, formerly an Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, had pointed out that Federal and State constitutions will be powerless to preserve the liberties inherited from our forefathers if an organized minority of workmen shall be permitted to prescribe the conditions under which the majority shall work. Mr. Beck reminded his auditors that in the Netherlands, when the Netherlands were both free and great, every Dutchman claimed the right to work for whom he pleased, at whatever rate he pleased, and on whatever conditions pleased him. Mr. Bryan, who followed Mr. Beck, expressed the opinion that we should not promote industrial peace if we kept our eyes fixed exclusively on the wrongs or mistakes that have been at times imputed to labor organizations. We should not forget, he said, to credit union-labor men with the good that they have accomplished. Unquestionably they have decreased the hours of labor and increased wages. It is they, moreover, who have compelled the introduction of the Australian ballot in the United States, a ballot which enables a man to vote according to his conscience, instead of allowing himself to be driven to the polls, to vote according to the wishes of his employer. Mr. Bryan was quite right in saying that more dangerous than any labor organization is the corrupt use of money at elections. If he was correctly reported, he did not hesitate to intimate that money had been used to debauch the voters at the recent municipal election in the city of New York.

Colonel Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, has been provoked by Mr. Bryan's demand for a reaffirmance of the Kansas City platform to describe the Nebraska statesman as "a death's head at the Democratic banquet." A Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* has made a nearly exhaustive canvass of the 209 Democrats in the Senate and House of Representatives, in order to learn how Mr. Bryan's irreconcilable position is regarded. Of the 104 persons interviewed, only four declared that they were in favor of doing what Mr. Bryan advised. Some 39, who, apparently, feared to alienate the free-silver vote in their respective States or districts, declined to express any opinion. On the other hand, 64 asserted with more or less emphasis that no heed should be paid to Mr. Bryan's assumption of leadership. Especially noteworthy is the stand taken by spokesmen of the Southern States, to which the nominee of the next Democratic national convention must look for the bulk of his electoral votes. For example, Senator Morgan of Alabama said that he had ceased to consider what Mr. Bryan says or does. The Nebraskan "belonged to the past." Senator Pettus of Alabama was convinced that his party's national convention ought to ignore all the quarrels of the nineties, including the money question. Six Representatives of the same State denounced the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 as a dead issue. Senator Clay of Georgia expressed the opinion that Mr. Bryan's views were "all wrong, and would have very little, if any, effect on the convention." He prophesied that either Parker or Gorman on a conservative platform could carry the Democracy to victory. Six Representatives of Georgia concurred in demanding that the Democratic national convention should deal with the live issues of the day. The Senators from Florida and Louisiana were not interviewed, but there is no doubt that they are all four opposed to the reassertion of a demand for free silver at St. Louis.

Senator Culberson of Texas said that there were a great many Democrats who had supported Mr. Bryan loyally in 1896 and 1900, but who did not accept his recent utterances as practicable under existing conditions. Eight Representatives of Texas agreed that Mr. Bryan ought now to stand aside and let the party pass on. The Democracy in 1904, they said, should have an up-to-date platform and up-to-date candidate. Senator Simmons of North Carolina bore witness that his fellow Democrats were opposed to any attempt to revive the silver issue. Senator Overman of the same State believed that the insertion of a free-silver plank in the platform would destroy all chances of victory this year. Senator Tillman of South Carolina, who formerly was one of the Nebraskan's most zealous supporters, is reported to have said at Washington on January 23: "It is about time for Bryan to get out of the way and give somebody else a chance. He ought to be muzzled." Senator Martin of Virginia recognized that Mr. Bryan had a right to his opinions, but submitted that other men, equally interested in the welfare of the Demo-

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cratic party, had a right to differ with him. Of four Representatives of Virginia who were interviewed, three were distinctly opposed to a reaffirmance of the demand for free silver. We add that, although Senator Stone of Missouri would not discuss Mr. Bryan's views with the *Herald* correspondent, he is known to have told some of his colleagues that, in his judgment, the silver plank of the Kansas City platform would not be adopted at St. Louis. Even in the States beyond the Rocky Mountains there is no general and hearty approval of Mr. Bryan's position. Thus, Senator Dubois of Idaho regards the free-silver issue as a thing of the past; Senator Gibson of Montana believes that it will do the Democratic party no good to adopt the Kansas City platform; and Senator Newlands of Nevada dismissed the subject with the curt remark that "Mr. Bryan will not be our candidate, and is not going to dictate our programme." If, now, we turn from Senators and Representatives to members of the Democratic National Committee, we learn that an overwhelming majority of them declined to treat Mr. Bryan's notions as of any consequence. By overwhelming majority we mean no fewer than forty, and, possibly, forty-three, of the fifty members of the committee.

Those who have contrasted the quarterly reports issued by the United States Steel Corporation with the reluctance evinced by some other companies to shed an equally copious light, or, for that matter, any light at all, on their transactions, will appreciate the address delivered on January 21 at a meeting of the Hartford Board of Trade by Mr. Charles T. Mellen, president of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. Mr. Mellen expressed the conviction that, if American corporations are to continue to do the work which they are fitted to perform, the prejudice that now exists against them, and that must be attributed to the attitude of their representatives, must be dispelled. Experience had taught him, he said, that corporations must take the public into their confidence, and ask for what they need, and no more. Moreover, they must be prepared to explain satisfactorily what advantage will accrue to the public if the privileges desired by them are secured. He reminded his auditors that corporations are permitted to exist in this country, not solely in order that money may be made for their stockholders and bondholders, but in order that they may serve effectively the communities from which their power is derived. It was the lesson of the times, he thought, that publicity, and not secrecy, would have to be the rule hereafter; otherwise States and municipalities will be forced to perform the work now done by private corporations, even though the service might be less efficient and the result less satisfactory from a business standpoint.

Mr. Mellen believes that the prejudice exhibited to-day toward corporate capital and activity is founded in apprehension rather than in reason, and in large measure is due to the unpleasant personal traits of arrogant and arbitrary men who have been placed in positions of authority. To his mind, the day has gone by when a corporation can be handled successfully in defiance of the public will, even though that will be unreasonable. The public may be led, but not driven, and Mr. Mellen, for his part, prefers to go with it, and to try to shape or modify its opinion, rather than be swept from his bearings by an overwhelming tide of adverse sentiment, with disastrous consequences to himself and to the interests in his charge. Evidently the new president of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad is a man of experience and common sense.

It seems to be settled that there will be no fight in Ohio on the question whether the delegates from that State to the Republican national convention shall be instructed to advocate Mr. Roosevelt's nomination to the Presidency. There is, apparently, no doubt that Mr. Foraker would have entered upon a contest with his colleague in the Senate for the control of the Ohio delegation if he could have obtained from Mr. Roosevelt an assurance that he would be backed by all the patronage and influence of the administration. The President has declined to give Mr. Foraker any such assurance, and, on the contrary, has expressed a wish that Senator Hanna shall be permitted to do what he pleases in Ohio. The wisdom of this decision on Mr. Roosevelt's part is manifest. Had he pursued the opposite course, the fight for delegates that would have taken place in Ohio might have strengthened Senator Foraker in that State, but it would have driven Senator Hanna into opposition to the President. As it is, Mr. Roosevelt has appealed to Mr. Hanna's generosity and magnanimity, and there is good reason to believe that the appeal will not be in vain. Evidently the mistake made by President Harrison in alienating Mr. Blaine at the last moment, and virtually forcing his Secretary of State into violent opposition, is not to be repeated. Our own opinion is that, when he said, "Hands off in Ohio; let Hanna do as he pleases," Mr. Roosevelt spiked the guns of the only formidable enemies he has within the ranks of his own party.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Bryan's remarks on the labor question and the blessings of international peace, his views of the duty of the next Democratic national convention seem unlikely to be adopted. He informed a reporter that, in his opinion, the Kansas City platform not only ought to be, but would be, reaffirmed at St. Louis. To the question what he and his friends would do in the event of the Kansas City platform being discarded wholly or partially, he declined to give a categorical answer. He said that those professed Democrats who had refused to support the nominee of their party in 1896 and 1900 had no business to make the inquiry. About this we are not quite sure. Of course, those Democrats who voted for Palmer and Buckner in 1896, or who voted for McKinley and Hobart, would acknowledge that Mr. Bryan has as good a right as they had to repudiate the platform and nominee of their party. They have never denied the existence of a right to bolt. Mr. Bryan, on the other hand, has asserted that it is the duty of every man who pretends to be a Democrat to support the platform and nominee of his party, no matter how objectionable they may seem to him personally. It is not unreasonable that Palmer and Buckner men should wish to know whether Mr. Bryan intends to shape his own conduct in 1904 by the standard which he applied to them eight years ago.

Then, again, Mr. Bryan is clearly wrong in saying that those Democrats who voted for him in 1896 and 1900 would not ask whether, under certain circumstances, he would accept the decision of the St. Louis convention. Those are the very men that are now putting the question, and that have a right to put it. A large majority of the 6,358,000 citizens who voted for Mr. Bryan in 1900 did so, not because they thoroughly approved of him or of the Kansas City platform, but because they were Democrats by conviction and unbroken habit, and because they thought that, on the whole, a change of administration would be beneficial to the country. Mr. Bryan can hardly have forgotten that in 1896 at Chicago, after the platform had been adopted, the seventy-two delegates from New York declined to present a candidate, and also refused to cast their votes on either the first or fifth ballot. The delegates from Maryland, also, declined to name a candidate, and the representatives of New Jersey refused in so many words to nominate any man upon the platform of that convention. Yet neither in New York, Maryland, nor New Jersey was Mr. Bryan's nomination officially repudiated by the State convention of the Democratic party.

Seldom does our Federal Senate evince so close an approach to unanimity as it has exhibited in support of Mr. Tillman's assertion that there is no such thing as a "constructive recess," which, according to Secretary Shaw, existed at twelve o'clock noon on December 7, and during which the nominations of Dr. Crum to be Collector of the Port of Charleston, and of Leonard Wood to be a major-general in the regular army, were made. It is, of course, understood that, if the nominations were made during a recess, the appointees would, by law, be permitted to hold office and receive pay until the termination of the ensuing session of the Senate. If, on the other hand, the nominations were made while the Senate was in session, the appointees could not hold office or receive pay until the Senate confirmed them. Mr. Hale, Mr. Spooner, and Mr. Mitchell, all three Republicans, concurred with Mr. Tillman in denouncing the theory that there could be a constructive recess between the adjournment of the extra session

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of the Senate at twelve o'clock noon and the reassembling of that body in regular session at the same moment. On Monday, January 25, Mr. Hale produced in the Senate the nominations of Leonard Wood and William D. Crum, and it turned out that, on their face, these were original, and not recess appointments. Nevertheless, it appears that Leonard Wood is signing official telegrams as "major-general," and that Dr. Crum is discharging the functions of Collector at Charleston. At Mr. Hale's suggestion, Mr. Tillman offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury to furnish specific information regarding the circumstances under which Crum is holding office. The purpose of a second resolution offered by Mr. Tillman is to learn from the Secretary of War whether any officers who failed of confirmation during the extra session ending December 7 have been reappointed. In the event that commissions have been issued to any such officers, the Secretary of War is requested to state what is the character of the commissions and by what authority of law they have been issued. It is evident that the Senate is determined that no officer, civil or military, who failed to secure confirmation during the extra session, and who has been renominated, shall either hold office or receive pay during the present regular session.

It seems to us that in the question of precedence which has arisen in Washington the justices of the Supreme Court are right. At the reception given at the White House on Thursday, January 21, in honor of the justices of the United States Supreme Court—the reception had been thus described officially—the justices were compelled by Major McCawley, who acted as master of ceremonies, to wait until all the members of the diplomatic corps who were present had been received by the President. It is argued on behalf of Major McCawley that ambassadors represent the persons of their sovereigns, and, therefore, have a right to be received first at all state receptions which they attend. The correctness of this position has never been acknowledged by the justices, who point out that the Federal judiciary constitutes a branch of the government not subordinate to the executive, but coordinate with it. Moreover, even if it were admitted that on ordinary occasions ambassadors would be entitled to precedence over the justices, this cannot be true of a reception specially given in honor of the Supreme Court, and to which the diplomats were invited, not as a body, but as individuals. Moreover, while there is ground for the assertion that, in Europe, ambassadors are regarded as representing the persons of their sovereigns, this is not true of ministers plenipotentiary; much less is it true of secretaries of legation and of *attachés*. Yet, on the evening of January 21, Major McCawley gave precedence over the justices not only to ambassadors, but to ministers, secretaries of legation, and *attachés*. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that Chief-Justice Fuller and Justice Harlan should have resented the indignity to which the most august tribunal in the world had been subjected, or that, on Saturday, January 23, they should have conveyed to the President an intimation of the feeling which the incident has provoked.

There are some interesting talkers among our college presidents, and when they speak a good many persons pay attention. The presidents of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, and Cornell are particularly prone to make speeches on subjects not closely related to their calling, and very interesting discourse they make. The newspapers report their sayings, and usually report them inaccurately, and then, usually, a lot of remonstrants write letters to say that what the college president has asserted isn't so. Dr. Hadley has just had an experience of this kind. President Eliot is often in this sort of hot water, as he is a ready speaker with views on many subjects, and with both the ability and the willingness to express them. He made statements in Brooklyn the other day about the building-trades' unions in Boston that were not satisfactory to the said unions, and they have complained. But as he is to address Boston's Central Labor Union on February 7, at Faneuil Hall, the causes of complaint are by way of being threshed out. President Schurman of Cornell has recently prophesied that we would soon see the American flag raised over Bogota. President Harper of Chicago, when he talks in public, usually talks about Chicago University, or about education, but his professors from time to time diffuse opinions of a highly unexpected and exciting quality on all sorts of subjects, which opinions, being communicated in a garbled form by the newspapers to the world, add more than they should to the anxieties of the nations.

The latest college-president deliverance was imparted on January 22, by Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, at Montclair, New Jersey. We all know Dr. Wilson as a historian. His neighbor, Mr. Cleveland, is said to consider that there is presidential timber in him. He talked about Americanism, and judging from an incomplete report, must have given his audience excellent entertainment. He said we had spent a century colonizing; a second in getting rid of the French, the Dutch, and the Spanish; a third in getting established and settling pressing difficulties. Now we have come, he thought, to a century of finishings. We have emerged from our formative period, "with ideals, but without sentimentality; with principles, but without bigotry; confident of the validity of liberty, but, since our contact with the complicated problems of the East, no longer confident of the necessary or final forms of liberty or of law." We like to label our neighbors; we are impatient of more than two opinions, and prefer to allot certain principles to each of two parties. Time was when certain definite opinions were Democratic, and certain others Republican, but now each party represents a series of negations rather than opinions. "It has seemed to me," says Dr. Wilson, "that the principle of the Republican party has come to be, 'consult your grandmother about everything,' and above all don't change anything; you might spoil it; sit still and let events take their course." This same opinion about the Republican party has lately been expressed by Mr. John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader in the House. Dr. Wilson finds that we Americans are sceptical of impossibilities and ready for anything. Foreign statesmen pause to see us confidently walk into unexpected situations and do what occurs to us. "We are a sort of pure air," he says, "blowing in world politics, destroying illusions and cleansing places of morbid miasmatic gases." That sounds sanitary, at least. We are certainly interesting as Dr. Wilson sees us. Let us hope we are going to be good.

A few years ago, a scientific person in Massachusetts imported some caterpillars that interested him, and kept them in a bottle. But one day the bottle tipped over and some of the caterpillars escaped into the scientist's garden, and presently stocked it with gypsy moths. To catch them and their descendants the Bay State has since spent about a million dollars of public money. They have cost it many million dollars besides in damages. The old method of fighting them was to find and destroy the cocoons. The State finally gave that up, much to the regret of many of its citizens. The bugs have since increased very much and carried destruction into the woods. It is now proposed to fight these pests in the latest fashion by breeding parasites which will attack them. That method is recommended by Mr. Koebele of Alameda, California, who tried it successfully in that State for white scale. The Massachusetts Forestry Association favors the experiment, which will not cost much, and Mr. Koebele will doubtless be invited to bring his parasites to Massachusetts and sick them on. The whole country is concerned in this experiment because a Massachusetts Congressman has invited Congress to declare the gypsy moth a national enemy and to appropriate $250,000 to fight him. The parasite cure is a modern wonder and has been effective in cases of great moment. Mr. Koebele says it will not wipe out the gypsy moths, but will keep them down. The boll-weevil may presently be restrained by the same methods, and it is possible that a political parasite may be discovered which will deal effectively with Bryanism. It is the opinion of experts, however, that Bryanism is itself parasitic; that a morbid condition of the tissues of Democratic brain induced the incursion of the silver-bug, which fattened on the morbid growth, gradually destroyed the affected tissues, and having done its work and restored normal conditions, must now inevitably perish for lack of sustenance.

We understand that certain Roosevelt campaign buttons ordered for distribution at Chicago in June are to have a bromide lozenge as a pendant. Who is paying for those buttons?

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What Is the Democracy to Do?

As we have elsewhere shown, the outcome of the canvass made by the New York *Herald* of the views of Democratic Senators and Representatives is an overwhelming repudiation of Mr. Bryan's assertion that the national convention of their party, to be held at St. Louis on July 6, must begin by reaffirming the Kansas City platform, no matter what new issues may be added. A canvass of the Democratic National Committee reveals an equally enormous majority opposed to Mr. Bryan's programme. Now, Representatives, if not also Senators and national committeemen, are in touch with the Democratic rank and file, and the inference is, therefore, justified that Mr. Bryan and Bryanism will be thrust aside at St. Louis. On the negative side, therefore, the position to be taken by the Democratic party in the approaching campaign may be looked upon as settled. For our own part, we have never doubted that the national Democracy assembled in convention would regard the free-silver plank and the anti-imperialist plank of the Kansas City platform as issues, the vitality of which has been extinguished by events. A political party cannot afford, in its appeal to the electorate, to revive, even in a formal way, issues notoriously defunct. If it means business, it must let the dead past bury its dead. Whatever might once have been said for bimetallism—and, for that matter, was said by the Republican national convention that nominated Mr. McKinley in 1896—it is a fact that, at the present time, the single gold standard is accepted by all of the great powers, including Japan, and that the adoption of it is contemplated even in Mexico. As for the Philippines, it is now recognized almost universally that they are ours, and will remain ours. Not one Democrat in ten would dream of renouncing them. Here, then, are two planks of the Kansas City platform—one of which was adopted, it must be remembered, by the vote of the delegate from Hawaii, a Territory that could not vote for President—which, obviously, cannot be permitted to figure in the programme to be formulated at St. Louis, unless the Democracy is deliberately riding for a fall. There are those who suspect Mr. Bryan of desiring just this result. There are those who think that, having been himself twice beaten, he does not desire the success of a Democratic nominee in 1904. He wishes, therefore, to compel the Democratic nominee to stand this year upon a platform which would insure his defeat, but the adoption of which would necessarily imply the continued ascendency of the Bryanite element in the Democratic party. Such a state of things would leave him the most conspicuous candidate for the nomination in 1908, when he might see a great light, and discover that new issues were indispensable. We would not deny that, from the view-point of Mr. Bryan and his personal friends, the position that he has taken since his return from Europe is well planned. They assume that, if the Democratic party should be reorganized, and should reoccupy the position which it took in 1892, and from which it marched in triumph to the White House, Mr. Bryan, considered as a political factor, would be annihilated. To avert such reorganization is, therefore, regarded by them as an act of self-preservation.

In their fundamental assumption, however, we believe them to be profoundly mistaken. It has been from the outset our conviction that Mr. Bryan's sole means of remaining a great personage in the public eye was the demonstration of a grateful and self-effacing willingness to serve in the rank and file of a party which had twice bestowed on him the supreme honor of a nomination for the Presidency. Had he stood aside, and, remembering what his virtual dictatorship had cost the Democracy, refrained from any attempt to dictate during the present campaign, it is certain that a great deal of deference would have been paid to him, and a share in the glory of victory might have been his. The formal and decisive repudiation of a man who has twice been its standard-bearer is not a pleasant duty for any party to fulfil; but it is a duty which Mr. Bryan has himself imposed upon the Democracy.

The time has come for the Democratic leaders to tell Mr. Bryan and his henchmen—as, according to the *Herald* canvass, they have been distinctly told at Washington—that at St. Louis they will be reduced to the impotence that they deserve. It is no longer probable that they will even be strong enough to veto a candidate for the nomination, and it is certain that they will exercise no influence on the framing of the platform. Instead of any effort being made to avert their secession, they will now be defied to bolt the nomination of the convention. Nothing, indeed, would be better calculated to wipe out Bryanism than to compel his followers to stand up and be counted at the next general election. Nobody knows better than Mr. Bryan himself that the test would be fatal to him. He is well aware that the Populist machinery, being extinct in almost all the States, he could, by no possibility, obtain, as an independent nominee, the 1,041,000 votes secured by Mr. James B. Weaver in 1892. He is also aware that in the year just named Grover Cleveland had a majority of 110 electoral votes over Harrison and Weaver combined. That is precisely the kind of victory which the national Democracy might achieve this year, should the party be reorganized on its traditional conservative principles.

No careful student of the situation doubts that Mr. Cleveland, were he appealed to, could indicate a programme as likely to prove successful as was that devised twelve years ago. Nor is he, of course, the only Democrat capable of framing a triumphant programme. As we have pointed out, the platform is already framed on its negative side. Mr. Bryan and Bryanism have been repudiated in advance. On the positive side, there is scarcely any doubt that Mr. Cleveland would recommend a constitutional amendment establishing the lawfulness of an income tax. We also take for granted that he would approve of the position taken by Mr. John Sharp Williams, the leader of the Democratic minority in the House, with respect to the tariff, the trusts, and official corruption.

Speaking in the House on January 21, and defining the attitude of Democrats on the fiscal question, Mr. Williams said that he had no desire to demolish the tariff at one stroke, to blow it up with dynamite, or to pull down its pillars and allow the structure to collapse with a crash. He recognized that it would take a good deal of time to reconstruct a tariff on Democratic principles. The ultimate aim, however, of the Democracy was, in his opinion, clear. From a Democratic view-point, a tariff represents essentially taxation on the consumer; and, therefore, a Democratic tariff should be one which, as nearly as should be practicable, would provide for equal taxation upon consumers, or, in other words, upon all things consumed. Touching the "stand-pat" or do-nothing policy avowed by the Republicans with reference to the tariff, Mr. Williams asked whether they were going to "stand pat" also on the trust issue. Referring to the notorious scandals in the Post-office Department, the Land Office, and other departments, Mr. Williams wanted to know whether the Republicans intended to leave the matter of reform in the public service, and of turning the rascals out, to the friends of the rascals; as they proposed to leave the matter of reforming the tariff to its friends. If such was not their intention, why, queried Mr. Williams, had the Republicans in the House of Representatives voted down the resolution to appoint a committee of five to investigate the Bristow charges against members of Congress? There is no doubt that Mr. Williams put his finger on the raw place when he charged the Republicans with being a party of negation, a party of obstruction, standing in the way of purgative and invigorative legislation—in a word, ultra "stand pat." Addressing his Republican colleagues, he said, "If you are not going to ride the horse, why don't you get out of the saddle; we can ride it and do something." That is precisely the point. The country is sick of a "stand-pat" policy.

Senator Hanna on the Labor Question

SPECIAL attention may well be paid to an article by Senator Hanna on "Socialism and the Labor-Unions," which has appeared in the *National Magazine* for February. Will it be said in any quarter that the Senator is not qualified to discuss the subject? His friends may justly reply, first, that, although Mr. Hanna has been for many years an employer of labor on a large scale, he has yet to encounter a strike; and, secondly, that, as a member of the Civic Federation, he has, in spite of the calumnies of yellow newspapers, gained the confidence of union working-men throughout the country. Such are Mr. Hanna's specific credentials for discussing the relation of socialism to labor-unions. We add that, during the recent heated campaign in Ohio, he had many opportunities of observing the effect of socialistic influences.

Mr. Hanna began by saying that, although he came upon the political field rather late in life—having spent most of his adult years in business—he was, from the outset of his political career, deeply impressed by the quickness with which the people of this country can be made to understand a logical proposition. He is certain that to him, and he thinks also that to them, the campaign of 1896 was an education. At all events, the Senator's personal experience in that campaign convinced him that the basis of success in a country enjoying free institutions is a demonstration of fairness and justice, and that the simpler a proposal is, the more effective it is likely to be with the people at large. Those readers, whose memories go back a dozen years, will recall that in 1892 the result in Ohio was so close that Mr. Cleveland obtained one of the twenty-three electoral votes. Neither is there any doubt that, from the beginning of August to the end of September, 1896, the opinion of impartial observers was that the Democrats would carry Ohio. For the tremendous revulsion that occurred in the next few weeks, and that resulted in a plurality of more than 47,000 for Mr. McKinley, no well-informed person doubts that Mr. Hanna deserves most of the credit. This victory, and the unprecedented majority which he obtained last November, are facts which have to be explained. They can be explained only in one way, namely, on the theory that the mass of hard-working and intelligent voters in Ohio regard Marcus A. Hanna as their friend.

In the article published in the *National Magazine*, the Senator

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points out, what is often overlooked, that organized labor is an older institution than organized capital. The instinct of self-protection showed itself earlier on the former side than it did on the latter. Is the one organization necessarily antagonistic to the other? Mr. Hanna replies in the negative; and, so far as his personal experience with organized labor goes, his response is justified. His plan is, he says, to have organized union labor "Americanized" in the best sense, and thoroughly educated to an understanding of its responsibilities, the effect of which education, so far as his personal experience goes, will be to make it the ally of the capitalist rather than an enemy. Some of our daily newspapers profess to misunderstand the term "Americanization," and the phrase "education up to an understanding of labor's responsibilities." To our mind, Mr. Hanna's meaning is clear. By "Americanization" the Senator means that organized labor must recognize that unorganized labor has equal rights with itself. In other words, *persuasion*—not *coercion*—must be used to array the whole body of working-men in an organization. Such an aim is not at all impracticable. A close approximation to its fulfilment has been attained in many trades, in many countries.

Now let us glance at the equally plain meaning of Mr. Hanna's demand of an education of labor to an understanding of its responsibilities. The workmen that have been employed for many years by Mr. Hanna thoroughly understand their responsibilities. In conferences with their spokesmen, he has always caused them to comprehend precisely what their products cost, and what they could be sold for. He has also pointed out what would be a reasonable return on the capital invested. From the data furnished by these three factors, the just amount of wages could be easily computed. That the computation has been always satisfactory is evident from the fact that there never has been a strike on the part of the workmen in Mr. Hanna's employ.

To the question, What would become of the non-organized worker if an amicable alliance should be made between labor and capital, Mr. Hanna replies that no such middle group would exist if all workmen were like *his* workmen. If union laborers were "Americanized" in the sense of recognizing the equal rights of all American citizens, and if they were educated to a sense of their responsibilities to the community at large, as the Senator's employees are, there would exist no such thing as a body of men belonging neither to organized labor nor to organized capital. Every adult male would belong either to the one or to the other body. All this should be perfectly true; and no well-meaning and intelligent man has any excuse for misunderstanding it. Senator Hanna does not profess to be a rhetorician, but his ideas are clear to all that wish to comprehend them.

But how are working-men to be educated to a sense of their responsibilities toward non-organized labor and toward the community at large? Mr. Hanna is convinced that much has been done, and that a great deal more can be done by the Civic Federation. He says that, after reflecting on the systematic work performed during the last five years by that body, he has made up his mind that its purpose is preeminently useful, and he has resolved to consecrate to it the remaining years of his life. The aim of the Civic Federation, as he understands it, is to eliminate the passionate prejudices that have existed between capital and labor, and to combine both forces in a movement impelled by the highest moral and social impulses.

Unequivocal is his opposition to socialism. He believes that the only hope of labor is to be found in a system based upon the root-idea of individualism. That is to say, he would give, as nearly as is practicable, equal opportunities to all, and let the best man win. This, we need not say, is the opposite of the aim put before it by the system whose expounder is Karl Marx. Not only does Senator Hanna regard socialism theoretically as fatal to the progressive principle of civilization, but he holds that, practically, it has no chance of securing a firm foothold in the United States. He thinks that this conclusion is justified by the outcome of the last campaign in Ohio, where the ultimate intentions of socialism were disclosed to the people. No sooner were they clearly understood by the voters than they were repelled by immense majorities. The citizens of Ohio declared at the ballot-box that they would accept no "ism" that would take from any individual the just reward of his labor.

Mr. Hanna does not expect to bring about all at once an accommodation between the interests, apparently conflicting, of capital and labor. He knows that great social questions are not solved in a summary way. What he aims at—and the admirable management of his private business attests his sincerity—is to lay down no hard and fast rule by legislation, but to take up the disagreements of labor and capital, case by case, and situation after situation, as they arise, and to try to adjust them in a manner not only pacific, but permanent. It is plain enough to Senator Hanna that thus the inherent rights of the individual will be better served than by an attempt to demolish a system of government which, as experience has shown, is well suited to the needs of the American people, and which has withstood the attacks of agitators for more than a hundred years.

The Opening of Parliament

Not since the stormy days of the Reform bill has the British Parliament opened under such interesting and dramatic conditions. England is face to face with proposals which may mean a reversal of her whole commercial history, affecting the greatest body of commerce, and the most widely distributed, that was ever handled by any nation. A radical change in Britain's fiscal system will not only affect England, Ireland, Canada, South Africa, and the other British colonies, but the Indian Empire, the most wonderful administrative undertaking in history, will also be touched in a dozen different directions.

Nor will the results of a great fiscal change in England stop here. Belgium, which is a free-trade country, might build a tariff wall without any very great results beyond the comparatively limited area of Belgian trade. A self-contained and practically self-supporting empire like Russia might become converted to free trade, and the rest of the world would remain untouched: the countries which export goods to Russia would still export them; they would not even make a much greater profit, because competition would immediately cut down prices practically to the extent of the abolished duties. But England cannot change her commercial principles without affecting the whole world, since England's trade is world-wide in a sense which is true to the same extent of no other nation.

England is equally facing an international problem of tremendous significance, even though the nation itself does not fully realize all that this problem means. Her alliance with Japan will not limit itself in effect to a check upon the ambitions of Russia in Manchuria, it will infallibly alter the balance of power throughout the whole of Asia, and it is far from certain that the alteration will, in every case, be necessarily in favor of England. It has more than once been pointed out that Russia has prepared an invasion of India, to retaliate for England's alliance with Japan, should that alliance go beyond moral support, and lead England into actual war. What the result of an invasion of India, through Persia and Afghanistan, might be, it is impossible to foretell; but the lessons of the Boer war have shown that it would be an almost intolerable burden on the British treasury, even if victory were as complete as in South Africa; and it must be admitted that the Turkestan army of Russia would probably be a more formidable foe than the forces of the two little South-African republics. While Russia is palpably at a disadvantage in Manchuria, owing to the immense distance of this secondary base from her chief supplies, the tables would be turned if it came to an invasion of India, which is only a few miles from Russian territory at the nearest point, while almost as far from England as South Africa. Nor is it by any means certain, in spite of the imperial regiments of native troops, that the natives of India would side loyally with their conquerors against the invader. The Rajas might, because they are upheld in their privileges and power by English armies; but there are elements of grave unrest amongst the people, especially elements of religious fanaticism, which might easily break out into flame; and there are many gifted and influential natives of India who have for years been looking to Russia as their destined deliverer. It is evident, therefore, that a conflagration in the Far East would mean an upheaval of the whole of Asia; and no one can be so optimistic as to say that such an upheaval would certainly turn to England's profit. There seems to be little realization of these manifold possibilities among the English people, who appear to believe that war must turn to the detriment of Russia, while leaving the rest of Asia untouched.

Thus the British Parliament is called on to face two mighty and momentous problems, literally of world-wide significance, whose solution in either sense will affect hundreds of millions of men for generations to come. And the gravity of the situation is augmented by the fact that in both the historic parties, which are called on to decide these great issues, there reigns confusion, and such a dislocation of alliances and former relations as is unparalleled in the whole of the constitutional history. The premier is in a position more than ambiguous. While formally opposing the programme of Mr. Chamberlain to such a degree as to lead to the latter's resignation, Mr. Balfour admittedly sympathizes with that programme and even prophesies its success. Though nominally leader of his party, he is really little more than a figure-head, while the right wing follows the Duke of Devonshire, and the left swears by Mr. Chamberlain. If ever a man was in danger of falling between two stools, that man is the present English Premier. Moreover, Mr. Balfour is confronted with a secession of many of his gifted and most influential colleagues: the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain himself, Lord Goschen, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Ritchie, Lord Hugh Cecil, as representatives of the powerful family influence of the late premier, Winston Churchill, who embodies the ideas and ambitions of his gifted father, Lord Randolph, are all arrayed against him in different degrees, while the new members of his cabinet have little experience and less weight, the War Office especially being a wilderness of confusions, abortive schemes, and conflicting ambi-

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tions. No premier in so weak a position was ever called on to face such grave issues.

Nor will a general election, should this be deemed best, simplify the problems before the English Parliament. Mr. Balfour, if he goes to the constituencies, will take with him a scheme of protection which Mr. Chamberlain will be almost as hostile to as will the Duke of Devonshire. It is conceivable that each will put forward a candidate. The result, no one can foretell. Nor is the prospect lightened by the spectacle of a strong and united Liberal party, ready to assume the reins of power, should the Unionist party be finally disrupted. There, also, everything is confusion. All these considerations only heighten the gravity of a situation without parallel in the Parliamentary life of the British nation.

Wise Through Compassion

THE half of a phrase of a man of reflection often contains the germ of a whole system of philosophy or the foundation for a theory of conduct. The vital difference between truly great books and the average run of books lies just in this difference of depth of suggestion. Great books are unfathomably suggestive. No one will ever reach to the end of interpretation of the Gospels, the Upanishads, the Dhammapada, of Epictetus, Plato, Plotinus.

One phrase of endless content is Wagner's description of *Parsifal*, "The guileless fool, wise through compassion." Experience is the common teacher. Man, as a rule, learns by blows. The superiority of man over woman is partly a matter of man's being thrown earlier upon the world and thus learning his place and obligation in it sooner. He starts out at a big public school, or at college, and by dint of frequent mishaps, by cutting himself off from what he wants by negligence or mistake, and by catching up again by extra exertion, he learns what is worth while. A woman is too often sheltered and petted, and so perhaps goes through life without ever growing up at all. "I learned at school before I was ten years old," said an effective public man to a woman once, "that if I were not keen and on the watch I should be made some other fellow's catspaw," and the woman commented, "I was never so shocked in my life: I thought every one would love and help me if I only explained myself enough." Alas! no man desires another's advancement quite so much as his own. Life is still a struggle for spoils, and if we stand comfortably it is apt to be because we have elbowed the rest of humanity a little bit out of the way.

There is a school of literature and of art which urgently advocates experience as a means to consciousness. We are all brought face to face very often with a meagre humanity fed on and upheld by obedience to minor rules, and it is so easy to see the poverty of the merely conventional and orderly that we find it difficult to answer the fallacy so speciously presented that urges experience, any and every experience, rather than an anæmic consciousness of life. It is to just this question that Wagner replies when he puts the power of healing into the hands of that man alone who is a guileless fool, wise through compassion. There is just one kind of man in the world who can dare to be unsophisticated, and that is the man who wants nothing for himself.

His is not a narrow experience of life. With eyes unblinded by desire he foresees the goal of the race. Looking away from himself, he knows all the struggles and the sufferings of humanity, not by trying them, by falling down and rising up worn and weakened, but by insight and sympathy, and he still has the reserve strength to give and to heal. These men have a single aim. They try no by-paths. They move straight upward, simple-minded, guileless, and of single purpose. It is the power of genius and of sanctity alike to know by intuition. Christ never experienced sin that He might understand and forgive. Buddha never practised cruelty that he might teach men forbearance. St. Francis did not exhaust his forces in pride and harshness that he might show the worth of gentleness and humility. *Parsifal* had never succumbed to the fascination of women that he might know the worthlessness of *Kundry's* allurements.

A certain writer has said of *Parsifal* that his "only achievements were the shooting of a swan and the refusal of a kiss." But the mind sees what the mind brings with it to see. There are those who never reach beyond the gestures of the body, and who might see the whole opera a dozen times and never find out that *Parsifal* destroyed a whole world of false and lying enticements, that he recovered and liberated a sinning soul, that he healed a life-long agony, and himself attained to the ecstatic vision. It is possible to reduce the highest spiritual victories to the paltriest of concrete acts, so closely is all life interwoven: but the magnitude of the spiritual victories is in no wise lessened.

Our danger of a meagre humanity lies not in a lack of experience, but in a lack of feeling. A recent reviewer of Pater's biography complains quite bitterly of the lack of events in the man's life: he seems to feel that it must somehow detract from his genius to have so quiet an external history. When the life-story of one of the greatest geniuses of this era is written, it will probably be found that he lived and grew in the suburbs of a Flemish town, diligently digging in his garden or sitting in his room writing his books. The lives of Charlotte and Emily Brontë seem to have been a round of lowly household tasks, diversified by lonely wanderings over the Yorkshire moors. But shall any one dream that the consciousness of these people is meagre? Rather they clasp the whole world to themselves in understanding and compassion.

Dr. Hadley's Advice

THE report that President Hadley of Yale had advised sundry Harvard students to keep out of politics unless they were rich has been criticised widely and with hearty enthusiasm. No one, indeed, suggested that the president of Yale was perfidiously sowing tares in the Harvard students' minds, but many remonstrants held that he was culpably wrong, and others argued against his supposed conclusion. One citizen, Mr. B. Macmanon, stirred to his marrow, sent to the *Sun* and *Times* a letter which both printed, expressing his concern that "the cowardly and abominable advice given on Thursday night by President Hadley has been allowed to pass without editorial comment and condemnation." He went on to go for Dr. Hadley at some length and with great heartiness, using many hard words and quoting poetry, and reduced Yale's president to mere remnants. So many newspapers spoke that it seemed fit to Dr. Hadley to print his speech in the *Yale Alumni Weekly*. He said, it seems: "I should advise a man not to go into politics until he had some independent means of support, sufficient to keep him and his family from starvation, upon which he could fall back if he were defeated for office, or felt that he could not honorably accept office under the conditions imposed." That is not startling advice. It urges nothing more than common prudence. Dr. Hadley suggests that if a man has neglected to inherit some money it is well for him to get a sufficient start as a lawyer or journalist or business man to give this necessary minimum of self-support before being a candidate for office.

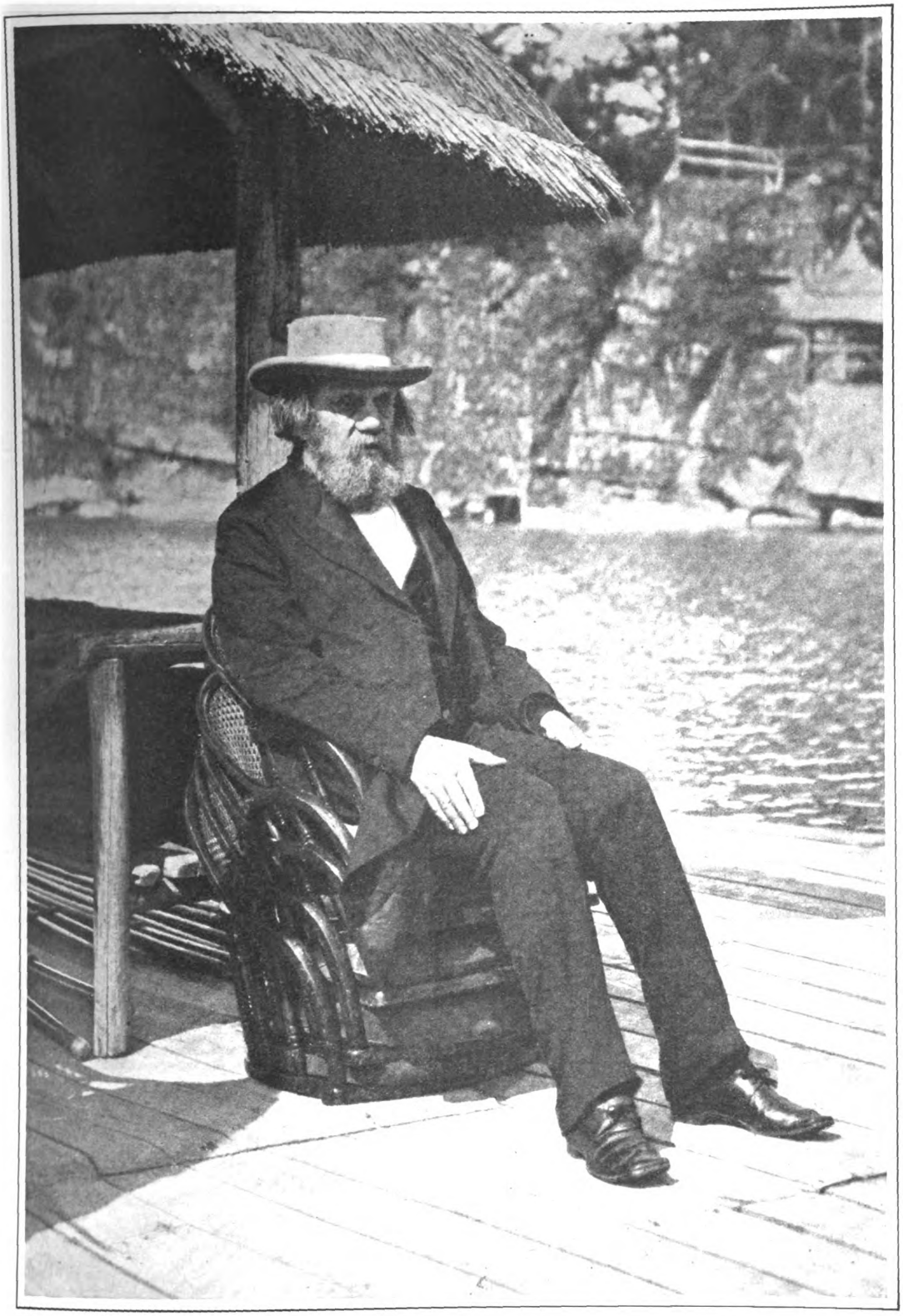
That is good counsel. A very common practice here in New York, and in many other cities, is for political aspirants to open liquor saloons and get as well started as possible in that business. The saloon business is exceptionally harmonious with political life. The opportunities of saloon life help the aspirant in his politics, and his politics help on trade in his saloon. Dr. Hadley did not commend saloon-keeping to Harvard students, but the advice he did give them was entirely sound.

If he had recommended celibacy as a suitable condition for beginning politicians, he would probably have been criticised. Yet freedom from domestic ties has obvious advantages for the adventurer in politics. A man without family responsibilities can take chances that a family man must avoid. He can always make shift to support himself, no matter how the votes go or who gets the appointment. He can spend his evenings with voters and counsellors instead of at home, and can sit up as late as is necessary, and dine and sup wherever and whenever it may be convenient without neglect of duties that lie, or should lie, near his heart. What use a working politician can be to his wife is a question that has often mystified observers, and if he has children the problem is still more tangled. Politics is a mistress even more exacting than art. It is half a century since the Democrats have elected a married man President, except Mr. Cleveland, who married after he had settled down in the White House. Buchanan and Tilden were bachelors.

The law and the newspaper business, like the saloon business, work in very well with politics. Very many men occupied with other business concerns are successful politicians and holders of office, but ordinarily office-holding is bad for the business of a business man. Mr. Clark manages to be a miner and a Senator without apparent conflict of interests. Mr. Hanna seems to succeed in delegating his business cares, as far as necessary, to competent lieutenants. Many other rich Senators get along, but they are men, as a rule, who have got to a point where they can afford to leave their business to trained subordinates. Mayor Strong, on the other hand, suffered grievous losses from neglect of his own concerns while he served the city of New York, and there have been many like cases.

There is danger, too, that a business man who holds office may be tempted to make politics and trade work together for good. Except in law, journalism, and saloon-keeping, it is hard to do that without prejudice to reputation. The political cemeteries are full of the reputations of persons who have tried it. We have lately seen Governor Odell accused of this sort of indiscretion: we have seen Mr. Littauer's record clouded by kindred imputations. It does not do. Trade and politics do not mix well. President Hadley might properly have warned the Harvard young men to whom he gave good advice that, though a profitable business is an excellent thing for a politician to fall back on in off years, public duty and private gain are liable to conflict, and when they do it is well to choose one or the other, but not both.

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EDWARD EVERETT HALE, NEW CHAPLAIN OF THE SENATE

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the veteran Unitarian minister and author, has been chosen Chaplain of the Senate to succeed William H. Milburn, who died last year. The new chaplain assumed his office on January 1. Dr. Hale is in his eighty-second year, and has been pastor of the South Congregational Church in Boston for almost half a century. He is best known as the author of "The Man Without a Country," one of the most widely discussed of modern books. In addition to his activity in ministerial and literary work, Dr. Hale has been prominent in such enterprises as the "Chautauqua" circles and "Lend-a-Hand" clubs

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An English Provincial Town

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *January 30, 1903.*

BIRMINGHAM is British provincialism carried to the nth. Only one hundred miles from London, it is from two to four years behind it in fashions, and seems in its instinctive ways of looking at things to belong to another world. Here, if one had the time and inclination, one might sit down and study all that makes England so peculiarly English. The capital of a country is rarely a good guide to the country itself. New York hardly ever looks beyond the Palisades, and London is superbly unconscious that such a thing as provincial opinion exists. Every metropolis looks upon its hinterland with something of the "monocular insolence" that a clever American pro-Boer discovered, or affected to discover, in Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy. London is too big, too cosmopolitan, too experienced, the blend of too many elements, too unmoral to be wholly representative of England. One has to get away from its air of concentrated self-sufficiency, that every capital engenders, before one really begins to feel oneself in England. But here in Birmingham "the great heart of the British public" beats with unmistakable genuineness. Here, as one comes across the merchants and manufacturers of the English Pittsburg and catches glimpses of their home life and surroundings, the veritable unmitigated England unfolds itself in detail—all its Puritanism, its narrowness, its quiet undemonstrative comfort, its rough hard-headedness and independence.

Narrowness is a word which the average Englishman would be surprised to find applied to Birmingham, for Birmingham has been and still is the home of political liberalism and religious nonconformity. From this hive of busy workers and hard thinkers a score of progressive movements have taken their source. It is to Birmingham that England owes whatever is sound in her educational system, and it is Birmingham again that has just founded the first up-to-date commercial and technical university that the country has known. In national, as well as civic politics, in matters of religion, as well as of education, the people of Birmingham have always shown themselves thorough radicals and most formidable foes of privilege and monopoly. John Bright and Joseph Chamberlain are their deities, the one a Quaker, the other a Unitarian, and both emphatically "men of the people," and the champions of "popular" rights and movements.

It is in the social and not the public and political sense that I use the word narrowness. Birmingham is narrow as Chicago is narrow. The hall-mark of an honest and unforced provincialism is stamped broadly upon it. It is hard to define precisely wherein this provincialism consists, but of its presence and pervasiveness one is made immediately conscious. That mellow something in the social air of London, that broad, equable, worldly outlook are here entirely lacking. Birmingham, you feel at *once*, is "out of it." The city itself is an affair of two streets and one view. The two streets are New Street and Corporation Street, and in them are to be found all the stores in which it is possible to buy anything worth having. Corporation Street is a broad, *not* unimposing, avenue, cut through the heart of what was once a foul network of slums. Like *most* other things in Birmingham, it owes its being to Mr. Chamberlain, whose three years of office in the Mayoralty were the apothesis of public-spirited bossism. Mr. Chamberlain prevailed upon the Council to tear down the slums and lay out the new street with public money. The experiment, denounced at the time as the rankest kind of socialism, has justified itself abundantly. Thirty or forty years from now, when the leases fall in, Birmingham will be, for its size, the richest municipality in the world. Its companion street, New Street, is a narrow, dingy thoroughfare, with the sole merit of leading up to the one handsome prospect that the city contains. In a space of half a dozen acres or so are the Town Hall, a massive dignified building in the Corinthian style, the municipal offices and council chamber, a large and admirably appointed art gallery, the post-office and the city library, and Chamberlain Square—a tribute from the people to their great ex-Mayor. Thetewith picturesque Birmingham comes abruptly to an end. The rest of the city is given over to manufactures and smoke.

But if the city is, on the whole, a squalid, depressing affair, its chief suburb is a counterbalancing delight. Nature in England seems to have made a point of tacking on the most beautiful suburbs to the most hideous towns. Few cities are uglier or dirtier than Bristol, yet nothing could be more charming than its annex, Clifton. Birmingham, being a city of over 600,000 people, has, of course, several suburbs, but the pick of them all is Edgbaston. Edgbaston is practically owned by Lord Calthorpe. This sort of exclusive proprietorship has its uses. Lord Calthorpe has preserved Edgbaston to purely residential purposes. Beyond a certain limit, no stores are allowed, and saloons are ruled out altogether. The place is laid out like a park. Every house seems to have its garden, and the smallest lawn looks big enough for croquet or lawn-tennis. As everywhere in England, thick hedges and walls grown over with ivy preserve an inviolate privacy. The majority of the houses stand well back from the faultless roads, and are approached by drives that wind through the perfectly kept gardens and grounds that are the joy of English life. The rents to a Londoner, still more to a New-Yorker, appear ridiculous. Edgbaston is the paradise of the poor man. I was taken to a house with over thirty rooms and about an acre of ground and kitchen garden around it, one of the lawns being given up to flowers and ornamental uses, the other to a full-sized tennis-court, that rented for $550 a year. Living, too, is equally cheap, perhaps thirty per cent. less than in London. Altogether I should take Edgbaston to be the best possible setting for that excellent middle class whose numbers, placidity, prosperity, and instinct for the solid comforts of life used to rejoice M. Taine.

The people live out of doors. Tennis and golf and archery and hockey and croquet clubs are innumerable, and an Edgbaston girl not a member of one or the other is hard to come across. The charming Warwickshire Avon is within three-quarters of an hour's journey by railroad, and wealthy Edgbastonians pitch their summer cottages in the heart of Shakespeare's country. Sport and philanthropy are the main occupations of the place. The "season" is in winter, when dances and latterly card parties on the *internal* Brooklyn "progressive-euchre" model, alternate with football, golf, hockey, and lacrosse as diversions. So entirely healthy and normal are the life and atmosphere of the people that Edgbastonians are often hard put to it to find material for gossip. It was assured that the latest scandal of any real magnitude is now *nearly* fifteen years old. Could anything show more clearly than this how irredeemable is its provincialism?

There is no aristocracy in Edgbaston either of birth or wealth. The Chamberlains and the numerous branches of their family are, of *course*, at the top of the social ladder, and in some respects form a set of their own. But, like everybody *else* here, they are all connected with trade. If one could discover any dividing-line it would probably be that between manufacturers and retail dealers: but the instances where the *line* had been crossed would be at least as numerous as those in which it had been kept. Practically everybody is on an equality in Edgbaston. No one puts on "side," there is no *jeunesse dorée*, and, except at lunch-time, the purely social clubs are almost deserted. Everybody dresses in the same abominable style, takes part in the same pursuits, and is happy and contented in the same way. Everybody, too, seems to have a real pride in their city. There is *more* local patriotism to the square acre in Birmingham than you will *find* in the whole of London. They glory in being the "best-governed municipality in the world," and they do not forget that they owe the *title*, as they owe much else, to Mr. Chamberlain. The self-esteem of Athens and Chicago is also the self-esteem of Birmingham.

State Manslaughter

By W. D. Howells

WHEN the axe was laid at the root of the good old gallows-tree, whose fruit had nourished Anglo-Saxon civilization in so many climes for so many ages, I had my misgivings whether the electric chair would serve all the philanthropic ends expected of it by its friends. I do not say that I had any prevision of the horrors which have resulted from it in many of the State killings since it was set up in the State shambles, but I could not believe that it would be of such a benign operation as almost to take away the mortal effect of the death penalty. Something like this was what its partisans promised us, with a tender regard equally for the sensibilities of those who wished to have criminals killed painlessly, and for the scruples of those others who believed that the law had no right to the life even of a murderer. What the advocates of the chair, which has so sadly betrayed their confidence, implied if they did not express, was that killing by electricity was almost the same as not killing at all. It would remove with dignity and decorum the offender who had forfeited his life, and not be attended by the depraving incidents inseparable from guillotining, garroting, or even hanging, and of course not by the cruel accidents to which the art of the headsman was subject. They did not forebode and they could not foresee that the mystical element whose agency they had invoked to do the work of the archaic instrumentalities of justice could bungle its sacred mission. The culprit would be carefully seated, somewhat as the subject of photography is, and assuming as cheerful or as submissive an expression as possible, would be thrilled into the other world with the touch of a button, or the turn of a key, by the hand of a scientific gentleman, or at least an educated electrician, on the other side of a wall or screen. No black mask of the headsman here; no show of the halter, or sound of the drop: no binding of the victim on a board like a planked shad: not even the twist of a crank by which the garroter despatched the malefactor from behind.

It was not imagined that electricity could fail to kill instantly, much less that the criminal, who had become the State's

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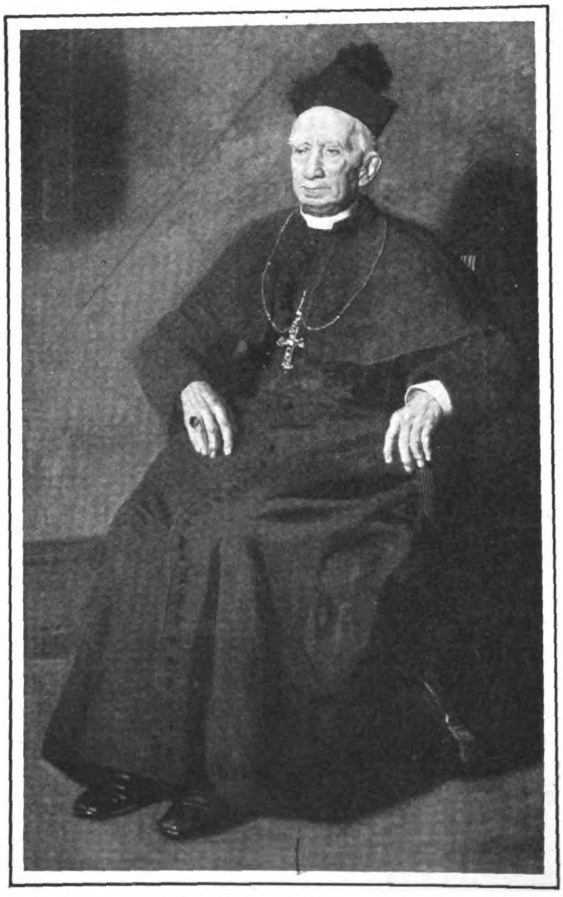
"The Misses Hunter."—By John S. Sargent



Portrait of Houston Woodward.—By Janet Wheeler



"Portrait."—By Cecilia Beaux



Portrait of Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati.—By Thomas Eakins

PICTURES AT THE SEVENTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

The opening reception of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts seventy-third annual exhibition was held in Philadelphia on January 23. Among many notable exhibits were paintings by Cecilia Beaux, Janet Wheeler, John S. Sargent, and Thomas Eakins, of which photographs appear on this page. Altogether, nearly a thousand paintings were on exhibition

Photographs by W. N. Jennings

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peculiar care, could be so ineffectually tortured as to froth at the mouth, and strain at his bonds with writhings of agony which almost burst them, or give out the smell of his burning flesh so that the invited guest was often made sick at his stomach by the loathsome and atrocious fact. Yet all this has happened again and again in the execution of the death sentences since the consecration of the electric chair to the hallowed office of the axe, the noose, the screw. It has happened so often that I, at least, had become used to reading of it, and had tranquilly accepted it as of the same necessity as the honored death penalty itself, which our civilization could not get on without, though the civilization of Italy and of Scandinavia seems to do so, not to mention that of our sister republic Switzerland. I generally managed to reconcile myself to the record of the frothing, and burning, and writhing, by learning further that the scientific gentleman, or the educated electrician, on the other side of the wall, had made it all right by discharging another thousand or two thousand volts into the body of his erring brother, and so putting him finally out of his misery.

What was my dismay, then, to read the other morning in the *Sun*, which daily rises over my coffee-cup at breakfast, a letter from so eminent an authority as Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton, which informed me that killing does not kill when done by electricity in the hands of the official homicides. He declared that in the case of a murderer whose life was lately attempted by the appointed agency, six "shocks" so failed of their due effect, that the examining doctor "collapsed from sheer horror when he found that his stethescope still carried the heart beats of the victim to his ear." He alleged three other recent executions as equally "disgraceful," and named one of them in which the electrized man revived, and perished subsequently from the "large quantities of morphine and chloroform" given him. He holds that the "present law provides a method full of all sorts of uncertainties which are recognized by scientific men generally," and he suggests that something like "poisoning with carbonic dioxide" would be "an effective and painless" method, which might be properly substituted for the very fallible means of happy despatch that electricity has been shown to be.

I am afraid that many kind souls who, like myself, had rested in peaceful acceptance of killing by electricity as next to no killing at all, will reconcile themselves with difficulty the substitution of "poisoning by carbonic dioxide," though it sounds like something nearly as merciful as conservative surgery. The question of its employment brings up again the whole question of State homicide, which seemed so gracefully settled by the use of electricity. We have to face again the fact that on humanitarian grounds State homicide seems more barbarous and abominable than any but the most exceptional private murder, since it adds the anguish of foreknowledge to the victim's doom. If one dies by the hand of a private murderer, one mercifully perishes without expectation, as one does in most other circumstances of accident or disease; but if one is to be put to death by the civic authorities, one is warned of it months beforehand, with the date precisely or approximately fixed; or if, as in the more æsthetic conditions of France, the very hour is withheld from one till one is waked to go to the guillotine some morning, still one cannot well lie down to peaceful slumbers with that fate hanging over one. To be sure, it might be said of State homicide that it seems no more excessive than most other criminal sentences, which no one who hears them pronounced in what we so amusingly call our courts of justice, can fail to feel wholly out of proportion to the offences punished by them. For a theft so small that it could only be recognized by the most rigid moralist, a man loses his liberty, and his family loses his labor for two or three months: for a theft a little larger, he loses his liberty and his family loses his labor for as many years. The State, which ought to pay the highest trades-union wages for his work, and daily turn his wages over to his innocent family, pays him nothing, and robs his guiltless wife and hapless children of the living he might have earned for them. But even justice so Asiatic as this does not seem quite so barbarous as the death penalty, whether inflicted by electricity, as now, or by carbonic-dioxide poisoning as possibly hereafter, for in Asia we read that the capital offender is often taken from the judge's presence and at once beheaded, or even beheaded in the judge's presence as soon as sentence is pronounced.

He suffers, but he does not suffer long.

But under our system he must suffer ages of fear in view of the death that awaits him in such a week, or on such a day and hour.

All this, I hope, is not saying that the death penalty is not a righteous and necessary thing. It is true that several civilized countries, and many of our own States, seem to get on without it, and not to have more murderers in them than the countries and States which cannot get on without it, and which seem equally civilized. In the countries and States which find it essential to the salvation of society, many disciples of One whose teaching superseded the old law of an eye for an eye, and a life for a life, hold it little less than of divine ordinance. It is not, then, for a lay brother to question its inspired origin, and I do not question it. I accept it with all its possible aberrations from justice, in the case of some who perish innocently by it, and in the case of the others who merely die a thousand deaths in view of the death they are doomed to; I accept it because, although other countries and States get on without it, we apparently cannot get on without it. If electricity must go, let not the dear and honored death penalty go with it. If we must have carbonic dioxide, then better carbonic dioxide than the sickly sentimentality which would substitute for State homicide, with its inalienable mental tortures, the imprisonment in which justice can revise its verdicts, if they have erred, or if they are righteous can still keep the guilty soul alive for the penitence and the reform which we cannot refuse to believe possible without denying the faith.

Innumerable affecting memories and associations, summing in themselves a vast share of the poetry and humor of the race, cling about the venerable punishment which we could not deprive ourselves of, without losing a precious part of our heritage from the past. Almost any reader can recall proverbs, verses, jokes, in which its idea is embalmed, and can verify the instances in which these have made him a wiser and a better man. "A thousand names has the Arab for the horse," says Heine, "the Frenchman a thousand for love, the German a thousand for drinking, and the Englishman a thousand for hanging." This saying touches the heart of the fact, and lights it up as by the introduction of a radioactive flame, so that we see clearly how impossible, how all but impious, it would be for us to disuse hanging, or its semi-scientific substitutes. It is true that its beneficent office has been greatly limited with the lapse of time. People used to be hanged for a shilling's worth; a woman went to the gallows for stealing a loaf of bread to keep her children from starving; for imitating too accurately the signature of a noble lord a doctor of divinity was hanged in the eighteenth century so righteously that the noble lord could not bring himself to save the forger by his intercession; rape, arson, treason itself sometimes, which used to bring a man to the scaffold, no longer do so. But through all these changes the great, vital, saving principle of the death penalty has remained the same. If electricity has proved not merely appalling and disgusting, but ineffective, by all means let us have carbonic dioxide, and if that fails, too, let us keep on trying till we get the perfect agency of painless homicide. But let the State never corrupt the potential private murderer by ceasing to kill with accumulated terrors such as he never dreamt of.

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

WITH two plays running in New York and four in London in one season, Mr. Barrie as a dramatist is distinctly in the foreground. In addition to "The Admirable Crichton" and "Little Mary," London is still enjoying "Quality Street," which had its first run in this country, and has recently welcomed "The Professor's Love Story," in which Mr. E. S. Willard has frequently delighted American audiences during his visits here since he first produced the play, with Miss Marie Burroughs as *Lucy White*, at the Garden Theatre, some ten years ago. To the present generation of theatregoers Mr. Barrie's career as a dramatist dates from "The Little Minister," yet his earliest dramatic efforts were made shortly after his advent in London as a journalist. It is a far cry from the Auld Lichts to the footlights, from *A Window in Thrums* to "Little Mary," and yet, to the footlights he owes his charming wife and his wide popularity. Still one cannot help grudging the stage the rare flowers it has plucked from the garden of his mind, which finds a more enduring form in literature, and provides a greater source of delight.

It was early in the nineties, before *The Little Minister* was published, that Mr. Barrie's name first appeared on a playbill as joint author of a highly romantic drama called "Richard Savage." It had but one performance. Mr. Barrie's collaborator was the well-known novelist, Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson, who from that day to this has eschewed the theatre and stuck to fiction. The late W. E. Henley wrote a prologue for the occasion, and evidently anticipated objections on the score of historical verity on the part of the audacious and inexperienced young dramatists by the ingenuous admission that herein Richard Savage

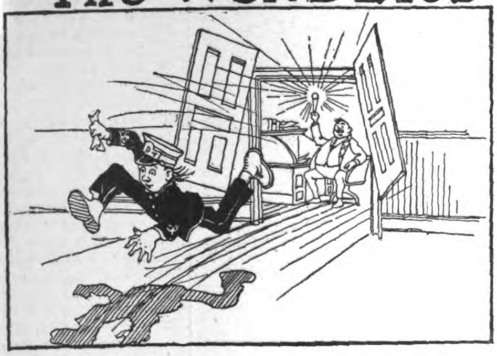
> "stands or falls,
> Not as dead Nature, but as living Art."

Except for a glimpse of that alert faculty of invention which is so fertile and surprising a resource in Mr. Barrie's later plays, there can scarcely be said to have been any traces of the successful dramatist of to-day in this long-defunct play. As if eager to throw the weight of this heavy drama off his mind, Mr. Barrie launched out on his own account a few weeks after his doleful experience at the Criterion Theatre, London, with a jocular skit called "Ibsen's Ghost," in which the author of *A Doll's House* and *Hedda Gabler* was caricatured by the famous comedian, Mr. J. L. Toole. Later came a one-act piece, "Becky Sharp," from *Vanity Fair*, which showed skill and fidelity in reproducing Thackeray, but very little original talent for the stage. With "Walker, London," which was produced in London in 1892, Mr. Barrie began to attract serious attention as a coming dramatist. It was a comedy-farce, with a houseboat on the Thames as its sole scene of action throughout the play. As I dimly recollect the scene, it showed a section of the cabin, as well as the roof

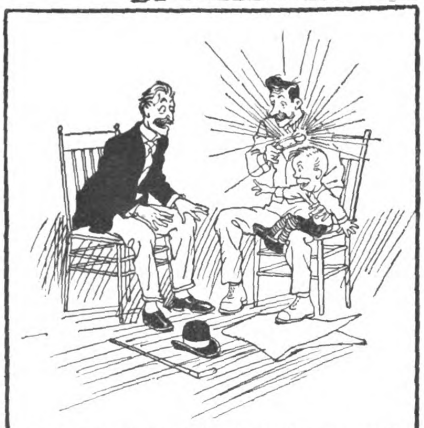
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The WONDERS Of RADIUM
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BY ALBERT LEVERING



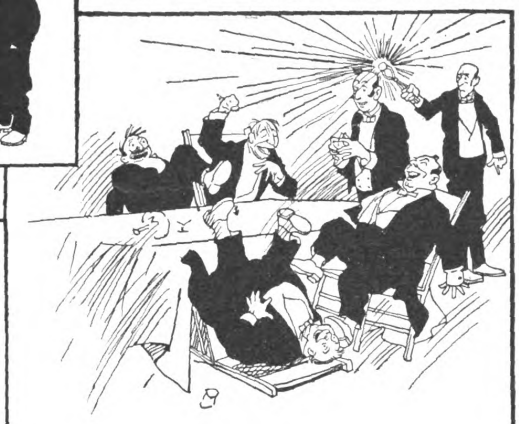
What a touch of it will accomplish with the tired messenger.



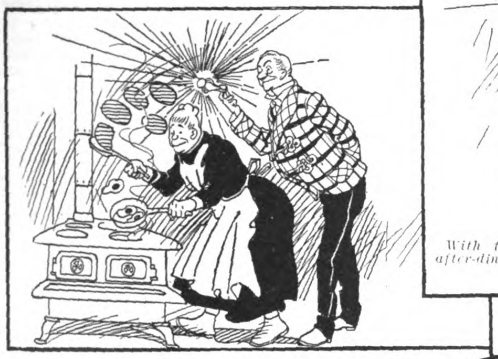
Your "young hopeful" will stand by you at the critical moment with a really bright remark.



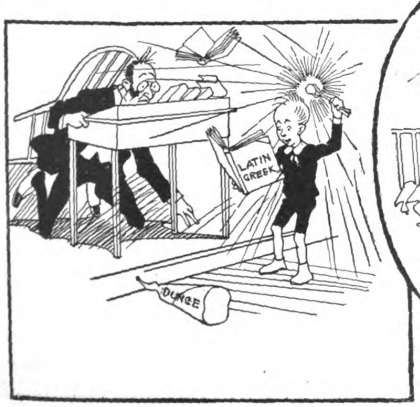
A boon for street-car conductors—"Move up forward!"



With the assistance of the waiter and a little radium the after-dinner speaker may become a success.



To accelerate cooking.



Its value in education will be inestimable.



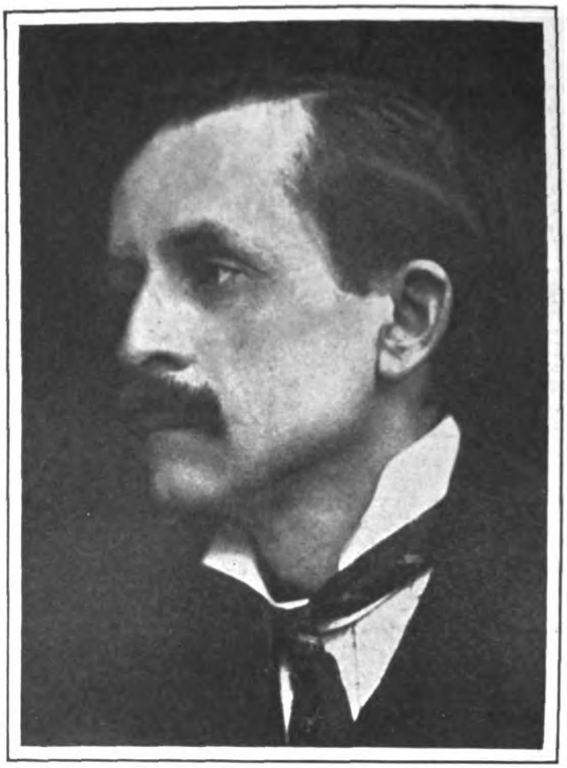
An instant solution of the problems of the day.



And it will preserve a creditor forever.

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of the boat, and the characters were manœuvred on and off pretty much as in a similar scene adopted by Mr. Augustus Thomas in "On the Quiet." In this play, Mr. Barrie, for the first time, set himself a difficult problem to solve, but in the dramatic solution of it he also showed a sudden talent for extricating his characters from an extraordinary situation, and a mastery of stage technique which have since then rarely deserted him. Curiously enough, I find that the title of this play aroused the same criticism which has assailed "Little Mary" in certain quarters. "It is, as a rule," wrote one critic of "Walker, London," "a mistake for a dramatist to keep a secret from his audience, who can always enjoy the mystification of the people on the stage, but are only irritated when they are not themselves in the mystery. Now the significance of the title, 'Walker, London,' was, till the very end of the play, a puzzle to the audience. Just as *Jasper Phipps*, who has been passing himself off as a distinguished African traveller, leaves the houseboat, the artful rascal gives his telegraphic address—'Walker, London.' That is the first and the last reference to the title; but it explains everything." The play had a successful run in London, and established Mr. Barrie in the theatre. Its success there was attempted here by Mr. James T. Powers, now a favorite comic-opera star, but it ended with, I think, an abortive run of a week at the Herald Square Theatre. "Walker, London," it was, that introduced Mr. Barrie to Miss Mary Ansell, who subsequently became his wife. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, I believe, was sponsor for the meeting, which was brought about in response to Mr. Barrie's inquiry as to whether he knew of any one who could play the leading woman's part in "Walker, London." Shortly afterward Mr. Barrie was seized with a serious attack of pneumonia, and it fell to his *fiancée* to play the rôle of nurse; so that the union had quite a romantic development.



A new Portrait of Mr. Barrie
Author of "The Admirable Crichton" and "Little Mary," now running in New York

Between "Walker, London," and "The Professor's Love Story"—the latter play having dragged with Mr. Willard, and been tied up with Sir Henry Irving, before the former eventually produced it on one of his American tours—Mr. Barrie again made his second and last public appearance as a collaborator in a "Savoy Opera." His collaborator was Conan Doyle, and the title of the piece was "Jane Annie; or, the Good Conduct Prize." There was one quaint and original creation in the page-boy at the seminary which bore unmistakably the marks of Mr. Barrie's inimitable and almost elfish humor when it plays around the small boy. Caddie was the page-boy "for the little things that grow into women." How characteristic that is of the author of *The Little White Bird!* You remember how he describes the creation of the fairies: "When the first baby laughed for the first time, his laugh broke into a million pieces and they all went skipping about. That was the beginning of fairies." What a delight Caddie must have been—lording it over the girls, defying the lancers, kissing the shoes of the young lady he adored! "He was a reg'lar wee deevil was Tommy!" I heard Mr. Barrie remark in an absent way of his sentimental hero once. Caddie, like all Mr. Barrie's small boys, must have been a "reg'lar wee deevil," too. In "The Professor's Love Story," which followed in order of time, Mr. Barrie first put "Thrums" on the stage. At that time there were many who made their first acquaintance with "Thrums" and its quaintly humorous characters over the footlights. In spite of its pretty and original love story, and the sympathetic, untheatrical portrait of the old professor, rejuvenated by the tender passion, the play lingers kindlier in my memory, because of the "Thrums" characters—the canny, dour rivals in love, *Henders* and *Pete*—though their part in the action was merely incidental. It was like a page from the *Auld Licht Idylls* or *A Window in Thrums*. And in "The Little Minister" on the stage, the magic touch of "Thrums" humor was again most effectively felt in the scene with the elders. "I can neither hear nor see. I am wearing my best alpaca," came like a flash of insight into the character of *Jean*, the minister's servant, on her way to church when the elders would have stopped her to gossip about the manse. And later, in the last act, when she knows that the minister has married the *Lady Babbie*, with a natural rising of pride she lets fling a question and an answer which tell a hitherto unguessed passage of love between her and the swain, to whom she calls, with head high in air, "Are you there?" As the unfortunate lover steps out of the crowd, the heartless jade replies: "Then there's my answer now. It's hopeless." Truly, one hopes that, whether on the stage or in fiction, Mr. Barrie has not turned his back on "Thrums" for good.

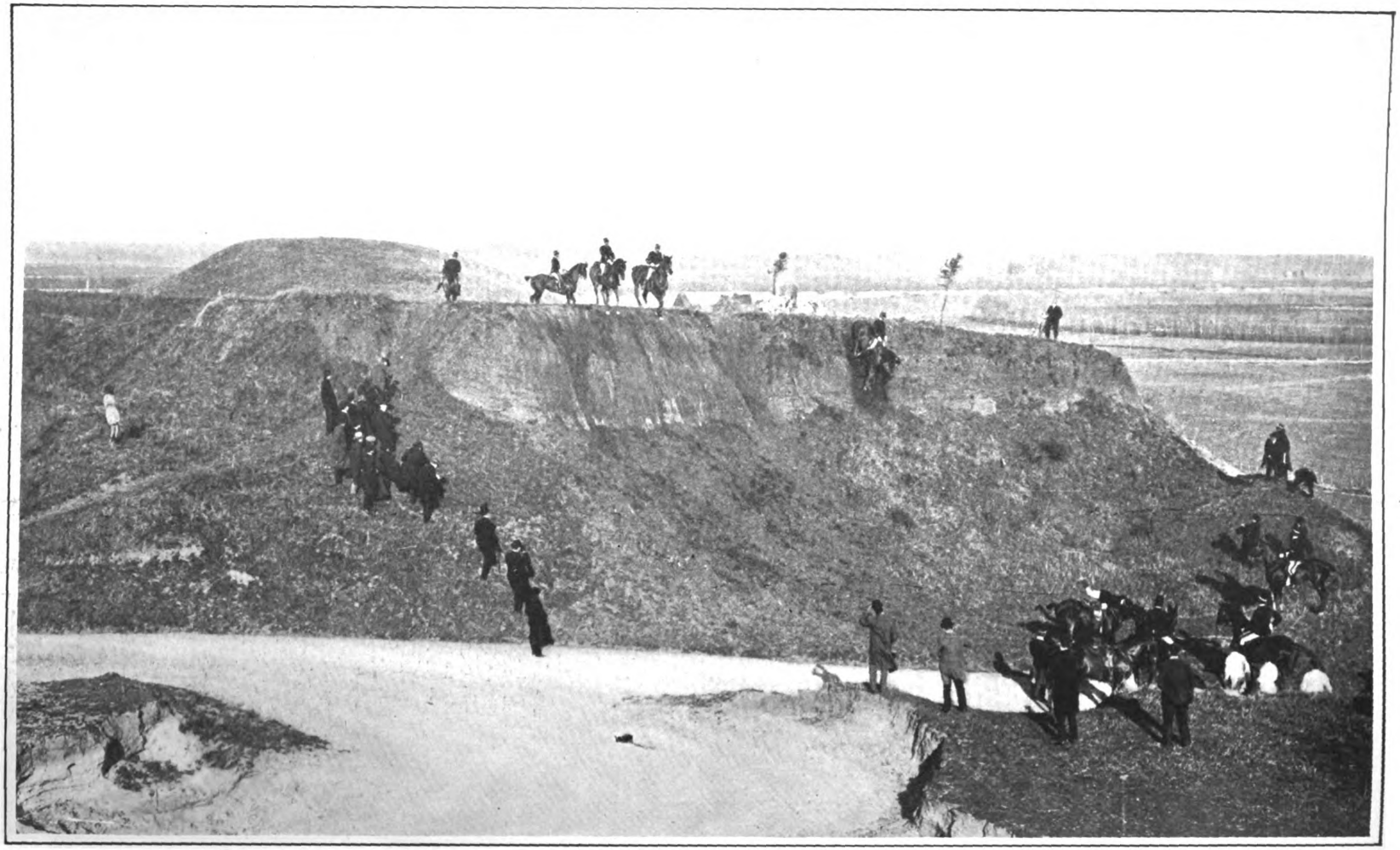
There was no one to compare with Hans Andersen as a fantastic, it has been said, until Mr. Barrie wrote *The Little White Bird* and "The Admirable Crichton." Like the Danish magician, Mr. Barrie binds his fantasy to us by a hundred little gossamer moral threads: like him, also, he is a connoisseur in sentiment. Is fantasy, therefore, indigenous to the misty North? Certainly the most distinguished fantastics of modern days have been a Dane and a Scot. That was an exuberant but admirable fancy which pictured Hans Andersen enjoying a pirated edition of *The Little White Bird* in Hades!

Remember

By E. H. Sothern

THE time may come in that far-fabled land
Which we are taught Death opens to our view,
When I, with tearful eyes, shall vainly sue
For the dear touch of a familiar hand,
The look of eyes that ever understand,
The kiss from lips whose kiss and word are true.
O grant me this—when I shall call to you,
In loneliness, from that so distant strand;
If you should hear me in the hush of eve,
Breathe something tender for me to the night,
E'en if your heart has now forgot me quite;
For I, so far away, must needs believe.
Then, in my darkness, I shall see a light,
Your love for me—and I shall cease to grieve.

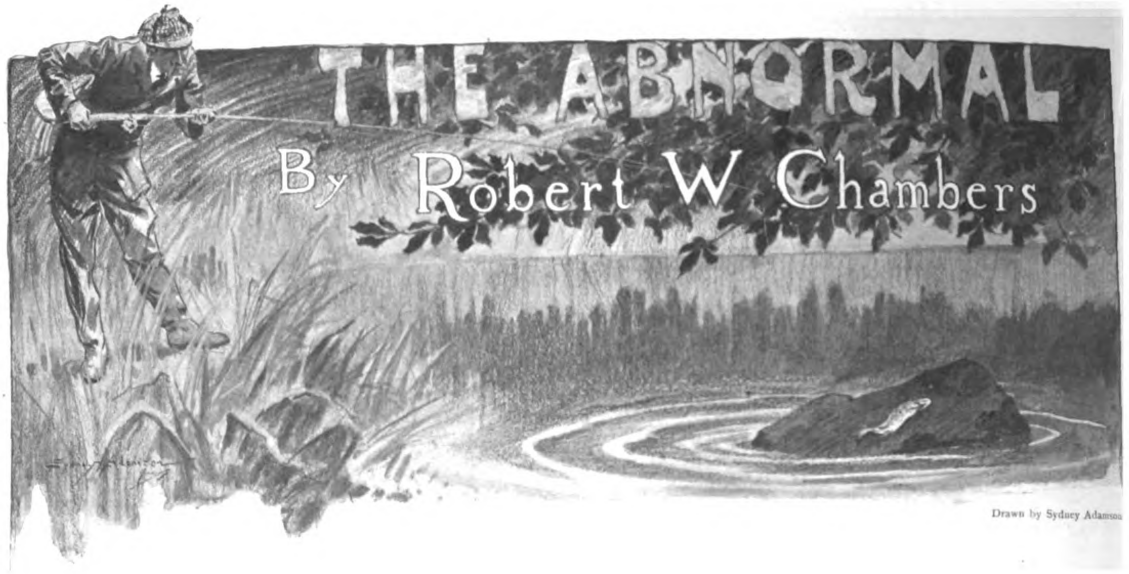
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ROUGH-RIDING IN ITALY—A CAVALRY DRILL NEAR ROME

Photographs illustrating the difficult feats by which the Italian cavalry officers develop their skill in horsemanship have been published recently in the "Weekly." The snap-shot on this page gives an idea of the perilous tests to which the riders are put. They are required to ride over an almost perpendicular cliff and down a steep decline at the bottom

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VARIATION in normal habit among the lower animals usually occurs from necessity, but sometimes, apparently, from deliberate choice. Variation in outward form is usually attributable to accident when not caused through the instinct of self-preservation by the assumption of disguise for the purpose of approaching prey or of escaping foes.

Recently the writer asked Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton several questions concerning the drinking habits of the ruffed grouse. The writer's own convictions upon the subject were hazy and purely hypothetical. Mr. Seton's observations, however, confirmed these opinions,—that the grouse slaked their thirst from the evening and morning dew, and that also they did sometimes drink from running water, squatting on the brink, and swallowing something after the manner of domestic fowl.

A variation of this habit was once observed by the writer in New Hampshire. Standing on a foot-bridge which crossed Mad River, a rapid trout stream, the writer saw a ruffed grouse sail down and alight on a stone in the middle of the stream. The time was the end of August, about one o'clock in the afternoon; the day a broiling and cloudless scorcher. That grouse began running around the stone, craning its neck, settling and stretching much like the pumping motion one observes in some snipe. Presently it began to go through the motions of drinking. Whether or not it *was* drinking I leave to an enlightened public and Mr. Seton, for I don't know, being at the time too far away for absolute certainty. But, if the bird *was* drinking, it is, so far, the one and only instance that I personally have observed.

Another variation from the normal occurred last summer in Fulton County, New York. While attempting to cross a stone wall, along which a weasel was running, the writer became actually intimidated, giving the weasel right of way. Twice the writer attempted to cross; twice the weasel, instead of halting, advanced in fury, teeth bared; and the writer backed down, permitting his weaselship to pass before him.

And yet again the abnormal manifested itself when, on expecting a covey of ruffed grouse to rise, three red-tailed hawks flushed in a bunch from the ground, leaving the remains of a frog as probable explanation of their extraordinary position and behavior.

Perhaps among trout the unusual and unexpected occurs more often than among any of the more familiar creatures.

I shall never forget an extraordinary affair that I had the fortune to witness in a stream which empties into the Neversink River in Sullivan County.

The time was toward the middle of June, the place was a long stretch of clear brown water, two feet in depth on an average, and so limpid that every grain of sand was visible.

A fly lightly dropped on the surface brought no responsive flop of fish, yet I had seen shadowy forms from afar shooting over the sand bottom as though stirred to more than passing interest by the fly.

However, it was no use, so I walked up to the pool. And this is what was going on under the water:

Two male trout, weighing perhaps a scant quarter-pound apiece, were racing up and down the pool, darting at each other with jaws agape, snapping, dodging, turning like lightning to nip when an opening came.

They paid no attention to me as I walked up in full view; and, a moment later, they seized one another, locking jaws.

Jaw fastened to jaw, head on, they struggled, shaking, jerking, wrestling for mastery, crimson fins rigid, tails spread flat for resistance.

For more than ten minutes the tense quivering deadlock lasted; then exhaustion showed in drooping fins, in spasmodic efforts to right tired bodies which began to turn belly up.

One trout showed a strip of white along the nose where the skin was gone; the tendency to turn over apparently became more difficult to overcome; they began to drift with the current, slowly floating toward the surface. Then the writer waded in, and without difficulty picked up the combatants and separated them, placing one at the head of the pool, the other at the foot.

The two fish lay quietly on the sand, slowly recovering from exhaustion; then, as one turned to head up stream, the other darted at him in ungovernable fury; the chase was resumed, the lightning-like tactics of offence and defence; and, at length, the writer left them once more locked jaw to jaw, shaking each other like bull-terriers.

Never before, never since, have I seen such a battle between trout. I have seen trout seize smaller trout and bolt them, head first: I have seen a female trout on the spawning-beds, guarding her spawn from two or three greedy male trout; I have seen a voracious bull-trout rush at a female and tear the exuding roe from her. But another such combat as I have described I have neither seen nor heard of; and to-day I know nothing more concerning such encounters than has been written here.

An interesting exception to the normal conduct of self-respecting trout I witnessed on a tributary to Swift River in what was then a New Hampshire wilderness.

The trout were small, exceedingly brilliant in color, although the month was early July, and exhibited such indecent haste in chasing a yellow fly that, had fish not been necessary for our food, I should have taken no pains to bother them.

The incident was this: I had cynically shortened my line, abandoned all pretence of self-concealment and noiseless approach, and was boldly examining a pool, when, just below the ripples, I saw a trout lying.

No doubt that he saw me, either; but I shortened my line until about two feet of leader hung from the tip, and then lowered it, dangling the fly some six inches above the surface of the water.

Twice that trout jumped clean out of water, the second time seizing the fly. For a moment he hung suspended, then relaxed his grip, and fell plump on to a flat rock which shelved off into the water.

A flop or two restored him to his element, and I expected to see him dart off in terror. Not at all; he lay in his old lurking-place in mid-pool, and as soon as I lowered the fly he simply hurled himself at it.



The weasel advanced in fury

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Again I let him hang; again he wriggled free; again he fell thump! on the flat rock; again he resumed his position in mid-pool.

Amazed, I tossed the fly once more on the water; and that unspeakable fish darted at it, chasing it round and round the pool, until, tiring, I drew the fly up along the shelving flat rock out of the water.

Then occurred what is known in the vernacular as "the limit." For the trout rushed at the fly, wriggled across the shelf of slate clean out of water, and seized the fly on dry land, hooking himself fast.

Of course I couldn't keep such a fish; disgust mingled with my admiration; I restored him to the water. As I remember, the fish was very small, not over eight inches, anyway.

Variations from the normal that are not very uncommon in the experiences of anglers are the instances of unnecessary piggishness among trout. Within my own experience, at least on a dozen occasions I have taken trout on a fly when they already had the tails and half the bodies of small fish hanging from their mouths.

In some of these instances the trout have been large, and the fish which was half swallowed freshly caught; in some, the trout have been small, the half-gorged fish choking the gullet and distending the jaws so that it seemed impossible that the gormandizing trout could have seized even a small fly.

Again, the half-bolted fish was partly digested, so that, on removing the fly, the exposed half of the fish fell from the trout's jaws. In every instance but one, the fish protruding from the trouts' mouths were small trout, the single exception being a red-fin shiner.

I remember once taking a plump pound trout whose backbone in infancy had evidently been fractured and twisted. Never since have I seen such a misshapen fish, crooked as an S, gashed, with two deep dorsal indentations, and with a head so much askew that I cannot understand how the hapless fish could have found it possible to swim in anything but a circle. Yet that trout was firm, plump, and was already putting on the gorgeous colors which male trout wear on the spawning-beds,—a crippled dandy, a hump-backed beau!—ugh! I could not have eaten that specimen of malformation. Dissecting him, his interior appeared to be fairly normal; his food had been what the other trout in the stream had eaten. He was apparently perfectly able to take care of himself, though Heaven alone knows how he managed to open his jaws without falling into his own mouth.

Curiously enough, a few days later, I took a trout from the same pool that might have weighed half a pound more than the cripple, and, at first sight, this fish appeared to be all out of shape, bulging in every direction, and bent askew.

But on investigation, we discovered that the fish had managed to swallow a frog so enormous that the entire outward appearance of the fish had been affected. And still this trout had had the infernal impudence to seize the fly I cast!

One of the most interesting and unexpected performances of birds the writer had the fortune to witness was on Stomach Lake while point-shooting over decoys.

The ducks were mostly blue-bills, with an occasional canvas-back; the lake was but a tidal lagoon, and the tide carried the dead ducks some distance before the boatman could pick them up.

Hawks annoyed us: twice splay-footed duck-hawks dropped on our floating game and bore them off; other hawks wheeled up and followed their bad example. But the surprise came when one of the numerous ospreys that had been plunging after mullet dropped like a bolt of lightning and struck a wounded duck skulking among the decoys.

I had never before seen or heard of such a performance; I never again expect to.

Does Civilization Shorten Life?

By Charlton T. Lewis

THE interest of the civilized world in the questions, how long men live on the average, and how long human life can last, is unfailing. Students of statistics are perpetually engaged in the study of these questions, but the results they reach are very slowly apprehended by the popular mind. Many fallacies prevail in this exceedingly difficult subject, and no wonder, since the handling of the statistics of mortality is recognized by experts as the most complicated and slippery topic in the range of statistical inquiry.

To look intelligently at the matter it is necessary to discharge the mind entirely of regard for what is called the crude death-rate—that is to say, the annual number of deaths per thousand in any population. This is commonly set forth as the test and measure of the healthfulness of cities and countries, and comparisons are instituted between different cities, founded upon it. But it is of no value for this purpose. Before any significance is attached to the annual death-rate per thousand, we must know the distribution of the population, particularly with reference to age. In a community which is recruited wholly by births the number of infants is enormously greater than in a community which receives constant accessions by immigration, but the average death-rate of infants under one year of age is often fifty to sixty times as great, and rarely less than forty times as great, as in the prime of life. A very moderate difference in the distribution of the population at different ages will make a great difference in the death-rate per thousand of the whole community. This is the chief reason why the crude death-rates of different places cannot be instructively compared; but there are others. For example, it has been found that the death-rate per thousand of some of the most healthful country districts in the neighborhood of the most unhealthful of great cities is very much larger than in the cities themselves. The explanation is that a very large part of the population of these districts go in the prime of life into the cities for labor or service, and return to their homes when sick or old.

How long will the choicest human life last if its nature and circumstances are the most favorable in all the respects named? This question is very difficult to answer. In the popular mind it has generally been answered erroneously. There are books, of wide circulation, which purport to give lists of men and women who in modern times have attained great ages, and in almost every community there are a few who, on insufficient evidence, are believed by their neighbors, and often by themselves, to have attained fabulous ages. But ever since the light of scientific inquiry was turned upon the question, myths of this kind have been rapidly vanishing. Nothing is now better established than the extreme rarity of centenarians.

As a means of ascertaining the actual frequency of extreme longevity there is as yet no satisfactory body of statistics outside of the records of the life-insurance companies. Of all the millions who have held policies of life-insurance in Europe and in America, careful inquiry has failed to learn of more than four who have attained the age of 100 while insured. The first three were members of British companies, and two of them died soon after completing the hundredth year. The fourth is a gentleman of Englewood, New Jersey, who completed his hundredth year on September 13, 1903, having been insured for something more than sixty years in a well-known life-insurance company of New York. There seems to be no doubt that Mr. Booth, whose age is well attested by documentary proof, is the oldest holder of a life policy in the world, and the only one of that vast class of select lives, amounting now to many millions in all countries, who has completed a century of life. While almost every day some report of a centenarian hitherto unheard of finds its way into the daily press, it is safe to disregard such reports when unaccompanied by conclusive documentary proof. Centenarians are among the rarest phenomena of humanity. Yet the few instances which have been established of such longevity are quite sufficient to disprove the confident assertions of such sceptics as the late Sir George Cornwell Lewis and others, that no instance of centenarianism has ever been established, and that presumption must be regarded as conclusive against their possibility.

One of the most interesting questions in the whole range of social science is this: Does civilization, on the whole, increase the average duration of life? Every thinker on such subjects is familiar with the considerations which show that the average length of life must be accepted as the best measure of the prosperity and progress of mankind. Accordingly, no more gratifying evidence has been found for the improvement of civilized nations since the Middle Ages than the conclusive proofs which historians give us that the expectation of life has been largely increased. It is an assured fact that a few centuries ago old age came very much sooner than it does now, and that the mortality at all ages was vastly greater; but no attempt to measure the improvement was possible until the accumulation of trustworthy statistics through the agency of governments. The methods of taking the census have been gradually improved, so that its figures are much more valuable now than a generation ago, but there are several countries in which the statistics already collected are sufficient to support some definite conclusions which are of the highest interest. It is established beyond doubt that during the nineteenth century there was in all the civilized nations of the world an important lengthening of the average life, and that this improvement is especially characteristic of the last half of the century. It is also clear that the improvement is limited almost wholly to the earlier half of life—that is to say, there has been an immense diminution of infant mortality, a large decrease of the rate of mortality among children and youth, and, on the whole and in general, an increase in the mortality of advanced life, most particularly among males older than fifty-five.

The great factors in the improvement have been—first, the better care of infants, the improvement in nutrition at early ages, growing out of the general improvement in the standard of living, the successful check to the great epidemic diseases which a few generations ago swept away multitudes, and, finally, the triumphs of medical and sanitary science in protecting the community at large against unhealthful influences, and in the more successful treatment of the sick and infirm. It is noteworthy that all these elements of improvement tend in one direction. When infants were treated with less wisdom the weaker perished and the stronger survived. When epidemics ravaged a community the mass of those destroyed by them were, of course, feebler than those who resisted their attack. When the sick are cared for so that a larger number recover from disease, it is inevitable that on the average those who are thus rescued must be weaker than the community to which they are restored. Thus all these influences, while saving life, tend especially to save lives which are feeble in a greater proportion than those which are strong, and thus in the end must lower the vitality of the great mass of the population.

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Proposed Solutions of the Labor Problem

In the series of articles recently published in "Harper's Weekly," Mr. John Keith considered the tremendous influence of organized labor upon the cost of living and of every-day necessities. In the present article the author discusses some of the plans proposed for a solution of the present difficulties in the world of labor

By John Keith

IT is easy enough to realize or to describe the perilous state of the industrial world to-day. It is easy enough to suggest solutions, and the remedies for this cancer of the body politic are as numerous as those proposed and advertised for the cancer in the individual system. But they suffer from the same objection—they are cures that do not cure.

Their range is wide. At one extreme is the suggestion that the wealth of the world should be managed by "the laborers, who produce it all, and who have honest hearts and willing hands." This proposal, curiously enough, always comes from laboring men. There is an antipodal proposal that comes from the other side of the social world; it declares that wealth must be managed by "the brains that produce it all and the capital that exploits it all." This latter proposal comes from capitalists or their retainers, who demand that labor should trust its welfare to the fatherly interest of the rich, who resent the interference of the working-man as a proof of ignorance and viciousness.

As to entrusting the industrial solution to labor's own evolution by means of the union we have had far more proof than we needed that the toiler is too close to the ground to see over the hill. Frequently when the laborer has been given rope enough he has not only hanged himself, but has tripped or strangled everybody within reach. His remedies have been so violent sometimes that the only antidote has been the militia.

And yet, on the other hand, the history of human suffering contains no darker chapters than those of unprotected labor: of little children working in the mines, and flogged when they fell, or shocked with buckets of cold water when they grew drowsy after fourteen hours of toil; of the poisonous air of the sweatshop; of the dangerous trades which cut the lives of the laborers in two, though the slaughter could have been prevented by a little expenditure for screens and other devices; of the instant discharge of laborers who begged for a little mercy; of the compulsion of the laborer to live in company hovels at exorbitant rents, and to buy supplies at company stores and pay enormous prices. These and other things too numerous and too pitiful to mention, lead one to feel that almost any industrial war is better than the absolute power of the employer.

None the less, though it is not possible to cure, it is possible to find palliatives. Of these, there have been a multitude proposed in recent years. Some of them have been as insane as their inventors; in others the cure would be worse than the disease. But a few have been devised by men of experience and intelligence, and supported by others of the same class. As I have seen no catalogue of these in any sense up to date, it is my object to supply a select list, with such comments as space will allow.

All employers protest their willingness to talk things over with their employees. All employers recognize the right of the individual to quit work if he does not like his job. They admit the right of an entire labor-union to walk out of any shop or mine where it is discontented. But employers object to the prevention of any other man or men from taking the vacant places. To this the labor-unions have a disconcertingly logical answer: that if they do not prevent other people from taking their places, "walking out" simply means stepping from the frying-pan of hardship to the fire of destruction. And I, for one, doubt whether a union man can be pounded or starved into giving up his conviction that a forcible strike is the one real weapon that has ever been put into his hands for his own protection and his own importance. You will find many venerable unions, such as the much-praised Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which have passed through their period of storm and stress, and are fairly well satisfied with their present condition. But these very unions were once the fiercest strikers, and they still carry behind their backs the shillalah of revolt. If it serves no other purpose, it has the moral effect of a threat well supported.

Legislation is the first remedy thought of by every member of our race, because, from the time of the blue-laws, it has always seemed to a large majority of Americans that virtue and prosperity could always be guaranteed, if they could only be properly worded in a bill and passed by the legislature or the board of aldermen.

As early as 1398 employers were seeking protection against the wage-raising efforts of a club of London saddlers, and laws against combination have been on the books ever since. Did these laws prevent trades-unionism from reaching its present height of power in England?

In this country laws have been enacted against all the usual weapons of the labor-unions, from combination to picketing. But *here* are scores of strikes going on this very day throughout the country.

Furthermore, law-making is a game at which both parties can play, and the labor-union, with its large political influence, is as busy proposing laws as are the capitalists. A paid lobby is kept at Washington and various State capitals by the laborers for this very purpose. Late in 1903 the Executive Committee of the New York State Working-men's Federation was in session at Albany, considering seventy-two bills which it was their intention to force through. As fast as employers put through legislation to restrict the power of labor unions, the unions have managed, as a rule, to repeal it or to gain ground in some other direction.

There has been, indeed, a constant effort to organize an effective political party with labor-unionism as its chief doctrine. In New Orleans last November the Union Labor League nominated four candidates for the Legislature, namely, the presidents of the car men's, the carpenters', the plumbers', and the retail clerks' unions. The division of parties along labor lines is an increasing factor, and it is said that in the case of the eight-hour bill, which was proposed at Washington last winter, the employers and the laborers worked up such a crusade that "perhaps no proposed act of legislation ever occasioned a greater outpouring of personal appeals to Congress." The capitalists gained the day, and on this point Mr. David M. Parry says, "This conflict deserves to go down in history as the first decisive defeat of the socialistic forces which have had of late years such surprising growth."

Socialism is to rid the world of all its evils—according to Socialists. According to anti Socialists it is to bring back the horrors of slavery, with this exception, that there will be no masters and every one a slave. I shall not attempt to argue either side of the question, though there has been an undoubted drift toward socialism in certain forms of State ownership, as in the postal service of America and the railroad service abroad.

During the Chicago car strike of last November thousands of petitioners thronged the City Hall, demanding municipal ownership for the street-car lines. But it is needless to say that nothing came of the agitation, and the strike was settled by arbitration.

The cooperative plan of work is an ancient nostrum, which has had many failures; likewise, in a few cases, some successes. But even the laboring-men are not agreed on the cooperative plan. Last December the box-makers' union started a cooperative shop, but the Central Federation opposed the move as a "corporative and capitalistic enterprise."

Similarly, the profit-sharing scheme is favored by few capitalists, and opposed by practically every union. In the first place, the lazy workman gets as much profit as the earnest; in the second place, bad luck or bad management on the part of the employer will frequently wipe out a whole year's profit. Some years ago there was a strike at the Brewster carriage-factory in New York, in spite of its profit sharing arrangement. Indeed, the laboring-man is always quite as suspicious of the employer's alleged generosity as he is of his other traits.

Another form of profit-sharing is the selling of stock to laboring-men. The 1st of January of this year, Frank S. Betz & Co., of Chicago, distributed some $50,000 worth of stock among its employees, according to their scale of wages, the lowest sum being a single $100 share. Dozens of other concerns had previously done the same. But, to the average workman, the income from the few shares of stock he can hope to acquire is so small as to be rather irritating than pacifying, and he is not deceived by the ludicrous unimportance of the place he holds in the government of the company. The Illinois Central has been selling stock to employees for many years, but in 1899 employees owned $11,000 more stock than in 1902. Not much progress here! At Rockford, Illinois, there were several great cooperative furniture-factories, in which the cooperation really meant the distribution of a small number of shares to the employees. These, like other cooperative schemes, tend to fail, either because of the meddlesomeness of the inexperienced workmen, or because they fall quickly into the hands of a few owners.

The velvet-fingered and tender-hearted methods of certain industrial theorists may be likened to treatment by prayer, or the application of the faith cure. Seeming miracles are occasionally performed, but after a while the disease comes back.

There is a more strenuous school, which believes in vigorous drugs, in the breaking of bones that they may be reset, in the wrenching and binding methods of a Dr. Lorenz, or in the surgeon's appeal to the knife. In my last article I described the local and other associations of employers uniting into a faculty for the application of just such heroic measures. They have much to justify their organizations, and the evil deeds of labor-unionism will bring them sympathy in their most violent reprisals. But the belief of some employers that they can and should crush labor-unionism out of existence, is not the belief of all. Furthermore, it is an impossible thing to accomplish. The associations of employers are like a standing army. They tend to keep the peace for a while, but they do not guarantee it, and when war eventually comes it comes on a scale of enlarged horror. The employers' associations intend to keep the peace if they have to do it by fighting. The weapons they intend to employ are various old ones with some modern improvements. Is it necessary to remind the general public that a lockout by employers means the same as a strike by laborers, and that the blacklist differs little from the boycott? Furthermore, the employers are disagreed among themselves as to what methods are best. The organization of independent workmen into non-union unions is as unpromising a device as any other, for it merely lets loose one more band of armed men.

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and emphasizes the old problem—"who shall guard the guards," or who shall arrest the police?

Appeals to the courts to restrain the unions and punish their excesses is a method as old as it is ever new. Many suits are under way in different parts of America against unions as corporate bodies; but England preceded us in the famous Taaf Vale decision, by which in 1902 the union of Amalgamated Railway Servants was muleted $115,000 as damages to the Taaf Vale Railroad Company. It was here declared that a union could not evade punishment by merely avoiding incorporation.

The D. E. Loewe & Co., hat manufacturers of Danbury, Connecticut, recently brought suit through the American Anti-Boycott Association against all the unions and individuals boycotting their wares. They asked for $100,000 damages, and attached property amounting to $175,000. The defendants asked permission to give bonds, in place of the property, and the court demanded $180,000, which the defendants were unable to obtain. Two separate suits are being brought against the same defendants for the same boycott, one in the State court and the other in the United States Circuit Court. The decisions thus far handed down establish the principle that individual members of labor-unions whose boycotts interfere with interstate trade may be sued, and their property attached in both the Federal and State courts.

On the other hand, the Supreme Court of Minnesota decided, on December 24, in the case of W. J. Gray & Co. *versus* The Building Trades Council, that laborers have a right to strike and to entice others to strike, and to use all means to further their case, which are compatible with law and order. Judge Gray of Minneapolis had granted an injunction forbidding strikers to visit the premises of buildings struck. The Supreme Court decided that this injunction had been too sweeping.

In the month of October, 1903, a builder in Indianapolis was boycotted for employing non-union men. He sued for damages, and a judge in the Circuit Court ruled that the union was liable as an organization, because it had ordered the boycott as an organization. Damages were assessed by a jury, and fixed at only $40, but the important principle was established. Its substance is summed up in the following sentences:

"The fact that the labor-union is not incorporated does not necessarily prevent a jury from holding it responsible for injuries to a third party, when the injuries complained of are the result of an act for which the union as an association of individuals is responsible; for the law will assume that an injurious act, coming as a direct result of a resolution, rule, or settled policy of an organization, must be compensated for by the body from whose resolution, rule, or settled policy it results."

The instances of punishment of individual strikers are too numerous to make any citation desirable.

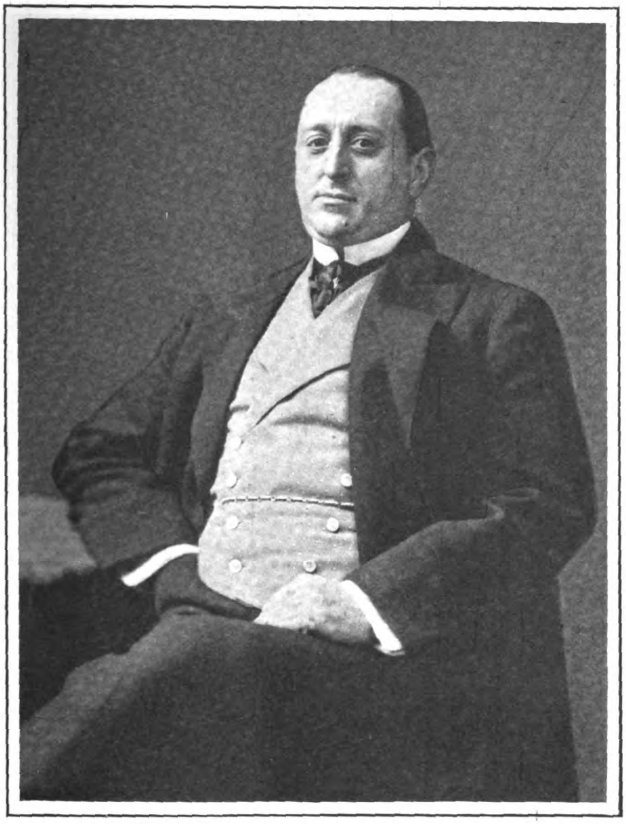
I have spoken in previous articles of a peculiar form of combination by which an association of employers combined with a union to drive out all competition of rival employers and workmen. Chicago developed such a combination of teamsters and their employers. Its iniquities I have previously recounted.

The individual contract has been proposed as an ideal way to deal with the laboring-man, and it offers numberless advantages. But it is so destructive of the whole principle of labor-unionism that it cannot be put in force in any industry where the union has become a power. In a period of hard times, when the unions tend to go to pieces, because their boasted ability to raise wages is shown to be limited to good times, when wages rise anyway—in such critical periods it may be possible to force working-men to individual contracts in spite of the union. But these contracts would be of no avail under union pressure or against irresponsible workmen, with no property to attach for damages in case they break their contract. And it is manifestly impossible to force a man to keep on working just because he is under contract to work.

Conciliation is recommended by some experienced men. It differs from arbitration in that the parties in dispute do not select outsiders, but come together and try to arrive at an agreement through conferences or committees. But it is plain, on the face of it, that conciliation can succeed only where both parties are in a conciliatory mood, in which case serious trouble is hardly to be expected anyway. Otherwise, conciliation may mean that one party is helpless and the other ruthless, and public policy will be violated by the result.

Mr. David M. Parry declares conciliation to be "akin to the attitude that might be assumed by the victim of a highwayman. Such a victim might agree, in consideration of a return of part of the booty taken from him, that he will hold no grudge against the road-agent and will not seek to have him prosecuted. This transaction could probably be termed a bargain made in pursuance of a conciliatory policy, but, from the standpoint of the victim, it would be more like a bargain enforced by expediency. The policy of conciliation in regard to organized labor is a policy of expediency toward a power which enforces its demands at the point of a gun.

"In my opinion, neither is it the time to talk arbitration or 'joint agreements.' To arbitrate questions of wages and hours is to introduce artificial methods of determining what they shall be, and, as we have seen, an equitable arrangement as to either cannot be effected artificially. Unless the natural law is allowed free play, injustice must be done as between classes of labor and classes of employers. Terms effected by arbitration involve the same erroneous principles as those upon which 'joint agreements' are based. To fix arbitrarily the wages or number of hours of work in an industry is to charge the enhanced cost of production up to the consumer, and this, in turn, means a lessening of trade and production."



Charles L. Eidlitz,
President of the Building Trades Employers' Association

In spite of Mr. Parry's arguments, arbitration has the approval of a vast number of experienced men. The National Civic Federation was organized for the express purpose of making the lion and lamb lie down together in the fold of arbitrament. The result, however, has been pretty much what would be expected from such bedfellowship.

A dinner was given in New York on December 19. In the first place, two waiters' unions nearly prevented the service of the food; in the second place, a quarrel between two speakers, one a prominent employer, the other a prominent labor agitator, became the principal feature of the affair. Something has been accomplished, however, by the Civic Federation, whose vice-president made the following claim:

"We have participated in more than one hundred bloodless battles. We have entered into many other contests, and in more than 80 per cent. our efforts have been crowned with eminent success. We have prevented a number of ruptures that threatened misery on all sides. Many of them have not reached the public ear, as our work in some cases has to be done under cover, and we have had to elude the vigilance of the ever-watchful press."

The federation believes in voluntary arbitration, and there is no doubt that it has saved some industrial warfare. Many States have regular boards of conciliation and arbitration. That of Massachusetts acted in 323 cases between 1894 and 1900. Most of them were unimportant. But of these, only 72 of the mediations were successful. During the same period the New York board had success in 72 cases and failure in 50. An Illinois board arbitrated eleven times, but on three occasions the workmen refused to accept its decision, and on one an employer followed suit.

But the chief objection to voluntary arbitration is that it is voluntary. An employer will refuse it when he feels that he is being asked to arbitrate some inalienable right. On the other hand, a strong labor-union prefers the more lively method of a strike to the uncongenial task of drawing up arguments.

There is another form of arbitration—the compulsory. New Zealand is pointed to as a country which has put to practice compulsory arbitration with best results. Those in favor of this procedure declare it "a country without strikes." Those who oppose it, bring statements to prove it also "a country without indus-

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tries." New South Wales tried the same method, but the manufacturers find that court interference is so constant that the existence of their business is threatened. Furthermore, because of its strong recognition of the unions, it is said that the non-union workman has no chance, and that the unions consequently create a monopoly. Australasia can hardly be accepted as conclusive proof for either side.

In America there have been various efforts toward compulsory arbitration, Texas taking the lead in 1895 with a law by which the decision of a board of arbitration, properly chosen, can be enforced by the courts. But compulsion has not been grateful either to workmen or employers. New Zealand is an agricultural country, in the first place, and, in the second place, the most harrowing stories are told of the effects upon its society and its trade of compulsory settlement.

A national labor tribunal is the panacea suggested by Wolney W. Foster, of Chicago, who has drawn up his claim in a bill which is to be presented to Congress. The bill provides for a commission of six members at a salary of $8000 a year, with the Secretary of Commerce and Labor as an ex officio member and chairman. The members are not to accept perquisites aside from their salaries, under a penalty of a fine of $5000, or two years' imprisonment, or both. The headquarters of the tribunal are to be in Washington.

The proposed bill provides that the tribunal shall determine all cases, either in the affirmative or negative, on the claims of both parties. It also provides that there shall be no strike or lockout pending the investigation, and both parties in the controversy are to resume and continue their former relations. This condition is to remain until a decision has been rendered.

But who can believe that this plan will ever be adopted by Congress, or, once adopted, that it will not go the way of other well-meant schemes and have only a partial effect.

Many students of the times are radically opposed to the whole scheme of arbitration as bad economics. Carroll D. Wright, in a lecture delivered January 5, said:

"Arbitration means simply the interference of the public in the relations of the employer and employee. When these relations, as in the case of great strikes, reach a point where they affect the general welfare, society has a right to say what shall be done in the matter. But law has always failed to adjust wages, and its efforts in that direction have done more harm than good. The methods enumerated are minor remedies, all good as helps, but none amounting to a solution.

"Arbitration is not the true solution of labor difficulties. While I am favorable to this system of adjustment of industrial contentions between the employer and the employee, I cannot see in this method a system that will solve the enormous problem."

Elsewhere Mr. Wright has cast his vote in favor of the trade agreement between employer and employees. I described in a preceding article the methods of the Building Trades Employers' Association of New York, which has trade agreements with the unions. Here disputes that cannot be settled by negotiation or conciliation are brought before the arbitration board, whose decision is enforced by the power of the employers' association, which can fine an employer heavily, or declare a general lockout against any union that resists.

Under this system five cases have been amicably adjusted, "without the loss of a day's work to the men or a dollar to the employers." In some of these cases the difficulties were of ten or fifteen years' standing, and have provoked strike after strike.

But the objections to the trade agreements are many, in spite of certain successes. In the first place, it apparently requires a more or less exclusive recognition of the unions. As organized labor does not constitute one half of the labor world, the majority of American workmen are at a disadvantage. Many of the very employers who are engaged in these trade agreements are bitterly opposed to such close alliances with the unions. One of them said to me, with emphasis:

"Some of the unions are beginning to realize that they are on trial as to the value of their word. We employers have to stick to our agreements, but Heaven help the union that violates its agreement with us."

This sentiment does not promise much for peace. Furthermore, I have already mentioned the evil lengths to which these agreements between employers and unions can go in the direction of corruption, monopoly, and inhuman tyranny.

Compelling the unions to incorporate, and then holding their persons and their funds responsible, is favored by numerous writers. But in the first place, the few that have been incorporated have found incorporation an expensive luxury, and the others would be likely to resist any such movement. Besides, the compulsion itself would doubtless be declared unconstitutional. And, finally, we need not be told that even corporations are not incapable of wrong.

Various other schemes have been suggested and tried from time to time, but I have catalogued the principal ones. I have been able to do little more than indicate the advantages claimed for each and to suggest the manifest limits of each. The total result seems to be a process of cancellation, leaving us pretty well where we started. This is in many ways disheartening, but a situation is always better when the truth is frankly faced, and the only absolute truth here seems to be that there is no certain remedy for labor troubles. They are as old as the industrial arrangements of the slave-driving ants or those close corporations, the beehives.

All the methods of conciliation, legislation, adjudication, arbitration and all the other ations that have been proposed are worthy of trial according to circumstances. Some will succeed, where others will fail; and there will arise many cases where no conceivable scheme will prevent an appeal to brute force. There are many conditions whose permanence would be worse than any strikes could be. There are many strikes against conditions that cannot be improved by disturbance. But who is to know in advance what will be the outcome? and whether it will be good or evil? And, again, who is to prevent the experiment of appeal to force?

Foresight is largely a superstition or an egotism. In spite of all that is said against it, hindsight is, after all, the best security for society.

After the opposing schools have exhausted their arguments and one or the other has appealed to force, the courts can calmly survey the scene and measure purposes by results and reward policies by proportionate damages. The only approach to a solution of the labor problems as they rise in multitude unceasingly lies in the general education of both rich and poor to their common rights and mutual obligations; in the presence of mind that adapts means to ends; in the exhaustion of all quiet and sober arguments; in the rendering of brutality or illiberality unpopular, uncommon, and expensive; and in the surrounding of such appeals to force as cannot be avoided with all possible refinements of humanity; and, finally, in the holding of every man or organization strictly responsible to the public peace, with fines and imprisonment as the punishment of guilt or indiscretion. By these means war will never be entirely avoided, but it will grow more rare, more civil, and more beneficent.

An Invention to Save Life at Sea

By H. C. Gauss

THE terror of the lee shore is, to a large degree, eliminated by the substitution of steam for sail power, and increase in tonnage and the power of engines has minimized the danger of the force of wind and the height of waves, but thick weather has remained almost unattacked, the hindrance and enemy of navigation.

The fogs of three seasons and the snow-storms of late fall, winter, and early spring offer problems in the question of safe navigation that are largely avoided by inactivity during their continuance. For those vessels which are compelled to continue on their way the period is one of momentary danger of collision and of a high proportionate danger of grounding.

Only one way of transmitting signals is available—that of sound; and the surcharged atmosphere has so many capabilities of diverting and distorting the phenomena that experience gained under normal conditions is misleading, while apparently similar conditions of fog or snow give widely differing results in determining direction by sound.

That is to say, that while navigation has relied for safety during thick weather on fog-bells and signals, the apparent direction of the location of the sound is to a degree dependent on the condition of the atmosphere, a condition constantly changing, while phenomena frequently occur which occlude the sound altogether and render the warning useless as a guide, and make it frequently a source of danger.

If a system of navigation could be devised which, used in connection with the compass and speed-log, would guide the navigator from point to point by a system of signals operating through a medium comparatively stable as to its characteristics, such as the water of the sea and great lakes, and similar signals would announce at a sufficient distance the approach of another vessel, travel at sea would assume a condition of safety far superior to that which has been attained at the present time in railroad traffic.

If vessels could run from light-ship to light-ship infallibly by sound as they do by sight in fair weather, the improvement would amount almost to a revolution in coastwise traffic; and it is on a coastwise route that the practical trial of the new system of submarine bell signalling is being carried out.

All four of the steamers of the Metropolitan Line have been using the apparatus for several months. They are equipped with microphone transmitters of new and peculiar construction, which take up from the sea water the vibrations imparted by bells suspended by chains from the respective light-ships, and the impulses forwarded to telephone receivers in the pilot-houses record with accuracy the direction of the location of the bells and an approximation of the distance.

The system, installed by the Submarine Signal Company of Boston, has been considered of enough importance by the Navy Department to warrant a test by an officer of the navy. Lieutenant-commander B. T. Walling, U.S.N., was directed to take passage on one of the Metropolitan Line steamers for that purpose. He sailed on the *James S. Whitney* from New York December 28. At 2.33 A.M. on December 29, while five miles from the Vineyard Sound Light-vessel, the strokes of the 650-pound bell for submarine

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signalling installed in connection with that vessel were distinctly heard. At the same time the steamer *H. M. Whitney*, which left Boston the night before, was sighted, approaching, near the light-vessel, and the strokes of a 140-pound bell installed in her forepeak were made out when she was at an estimated distance of three miles from the *J. S. Whitney*.

Changes of direction in the course of the latter ship caused change in the apparent direction of the bell sounds from the *H. M. Whitney*, and this fact of approximately accurate determination of the direction of the sounds was verified by experiments with the bells installed, respectively, on the Pollock Rip Light-vessel and the Boston Light-vessel. In the former case, the sound of the bell was heard at a distance of four miles. Lieutenant-commander Walling states, in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, that the direction of the submarine bell was ascertained in all cases within one-quarter of a point.

It seems to be definitely determined by the test and by the results of previous experience that the vibrations of a bell rung under water can be collected and transmitted as definite sounds by the apparatus, not only differentiated from the sounds of the ship and of the passage of the water by the ship's side, but that the tones of two bells of differing pitch may be differentiated when the sound of one does not occlude that of the other.

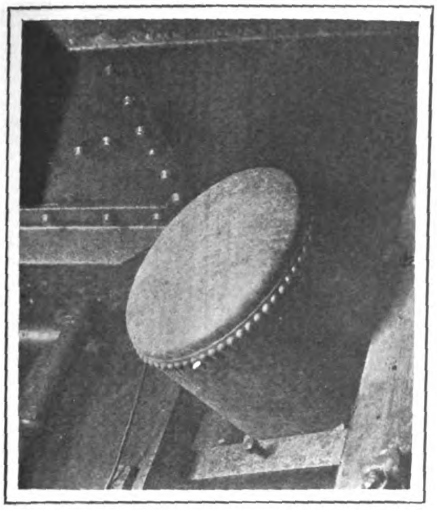
It is also established that the sound of a bell rung at a distance on the starboard side of a ship is more clearly heard from the starboard transmitter and that the gradation in the difference increases as the ship swings to port, so that the direction of sound can be definitely determined by the difference in the strength of the sounds in the starboard and port transmitters, respectively. If, therefore, a vessel were to be pointed directly towards a submarine bell, the sounds received by the port and starboard apparatus would be exactly alike in intensity and quality.

With the apparatus as now installed, it has been impossible to determine distance accurately by instruments, although after a little experience any observer can estimate the distance with considerable exactness. The Submarine Signal Company have, however, worked out a method by which the distance can be instrumentally measured.

The immediate application suggested for the system is that which would be made by the Lighthouse establishment to replace the present unsatisfactory system of fog-signals. The undulatory course of atmospheric sound renders bell and whistle signals uncertain in results — a recognized makeshift for want of something definite. If it can be established that the characteristics of large bodies of water do not contain the uncertainties of the atmosphere as to conditions of sound transmission — that is, if it can be definitely established that a bell of a certain size, struck with a given blow, will unvaryingly transmit vibrations through a certain space of liquid medium, uncertainty as to fog-signals will give place to certainty, and navigation may proceed as assuredly in darkness, fog, or snow as when the various buoys and marks can be seen.

Another immediate application is suggested in the facility with which signals may be exchanged between vessels of war, acting in squadron or fleet, while a future development of the principle involved is suggested of a variation of the apparatus now in use, so that the throbbing of the screw of an approaching vessel might be detected, whether or not the stranger were equipped with signal-giving apparatus.

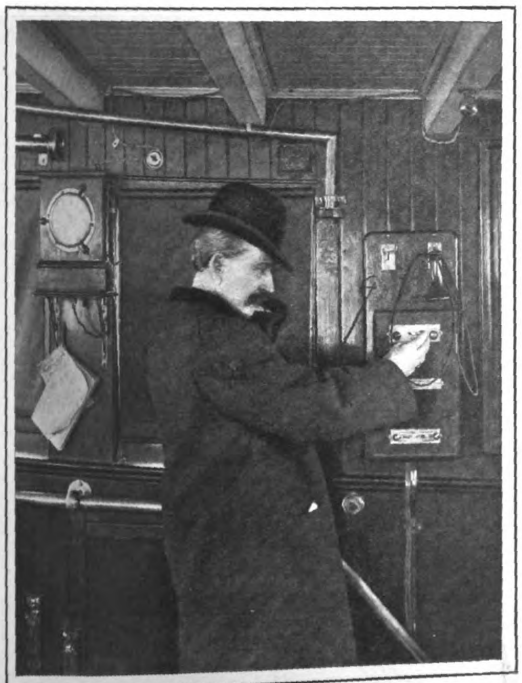
Still another and most important use to which the apparatus could be put would be for the detection and location of submarine boats. This, it is believed, can be done.



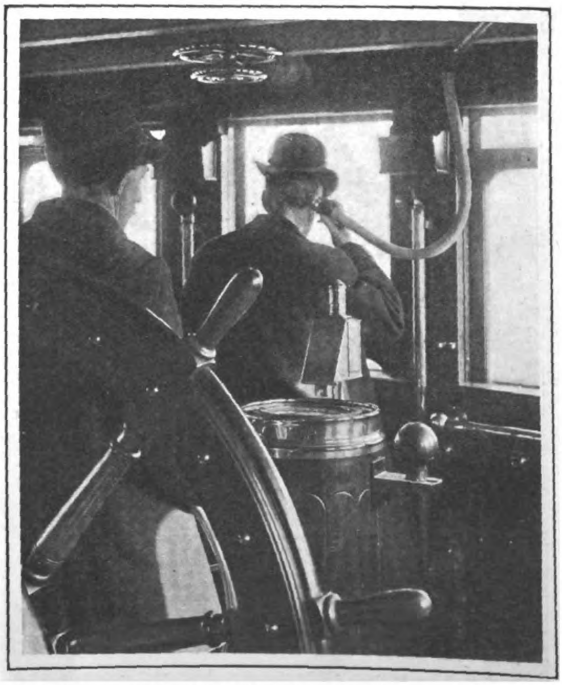
One of the Electrical Transmitters which receive the Signals from the Water

The apparatus may be described briefly as follows: Electrical transmitters peculiarly sensitive to sounds which proceed through the water are placed in iron cases, one on the starboard and one on the port, inside the ship, below the water-line, and some distance back from the bow. They are wired to the wheel-house and connected there with a switchbox having two ordinary telephonic receivers. By a system of switches the observer is enabled instantly to compare the sound received on the starboard with the same sound received on the port side. If a more exact direction is desired, a slight swinging of the bow of the vessel will increase or diminish the sound received in either one of the transmitters to such an extent that the exact location of the submarine bell may be determined when the bow crosses the line.

It is well known that a navigator in straining his eyes in the night for a light is tempted to believe that he sees a light at the point where he expects to see it, and many wrecks have occurred for this reason. The apparatus of the Submarine Signal Company is designed to eliminate the personal factor entirely. The captain at his window need not know whether he is listening to the starboard or the port receiver until he has ascertained which is the louder. Having done so he presses an electric button, which lights up a green or red light, according to whether the bell is on the starboard or port side.



Receiving Signals in the Pilot-house. The Captain, by operating the Switch, determines the Direction from which the Signals come



The Signals transmitted through a Speaking-tube to the Captain on Post at the Binnacle Window of the Pilot-house

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"The Girl from Kay's"

"The Girl from Kay's," now running at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, is a musical comedy presenting Miss Hattie Williams and Sam Bernard in the principal parts. "Winnie," an attractive milliner from "Kay's," meets "Hoggenheimer," a blasé millionaire, at the home of a newly married couple, where "Winnie" goes to trim a hat for the bride. Her discovery that the husband is an old flame of hers arouses the jealousy of "Hoggenheimer" and the wife, and leads to the complications of the comedy



Miss Milliken and Mr. Edeson in "Ranson's Folly"

The photograph shows a scene from the first act of Mr. Davis's play. "Ranson" (Mr. Edeson) has come to the post-trader's store to see "Mary Cahill" (Miss Sandol Milliken), the trader's pretty daughter, with whom he is in love. It is in this act that "Ranson," in a spirit of bravado, plans his scheme to rob the stage, disguising himself as a road agent. While he is proposing the plan to his brother officers he is overheard by "Mary's" father, who later accuses "Ranson" of complicity in the real robbery



"Ranson's Folly"—A Scene from Act II.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis's comedy of army life, "Ranson's Folly," was produced on January 18 at the Hudson Theatre, New York, with Robert Edeson and Miss Sandol Milliken in the principal parts. The action of the play centres about the adventure of a rich young officer, who, finding life dull at a Western army post, holds up a stage-coach for a prank. It happens that a real holdup occurs on the same night, in which the paymaster's stage is robbed, and "Ranson," the reckless but innocent officer, is accused. The father of the girl he is in love with is involved in the real robbery, and his efforts to have the soldier convicted furnish some tense situations. The difficulty is solved in the end, and "Ranson" marries "Mary," his enemy's daughter, who has believed in him throughout

CURRENT PLAYS IN NEW YORK

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MISS ADA REHAN AS "LADY TEAZLE"

Miss Rehan returned to the New York stage on January 18, appearing at the Lyric Theatre in her familiar part of "Katherine," in "The Taming of the Shrew." It is her first appearance in a Shakespearean rôle since the death of Augustin Daly in 1899. Her repertoire during her present engagement in New York has been planned to include—besides "Katherine" in "The Taming of the Shrew"—"Lady Teazle" in "The School for Scandal," and "Portia" in "The Merchant of Venice"

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Correspondence

MR. CARNEGIE'S PROPOSAL

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., *January 12, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Mr. Carnegie's proposal that Great Britain should exempt the grain of this country from the duties which Mr. Chamberlain proposes to levy on all foreign wheat was, by the charity of man, left unnoticed until endorsed by you in this week's issue.

All good Englishmen will doubtless echo your desire that their country will not change her policy in such a way as to produce ill feeling between empire and republic, and you are certainly correct in your hypothesis that Mr. Chamberlain's policy may produce such a result. The McKinley tariff, whose immediate effect was to throw hundreds of Englishmen out of work, did not, to put it mildly, increase the popularity of Americans among English artisans, and, in like manner, Mr. Chamberlain's very moderate two shillings per quarter (or six cents per bushel) may conceivably cause the American farmer to think that Great Britain is at fault in refusing any longer to turn unto him the other cheek also.

But the American farmer, though he has patiently endured tariffs designed to support certain sturdy infants not all unknown to Mr. Carnegie, is, after all, no fool. The question, therefore, arises whether he will expect the government, by withdrawing, as you suggest, the privilege enjoyed by Canadians of having their wheat hauled over American soil, to offend a great interest, and to create across the Atlantic anger such as could scarcely be quenched without the terrible flames of war. Is it not possible that he will reflect that the worm has been goaded into turning; that England, the classic land of free trade, would not have demanded even a modest six cents had she not been goaded into doing so by severe duties levied on her exports to this country, that to rid himself of his six cents tax he must see that his representatives at Washington treat his English customers in a less unhandsome manner, and that they do so before the establishment of a British Zollverein renders such action too late.

You claim that the United States may become unfriendly to Great Britain because, being the "principal sufferer by the proposed change," this country could fairly feel that Great Britain was really, though not nominally, discriminating against her, whereas she has never discriminated against Great Britain. Let us apply your test to the tariffs at present in force. Have not Great Britain, being the greatest exporting country in Europe, and Canada, being the nearest foreign state to this country, suffered more than France, Germany, or any other nation? Is it not also a fact that, underlying the economic policy of this country towards Canada since 1866, there has been a feeling that this policy would force Canada to join the Union? Mr. Carnegie himself has not hesitated to urge that there should be no reduction of the duties on imports from Canada, because Canada is an awkward neighbor on our flank. At all events, the British Empire has been the "principal sufferer" from American tariffs, and if this is so, in spite of the absence of any intention to discriminate, it is impossible to maintain that Mr. Chamberlain's scheme involves discrimination against this country, or that it offers to the American any greater excuse for ill feeling than this country has long offered to the British.

I have lived long enough in this country and in England to yield to none in my desire to preserve that Anglo-American friendship, a continuance of which you also very properly desire. But fully as important to Great Britain is the necessity of a breach in the great Chinese wall that this country has raised against her. Whether Mr. Chamberlain's policy will effect this breach, and whether it will lead to the great imperial consummation he so ardently desires, it is not my purpose to discuss. My purpose is not to defend his scheme, but rather to criticise Mr. Carnegie's proposed amendment of it. Mr. Carnegie thinks he is asking Great Britain not to discriminate against the United States; he is really asking Great Britain to discriminate *in her favor*. Lest Great Britain should lose the passive friendship of the United States, Mr. Carnegie recommends her, in reality, to court the active hostility of the nations of Europe. These, under the Chamberlain scheme, would have no grievance, for Great Britain would be treating all foreign nations alike. Under the Carnegie scheme they would burst forth into righteous indignation that one country, the one that had done more than any other to injure British industries, had received a preference over them all—that perfidious Albion in a glaringly offensive manner was refusing them "most-favored-nation" treatment. Canada also could fairly complain that a two-shilling duty from which American grain was exempt could not possibly benefit her, and that her fidelity to the empire in face of American tariffs had received no sort of reward. Indeed, this is so plain that I hesitate to inflict it on your readers, nor would I do so but for confidence in their abundant ability to skip.

I am, sir, L. LEG. BURLEY.

OHIO SENTIMENT

DAYTON, OHIO, *January 14, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In reading the "Correspondence" page in my HARPER'S to-day I have noticed the communication headed "Western Sentiment." Possibly it may be of some interest to know of an incident which reflects "Ohio sentiment."

A few days ago four gentlemen met at dinner in this city. They are all Republicans, and have always been so, not one of them having been addicted to "scratching his ticket." Three are professional men and the fourth a business man of influence. The question of the possibility of President Roosevelt being defeated for the nomination for President in the approaching Republican convention coming up, one of the gentlemen said, "If Mr. Roosevelt continues to be as acceptable in his administration of his office as he has been so far and is defeated for the nomination by Mr. Hanna, aided by Wall Street and the politicians of the Heath, Payne, Quay sort, I could not conscientiously vote for Mr. Hanna." To this sentiment each man subscribed quietly and earnestly, and I know the four men well enough to know that should such a contingency arise they will do exactly as they have said they would do. There is a deep, strong sentiment for President Roosevelt here in Ohio among the men who "do the voting."

I am, sir, FREDERICK N. MCMILLIN.

THE SMOOT CASE

BAKER CITY, OREGON, *January 19, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Referring to "B's" letter on the Smoot case, I beg with courtesy to inquire of "B" where he gets inside information on Mormon Church ritual. I beg further to state that neither Smoot nor any other Mormon Church officer is by oath or otherwise so bound that he is not a legal, lawful, and rightful citizen. "B" has even given us the words of the apostle's oath. I wish to say that he is wrong. No such oath or combination of words obtains in the Mormon Church.

"B" says "Mr. Smoot has less right in the Senate of the United States than a subject of Great Britain or Germany." That is, no right. He proves his assertion with a statement that is false.

This movement against Smoot began with the preachers of various other denominations than Mormon. It has been viciously pushed forward with vicious and false accusations, and all their arguments, when not false, seem utterly beside the point.

Utah is to-day a State of the Union. Utah has selected Smoot to represent her. He is a citizen of Utah, enjoying all the privileges of citizenship. He is indicted for no crime, nor has he been, yet the Gentile minority in Utah and the pious women and *others* outside of Utah want him turned down, as it appears to me, on moral grounds, or rather, I should say, potential moral grounds.

Smoot is an educated, accomplished American gentleman, peer of the best in the United States. His record is clean, and he can honestly swear to support and uphold our Constitution, and do it honestly and well. He can with honor acquit himself in the duty of representing his State and people. If "B" will but give this matter a little more thorough study he will find that he is wrong, and there are about a million others who may wisely study further. Let alone the Mormon religion, let alone the Mormons, they who take prosperity into desert lands, the most prosperous, industrious, and hospitable people of the West to-day.

My only purpose in making this reply is to help set right much that is misstated and misrepresented concerning the attitude of the Mormon people to the United States government.

I am, sir, N. C. TITUS.

WE WOULD OPPOSE IT

LONDON, *January 16, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It is a common saying that "the outsider sees most of the game." Now if you were a Briton instead of being an American would you encourage or oppose Mr. Chamberlain's policy of protection? Your candid expression of opinion will be highly valued by the readers of this publication, comprising as they will a large number of the leading commercial men of the United Kingdom. Thanking you in anticipation.

I am, sir, F. E. COE.

ELECTION OF SENATORS

PORT ELIZABETH, SOUTH AFRICA, *December 14, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your edition of October 17 you state that it is impracticable to amend the Federal Constitution so as to allow of the election of Senators by the people, and you suggest as a substitute that each *party* should nominate its candidate before election. This certainly would give an inducement for putting forward good men, but it seems to me there are two other considerations.

A legislature does not necessarily represent the majority of the people.

But the most important point of all is that the present method and the modification you suggest bring national issues into State elections, which is undesirable. It takes no argument to show that a number of voters are obliged to sacrifice their convictions, either in the State or in the national issues, to the detriment of good government.

Would it not give better results if each party would pledge its members to arrange for a plebiscite and elect the person receiving the majority? I am, sir,

AMERICUS SUM.

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Where We Lead the World

THE United States again stands, at the beginning of the new year, at the head of the list of the world's exporting nations, so far as relates to the exportation of domestic products. This fact is shown by a series of tables just presented by the Department of Commerce and Labor through its Bureau of Statistics.

There are only three "billion-dollar countries," considered from the standpoint of exportation of domestic products. These are, in the order of the magnitude of their exports, the United States, the United Kingdom, and Germany. In the calendar year 1903 the exports of domestic products were: From the United States, $1,457,565,783 in value; from the United Kingdom, $1,415,617,552; from Germany the figures for the full year have not been received, but an examination of the figures of the year for which statistics are available justifies an estimate of $1,200,000,000. It is only within very recent years that the United States has taken her place at the head of the list of the world's great exporters of domestic products. In 1875 we stood at the bottom of the list of the four great exporting nations of the world, at the end of the next decade we had advanced one place, a decade later still another place, and in 1903 stood at the head of the list.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

MANY APPETIZING DISHES
can be made doubly delightful and nutritious by the use of BORDEN'S PEERLESS BRAND EVAPORATED CREAM, which is not only superior to raw cream, but has the merit of being preserved and sterilized, thus keeping perfectly for an indefinite period. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., proprietors.—[*Adv.*]

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This half-tone reproduction of "Summer Flowers" only partially conveys the beauty and design of the lithographed plaques.

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The Anheuser-Busch Art Plaques

With Calendar Plaque for 1904

AT GREAT expense, Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n has secured from the brush of the celebrated color artist, A. Von Beust, a series of magnificent oil paintings, representing the artist's conception of the four seasons. These are reproduced with splendid fidelity as to detail and coloring, in the form of four plaques, "Spring Breezes," "Summer Flowers," "Autumn Riches," "Winter Winds," and an additional plaque containing the twelve monthly calendars for 1904. The five plaques are each 12 inches in diameter, lithographed in the highest style of art, fourteen printings on finest ivory china-finished cardboard, with relief embossing, giving the effect of hammered metal rims.



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O'TARA

By

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD



ONE gloomy evening, the familiar signal of O'Tara's rap sounded upon several doors, as he leaped up the lodging-house stairs to his room under the roof. There were times when this signal meant that O'Tara had not inspected his chosen few that day,—for he possessed the genius of fatherhood. Perhaps he was carrying some hot sausages from Aunt Hannah's corner stand, or had waiting in his grate a few more coals than usual. Sometimes he rapped for listeners, but oftener he wished to listen, and would beam delightedly upon his small circle, with the wrinkles gathering at the corners of his eyes, when the inconsequent discourse of the others pleased him. O'Tara was not their senior, counting according to years, but he was protective, and to this they unconsciously deferred.

"'Tis surprising how much a man finds to do when he only minds his own beesinus," remarked O'Tara that evening to the trio before his fire. "Um fairly worn out with ut, so joost to tidy things out a beet, and ease me own caunscience, I rapped ye up as I come past. John Lark, man, d'ye think Mis' Winch has gone out along with the lights below? Or would she lend me a beet uf home-brewed milk to waush down the cheese and crackers waiting by and by in the sthudio?" The studio was an attic and general storeroom adjoining O'Tara's former apartment. Little Pitt offered to go for the milk, but returned to report the house closed and the landlady absent.

"Everything's out except the wind," said Henry Bagg, an art student; "it's warmer up here in the roof. I suppose it's O'Tara's hair."

"Naut a beet!" said O'Tara, walking back and forth restlessly; "it's me genial presence, man. Have a mind, Little Pitt! Naut another coal, uf ye please. I counted particular this even' to leave several for the morn'n."

Now O'Tara had never been guilty of the extravagance of fire in the morning, and startled glances darted toward him, over the pipes that were being lighted. He stood smiling down upon the group with his thumbs in his pockets. "'Tis true that Um grown that extravagant with high-living that Um goin' to practise ecaunomy for a while. It's me risolution, and I'll tell ye about ut,—yes, yes, men, I'll tell ye!" He drew a stool to the centre of the circle, and stretched his feet comfortably to the fire, and was apparently in no haste to commence. Concerned looks were now exchanged over the pipes. Any new economy of O'Tara's could only mean more strenuous self-denial on his part. "Yes, yes, Um an extravagant dog," mused O'Tara, filling his pipe.

"In a way, you are," said John Lark; "your thickest coat is on old Grubb's back this minute."

"'Twas wore out," said O'Tara, apologetically.

"Your blanket's over old Hannah's knees," put in Little Pitt.

"It had holes in ut!"

"You gave one week's valuable sleep to sit up with Pratt's kid, when he fell in the elevator shaft," said Henry Bagg.

"And hasn't a man the right to give the only things belongin' to um? Ye'll naut be bullyin' me to-night. Naut a beet! Nor visiting me sins uf high-living on me, either. Ye know I fall into luxury easylike, comin' by it fraum me Scautch-Irish ancestry,—so let be, let be, for Um full uf exhaltation and a fine supper."

"Jove! I hope he brought some along," interpolated Bagg; "supper,—supper, it has a sound familiar, yet unaccustomed."

"Tut, tut, I mean me imagination's full uf ut. Ye're an onmannerly crew at best; a man can't speak but the flesh is picked fraum his very words." O'Tara smoked hard, with his eyes closed for a moment and the wrinkles appearing at the corners, as though some inward consciousness gave him intense satisfaction. "Now Um goin' to tell ye straight about it," he said, presently. "A man may go for a long time with his mind made up that pauverty's a soul-satisfyin' habit, and that kings an' princes couldn't be happier than he is living off the husks uf life, baut there'll come a day when the real thing breaks through and stares um in the face, men, and then,—well, well, 'twaus that way this mornin', and I had detairmined to turn newsboy and go collectin' pennies in my little charch-shaped baux to get in free to the newsboys' dinner, when uf a sudden that happened which turned the pavements to gold beneath me varry feet! The snow was feathers fall'n fraum angels' wings, each wan with a jool on the tip uf ut, an'—"

"That will do," said Henry Bagg; "done something you're frightened of. It always takes you that way."

"Naut a beet!" said O'Tara, "but there's more uf ut than ye think at the fairst! And if I waus frightened uf ut, how would it take me? whaut would be the signs, d'ye think?" There was an undoubted note of anxiety in his voice.

"By uncustomary airiness and bravado which conceals apprehension," said Lark.

"Naut a beet! Leastwise, naut to speak uf."

"He's got his best spotted tie on!" announced Little Pitt, suddenly, "and it doesn't look like his tying, either! And, I say! He's got his hair cut! Yes, he has! He's gone and spent good money to have his ugly red hair cut, my word!"

O'Tara's face was herewith suffused.

"High temperature," commented John Lark, "and a sold-his-birthright look. He's gone and got a girl, that's what he's done. Some girl's queered him!"

The silence following was more ominous than would have been a chorus of groans. In the three years of their comradeship O'Tara had not been known to look at a girl. Now he coughed, apologetically.

"I've gona and gaut nobody! Maybe, though, ye think wan wouldn't be noticin' me with the rest uf ye around?"

"Couldn't help it with your native flag around your neck," murmured Bagg.

"All right, man, all right! The tie's gaut a vairtue the manny uf us lack,—it's the only wan uf its sort. Yes, yes, the girls over here may be good, baut when a man's known better—" O'Tara came to a full and smoky stop, and silence fell upon them born of the unexpected, personal note in his words. He was usually nothing if not impersonal, and his chief charm lay in an elusiveness which springs from the finest reserves. This was accompanied, in a measure, by an unqualified belief in and loyalty to his chosen associates, therefore when O'Tara did condemn it was with no halfway measures. "Well, now, as ye press me so hard I'll tell ye sure." His eye passed from face to face, and he nodded satisfied. "Ye've bean good to me, an' ut's right. It waus when I waus a boy that I hadn't a varry luxurious time uf ut,—naut the time that spoils a man for work. Um naut caumplaining,—naut a beet! There's manny has worse. I gaut me schooling good and regular between times while I waus working the place to keep a roof to our heads and a bite to our mouths,—for me father bein' the sort that took a drop too much and too often waus naturally joost so much uf a baby on wan's hands. But that waus neither wan nor the other; 'tis a good thing for a boy to have a care uf something, maybe. I waus studying to be a doctor out uf old Doctor O'Connor's books, and in another year waus to go in the office along with um in Doublin, when me father waus accidentally mairried by a widow woman come out uf Doublin with a brace uf small childern ready-made to hand, as it were. Me stepmother bein' the sort that discouraged the enjoyment uf life, me study uf medicine waus laid aside for the study uf how to keep away, and how to be there all at wanst, lendin' an eye to things,—for wan couldn't leave a place and three small childern to such tender maircies, now could he? Little Pitt, man, reach ye boot out and push the two coals together and make wan. So that waus the reason I waus naut with Doctor O'Connor, baut that's neither wan nor the other, for it's amazin' how much uf a man's enjoyment in life he gets out uf the things he can't do! Well, well,—wan day me father died, and there waus naturally no head to the family except joost meself—"

(Continued on page 244)

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Meetings with George Francis Train

By Will Carleton

YEARS ago, when just out of college, I met George Francis Train for the first time. He was carrying around with him already a national reputation, and was now upon a meteoric lecturing-tour through the country, seeming, meanwhile, to be under the impression that he was running for the Presidency.

Wondering whether I would have any standing with him, as a callow student who had merely written a few poems and prose sketches that had obtained enthusiastic approbation from personal friends who could not withhold it without impoliteness, I timidly intruded upon Mr. Train, in his room at the village hotel. He did not even rise from the bed upon which, with coat and waistcoat discarded, he was resting, but looked me half through and back again, extended a cordial hand, and exclaimed: "Ah! a student; I had heard there was a college here. Sit down and tell me what you have done, and what you want to do, and what you expect to do."

His View of Luck

I replied by handing him a thin volume of thin poetry that I had published at my own expense, and said, as coolly as I could: "What I have done, Mr. Train—merely this, and a few years of study. What I am to do—that, I suppose, depends somewhat upon luck."

"Luck be damned," he replied, with perfect poise and placidity. "It all depends on yourself. As for this book, I will read it tomorrow on the train; there may be some good stuff in it."

Before I had time to join with him enthusiastically in this theory, he continued: "But I'll tell you what I want you to do, and what'll be better than anything you've got in here. I want you to write a good long *Wail;* one that will reach from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Do you understand? A great big long wail—lamenting the terrible fact, which, of course, you have already learned, that everything in this world is dead wrong. Of course you know that you are talking to the next President." Before I could reply that this was interesting, whether authentic or not, he went on, fluently:

Giving Points to the Great

"I am also the greatest man in the world. I can give Buddha, Confucius, Moses, Mohammed, and all the rest of them, fifty on the string and then discount them."

The next time I saw him he was sitting in Madison Square Park, with children and birds around him. He would not speak to me, for he had taken a notion that he would converse only with youngsters—excepting by means of notes written on the spot, for which he kept a pad and pencil. Sometimes he would save the labor of writing by saying to a child, "Tell him"—so-and-so—in a tone loud enough for his interlocutor to hear. "I have followed you"—he wrote to me as I stood there—" ever since you called on me in my little room in one of the worst hotels I have as yet found on the face of the earth. Have you written the Wail yet?"

A Professional Iconoclast

My next interview with him was in one of the big Chicago hotels during the World's Fair. He had overcome his abhorrence to conversing with grown people, but would not touch them or shake hands with them. I renewed our acquaintance, and saw a great deal of him within the next few days. His egotism was unbounded, but his good nature unfailing. His wit was as sharp as the point of a driver's whip-lash, but he seemed notably lacking in humor. His kindness of heart was unquestionable, but his humanity was never to the fore, if he had any. He was a pessimist first, last, and all the time; a rebel against the established order of things, an avowed pagan in religious matters, and, in fact, what might be called, in general terms, a professional iconoclast.

The last time I saw him he was lying silent and still in the solemn casket.

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(Continued from page 212.)

Twasn't your family," broke in Little Pitt. But O'Tara did not turn his eyes from the curl of smoke before him.

"—And I carried the books back to Doctor O'Connor, and took a night or so to turn it over like,—about the childern's schoolin', and all, and I talked it over with Moira, and we detairmined, Moira and me, to come off to America that spring, where I could make enough easier to keep me stepmother and the childern—baut maybe I haven't told ye about Moira?"

O'Tara looked innocently around the circle. He had never before mentioned Moira, and he knew it.

"Well, Moira waus a young girl I'd always known like. She lived outside the town with a brother and sister, and his wife, and Moira waus that be-autiful the sun stopped shinin' for shame when she come out, and that sweet the May buds 'ud turn red and draw in when she passed them, and that good"—a groan interrupted O'Tara, and Henry Bagg dropped his head in his hands. O'Tara returned to earth fiercely. "Did I hear him say 'twas naut true? Speak up, man!"

"Naut a beet!" said Bagg, "but go easy, go easy."

"He's gaut no manners," said O'Tara to his pipe, "and I've had the trainin' uf um three year come this April. Well, well, Moira waus an orphan, too, and wan evenin' when the spring waus that young-like that the little thorns waus black to bursting, the leaves silver, and the water in the bog like a copper kittle in the sunset," — stifled applause interrupted, but O'Tara sat on the edge of his chair, enthused with the joy of narration—"when the smell uf the air waus like wine to the blood, and the white promise uf a little moon waus like a glimpse uf Moira's face through the branches, we met and detairmined to start for't that day week—"

"For the moon?" interpolated Bagg.

"Amehrica, man, Amehrica! The land ouf the free, et cetera. I had airned the money for two passages, and a varry little over, and waus for startin' alone, baut, ye see, every man's gaut his weak spaut, an' 'twill get the better uf um, and Moira waus naut anny too easy to leave. So when she detairmined that I'd be the better man over here with her than she'd be over there without me, she had her way. God bless her! She'd a waunderful head for a girl, had Moira. So we were to be mairried that day week in Doublin, and, 'tis true, I waus that ready to work I could have picked up this little America and run off with ut on my shoulder,—'twaus before I'd seen ut. For, uf course, I knew I could keep me stepmother and the childern in their share when I waus settled like over here,"—those who listened, glanced at each other, enlightened for the first time as to the secret of O'Tara's persistent and rigorous economy. He continued, thoughtfully: "There's naut been a sunset or twilight like ut since. The little birds waus abed or they'd bean in ut, too. Betime the fairst stars come out we'd gaut it all fixed over here, with a house and a beet uf a garden to ut." O'Tara stopped again. Presently he said: "Twaus that varry week me stepmother took ill and died uf double pneumonia, and when the buryin' and all waus settled, I'd varry little over wan passage-money left, and with the varry little I fixed the childern tidylike with Mis' Phinn, a good woman who waus housekeeper in the time of old Lady Rourke."

"And Moira?" said John Lark.

"Why, man, Moira waus goin' to lend an eyelike to um for me. There waus naut the money then for her to come along, and had there been I couldn't fetch the three childern here to nothing at all!" O'Tara's hands rested on his knees and his blue eyes were bright. "Whaut a man's gaut to do is mostly bloomin' low at hus feet. Maybe he stoops to pluck ut, but he rises with the flower uf ut in his hand.

"The evenin' before the *Queen uf Connaught* sailed, Moira come along with me nigh to town, and she says:

"'Look over your left shoulder, Teddy, at the moon.'

"D'ye believe in ut, Moira?" said I.

"'Me grandmother saw ut so the fairst night she met me grandfather, and we'll see ut so wan night soon in America, Teddy, man!' she said."

O'Tara leaned back and drew at his pipe. His eyes were fixed upon the fire, and each one of the others looked at his own curl of smoke. Presently he said:

"'Twaus five year ago come April. A man's that small in a new cauntry that there's times he can't find humself,—I've known ut. And the varry fairst thing he's gaut to do is to let go uf whaut he wants and to take whaut he can get, and be glad uf ut. Annyhow, the childern's bean kept, thanks to the salary paid the collector uf the Consaulidated Ice Caumpany!"

They glanced quickly at each other. They had seen O'Tara's dogged efforts to secure this very small position and its smaller salary, and the unquenchable fire of the heart which had borne him over poverty and failure. Now, his face was flushed and his eyes were bright with the love of life.

"Yes, five year ago come April, men, d'ye mind that?" His voice shook. "And all the time ye've stood by me, askin' no questions about ut, and all the time me girl's stayed over there seein' to the childern for me, and waitin' for the day when I'd be sendin' for them wan by wan, and it's come!" O'Tara suddenly sprang upright, with all which trembled back of his words finding voice. "I gaut me promotion this day to office clark and me salary raised, and the waitin's past and the hardness uf ut's past."—his voice broke, but the others were on their feet with a shout,—"and there's more uf ut, men! There's a baux from home to-day with things fit to eat in ut, spread out yaunder in the sthudio,—a feast



Drawn by Clifford Carleton

The echo was a tumult of shouts

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for a king!" but the cheer was a roar. Little Pitt was sawing O'Tara's arm up and down, while Henry Bagg made a rush for the studio door, and flung it open, setting free alien odors mingled with that of lamp smoke. Then Henry Bagg leaped back as though struck, for there came a clear cry, and a rush of drapery through the door, flying past them as they fell away.

"Teddy, Teddy, man! Tell ut! Tell ut!" cried the voice. "I'll naut be waitin' anny longer alone!" A girl in a scarlet jacket clung to O'Tara's arm, her curly black hair pressed against his sleeve, her flushed face and tearful Irish-blue eyes smiling dazzlingly upon the thunder-struck trio.

"I told ye there waus more to ut!" said O'Tara, a sob striving with his words. "Look at her, men! Look at her! She come this varry mornin' on the *Queen o' Connaught*,—Moira, Moira, girl!" The tears left O'Tara's eyes and lay on O'Tara's face, and his arm went around her. "She airned the money for the double passage joost to come and fetch the baux herself and take a look at me,—at *me*, men! think uf ut!" O'Tara struck his breast with his free hand. "And then to go back with the boat. Baut she doesn't go back at all, now, because—"

"Say ut, Teddy, say ut!" Moira's shining eyes were on his face.

"For that me salary bein' raised we joost naturally gaut mairried this varry mornin'!" shouted O'Tara. The echo was a tumult of sounds.

"She's to stay and we are to have the beet uf a garden yet, and the childern to be sent for wan by wan." Presently the uproar lulled, and each one gave his hand and his heart to Moira. Then they made a rush for the attic, where the supper was spread.

There was not much talking done, for words shrank abashed before that which even the smoking lamp could not hide—the pathetic light of joy in O'Tara's face, as he stood holding Moira's hand, while she poured coffee with the other. Then the silence was broken by Little Pitt.

"It's a wedding-supper, and he said he hadn't gone and got a girl!"

"Naut a beet!" said O'Tara, beaming, "she come and gaut *me*, God bless her!"

"Surely He Hath Borne Our Griefs"

(Chicago, December 30, 1903)

The world-wide impression created by the fire disaster at the Iroquois Theatre is shown by the following verses by Hugh Macnaghten, written for the London "Spectator":

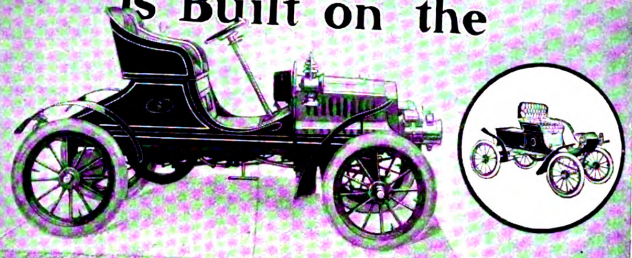
We might have spared Him this,
The worst of all the sorrows of the year,
The many children whom He held so dear,
The women and the men
Who shared His creed,
So wonderfully fashioned in the womb,
So wisely loved, and then
Through human thoughtlessness or greed
Condemned to this unutterable doom—
We might have spared Him this.

He has so much to bear:
In every pang of every stricken heart
Throughout His universe He claims a part,
And wanders up and down
By street and square,
And sees the travail of the souls of all
In every pitiless town
Or in the fields and makes it His:
He feels a wound when fluttering sparrows fall:
We might have spared Him this.

Think what it must have been
To love the children as He loves alone,
And this, through every day, to have foreknown,
And this, through every hour,
To have foreseen.
Is any other sorrow like to His,
Who, having boundless power,
Beheld our agony of need
And died again with all (O! hearts that bleed),
Yet could not spare us this?

HUGH MACNAGHTEN.

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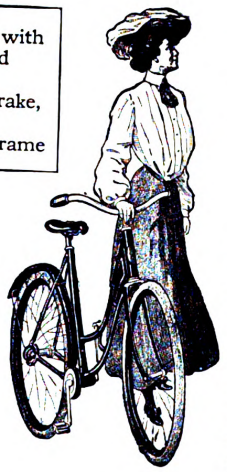
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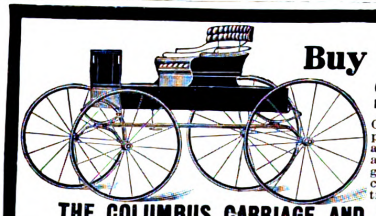
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Progress of Science

The Radiation of Nerves and Muscles

THE N-rays, whose discovery during the past year has already been recorded in HARPER'S WEEKLY, continue to interest scientists by the remarkable characteristics which they exhibit. It has recently been shown by M. Charpentier, who has also repeated the original experiments of M. Blondlot, the discoverer of this form of radiation, that the N-rays are emitted by the nerves and muscles of the human body when in a state of activity. This discovery is of importance, as no external effects of nervous activity have been found by physiologists. In M. Charpentier's experiments he allowed the N-rays to fall on a barium platinocyanide screen such as is employed in investigations of X-rays and radium. This screen was made faintly luminous by the radiation received from a piece of radium surrounded by black paper. When the N-rays fell upon the screen its luminosity was increased. M. Charpentier found, as did M. Blondlot, that the rays penetrated aluminum and other substances, but that they were stopped by lead and moistened paper. They were, however, not heat effects, since they could be transmitted through several layers of aluminum where air spaces intervened. Likewise they were not due to stored sunlight, as they would remain the same after the body emitting them had been nine hours in complete darkness. M. Charpentier's attention was attracted to the physiological aspect of the question by his noticing that a phosphorescent or fluorescent body became more luminous when brought near the body. This increase in luminosity was more marked if the screen was brought near a muscle and was greater if the muscle was contracted. Likewise the same effect was noticed in the neighborhood of a nerve or a nerve centre where an increase in its activity led to a corresponding increase in the luminosity produced.

Soap from Trees

A tree known to botanists as *Sapindus utilis* is noteworthy in that its fruit possesses saponaceous properties, and from it a natural soap can be obtained. This tree flourishes in Japan, China, and India, and also in Algeria, where the fruit is now to be produced for commercial purposes and the cultivation of the trees is to be undertaken. The tree reaches maturity about its sixth year, and in the autumn from fifty to over two hundred pounds of fruit are available for picking. The fruit is yellowish-green to brown in color, and has an oily kernel. It is treated in several ways to obtain the saponaceous materials, but water or alcohol is usually employed, and the expense involved is said not to be large. There is an absence of alkali, and the soap produced is in many respects superior to the ordinary commercial product.

A Plan for Heating Trains

Considerable difficulty has been experienced in heating long trains of railway-cars in Europe owing to the condensation of the steam and to the presence of water in the pipes. By a system devised by M. Lancrenon and about to be installed on the Eastern Railway of France this is obviated by employing compressed air, which is mixed with the steam, and carries along any condensed water to suitable traps. The condensed air also enables smaller pipes to be used, and where ten or twelve cars were formerly the limit, now twenty or more can be heated satisfactorily. The air used amounts to about ten per cent. of the steam-supply, and when a slight amount is used to raise the pressure at the portion of the train near the engine, the effect is felt through the line of pipes. In one instance, where steam was admitted to the heating system at a pressure of fifty-seven pounds per square inch, the pressure at the end of the train was but ten pounds. Using sufficient air to make the pressure sixty pounds per square inch, twenty-eight and a half pounds at the end of the train were obtained, which fell to twenty-one and a third pounds after the steam was admitted to the traps. With trains of unusual length, the results were equally satisfactory.

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Music

Ternina's "Isolde"

"HER *Isolde* was a hurricane, a sort of avalanche; and the woman was lost in the storm. She had missed the magic of the woman who, personal to our flesh and dream, breaks upon our life like the spring; and this was just what Evelyn wanted to put on the stage." That is the suggestion of the ideal *Isolde* whose realization was sought by Mr. George Moore's fictional opera-singer, *Evelyn Innes*, based on a contrast with the tempestuous *Isolde* of Rosa Sucher; it is the actual *Isolde* of a lyric actress of to-day—Milka Ternina.

It was said four years ago by the present writer, after Ternina's American début as *Isolde*, that the impersonation marked an epoch in the interpretation of Wagner. We had never, before Ternina's time, known an adequate assumption of the rôle of the protagonist of Wagner's masterwork. There had been *Isoldes* who were merely Celtic *Brünnhildes:* demi-goddesses of heroic and torrential temperament who were well enough as demi-goddesses, but imperfect as vehicles for the embodiment of the appealing and lovely woman of Wagner's play. Or we had known *Isoldes* of more than mature proportions and the disposition of viragos, in observing whom one recalled Mr. Philip Hale's happy definition of the conventional *Isolde* as the sort of woman the British matron would call a "person"; or *Isoldes* whose sense of appropriate dramatic effectiveness crystallized in what Mr. Moore has indicated as "the conventional, statuesque attitudes designed for the decoration of beer-gardens." The distinguished artists who have in the past impersonated Wagner's heroine seemed quite to forget that *Isolde*—again to revert to the perceptive *Evelyn*—"has to be a woman a man could be in love with, and that is not the shriek of a gale from the northwest."

Now Ternina's *Isolde* is eminently "a woman a man could be in love with," and therein lies its great and peculiar eloquence. She played the part, for the first time this season in New York, on January 22, in the second performance of the work under Mr. Conried's direction; and never before has it seemed so subtly and truly conceived, so potent, so commandingly beautiful. This *Isolde* never for a moment relinquishes her femininity: she is, throughout, the variable, impulsive, magnetic woman, whether raging superbly as in the first act, rapturously expansive as in the second, or deeply pathetic as in the last. The scorn and bitterness, the furious resentment of the early scenes, are in no wise slighted: she is still the outraged princess; but a princess who never, for all her imperial anguish, permits you to forget her essential womanliness. And that is Wagner's *Isolde*—a woman infinite in passion, mercurial in mood, essentially and supremely lovable.

Songs by Dr. Damrosch

The Schirmers have recently issued, in a handsome edition, a collection of the songs of Dr. Leopold Damrosch, whose activity a score of years ago in concert-hall and opera-house did so much for the advancement of musical culture in America. The songs have been edited by Mr. Frank Damrosch, and excellent English translations of the German text are provided by Mrs. Mary Lawrence Webster. There are some sixty songs in the volume,—settings of the verse of Goethe, Heine, Lenau, Uhland, and others, together with ten Spanish songs from the *Spanisches Liederbuch* of Emanuel Giebel and Paul Heyse. The collection was well worth making. Dr. Damrosch, who worked energetically in the larger musical forms, was also a song-writer of admirable attainments. His dramatic sense, which was keen, was allied with a fine and penetrating sense of poetic atmosphere, and a definite feeling for lyric effect. There are not lacking pages which, for the sake of Dr. Damrosch's reputation, one could wish omitted; for he was at times, as it seems, too easily satisfied with the obvious effect, the facile convention. But more often one is impressed with the sincerity, the enthusiasm, the sound musicianship, of the composer; and there are frequent passages which charm by the freshness and felicity of their inspiration.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

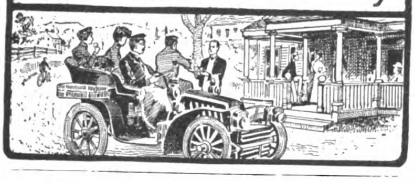
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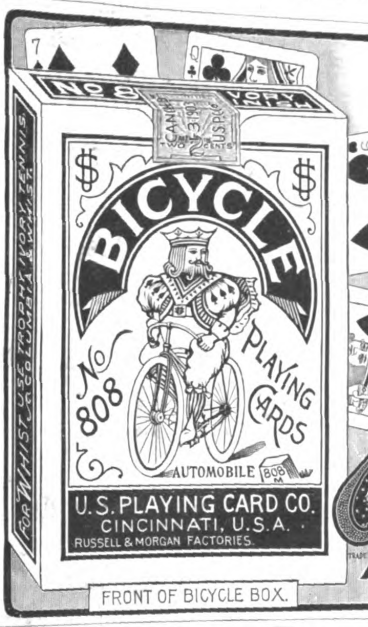
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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

A WEEK before he died, William C. Whitney, speaking to a friend, said: "This is my happy time. I worked hard and succeeded. Now that is over, and my life has become only an adjunct of others." There was no regret in his voice—only satisfaction that circumstances enabled him to give all of his time and himself to those he loved. Much might be written of the things he did, but the pen falters. It suffices to say that he was the best friend we ever had, ever expect to have, ever want to have.

It is fortunate for the members of the House of Representatives that when the ayes and noes were ordered, every one of them went on record against the proposed mileage grab. Evidently the retribution that befell those Representatives who voted for the salary grab more than a quarter of a century ago is still freshly remembered. A good deal could be said at the time, and might be said now, for increasing the pay of members of Congress from $5000 to $7500 a year. It is perfectly true that the present salary is inadequate to the maintenance of a house in Washington; and that a Senator or Representative who depends exclusively on his pay for his support must resign himself to a room or two in a boarding-house or second-rate hotel. Even then he would scarcely find it possible to save a penny. We have but little doubt that, since the President's salary has been doubled, and the salaries of justices of the United States Supreme Court considerably augmented, the people would recognize the justice of increasing the pay of Senators and Representatives. That would be, at all events, a proposal which would be discussed on its merits. The attempt, on the other hand, to obtain mileage a second time during what has been practically a single session of Congress was a barefaced attempt to rob the Federal Treasury, and had it proved successful, would have brought political ruin to every participant. Every Senator and Representative has had credited to him the mileage provided by law for his attendance at the special session of the Fifty-eighth Congress, called by the President in November. There was no cognizable interval of time between the close of that special session at noon on December 7 and the beginning of the first regular session at the same moment. Men of common sense and common honesty will pay no attention to the technical ground on which Mr. Tawney—who was chairman of the House sitting in Committee of the Whole—overruled the point of order raised by Mr. Littlefield—the point, namely, that the Fifty-eighth Congress was still in session under the President's call, and that there had been no recess. It is doubtless true that there have been two sessions of the Fifty-eighth Congress, the first ending at twelve o'clock noon on December 7, and the second beginning at that moment. It is plain, however, that in the imaginary interval no Senator or Representative could have incurred any travelling expenses for which he would be entitled to reimbursement by way of mileage.

A great deal of interest attaches to the report made the other day to the Massachusetts Legislature by the State Board of Commissioners of Savings-banks. It seems that the 187 savings-banks of that State now have assets amounting to about $650,000,000, and deposits aggregating more than $608,000,000, the property of 1,723,000 depositors. In order to appreciate the significance of these figures we must make some comparisons, premising that Massachusetts has an area of only 8315 square miles, a population, according to the last census, of 2,805,346. The deposits last year in Massachusetts savings-banks exceeded those of 1902 from the following States combined: New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, Texas, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa. This is an astonishing exhibit, but there are comparisons even more instructive. The dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary, which, at the last census, had a population of 47,102,000, had deposited in its savings-banks only $650,000,000. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland had, at the last date named in the report of the Comptroller of the Currency, $916,836,845 deposited in its savings-banks, as against the $1,051,689,186 of similar deposits in the savings-banks of the State of New York in 1902. Massachusetts is not the only exemplar of New England thrift. In 1902 the little State of Rhode Island had deposited in its savings-banks $71,900,541, or almost exactly as much as Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and Tennessee had, put together. Connecticut, which in 1900 had only 908,412 inhabitants, had in 1902 deposited in its savings-banks $193,249,909, or more than Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, and the District of Columbia combined. The total deposits in the savings-banks of the United States are now computed at more than $3,000,000,000, as against $5,000,000,000 in the savings-banks of all the rest of the world. Should the present rate of increase go on, there will be more money deposited in the savings-banks of the United States twenty-five or thirty years hence than in the corresponding institutions of all other countries on the globe.

There are indications of a concerted movement in the States that can be relied upon to give their electoral votes to the Democracy to abolish the "two-thirds rule" that for seventy-two years has been observed in Democratic national conventions—the rule, namely, that a candidate must receive two-thirds of the votes of the delegates present and voting in order to become the nominee of his party. We understand that many State conventions will instruct their delegates to the St. Louis convention to demand the abolition of the rule, on the ground that it is no longer needed under existing political conditions. Instead of being helpful, it is now harmful to the South. When the rule was adopted, it was felt by Southern Democrats that as they had more at stake than their Northern brethren, owing to the growing disapproval of their peculiar institution in the North, they ought to have the right to veto a nomination for the Presidency that seemed to them objectionable. The right was conceded. We suppose that most Southern Democrats would now acknowledge the adoption of the two-thirds rule was a mistake. But for that rule Martin Van Buren would have been nominated and elected President in 1844, and in that event he would not have accepted the nomination for the Presidency on the Barnburner ticket in 1848, and Lewis Cass, the Democratic nominee, would have been elected President in that year. What is far more important, it is certain that but for the two-thirds rule Stephen Arnold Douglas would have been nominated for the Presidency by the Democratic national convention held at Charleston in 1860, and, as the returns show, he would have beaten Abraham Lincoln. There might then have been no civil war.

When these facts are weighed, Southern Democrats are justified in regarding their former demand for the two-thirds rule as a deplorable blunder. At the present time, however, we have no desire to debate a question which is academic. Whatever might have been said for the two-thirds rule before the

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civil war, nothing can be said for it to-day. There is absolutely no reason why a nomination for the Presidency should not now be made in a Democratic national convention, as it is made in a Republican national convention, by a majority of the delegates. Nor is this all. The operation of the rule is positively detrimental to the interests of the South, and deprives that section of the influence which it ought to exert in the national councils of the Democracy. At no time since the close of the Reconstruction period has there been any doubt that the Southern and Eastern and Middle States together could control a majority of a Democratic national convention, and it has almost always happened that the delegates from those sections have voted together. It is mathematically obvious that a coalition of the Southern and New England States, assisted by New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, can muster a majority of the St. Louis convention, and name the next Democratic nominee. It is of the utmost moment not only to the Democratic party, but to the public welfare, that the sane and far-sighted purposes of those sections of the Union should not be thwarted by delegates numerically constituting a little more than a third of the convention, but representing States which, under no conceivable circumstances, could be relied upon to give more than a score of votes to the Democratic nominee. Forewarned is forearmed. The two-thirds rule can be abolished in exactly the same way in which it was prescribed, to wit, by a majority of one.

The provision of the Alabama State Constitution which was intended to disfranchise the negro has had an unexpected effect upon the white vote. The provision made the payment of a poll-tax a prerequisite to voting. Moreover, the poll-tax must have been paid every year. That is to say, it will not suffice to pay a poll-tax this year, if last year's tax remains unpaid. At the election of a Governor in 1892, more than 242,000 votes were cast. In 1902 the whole number of votes cast did not reach 92,000. It is evident from the returns of the election held in the year last named that not only were the black voters eliminated, but at least 47,000 whites had been disfranchised by their failure to pay the poll-tax. It is estimated that this year the number of whites not entitled to vote will fall but little short of a hundred thousand. That is to say, the practical outcome of the State's constitutional provision relating to the franchise has been to create an aristocratic electorate. It seems that nothing can be done to relieve the political disabilities of the "poor whites" until 1907, when the first regular session of the next Legislature begins. Moreover, it is by no means certain that the present narrow electorate will assent to an extension of the franchise. In Mississippi in 1900 the total vote for President was less than 60,000. In 1876 the total vote for President in Mississippi exceeded 164,000. In Louisiana the total vote for President in 1900 was less than 68,000. In 1896 the total vote for Governor was more than 206,000. These figures prove that the shrinkage of the white electorate is not confined to Alabama, but is observable in other States which have modified their constitutional provisions relating to the franchise.

Mr. Jacob Gould Schurman, President of Cornell University, opposed, it will be remembered, the demand of the anti-imperialists that the Philippines should be handed over to Aguinaldo. He is still convinced that had that project been carried out the islands would have lapsed into anarchy and chaos. He nevertheless believes that so soon as the Tagals of Luzon and the Visayas of Cebu and other civilized islands show themselves qualified for self-government, it will be our duty to treat them precisely as we have treated the Cubans. That is to say, in his opinion, we ought to give them independence, while at the same time agreeing to protect them from foreign aggression. The Philippine Legislature, which is to convene this year, should throw light on the extent to which the Filipinos are qualified for self-government. There is ground for Mr. Schurman's assumption that the Philippines will never be admitted as a State or States into the Union. The wisdom of enfranchising the negro is now questioned by many Republicans, and the sweeping enfranchisement of the brown men of Malay stock would be regarded with approval by very few American citizens. It follows that we must either continue to govern the Philippines as a colony, or treat them as we treated Cuba. Porto Rico, on the other hand, where the whites greatly outnumber the blacks, seems destined to become, first, a Territory in the technical sense, and, ultimately, a State, although it may have to wait for Statehood as long as has New Mexico.

Has General Leonard Wood any right to hold the rank and draw the pay of a major-general in the regular army during the present session of Congress? Secretary Root replies in the affirmative. If, he says, the special session was merged into the regular session, and there was no interval between them, then the two sessions must have formed a single, continuous session, and General Wood's original commission, issued in the recess preceding the special session, will run until the end of the present session. If, on the other hand, continues Mr. Root, the two sessions did not merge, but the present session is a new one, then there must have been an interval, however small, between them, and in that infinitesimal tract of time the President may be considered to have issued a new commission to General Wood, which is still in force. The Secretary's logic is not convincing. There is no interval at midnight between one day and the next, yet the two days are none the less distinct. The special session and the first regular session of the Fifty-eighth Congress do not constitute a single continuous session; nevertheless, there was no recess, actual or constructive. We do not believe that General Wood will receive the pay of a major-general during the present session of Congress. If he should, measures will no doubt be taken to secure from the United States Supreme Court an opinion touching the possibility of a "constructive" recess.

Prince Ching has formally announced that China will preserve the strictest neutrality in case of war between Japan and Russia. This important news has come to us from two different sources, and with two mutually contradictory contexts. First, we are told, in a message from Peking, that M. Uchida, the Mikado's minister to China, had approached Prince Ching on the subject of China's alliance with Japan, and that Prince Ching had replied that he had been warned by Russia that such an alliance would mean the prompt occupation of Peking by Russian troops, and consequent ruin and confusion to the Manchu court. Hence China had decided that from motives of self-preservation she must stand aside in case of war. Then came a despatch from Tokio, announcing that China had really initiated the proposal to join Japan, and had with the utmost difficulty been dissuaded by the moderating counsels of M. Uchida, who had pointed out how much China had to lose, and had finally convinced Prince Ching and the Grand Council of the Empire that their one salvation lay in neutrality. It is clear that both these messages cannot be true. They may both be, let us say, wholly imaginary, and have only a subjective value as showing what was in the minds of two heated special correspondents. But we may draw a timely warning from this somewhat flagrant discrepancy, that the art of fiction is still flourishing in the East, and that much of what has passed as fact concerning the negotiations between the rival powers on the Pacific is the fruit of a lively fancy. The one grain of truth in this budget of stories seems to be that China will remain neutral in case Japan and Russia go to war.

The Republican opponents of Mr. Roosevelt, finding Mr. Hanna intractable, are occasionally heard to mutter that Mr. Root or Judge Taft may be mentioned in the convention. No man conversant with practical politics pays any heed to such suggestions. Could ex-Secretary Root get the delegation from the State of New York as against President Roosevelt? The question answers itself. Would the delegation from Ohio pay Judge Taft a compliment which it withheld from Senator Hanna? A reply is needless. The truth is, as we have often pointed out, that so far as the Republican nomination for the Presidency is concerned, Mr. Roosevelt is the only man in sight. Unless some unforeseen and extraordinary incident should occur, practical politicians will consider it too late even to talk about organizing opposition to Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy. Assuming, then, that the President will get the Republican nomination, the question for nonpartisan citizens to consider is, Would it be well for the country to keep Mr. Roosevelt in office, or to displace him by a

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Democratic nominee? Manifestly the answer to this question will depend entirely upon the reputation of the man selected by the Democratic national convention.

The decision of the British government to do something real about army reform will gain some votes and even more moral support for Mr. Balfour. Lord Esher's commission has reported, and a series of their suggestions are to be adopted. It is specially interesting to find that they will bring the British army closer to that of the United States, in all matters of organization, in the formation of what we may call the "brain" of an army. To begin with, the office of commander-in-chief is to be abolished. This removes one great source of weakness, the endless friction and rivalry between the War Office and the Horse Guards, each of which had certain sovereign functions, so to speak. The new inspector-general is to "report upon facts, without expressing opinions on policies," thus leaving the decision wholly in the hands of the Secretary for War. Our own success, under the penetrating régime of Secretary Root, must have interested British observers. A new army council is to be formed in England, which will be the real brain of the army, and over its deliberations the Secretary for War will preside. It will practically be a general staff, on the Continental plan; and we may presently see England following the example of her neighbor France, which made ministers of two soldiers so eminent as the Marquis de Gallifet and General André. The general staff will be divided into separate departments, with a responsible head to each, who will be asked to do one thing, and to do it well. The commission strongly advises that new blood should be infused into this army council, its members being chosen from among those "not hitherto closely connected with existing methods." Lastly, the commission recommends a "complete breach with the past," and in view of the bitter experiences of the South-African war, the recommendation seems justified. All this should work admirably if only the right men be found to make it work.

German Southwest Africa is in imminent danger of a general massacre by the armed hordes subject to the native chiefs. Help is still remote, while the danger is terribly near. The country is a vast desolation, with a few farms and settlements scattered at great distances across the trackless velt. Little agriculture is practised, and almost all the food of the settlers has still to be imported, while the German government has to pay an imperial contribution of over a million dollars yearly to keep the colony from ever-impending bankruptcy. The natives are of several different races, some of which are familiar to us through their presence in Cape Colony. This is the case with the Hottentots and Bushmen, who are among the lowest and most savage of African races—indeed, among the lowest in the world. The Batus and Damaras are of a somewhat higher class, more like the Kaffirs or Zulus—a yellowish race rather than black, like the negroes of the equatorial regions more to the north. The chief settlements are Windhoek, Gobabis, Otjimbingue, Swakopmund, Keetmanshoop, and Gibeon—a curious assemblage of names, part Dutch, part African. Germany has two fair harbors on the coast, at Angra Pequena and Sandwich, but the real doorway of the colony is at Walfisch Bay—a colony of over four hundred square miles belonging to England. It is an open secret that Kaiser Wilhelm has long coveted this British Naboth's vineyard, but so far without any prospect of securing it. So far as the land is tilled, its products resemble those of our Southern States, cotton, vines, and tobacco having been at least tried. Ostrich feathers and guano are, so far, the only exports of any importance; and it looks as if the whole colony were threatened with collapse—a melancholy monument of German colonial ambitions which failed.

Mr. Davidson, our consul at Formosa, has done a timely service in cataloguing the results of Russia's occupation of Manchuria and forecasting further activities in the future. Mr. Davidson made a complete tour of the three provinces through which the Manchurian railroad runs, visiting every town which boasts of as many as a thousand inhabitants. Special facilities were given him by the Russian government, and he not only visited all points on the railroad, but went by road, often so called by courtesy only, to many out-of-the-way places remote equally from the railroad and the harbors. Mr. Davidson praises the great work done by the Russians in cleaning and improving the cities, comparable to the work we accomplished in Havana and Santiago; and he is much impressed by the great future which awaits Manchuria. A side of his report which will be less welcome to American readers brings out clearly the fact that, out of the large number of possible exports to Manchuria, our merchants seem to have chosen precisely those in which competition will be keenest, a competition in which Russian merchants have great and probably decisive natural advantages. The lumber concerns along the Yalu River, where Russians hold important concessions, will presently undersell the exports from Portland and Seattle. Central and western Manchuria will grow wheat in competition to our consignments from eastern Washington, and even more, from Minnesota, and the Dakotas. Mills are already being erected at Harbin, which will handle the local grain-crops and probably get the greater part of the flour trade of Manchuria, at the expense of American flour. Russian cottons are displacing American piece goods, although the latter are said to be of better quality. Even Standard Oil is suffering from the competition of the Baku product, and Moscow is making machinery which competes successfully with the products of Pittsburg. Mr. Davidson tells us in conclusion that in Manchuria there are only three American firms, and that American goods are, with this exception, sold through Chinese, Russian, and German agents. Only one of our products outstrips all rivals. The Manchurian has a thirst which will yield to nothing but American beer.

The clatter of cavalry troops is becoming more frequent in Washington than has heretofore been usual in peaceful times. Eager critics of the administration reported with something like glee that a troop of cavalry was waiting the other day for Judge Taft on his arrival in Washington from the Philippines, and again appeared a few days later to escort the retiring Secretary of War to the railroad station on his departure for New York. The nation cannot do too much honor to such public servants as Judge Taft and Secretary Root. To see a troop of cavalry clattering after their carriages must have been in itself a sight grateful to the emotions of onlookers. But once tributes of that sort begin to be paid in Washington, where are they to end? It is now reported that the diplomatic corps is of opinion that military compliments suitable to be paid to cabinet officers are also properly receivable by the representatives of foreign governments, and that it has been represented to the President that ambassadors and ministers should have military escorts when they first come to Washington or leave it. Well, the Republic gladly honors the representatives of its sisters in the great family of nations. Why not escort the ministers and ambassadors! Uncle Sam can stand the cost of horseshoes. But what of the governors? When the chief executive of a sovereign American State comes to the seat of national government, shall he ride to his hotel unescorted, in a mere cab? It is so much easier to turn on the stream of flubdub than to turn it off! There are those no doubt who would be glad to see Washington assume more of the trappings of imperial state, but the more general inclination is probably towards simplicity and avoidance so far as is seemly, of the sort of display which in foreign capitals is so common, and, of which, once it has become a custom, the significance rapidly abates and the inconvenience increases.

Scattering discussion continues in some newspapers of the ability of Mayor McClellan to meet the constitutional requirement that the President shall be a "natural-born citizen" of the United States. There is no real doubt that Colonel McClellan is eligible for election to the Presidency. Persons who are on the lookout for a good American who might, perhaps, some time be President but for the disqualification of foreign birth are invited to let their minds dwell on John G. Milburn, until recently a citizen of Buffalo, but now of New York. We believe Mr. Milburn is a Democrat. Men of his size and quality are not very common in either party. He was President (as will be remembered) of the Buffalo Fair. If it is the desire of his heart to practise law the rest of his days, he may as well think it lucky that he was born of British parents in England.

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How Should We Act toward Canada?

It will not have escaped the notice of any close student of current events that not a few of our States on or near our northern border, including Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, and Iowa, have lately given emphatic expression to their wishes for a reciprocity treaty with the Dominion of Canada. The recent exhibition of such a state of public opinion on this side of the boundary renders peculiarly timely the article contributed to the February number of the *North American Review* by Mr. John Charlton, M.P. It is an interesting fact that the author of this striking paper was not only born, but educated, in the United States. He was forty-three years old when, in 1872, he was chosen a member of the Ottawa House of Commons, and he has retained a seat in that body ever since. It is evident from his article that Mr. Charlton has never forgotten his native land, and that his dearest hope is to take a long step toward healing the schism of the English-speaking folk in North America by assuring to both sections the blessing of intercontinental free trade. It is plain enough that Mr. Charlton wants not to create an artificial tie between the Dominion and Great Britain, but to tighten the natural bonds that connect Canada with the United States. Whatever may be the preconceptions with which the question of commercial union, or of reciprocity, with Canada is approached, it is certain that the facts and figures brought forward by Mr. Charlton deserve careful attention.

In this country it is generally taken for granted that our former reciprocity treaty with Canada was one-sided, or, in other words, was much more favorable to Canada than to the United States. The statistics brought forward by Mr. Charlton show that the assumption is unfounded. The total imports into Canada from the United States from 1854 to 1866, the terminal years being included, were $332,927,000. The total exports to the United States from Canada during the same period were $259,875,000. Evidently there was a balance of trade amounting to $73,052,000 in favor of the United States. These figures, which are taken from Canadian sources, leave out of the reckoning Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, and British Columbia. The total exports from the United States to the whole of British America during the years named were $343,326,000, and the total imports into the United States from British America during the life of the reciprocity treaty were $318,716,000. Thus it appears that there was a balance of $24,566,000 in favor of the United States, notwithstanding the fact that during our civil war there was an abnormal demand for horses and certain agricultural and animal products of Canada. It is further pointed out by Mr. Charlton that the balance of trade in favor of the United States was really much larger than the figures cited indicate, because a considerable part of the exports from Canada to the United States consisted of products destined to be transmitted to Europe, the direct export trade of Canada with Great Britain by the St. Lawrence route being at that time very small.

Few people now remember that in Grant's second administration our State Department negotiated with the British minister and a Canadian commissioner a second reciprocity treaty, which, from our point of view, was a decided improvement upon its predecessor, because it opened the Canadian market to many of our manufactures. The treaty of 1874 put upon the free list not only all kinds of agricultural implements, but locomotives, railroad-cars, wrought or cast steel, iron bars, nails, spikes, engines, printing-presses and types, printing-paper, carriages, wagons, leather and leather goods, gray cottons, denims, tickings, tweeds, and satins. Had not our Senate refused to ratify the treaty, most, if not all, of the Canadian demand for the articles just mentioned would have been supplied by the United States.

It is a remarkable fact that the exports from Canada to the United States, if we deduct precious metals and articles not the produce of Canada, were only about $49,000,000 in 1902, or about five million more than the value of the exports from Canada to the United States in 1866, the last year during which the reciprocity treaty was operative. On the other hand, there has been a tremendous expansion of imports from the United States into Canada, *for consumption*, during the last thirty-eight years. The value of such imports, which in 1866 was $28,794,000, had risen in 1903 to $137,600,000. Strange to say, the Canadians purchase more farm products from us than we buy from them. The export of farm products from the Dominion to the United States in the fiscal year 1902-3 was valued at only $9,200,000, whereas the imports of such products from the United States into the Dominion attained a valuation of $21,581,000.

No less noteworthy is the fact that, in spite of the tariff preference given by Canada to Great Britain—a preference which, at first, 12½ per cent., and then 25 per cent., is now 33 1-3 per cent.—the American manufacturer has a stronger hold on the Canadian market than has his British competitor. The imports of manufactures from Great Britain into Canada rose from $26,243,000 in 1898 to $50,473,000 in 1903. During the same six years the imports of manufactures from the United States into Canada increased from $41,510,000 to $76,291,000. Few persons realize that in 1902 the exports from the United States into Canada exceeded by $36,814,000 our total exports to Mexico, the Central-American states, and all of South America, from Panama to Cape Horn. The truth is that, among the nations of the world, the Dominion of Canada is the third largest customer of the United States. For our manufactures she is the *largest* customer.

There is no doubt that American farmers and lumbermen have hitherto opposed the free importation of Canadian lumber and farm products. They have feared that Canadian competition might bring about a reduction of prices. Mr. Charlton undertakes to prove that there is no ground for the apprehension. He asserts that if the whole wheat surplus which Canada had for export last year had been sent to the United States free of duty, the price of that grain would not have been depressed in the slightest degree. The Canadian wheat so imported would either have been itself exported to Europe, or would have set free for export a corresponding amount of American wheat. As regards other Canadian products, the quantity available for export seems insignificant compared with the volume of American production. For example, the total export of Canadian lumber to the United States, including what went through in bond for export to foreign countries, was equivalent to only two per cent. of the sawn lumber produced in the United States during the same year. The total export of eggs in 1903 from Canada to all the world did not amount to one per cent. of the number of eggs produced in the United States. The proportion of the value of the horses exported from Canada last year to the value of the horses in the United States was as one to three thousand. The proportion of the value of the cattle exported from Canada in 1903 to the value of the cattle in the United States was as one to five thousand. How, then, could an appreciable effect be produced upon American prices by the importation of such products from Canada?

Mr. Charlton evidently believes that if we would give the Dominion a reciprocity treaty, Canadians would take very little interest in Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to give the products of the colonies a preference in the British market. As he puts it: The proposed British preference is sentiment; American reciprocity in natural products would be business.

What Will be the Effect of a Far-Eastern War on the United States?

It is possible that, before this number of the Weekly meets the reader's eye, a war will have been begun between Japan and Russia. In that event, it will become a matter of obvious importance to calculate the bearing of the contest on our national interests. It may help to clarify our ideas on the subject if we divide the question, and ask, first, To what extent, if any, would the United States be affected if the war should be localized, or, in other words, confined to a duel between the two original combatants; and, secondly, how would the situation be modified, from an American view-point, if France and England should be drawn into the conflict? It is plain enough that, within the region which should become the actual theatre of hostilities, the distribution of imports from the United States might be temporarily interrupted. That is to say, at certain points the commercial privileges conceded to us by treaty with Corea, on the one hand, and with China on the other, might be suspended until the field of military operations should be moved. Such transient obstruction to traffic is, of course, inseparable to the prosecution of a war. So long, however, as fighting should be restricted to the Corean peninsula, which is likely to witness the first collision, our trade with the treaty ports of Newchwang and Mukden in Manchuria would be unimpeded, provided, of course, the Japanese should not undertake to institute a blockade of the first-named *entrepôt*. That is a measure which Japan, desirous as she is of securing our friendly neutrality, may be relied upon not to adopt, so long as no opposition is offered by Russia to the exercise of authority by Chinese officials in that place. Only in the event of an expulsion of the Russians from Corea, and a subsequent march westward of a triumphant Japanese force, might it become, from a strategic view-point, needful for the invaders to occupy Newchwang as well as Mukden. Even then the commercial privileges granted to us by treaty with China would be respected by Japan, so far as such respect would be compatible with military necessities.

We see, then, that our ordinary commerce with Corea and Manchuria might be exposed to some interference in the event of a war. It is probable, however, that any loss arising from this source will be much more than offset by the extraordinary demands for ammunition and food-supplies that would be forth-coming from both combatants. Even during the last few weeks, the purchases made on account of the Japanese and Russian governments are valued at many millions of dollars. Such purchases, however, have been merely precautionary, and are insignificant, compared with those which would have to be made after war broke out. Our geographical position would assure to us the profits accruing to

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the principal purveyor. We need not point out that our centres of industry and commerce on the Pacific coast are much nearer to Manchuria and Corea than is any European seaport. To the United States must both Japan and Russia look for quick and cheap supplies of breadstuffs, meats, and military stores. It is also to be borne in mind that a war between Russia and Japan would be likely to be a long one. In the case of each combatant, the need for the commodities, that we could furnish more easily than any other neutral, would, with every month, become more urgent.

If France and England should be drawn into the war, the former as an ally of Russia, and the latter as a friend of Japan, the tremendous advantage derivable from our neutral position should be evident. The navy of France is second in strength to that of England alone, and, whatever might be the outcome of a battle between French and English battle-ships, there is no doubt that the swift-sailing cruisers of France would quickly drive a large proportion of England's commerce from the seas. For the vast ocean traffic thus renounced by England, we should have no competitor but Germany. It would be strange if, with such an opportunity, we failed to regain a considerable part of the carrying trade which we possessed before the civil war. It is also manifest that our sales of food products to France and England, were those powers drawn into the contest on the Asiatic mainland, would be immensely multiplied.

All that our government need do in order to avoid any impairment of our national interests through the threatened war in the Far East is to adhere unswervingly to the policy of strict neutrality which is commended to us by the traditions of a hundred years.

Abraham Lincoln

LOOKING back, how strange seem the judgments of men like Wendell Phillips in 1862, that Lincoln was a man "of no mind whatever," having "neither insight nor prevision nor decision," "a first-rate second-grade man," to be sure, and "as honest as the measure of his intellect and the circumstances of his life allow"; and of Sir George Cornwall Lewis—spokesman for the English upper classes—that Lincoln "was but a village lawyer."

In due time Wendell Phillips came to see the intellectual greatness and moral majesty of the man he had contemned, and *Punch's* noble retraction, just after Lincoln's death, was prophetic of the tenor of intelligent British comment since that time, whether based on study of the words and acts of the Great Emancipator, or on personal observation, as in the case of Sir Edward Malet, who was a member of the British embassy in Washington, and in whose autobiography we find this testimony, after a long diplomatic career: "Of all the great men I have known, he is the one who has left upon me the impression of a sterling son of God. Straightforward, unflinching, not loving the work he had to do, but facing it with a bold, true heart; mild whenever he had a chance; stern as iron when the public weal required it; following a bee-line to the goal which duty set before him."

If there were any criticism to pass upon this striking tribute of the English diplomat it would be his choice of figure to express Lincoln's method in statecraft. "A bee-line to duty" implies radicalism, the Puritan temper, a ruthless driving ahead irrespective of conditions and times. Now Lincoln was the farthest removed from this, and in the best sense of the word opportunism he was the greatest opportunist among statesman that ever lived—and just because he was this he brought down on his head the suspicion of men like Greeley, Phillips, and Garrison. Both Lowell, in his striking essay on Lincoln, written as early as 1862, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in the same year, were acute enough to detect the method of Lincoln's policy. "He seems to me like a ship's cable that always swings easily with the tide, but holds fast at both ends," said Mrs. Stowe. And she was right. Had the cable been taut all the time during the critical period of the civil war both Lincoln's health of body and mind, and the ideals of state which he was endeavoring to bring to pass, would have been wrecked. Just because, after his death, the Ship of State fell into the hands of men who kept the cable taut and the ship bound to a doctrinaire ideal we are forced now to look back upon the legislation of the reconstruction period as very largely that of failure.

Lincoln had nothing but his own superlative good sense and knowledge of human nature to guide him in this opportunist policy. He knew nothing of the modern doctrine of the relativity of truth which is undermining the whole structure of radicalism and dogmatism, whether in theology, politics, or ethics. The magic word evolution had not come to discredit revolution. All that he knew was that "We must fetch the pump with dirty water—if clean cannot be had," to quote Emerson, and that "The first essential to success is to recognize facts as they are." It never could be said of him, as Mr. Gladstone once said of Mr. Chamberlain, that he "displayed infinite ingenuity in finding circuitous reasons for shrinking from his former principles." There was a regular development of ideals in Lincoln's mind with respect to slavery and its abolition, and a constancy that nothing could alter to his conception of a Union indissoluble and never to be rent in twain. But he had infinite tact and wisdom in bringing things to pass, in taking advantage of events, in waiting until public sentiment had come up somewhere near his own point of view, and a discernment amounting to genius for uttering his great messages to the people at the proper psychological moment. Burke said that he "pitched his Whiggism low, that he might keep by it." So Lincoln. His democracy was like that of Jefferson, who wrote to John Adams in 1818 that it would be well for the South Americans "to obtain freedom by degrees only; because that would bring on light and information," and that "laws and institutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind," "forty years of experience in government being worth a century of book reading."

It is precisely this wise opportunism of Lincoln which strikes the thoughtful student of history and philosophy, a man, say, like Professor Edward Caird, now master of Balliol College, Oxford, who, in a recent address on Lincoln, delivered to artisans and settlement workers at Toynbee Hall, London, pointed out the fundamental difference between Cromwell and Lincoln in this respect. Professor Caird argued that Lincoln was in several respects a new ethical phenomenon, and this just because his "slow, humorous, and tolerant spirit" and "his character and his wisdom, rather than his will," made him the exponent of a great movement resting on the popular mind, heart, and will. Cromwell, he said, relied on insight and force of will to authenticate his divine mission and to justify imposing his will on the English masses and to overthrow tyranny; whereas Lincoln seemed born to show the one-sidedness of Cromwell's theory and Carlyle's eulogy of it, and to prove that it was possible to be a real ruler of men, and yet to move along only a trifle ahead of the general sentiment of those whom he represented. Cromwell was the mystic and the autocrat, Lincoln the humanist and the democrat.

Speaking in Springfield, Illinois, October 15, 1898, at Lincoln's grave, Mr. McKinley said: "What an encouragement Lincoln's life-work has been to all of his successors in the Presidential office. If any of them at any time has felt that his burden has been heavy he has had but to reflect upon the greater burdens of Abraham Lincoln to make his seem light."

A Forest Reserve for New England

THIS country is just awakening to the possibilities of its water-powers. The nation has lately taken upon itself the enormous and costly task of providing sufficient water for the irrigation of the arid country. That one action alone opened the eyes of many people to the true meaning of the term "water-power." They realized for the first time that the surroundings of the sources of the water which furnishes the power have an immediate influence upon the value of a stream. They will know more of the subject as time goes on, for public interest in it is aroused both in the East and in the West. It is very fully understood nowadays that the constancy of streams, especially of those having their rise in mountainous country, depends upon the nature of the forest cover around the sources. That is one of the chief reasons for the establishment of so many forest reserves on the unpatented mountain lands of the West. It was one of the principal arguments that led the State of New York to create the reservations in the Catskills and Adirondacks. And now come the people of New England, and ask to have the mountain sources of three of their chief streams guarded from the inevitable ruin which is left behind by the logger. For years the cotton manufacturers on the Merrimac River, for example, have complained of the unstable flow of the stream. They show how the freshets have increased, and how the summer volume has been reduced, and they point to the stripping of the steep slopes of the White Mountains as a prominent contributor to this state of affairs.

The streams which take their rise or primary tributaries from the White Mountains of New Hampshire are the Connecticut, the Merrimac, the Androscoggin, and the Saco, their waters furnishing power to important manufacturing plants in every State of the New England group save Rhode Island alone. For this reason the conservation of the forests around those headwaters is an interstate affair, calling for Federal action. Congress has, therefore, been asked to purchase and hold for the nation such lands in the mountain region as seem necessary for this purpose. To determine what lands are important the Federal foresters and hydrographers have made a careful scientific examination of the entire region, the cost of that examination being borne by the State of New Hampshire.

Again, there are strong sentimental reasons for saving portions of those mountain forests from the axe. That region has long been a summer Mecca for thousands of people from the East and from the West, drawn thither by the native unspoiled beauties. Some of the special features of natural attraction have already been ruined as a result of indiscriminate logging, but many yet

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remain, and under governmental control they would continue to stand in all their pristine loveliness for all future generations.

As the East contributes willingly to the development of the water-powers and even to the establishment of national parks in the West and elsewhere, so the West may be counted upon to support generously this far less costly plan for affording national relief to the East. We cannot afford to neglect to protect and develop these assets which are destined to be far greater contributors to our national wealth than ever before.

Experiments in Feeding

If reports are true, the soldiers of the diet squad detailed to proceed to New Haven and illustrate the food theories of Mr. Horace Fletcher, under charge of Professor Chittenden, have not fully entered into the spirit of the experiment. Mr. Fletcher considers that almost all of us eat too much, and would have better health, and be able to do better work, if we used more self-restraint and a wiser discrimination as to our diet. He himself subsists and keeps up his strength and vigor on about one-third of the food that ordinary men consume. One of the greatest of war problems is how to feed soldiers. It would be a vast convenience and economy to governments if soldiers did not have to be fed at all. An army traditionally crawls upon its stomach, and the less the stomach demands the easier and more swift may be the army's progress. Mr. Fletcher's sentiment that men don't really need more than a third as much food as they get is very grateful to our War Department, which has been glad to lend a diet squad of twenty soldiers on which to experiment. Professor Chittenden has been busy with these men for some weeks, nourishing them on a spare diet of maple-sugar, breakfast foods, and such things, and giving them hard exercise in the Yale gymnasium to prove that they were as strong as ever. But on January 25 the papers reported that three members of the squad had got too hungry for endurance, and had deserted, that others complained of sharpened appetites, and that some of them had been caught in a saloon drinking beer and cleaning up the free-lunch counter, and that the squad's experimental strength had been reduced to thirteen.

We have not verified these stories, and they may be untrue or exaggerated, as stories from New Haven are apt to be, but they sound likely. If true, they show a lack of scientific devotion, and even of patriotism, that sits ill on soldiers. The diet squad doesn't seem to care to demonstrate how little food a soldier really needs. Possibly its members consider that it is quite as valuable to illustrate the propensity of underfed men to become insubordinate and discontented.

In prescribing diets to ordinary Americans equipped with ordinary stomachs the problem of keeping them happy is more difficult than that of keeping them physically strong. In this country eating has an enormous vogue as an amusement. On the whole, the incident of existence that most of us enjoy most, and which does most to reconcile us to the other incidents, is eating. We contract habits of consuming food which take very strong hold of us, and we tend to keep them up in middle life and later life, in the face of a diminished need of food and weakened powers of digestion. The normal man feels happier, kinder, and more hopeful when his belly is full, and he likes to fill it. The process is agreeable, the result apparently advantageous. Why shouldn't he like both? Mr. Fletcher, who very much enjoys the kind of eating that he affects, admits that preference for a restricted diet does not come all at once, but is gradually attained, as the ordinary habits of eating are overcome. It took him about six weeks to lose his habitual appetite for breakfast, and prefer two small meals a day to three big ones.

But in order to overcome such a habit as that of eating an ordinary amount in the ordinary way, strong inducements must be operative. People diet for religious reasons, or because food is scarce, or because they are too fat. Mr. Fletcher began his course of feeding because his stomach was not working well. We have all heard that Mr. Rockefeller pursued a somewhat similar course for an analogous reason, with great success. But there must be the will to eat less, or an absolute scarcity of food, if the experiment is to be fairly made. If Professor Chittenden's soldiers' hearts are not in their work, the failure of the experiment with them will not be significant, and the possibility that Americans can be kept in good physical and mental condition on less than half the food that they now consume will deserve further investigation.

Mr. Fletcher's methods are very simple. An article in the current *World's Work* on "The Perfect Feeding of the Human Body" tells about them. He is guided in his choice of food by his appetite. He tries to eat exactly what he wants and to stop when he has eaten enough. He is not fussy. He eats griddle-cakes with abundance of maple-syrup on them, hashed brown potatoes, corned-beef hash, beans, cereals, candy, sugar, bread, and often hot milk with a little coffee in it. He avoids meat, because his appetite, which has no longer any bad propensities, does not call for it. But he eats slowly, holding liquids in his mouth for half a minute before he swallows them, and chewing all his solids very long and thoroughly. He makes his teeth and his mouth do their full part of the digestive work.

Gladstone did the same. His dictum about thirty-two bites to every bit of meat is familiar. Pope Leo's diet was about as frugal as Mr. Fletcher's, but he lived long and did a vast amount of work. Report says that Mr. Rockefeller has for years practised an extreme self-restraint in eating, and has recovered his health, which was very gravely impaired. He gives no evidence of feebleness nowadays. He was lately quoted as announcing that he had discovered that cheese was good food.

It is clear that some men, Americans and Europeans, can live long and well on very little food; it is known that Indians, and most Asiatics, can do the same; it is also known that overfeeding is one of the most common causes of disease and premature collapse. The idea that we Americans could cut down our food and our food bills about half and suffer no detriment is highly attractive in these dear times from the economical standpoint. But the truth of that has not been demonstrated yet, and will probably never be demonstrated on a large scale until an absolute scarcity of food compels it. Meanwhile, persons who want to try how far a little food will go are recommended to eat it slowly and chew it long, as Mr. Fletcher does.

Religion at Harvard

The action of the authorities of Harvard College in discontinuing the pew rentals in certain Cambridge churches resulted immediately in a pretty storm of criticism and a revival of the old charge of "infidelity at Harvard!" Undoubtedly the reason for this action was economy, which seems to have become even more than ever necessary. The amount thus saved was small—less than $2000 annually—and yet it is in just such petty expenditures that great college funds are frittered away. But better than a desire for mere economy was probably the purpose to do away with an out of date and superfluous custom on which college funds were practically wasted. This custom had not had in a half-century a valid reason for existence, and its abolition ought to be applauded by all friends of twentieth-century education. It has served to induce many observers to inquire what is Harvard's real attitude toward religion.

It is very easy to charge a great, undenominational university like Harvard with lack of religious sympathy. This charge is especially levelled at Harvard because the general tone of the institution is Unitarian, "which is next to no religion at all," as the gibing phrase has it, and it is certainly true that at Harvard no emphasis is laid upon church attendance or "profession of faith," or even the expression of devout thought. Yet there are many manifestations of righteous living and Christian worship at Harvard and many opportunities given for the cultivation and stimulation of religious feeling and endeavor. Indeed, so distinctive are these aids to the nurturing of righteous sentiments and living and so clear and straightforward are the purposes of the university to that end that the recent British Parliamentary Commission on Education, led by Michael Sadler, incorporated in its report on American colleges the pamphlet issued yearly by Harvard setting forth the opportunities there for religious worship.

Most evidently have these religious activities been augmented in recent years. At the regular religious exercises in Appleton Chapel, the ablest preachers in the United States speak to full congregations each Sunday, and the college yearly expends generous sums to secure their services. Phillips Brooks House is the most recent and conspicuous aid to Harvard religious life. It is a sort of clearing-house for religious organizations, and fairly teems day and night with religious interest. It is questionable whether, in any other great university, coordination and centralization of religious organizations is carried on so effectively.

It is, however, when we come to the most practical phase of religious life—social service—that the facts are most impressive and convincing. The philanthropic workers of Harvard are found in every nook and cranny of Cambridge and Boston. They form an important part of every social settlement in Boston, either as visiting or resident members. Social service includes more students as actual workers than any other undergraduate interest—literary, social, or athletic. Its nearest rival is football, in which 230 men take part, while over 300 regularly participate in philanthropic work. Professor F. G. Peabody has said that the religious spirit at Harvard is one of the strongest features of the college, and that young men who go there and take no part in the various forms of religious and philanthropic activity do not know Harvard. "They have not really come to college." He quoted in a speech to the students two expressions of a certain student; first, when he entered, "This is a godless place"; and, six months later, "I begin to believe it is the most religious place I ever saw." He ascribes to Professor Henry Drummond almost the same expression. Other keen observers of the underlying sentiment of the college have given the same verdict.

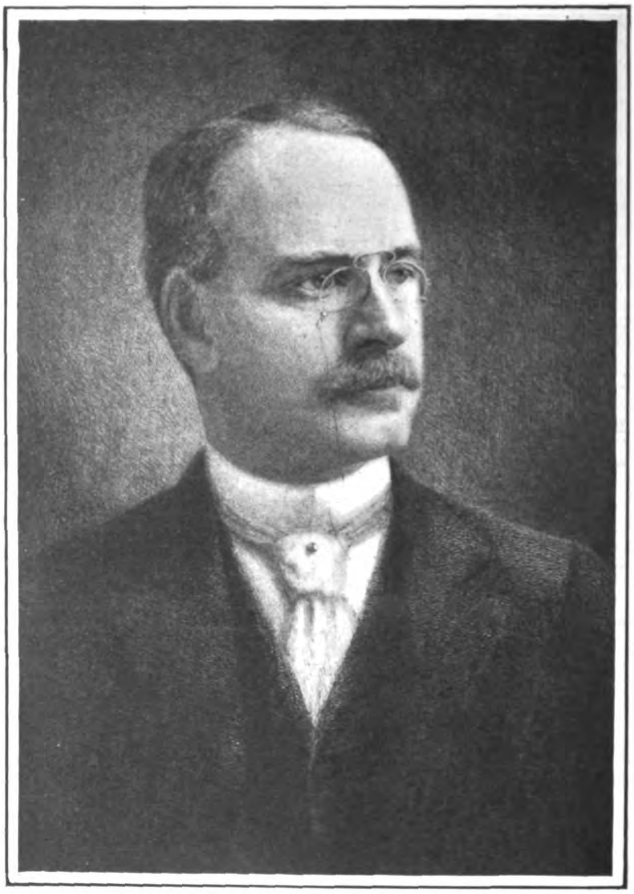
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William Collins Whitney

WILLIAM COLLINS WHITNEY was born in Conway, Massachusetts, on July 14, 1841. He was of Puritan stock, descended on his mother's side from Governor Bradford of the Plymouth colony. His father, General James Scollay Whitney, was a leading Democrat in Massachusetts, holding office under Presidents Pierce and Buchanan, and actively concerned in railroads and steamship lines. William C. Whitney, the general's oldest son, had all the educational advantages the times afforded, and improved them. He fitted for college at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, entered Yale in 1859, and was graduated with credit in the class of 1863. He was a rival in scholastic honors with his classmate, William G. Sumner, afterwards Professor of Political Economy. They shared between them the prize for English essays, and Whitney beat Sumner in the election for class orator. Another classmate, with whom Whitney was closely associated in after-life, was Oliver Payne, son of Senator Payne of Ohio. Evidently in college Whitney showed the same mental vigor and energy that were characteristic of him in later life. From Yale he went to the Harvard Law School, and graduating there in 1865, entered the law-office of Abraham R. Lawrence in New York.

As a lawyer he was promptly successful, gathering practice quickly and improving the opportunities that came to him to such purpose that other chances quickly followed. One of his close associates at this time was his college friend Oliver Payne. An important result of their intimacy was Mr. Whitney's marriage in 1869 to Miss Flora Payne, his friend's sister. Two years later began his active interest in politics. It was the time of Tweed's ascendency in New York. Mr. Whitney joined the forces that were fighting him, and was the chief organizer of the Young Men's Democratic Club. His work in the campaign of 1871 brought him into relationship and friendship with Samuel J. Tilden, who early recognized and appreciated his remarkable political abilities. Mr. Whitney next organized and worked with the Apollo Hall Democracy, and was its unsuccessful candidate for district attorney in 1872. He then became a leader of the County Democracy, and served as inspector of schools, and was active in the campaign of 1874, which resulted in electing Tilden Governor and Wickham Mayor of New York.

Mayor Wickham appointed Mr. Whitney Corporation Counsel. The Tweed government had left a great mass of suits against the city, involving fifteen or twenty million dollars. Mr. Whitney fought the suits, and administered his office so as to save the city ten or twelve millions of dollars, and to win a distinguished reputation for himself. Returning in 1882 to the private practice of law, he became counsel to a number of corporations, and was in the way of getting all the emoluments and distinction that come to a first-class corporation lawyer, but his interest in politics continued keen. He worked with skill and vigor in the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884, and in the following March became Secretary of the Navy in Mr. Cleveland's first cabinet. Here a great work was before him, and one that appealed to his abilities. The United States had no navy worth talking about; all its ships except three were antiquated, and the three new ones were not very important. He bent himself to the reconstruction of the navy. When he left office in 1889, thirteen *modern* ships-of-war had been built and nine more were under construction. The work then begun has never since stopped. Other good men have carried it on, but to no one was so much of the credit of our new navy due and to no one has so much of the credit for it been given, as to Mr. Whitney.



A Portrait of Mr. Whitney made while he was Secretary of the Navy

Mr. Cleveland went out of office, and Mr. Harrison came in. Mr. Whitney came back to New York and devoted himself to a task he had long had in mind—the consolidation of the surface railroads on Manhattan Island. Acquiring control of many independent roads, he formed, with Thomas F. Ryan and others, the corporation now known as the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. In this work his remarkable capacity as an organizer and his intimate knowledge of conditions in New York brought him brilliant commercial success and made him a rich man.

In 1892 came along another Presidential election. Mr. Whitney was himself the preferred candidate of very many influential Democrats, and there is excellent reason to believe that he might easily himself have been the party's candidate for President if he had been willing. But he had enlisted under Mr. Cleveland, and to Mr. Cleveland's fortunes he was devotedly faithful. All his influence and all his skill were employed in securing Mr. Cleveland's nomination and election. These being successfully achieved, he declined to accept any public office, and returned to New York and to the care of his extremely important business interests. These occupied him intensely during Mr. Cleveland's second term of office.

In 1896 he went to the Democratic convention in Chicago as delegate, as he had done for twenty years, and did what could be done to check the free-silver mania and defeat the nomination of Mr. Bryan, but the tide was too strong for him or for any man. Of the ticket that was nominated, he publicly declared, "There are no possible conditions or circumstances that would induce me to vote for it or assist it." He was never afterward conspicuously prominent in political concerns, and a year or two ago he announced that he had retired from politics for all time. As the prospects of a reorganized Democracy grew brighter, he was still talked of as a possible candidate for President, but a year and a half ago he declared very definitely that he would never run.

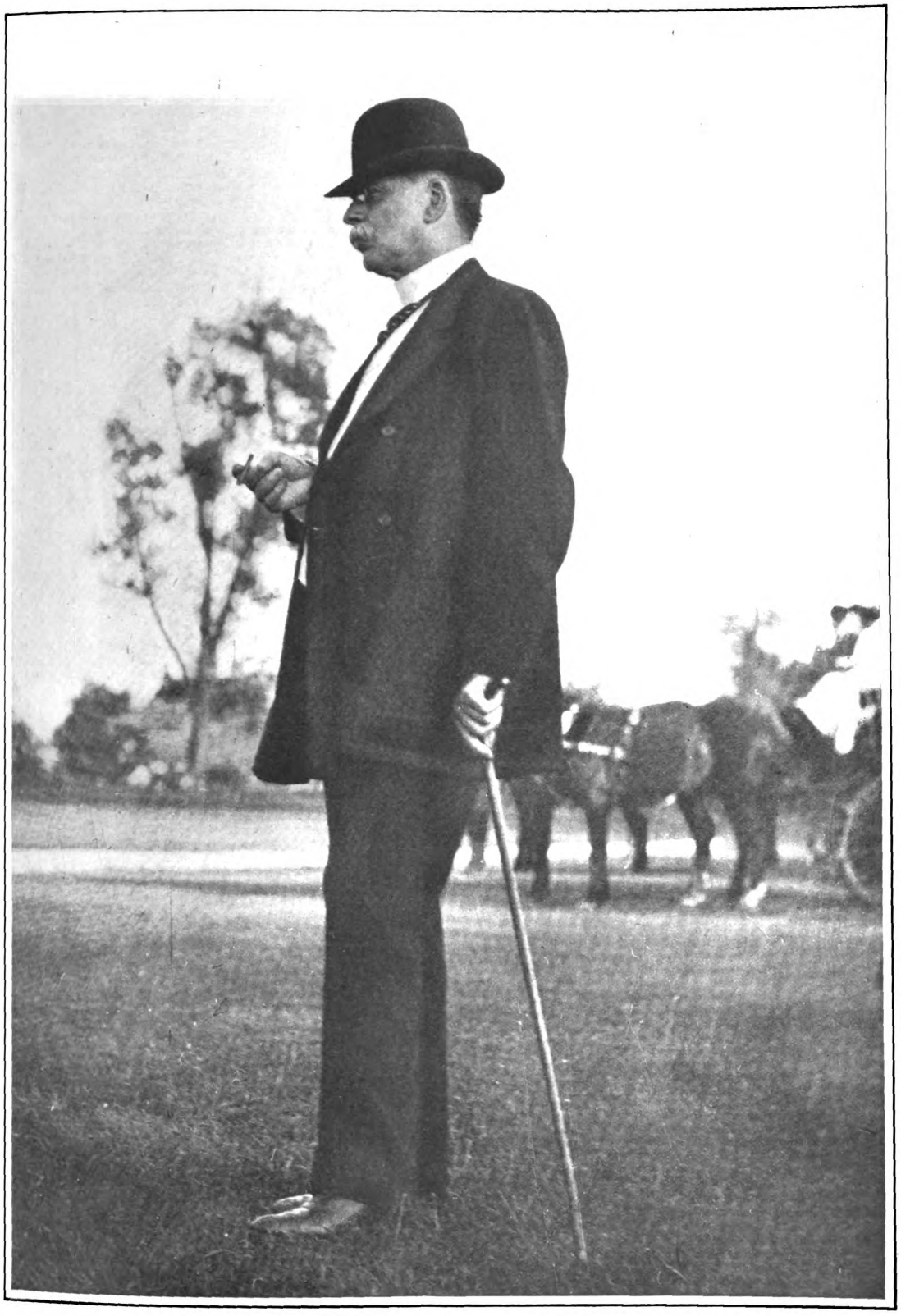
During the past three years Mr. Whitney had detached himself as far as possible not only from active politics, but from active business. He had worked as much as he thought fit, his fortune was ample, and his disposition was to get as much enjoyment out of life as he could. His interests were very varied and extensive. He had a genius for friendship, the kindest of hearts, a cultivated mind, and a long purse. No American ever before got together so great an apparatus for enjoyment as he. Perhaps no American has been equipped with a better capacity for enjoying such pleasures as life offers.

His greater qualities can hardly be better summed up than was done by ex-President Cleveland when he heard the news of his death. "Mr. Whitney," he said, "had more calm, forceful efficiency than any man I ever knew. In work that interested him he actually seemed to court difficulties and to find pleasure and exhilaration in overcoming them. His conquest over the obstacles he encountered in undertaking to build up our navy afforded him greater delight than the contemplation of the great results he achieved in his department of the government. His judgment was quick, clear, and astonishingly accurate, and when it was called into action his mental poise was so complete that neither passion nor irritation could lead it astray.

"While I remember all this with admiration and affection, I recall with more tender sentiment Mr. Whitney's devotion to his friends, his extreme consideration for all with whom he came in contact, his thoughtfulness for the ease and comfort of others, and his ready impulse to help those who needed help. I mourn the death of a friend of whom it can be truthfully said that in his character were combined mental traits of a high order and loving qualities of heart that grappled him to his friends with hooks of steel."

Very few Americans have been by nature so bountifully endowed as he. There have been men who have had great qualities of mind, and men who have had great qualities of heart, but very few in whom both have been joined in such a measure as in William C. Whitney.

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WILLIAM COLLINS WHITNEY

William Collins Whitney, former Secretary of the Navy, died at his home in New York on February 2, after a brief illness. Some of the events in Mr. Whitney's varied and successful career as a lawyer, as a cabinet member during President Cleveland's first administration, and as a financier, are noted in an article on the opposite page, to which the reader is referred

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Spoiling the Rod and Sparing the Child

By W. D. Howells

IT must always be a question whether a man with so many wives as Solomon was the best sort of authority on the right way of bringing up children. In his time race suicide was a thing so little known as not to have been noted by the sociologists, and in their silence we are left to suppose that he had at least as many children as wives. His family was so large, probably, that even as a private father, with no public cares to divide his attention, he could not have given each of his children that study which each of their temperaments demanded. When they offended, he could not pause to inquire just why, but lumped them, one with another, as naughty children, and prescribed the rod as the only means of bringing them to reason. He would have been too busy a man to apply the remedy himself, and it seems doubtful whether he would have required their mothers to do it. Imaginably, the office was delegated to such functionaries as could be detached from their state duties, and who would, too imaginably, look into the affair, if at all, only after the punishment had been inflicted. This is often the way it happens in the small families of modern times where the parents are still influenced in the treatment of their children by the advice of a polygamous Oriental despot. Then, if they are just and truthful fathers and mothers, they must own to themselves and each other that in many cases it was they and not the child that deserved the rod. The rod, of course, is now merely a type; they beat their little one with their hands, or shook it, or more formally spanked it, or boxed its ears; but they did so, not because it deserved just that beating, or shaking, or spanking, or boxing, or because the penalty was anywise relative to the misdemeanor, but because they were angry and wanted to hurt it, or absent-minded and did not know what they were doing, or in a hurry and had to do something quickly. At the moment, possibly, they felt the glow of duty fulfilled, but so far as they were worthy to be parents at all, they afterwards felt the shame and grief which the remembrance of any blow dealt a child must leave in the heart of its father and mother.

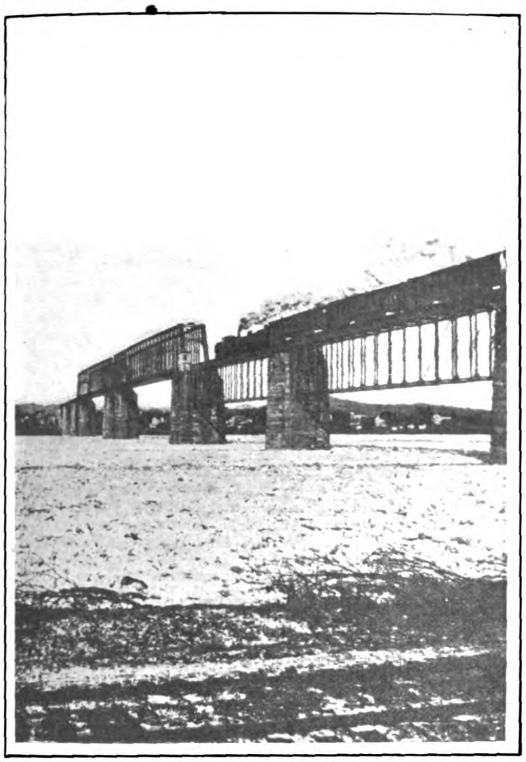
One is disposed to take this extreme ground in view of some remarks made at a meeting of the Society of Medical Jurisprudence, where not so very long ago a member spoke in favor of whipping children, in punishment of criminal acts, as I understand the printed letter of the president of the society deprecating the member's position. The president declares that this position does not represent his own sentiments or those of the society. On the contrary, he at least thinks the use of the rod for the punishment of civic offences would be a backward step in civilization, and he declares that he has so much sympathy with the sufferings of childhood that he "would do everything to brighten the gloom which pervades especially the lives of the children of the poor, and not add to it by again conjuring up the dark and dreadful apparition of the rod." From these humane words one may take courage to express one's belief, if one has it, that the faults of children originate with the parents, immediately or remotely, and that if ultimate justice is to be done, the punishment must fall upon them and not upon the children. Heredity is at present rather out of favor, as a reason for a great many things which it lately accounted for, but I am willing to allow it some weight in the case of the child that misbehaves. I am willing to conjecture that the child had a grandfather, or possibly a grandmother, of a nature so perverse that it can hardly help misbehaving. Then I grant a good deal to environment, which, I believe, still enjoys as much consideration with the wise as ever. I find a great deal in environment, the poverty of the environment or the luxury of the environment, which explains the wickedness of children. The rich mother, if she does her duty to society, must leave her children largely to her servants; the poor mother, if she would keep her house clean and fit, and get three meals a day on the table, and the family wash done every week, must send her brood into the street, when they are not at school; both the rich father and the poor father are too hard at work to look after their off-spring, and when either is out of work, because he does not like it or cannot get it, he is in no condition to determine the reasons of his children's misconduct. It is therefore largely the social environment which is to blame: the average temper of the servant, the average mood of the street-boy; the average tone of civilization does not greatly rise above that of the lowest person in it. But the social environment is very hard to get at, and is a thing that we should not know how to hold responsible, even in an essay on the subject, much less in a court of law. Environment can no more be brought to book than heredity. But it is here that the father and mother may usefully come in, not merely as scapegoats for the sins of environment and heredity, but as strong, if not sure, defences for the erring child against those very real though very abstract enemies. In order to get the best results they must behave themselves as well as they would have their children behave, or this should at least be their ideal. They may not have the time or opportunity for looking into the causes of a child's misdeeds, but they can try to set it an example of better doing, which will have an effect far beyond anything yet imagined of it, the thing itself being so rare as almost not to be imaginable at all. Before punishing the child, shaking, or beating it, they can pause long enough to ask themselves whether the child really meant to do wrong. If it has done wrong from anger or revenge, the parents can profitably search their own hearts to know if they are not more angry and revengeful still in the punishment they inflict.

There is a probability that in certain instances those poor little people, those hapless boys and girls who are somehow, for some inscrutable motive of the Creator given into the charge of the men and women commonly set in authority over them, are oftener well meaning in their ill doing than otherwise. It is a mistake of their imperfect reasoning, an error of their perspective, an ignorance of the relation between cause and effect that is to blame, rather than their wills or passions. The sins of these come much later in life, as every reader who is honest must own, and so do the much darker sins of spiritual arrogance, of hard self-deceit, of the cruel hypocrisy which wreaks the consciousness of its meanness in a severity towards any offender. The parent who rightly conceives his duty to his child, knows that it is bringing him up, quite as often as he it, and that he cannot too much humble himself to learn of it. We need not suppose that it is in any mystical possession of celestial tradition, as Wordsworth supposes, or that it can carry its parent's education beyond a certain point, but when he has reached this point he will at least realize how very little he has to teach it in matters of conduct.

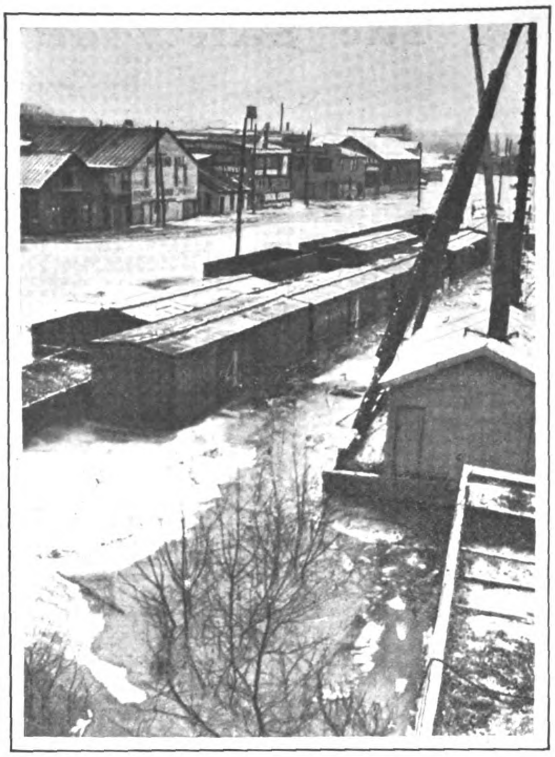
The paradox must not be pushed too far, for that way madness, or, what is worse, nonsense, lies. It can be useful only in helping enforce the wisdom of the words quoted from the president of the Society of Medical Jurisprudence, who touches upon another point of relevance and pertinence in suggesting that the parents and guardians of mischievous children might not be justly held accountable in damages for the harm the children do. The logic of this is that if public whipping were to be introduced for the punishment of the young offenders their parents and guardians might better be whipped in their places, and the finer sense of justice would be better satisfied if the penalty fell upon the rich, who leave their "children to their own devices, or in the hands of indifferent and incompetent menials," rather than on the poor, "who, as a matter of convenience, consign their children to the street," but have at least "the excuse of their pinching poverty and ceaseless toil." The finer sense of justice, to be sure, would be still better satisfied with the supposition than with the realization of such evenhandedness in the law. After two or three whippings, where the reckless rich suffered with the helpless poor, the post would hardly be kept, outside of Delaware, for the public scourging even of bad boys. The suspicion insinuates itself that the member of the Society of Medical Jurisprudence who spoke in its favor might himself be so revolted by the sight of the rod laid on the bare back of a boy or a girl (for justice is blind to sex as well as some other things) as to plead for its removal.

No remedy of this drastic sort is likely to be administered by medical jurisprudence at the actual stage of our social disease; and the question of whipping for wicked children or their wickeder parents and guardians cannot be discussed as an eventuality, much less an actuality. From time to time a cry of savage virtue goes up from the editorial page for the whipping-post in the case of wife-beaters, but hardly for wife-beaters will it be restored to its old place of honor. The reluctance of civilized communities from its use is not because the punishment does not fit the crime, but because the law, which can be so atrociously unjust in many other things, cannot always be just in the form of the offence. The death penalty, dear and sacred as it is to the heart of civilized man, wherever it has not been abolished, refines itself with us to the use of electricity, no matter how its victim did his victim to death, or with what bloody circumstance. Apparently if we could we would put him out of the world without killing him at all, and it is to be noted that neither the judge who dooms the man nor the jury which convicts him is ever present at the mildest possible execution of his sentence. All show of personal agency is eliminated from the supreme fact, which is now made coldly scientific, but with the whipping-post this cannot be done, and it is so far an anachronism. Besides, there is that subtle question of the ultimate responsibility, hinted by the president of the Society of Medical Jurisprudence, which comes in to darken counsel, or at least to give friends of the whipping-post pause. If it is the parent or guardian who is finally to blame for the bad boy's offence, what of the liquor-seller who has nerved the erring arm of the poor wife-beater? Or if the liquor-seller may plead that he is acting under the law, in what shape shall the community suffer for the common sin? In old times pestilences used to be employed for the purpose, but such is now the state of public sanitation that they can no longer be expected to serve, and tempests and earthquakes are equally obsolete. Apparently, in the case of the wife-beater, we still must observe the spirit of Asiatic justice, and punish his family with the offender; we must imprison him at hard labor for so many months, and leave his wife to suffer for want of the earnings which the State takes from them both as part of his penalty. This seems not very reasonable, but we know that the law is the perfection of reason; and rather than set up the whipping-post for the scourging of criminal boys and girls, or their parents and guardians, we shall continue sending them to houses of correction and reformatories of various types, where they will not be beaten unless they are naughty, and then only by a keeper or warder whom they have perplexed in the extreme, and who beats them informally and almost unofficially. At the best the outlook is not very cheerful; no one pretends that it is; but under the present conditions it can be safely claimed that the imprisonment of criminal children is not so depraving to the public as the dramatic spectacle of the whipping-post, through the illustrated reports, would inevitably be.

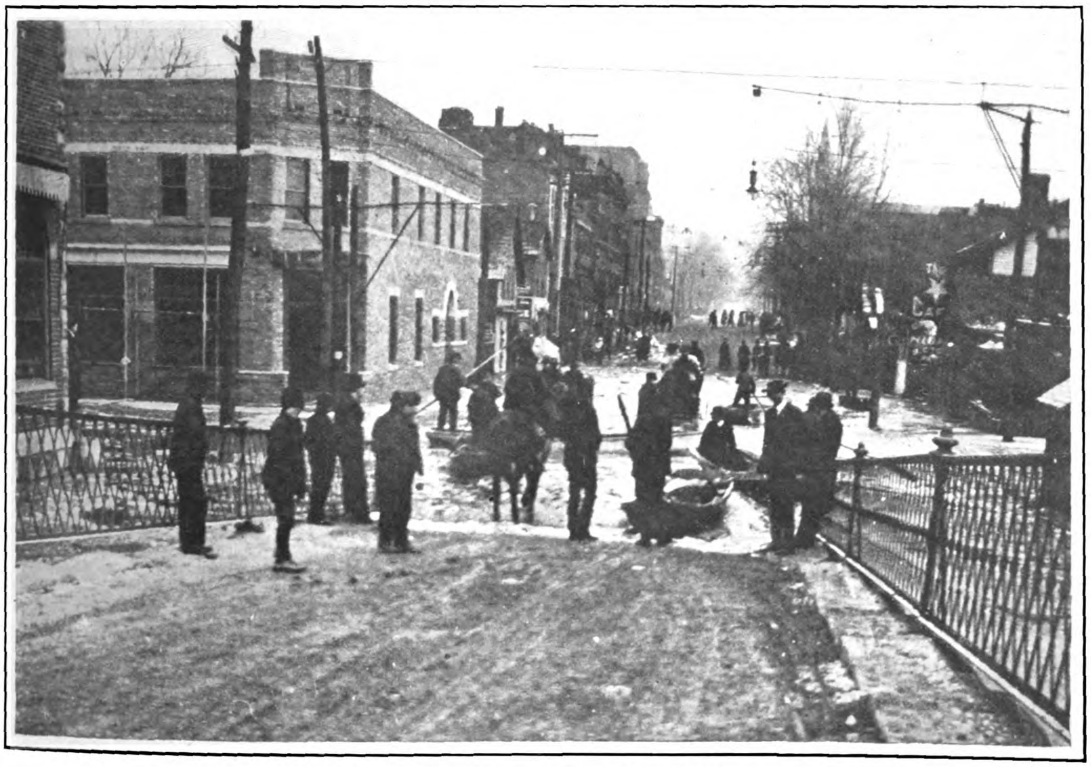
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The Ice-floe in the Ohio River at Parkersburg, West Virginia



The Baltimore and Ohio Freight-yard under Water during the Flood at Parkersburg



A Rowboat Ferry at the Juliana Street Bridge, Parkersburg

THE RECENT FLOODS IN THE OHIO VALLEY

The heavy rainfall of January 20 and 21 caused disastrous freshets and floods in the Middle West. On many of the streams of the Ohio Valley bridges were swept away, towns and villages inundated, and railroads tied up by washouts. Grave danger threatened the city of Pittsburg by the overflow of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, and before the floods subsided damage amounting to more than a million dollars had been done to private and public property. At Parkersburg, West Virginia, the river rose forty-two feet, submerging streets, and flooding dwellings, business houses, and manufactories

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The Safety of London Theatres

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *January 27, 1904.*

SINCE 1858 not a single life has been lost in a London theatre through fire. That statement is not perhaps quite literally correct, because in 1882 a fireman was killed while on duty during a blaze at the Alhambra Music Hall. Otherwise the facts are as I have stated them. It is forty-six years since any member of an audience at a London theatre has met with his death through fire. It is a wonderful, almost an incredible, record, and it appears hardly less miraculous if we push our inquiries back to the beginning of the nineteenth century and survey the last 104 years. In 1807 twenty-three people were killed in the panic that followed a false alarm at the famous Sadlers Wells Theatre; in 1808 a fire broke out during a performance at the Covent Garden Opera-house; the audience escaped, but fifteen or twenty people who tried to enter the building to put out the fire were killed; in 1858 another false alarm, this time at the Cobourg Theatre, led to the deaths of sixteen people. So that since 1800 less than sixty people have perished through fires at London theatres, and for nearly the last fifty years the record, with the exception noted above, is absolutely clean of any sort of fatality.

It is more amazing still when one remembers how many of the London theatres are inherited from the old and unscientific days of playhouse building, how few of them (comparatively) are isolated or provided with more than three entrances, and how greatly the customs of English theatres militate against sound construction. In America the floor of the auditorium at, I think, all theatres is given up to orchestra stalls, with a gangway down the centre and passages, entrances and exits at each side. But in England the floor of the auditorium is divided into two parts. From the orchestra extend a dozen or so rows of orchestra stalls at half a guinea each. Behind them and separated from them by a partition is the pit, admission to which costs only a shilling or so. The pit is the distinctive and most popular feature of English theatres, but its presence obviously complicates the architectural problem. The half-guinea crowd is not going to mix with the shilling crowd; each, of course, must have its separate entrances and exits. The architect accordingly has to design a series of passages for the pit and another for the stalls; so that instead of walking to one's stall down an inclined gangway straight from the lobby, as in America, one has to wind into the bowels of the earth, down steps, and along corridors and passages, emerging eventually at a side door close to the orchestra. There is no central gangway through the orchestra stalls in an English theatre, and only two exits; so that in the event of a fire, or, what is worse, of a panic, the rush to these exits and up the steps in the passages that skirt the back of the pit and lead finally to the central lobby would be terrible. One always feels entombed in the stalls of an English theatre.

However, feelings are one thing, facts another. And there is no getting away from the fact that London theatres are the safest in the world. Year after year over three hundred places of public entertainment are licensed by the London County Council—twenty-three of them being theatres and the rest music-halls, concert-halls, assembly rooms, dancing saloons, and so on—and in not a single one of them has a death been caused by fire for nearly fifty years. Moreover, this result has been accomplished in spite of a conflict of legal authority such as one only finds in England. The London County Council has the initial licensing of London theatres, but supervision of them belongs to the Lord Chamberlain, who is also the final arbiter of the licenses. In practice the Lord Chamberlain grants no licenses that the London County Council disapproves of and lodges protests against. But when it comes to structional alterations and improvements the London County Council can only make "suggestions"; it cannot enforce them; and it has no way of getting them adopted except by refusing to renew the license—a penalty so extreme that I do not believe it has been once resorted to. True that a "suggestion" from the London County Council is not a thing to be treated lightly. Still a good many theatrical managers, especially those who have taken a theatre for only six months or a year, and have not, therefore, to worry about the renewal of their license, do, as a matter of fact, disregard the "suggestions," knowing well that the London County Council has no means of punishing them.

It is impossible even to summarize the regulations adopted by the London County Council for the construction and appointments of a London theatre. They cover every conceivable point. The theatre must front on a thoroughfare not less than forty feet wide; one-half of the total length of its boundaries must also abut on a public way; it may not be built underneath or on the top of any other building; the floors, tiers, and roof of the auditorium and "all parts used by the public" shall be made of fire-resisting materials; no theatre shall have more than three balconies, and the space between them is rigidly prescribed; for each tier holding 500 people there shall be two separate exits, and an additional one for every 250 or part of 250 people; not more than one of the exits from each part of the house may be used as an entrance; every lobby, corridor, or passage must be at least five feet wide between the handrails; cloak-rooms are prohibited in any corridor; the width of the staircases, the material of which they are to be constructed, the height of the steps, and the number of steps to each flight are all strictly determined; "all landings shall be six inches thick"; exit doors must be in two parts and open outwards; no door shall open immediately on a flight of steps; automatic bolts only are allowed; the seating area for each person shall not be less than two feet deep and one foot six inches wide where no backs or arms are provided to the seats, and not less than two feet four inches deep by one foot eight inches wide where they are provided—a space of at least one foot between the front of one seat and the back of the next being in all cases observed; the proscenium wall must be made of brick, be not less than thirteen inches thick, be carried three feet above the roof, and reach below the stage to a solid foundation; a fire-resisting screen, to be used as a drop-curtain, shall cover the proscenium opening, and be provided with water sprinklers; the space above the stage shall be high enough to allow all the scenery, screens, and curtains to be raised above the proscenium in one piece and without rolling; the roof of the stage shall not be fire-resisting or heavily constructed, and a specified portion of it must be made of glass, which will open like a window; dressing-rooms shall be arranged in a separate block of buildings or divided from such premises by party walls; when gas is used for lighting there shall be three separate and distinct services and meters—one for the stage, another for the auditorium, and the third for the staircases, corridors, and exits; "all scenery, woodwork of stage, hangings, curtains, draperies shall be rendered non-inflammable"; and, finally, there are fifty-eight regulations dealing with electric lighting alone.

These ordinances, of which I have reproduced barely a tithe, show the infinite and microscopic care that is taken for the public safety. What do they amount to? They amount, first of all, to this—that every London theatre is built in two parts. The auditorium section is one building and the stage section another. The two are joined by the proscenium wall which stretches below the stage to the foundations and three feet above the roof. The roof of the auditorium section is just like any other roof; the roof of the stage section is hardly a roof at all, but a number of openings covered with thin glass and joined together by light non-resisting material. A fire breaks out on the stage, the scenery is in a blaze. What happens? The flames rush up and break the glass. The cold air from outside immediately pours in, carrying smoke and flame along with it, and seeks an opening in the wall. That opening is the proscenium, and if it is left free and unguarded a tremendous draught swirls from the roof of the stage right through it and into the auditorium. Here it is reinforced by another draught—the draught of hot air arising from the audience up to the roof of the auditorium. The chain is then perfect, and the flames, instead of feeding on the stage section, are driven as by gigantic bellows through the proscenium and into the audience. But if the proscenium opening is, as it were, shuttered down by a fire-resisting curtain, automatically drenched with water, then the course of events is exactly reversed. The flames that the rush of cold air has swept downwards, baffled in their attempt to find an opening, return upon themselves, and begin again to mount upwards. The stage section, with the openings in the roof, is thus converted into an immense flue, up which the flames rage harmlessly. They cannot, at any rate, reach the audience.

The iron-asbestos curtain covering the proscenium is thus the crux of the situation, and the London County Council never did better work than when it insisted on its universal adoption at all theatres and music-halls. And not only its adoption, but its daily use. Before and during every performance at every London theatre the curtain is lowered, and I have known one instance where, the curtain sticking half-way and refusing to budge, the performance was declared off and the money returned. I expect before long to find the canvas act-drop entirely done away with and its place taken by this iron-asbestos curtain, painted and decorated in the usual way, and used regularly after every scene. One more point in this connection, and a most important one. The curtain should be capable of being worked both from the stage and the auditorium. So much stress is rightly laid on this that insurance companies, I believe, refuse to insure London theatres where the curtain cannot be lowered from the auditorium side. It is also worth remarking that the London County Council insists on a sprinkling apparatus, set in motion by the turn of a lever, being disposed so as to play upon the curtain from the top. I was present in a London theatre about a year ago when the lever was pulled by mistake. Instantly the whole of the proscenium opening became a shower-bath. Next to this, and next to the provision that all woodwork, scenery, drapery, and so on, shall be made, so far as is possible, non-inflammable, the London County Council has done admirable service in multiplying the means of exit, and especially in abolishing the "emergency exit." An exit that is only to be used in time of emergency is an exit that never gets used at all. Under the London County Council regulations not only have more exits been provided, but every one of them is thrown open after each performance. There is much that might still be done, and would be done, if the London County Council had the legal power to do it. The overcrowding in the pit and gallery, the blocking up of gangways and passages by seats and chairs, the obstruction caused by allowing people to stand when all the seats are filled, the impunity with which theatrical managers may defy the Council's authority in small and not infrequently in great things—are all blemishes on the present system. But, taking it as a whole, American architects and managers who place the safety of the public among their first considerations would do far better to come to London rather than Paris or Berlin for their models.

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FLITTING FANCIES

Of Aërial Traffic

By Albert Levering

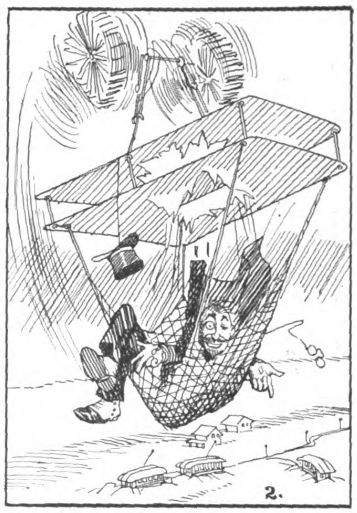


Pegasus. "Aha, trying to soar without me, eh?"
Poet. "X-no, honest; I'm the early bird seeking my breakfast!"



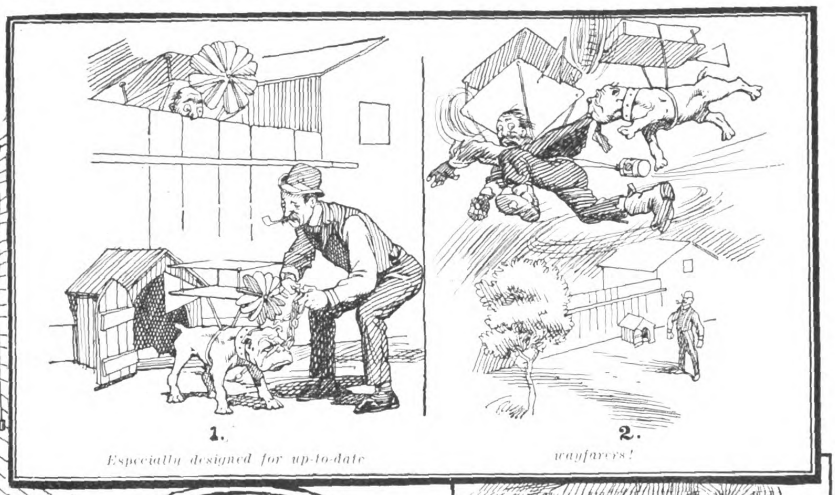
1.

Mr. Newfangel. "The reason why so many people get hurt is that they fail to provide themselves with a—



2.

—safety net!



1.

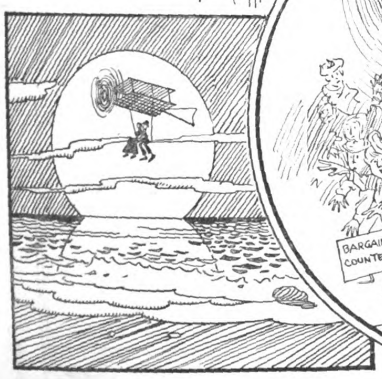
Especially designed for up-to-date

2.

wayfarers!



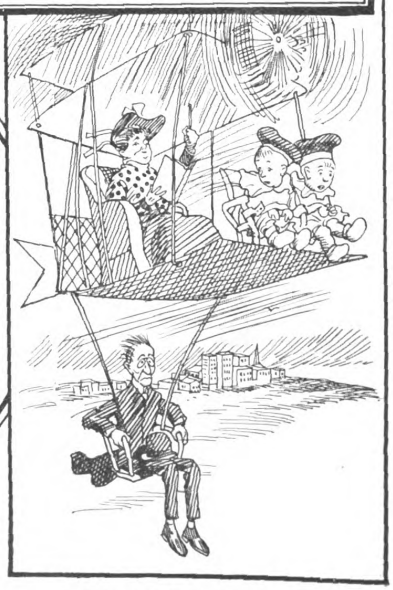
A noiseless early-morning return



They were on their honeymoon.

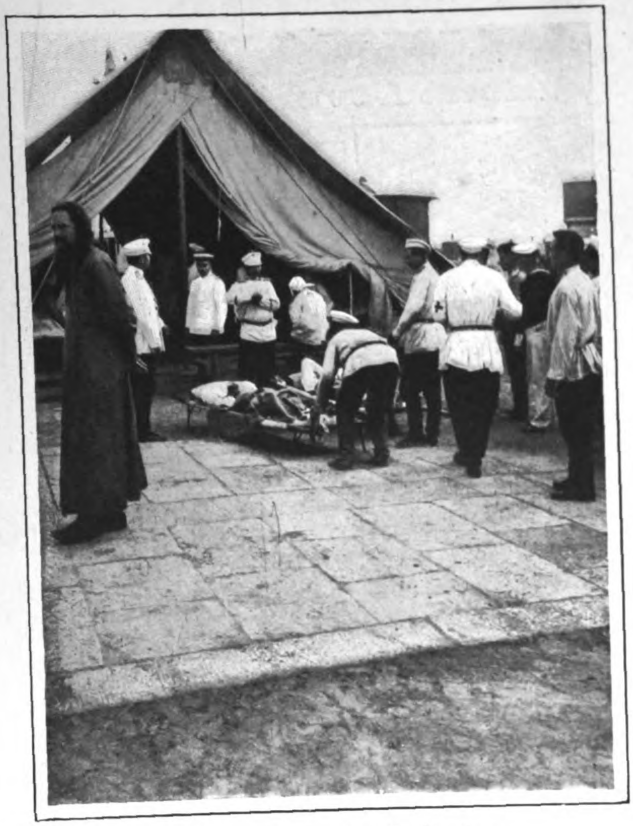


Convenient when asked to do your wife's shopping.



A quiet outing for the children.

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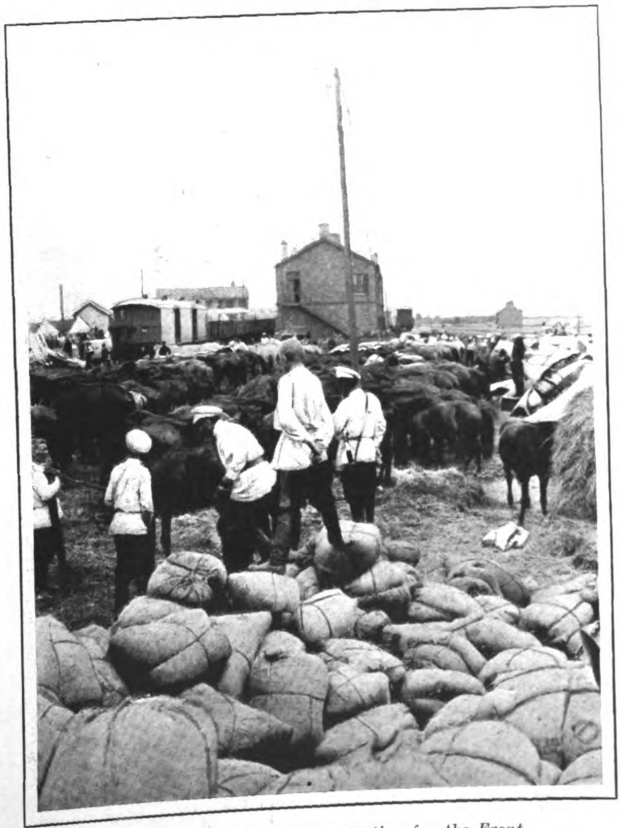
Field-hospital Service in a Russian Camp



A Favorite Pastime of the Sailors on a Japanese Man-of-War



Russian Soldiers waiting t



A Russian Cavalry Troop starting for the Front



A Body of Russian

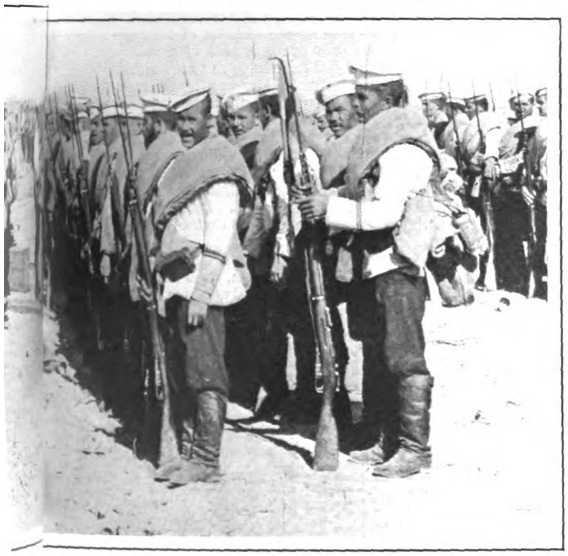
WITH THE TROOPS OF JAPAN

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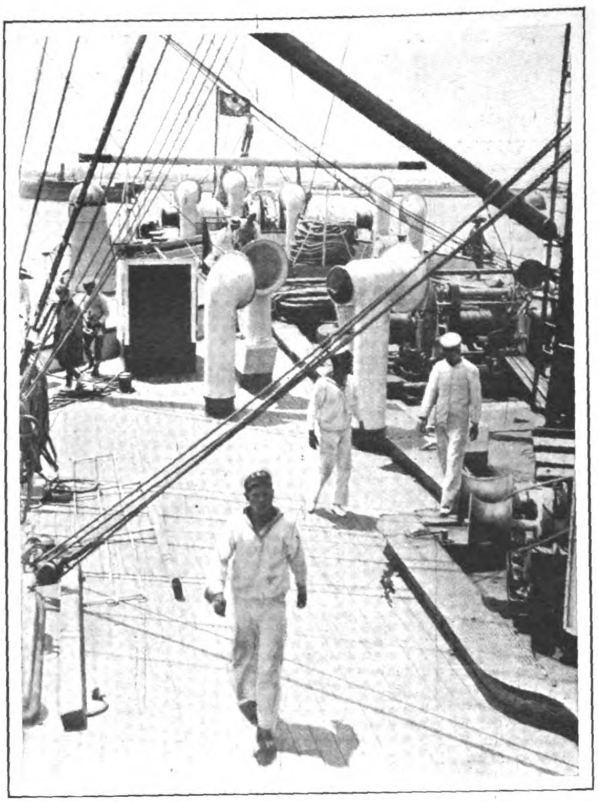
Japanese Troops near the Mud Wall, Tientsin



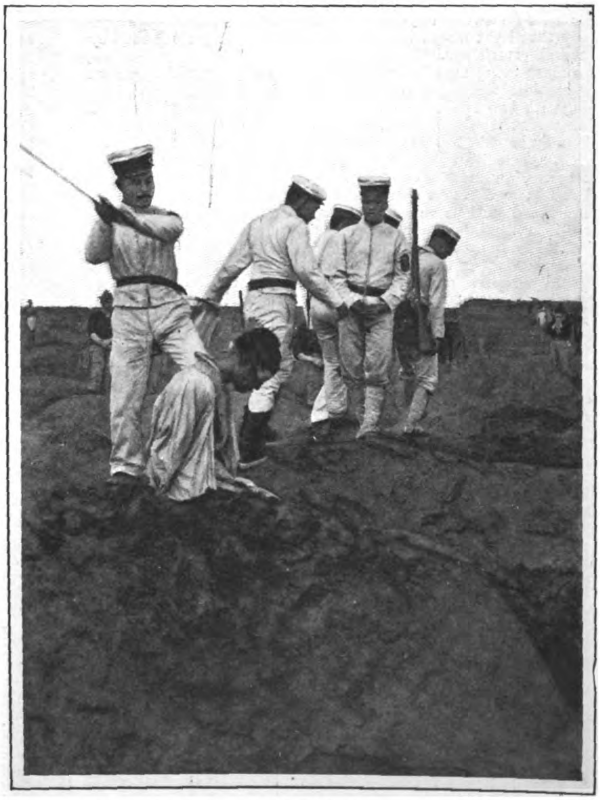
rd a Train at Tientsin



ps on the March



On the Deck of a Japanese Ship



A Japanese Executioner Beheading a Condemned Prisoner

ND RUSSIA ON LAND AND SEA

Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

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A New Instrument for Sounding Space

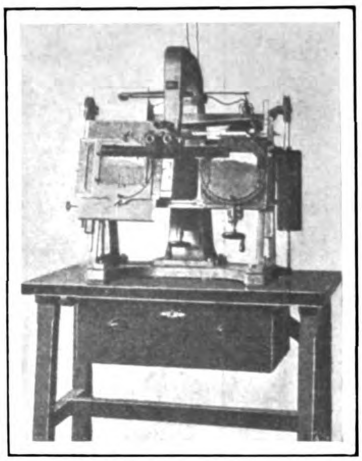
By Harold Jacoby, Ph.D.

Professor of Astronomy at Columbia University

INCREASE of size and power in telescopes, and of minute precision in micrometers and other astronomical measuring machinery, have contributed no small share to the advance of celestial knowledge in the last quarter-century. But, after all, improvements that merely add a further trifle to the minute accuracy already attained, though highly important, are of less general interest than instrumental inventions promising some new kind of knowledge, or some new method of obtaining knowledge. To increase the power of the triple-expansion steam-engine, for instance, so as to drive the largest transatlantic liner a quarter-knot faster than before, would be of far less interest than the practical application of the new form of turbine-engine. For the latter is a new kind of engine, the former but an improvement of the older type.

Yet the turbine steam-engine is not really new—there were applications of the turbine principle, even in antiquity;—it is rather an improved use of the ancient idea. So, too, the stereoscope is not really a new instrument; but its introduction into astronomy during the last few years, in an entirely changed and improved form, has added an effective weapon to the astronomer's armory, one that promises, perhaps, as much as the turbine in marine engineering.

To make plain the principle of all stereoscopic instruments, it is necessary to remind the reader of certain simple phenomena connected with vision in general. According to the accepted undulatory theory, light travels in the form of waves, similar to water-waves; when we say we "see" an object we mean that a light-wave disturbance has been started at that object, and has been propagated through space until the wave-front breaks on our eye like an ocean wave breaking on a sand beach. But these light-waves are extremely small: so minute, in fact, that for practical purposes we may consider light to "travel in a straight line," as the old text-books used to tell us. Ordinarily, in viewing terrestrial objects, it is sufficiently accurate to say that light moves in a straight path directly from the object to the observer's eye.



The Stereo-Comparator, the new Instrument for Sounding Space

So much being premised with regard to ordinary vision, we must now consider for a moment the phenomena of binocular vision, or seeing with two eyes at once. From what has been said above, it is evident that if we look at an object with both eyes, two rays of light may be said to start from the object at the same instant, one travelling directly to the right eye, and the second directly to the left eye. Now since these two rays move straight from a single object to two different eyes, there must be a slight difference between the directions in which they thus move. In other words, there is a small angle between the two rays as they leave the object. If our eyes were quite close together this angle would be very much smaller than it actually is; and even allowing for the normal eye-separation of two and a half inches, the angle is still very minute, except in the case of objects situated within a couple of feet of the observer's nose.

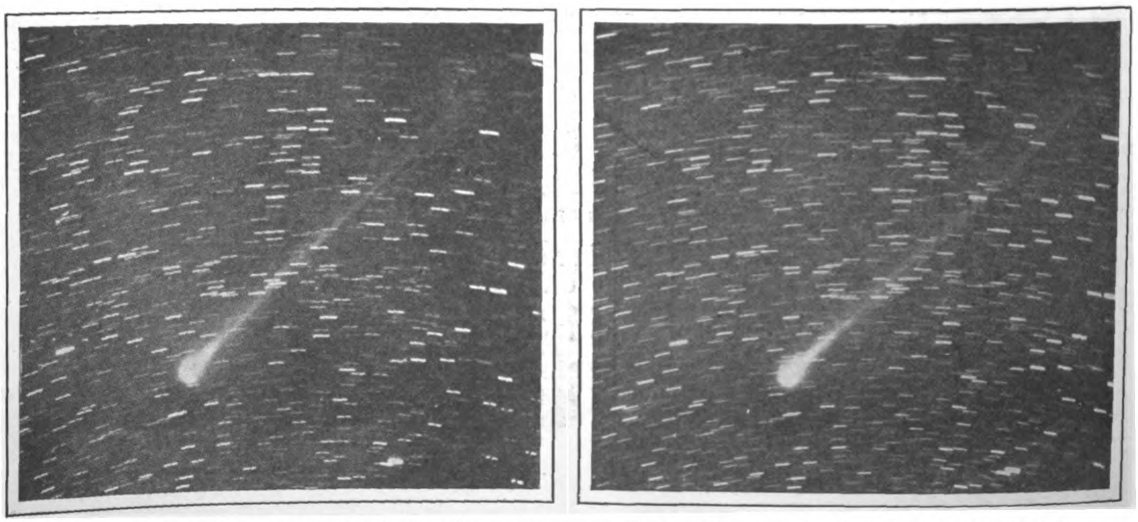
In some way,—either through constant practise, or from some inborn instinctive capacity,—people possess the power of estimating automatically the size of the above-mentioned angle; and the first use to which we put a knowledge of its size is to guess the distance of any object under observation. Evidently, the smaller this angle, the farther the object: so if we can estimate instinctively the size of the angle, we have at once an approximate estimate also as to distance. It must not be supposed, however, that this is the only method we have of guessing at relative distances: if such were the case a one-eyed man would be quite helpless in this matter; yet we know he can do nearly as well as a person with normal vision.

To consider a specific case, for instance, when we look at a man in the distance we can guess how far away he is by considering how big he seems. Experience has taught us the apparent size of an average man, when seen at a distance of one, two, or three hundred yards; so, when we have noted his apparent size, we can guess at his distance. Here the one-eyed man is as well off as his two-eyed brother. Another method of estimating distance automatically depends on the location of the observed object. We guess at the distance of a barrel standing on the opposite side of a street by the aid of our knowledge as to the width of an average street. Here, again, the one-eyed man should do as well as he who has both eyes. So we may conclude that binocular vision aids materially in estimating distance only when the object is near the observer.

But there is another most important use of two-eyed vision, which must now be explained somewhat in detail. It is only by seeing with two eyes at once that we acquire a sense of the *solidity* of objects; that we can decide whether we are looking at a solid body, having length, breadth, and thickness, or a mere flat body, having length and breadth only, like a paper page in a book. A simple experiment will perhaps make this clear.

Lay a pencil on the table, and, closing one eye, look at the end of the pencil with the other, placing the head in such a position that the pencil is seen directly end-on. In other words, so place the eye that the pencil's point will be aimed directly away from you. To the single eye the unsharpened end of the pencil will then appear as a little round disc, and it will not be possible to know anything as to its length. So far as one eye alone can tell, we may be looking at a whole new pencil, or at the end of a stump only an inch long. Now, without moving the head, open the other eye too. At once we obtain a new view from a new view-point. We receive an impression that we are looking upon a solid object, and obtain also a notion as to the pencil's length.

It is this viewing a thing simultaneously from two view-points (the two eyes), or getting two aspects, as it were, at one and the same time, that gives us a realizing sense of solidity. This is called stereoscopic vision. Of course, just as we have already seen that, in estimating distances, binocular vision is aided by experience or knowledge, so also binocular perception of "relief," or



A Comet arranged for Examination in an ordinary Stereoscope. The Comet's motion produces the Stereoscopic effect

Photographs by Barnard and Wallace, Yerkes Observatory

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Space

solidity, is aided greatly by the imagination. A mountain, for instance, looks solid at any distance, because we know mountains are solid. But careful trials, similar to the pencil experiment just described, place the phenomenon of true stereoscopic binocular vision beyond a doubt.

Stereoscopic photographs of ordinary terrestrial objects are made by mounting a pair of exactly similar cameras, fitted with a pair of lenses just alike, in such a way that the centres of these two lenses are separated by a distance equal to the average distance between a man's two eyes. Exposures having been made with both cameras simultaneously, we obtain a pair of photographs reproducing exactly the stereoscopic effects which would occur if an observer were to examine the photographed object directly. We do not see the peculiar stereoscopic effect of solidity, however, if we look at such a pair of photographs with the naked eye. It is necessary for this purpose to mount them in an ordinary stereoscope, a simple instrument that can be had at any optician's. It contains an arrangement of lenses by means of which we can examine the two photographs of the stereoscopic pair simultaneously. It is our inability to look at two things at once with the unaided eyes that prevents our getting this stereoscopic effect by merely looking at a pair of stereoscopic photographs. But when they are mounted in the stereoscope we see both at once, and all objects in the pictures start into relief as if by magic, and give a realistic impression of the solid objects photographed.

Having now explained the principle of the ordinary stereoscope, we come next to its recent remarkable application in astronomy, something rendered possible only in the last few years, since the Jena glass-factory has been able to furnish certain special kinds of optical glass. With the help of this glass, Zeiss of Jena, has constructed the new instrument, with the cooperation of Dr. C. Pulfrich. It has received the name stereo-comparator, and with it any two celestial photographs can be compared in such a way as to bring out any existing stereoscopic effect at a glance.

It has been known for some years that these stereoscopic results can be simulated without a double camera, either by taking two pictures with a single camera moved between the two exposures, or by photographing a moving object twice with a fixed camera. When we take pictures of the sky with an astronomical telescope we have in effect a moving camera, because the telescope, being attached to the earth, is carried along by that planet as it moves in its orbit. Consequently, successive pictures of the same set of stars should give stereoscopic effects, if only we could compare them in a suitable instrument,—and such an instrument we now at last possess. Quite similar results occur if we use two pictures of some moving celestial object, such as a planet or comet: in such a case, the stereoscope makes the object stand out as it really is; suspended in space, as it were, between the observer and the distant starry vault of heaven.

But this ability to show objects in the solar system thus suspended in space between us and the stars, though highly interesting, is really the least important use of the new instrument. Astronomical science can advance ordinarily only by the detection of changes among the celestial bodies. It is here that the stereo-comparator attains its greatest usefulness. Let two photographs, made at different dates, be compared in the new instrument. If there exists anywhere the slightest difference—if any star has appeared or disappeared, or changed its magnitude or place ever so little—it will stand out conspicuously by a sort of simulated or pseudo-stereoscopic effect. Instead of laboriously measuring our photographs with ordinary microscopes and measuring-machines, and then comparing with each other the measures from successive pictures, we need now only compare the pictures themselves in the new instrument, when a mere glance will show which objects, if any, will repay careful measurement with a promise of important discoveries.

It is never desirable to be oversanguine about the possibilities of any new invention, in astronomy or elsewhere. But it is safe to say, at least, that the new instrument will facilitate, in a very high degree, the discovery of celestial changes; that this will tend to elucidate many vexing problems in the astronomy of to-day may certainly be hoped for confidently, if not definitely expected.

Some Impressions of America

By Henry W. Lucy ("Toby, M.P.")

HARDLY were my feet planted on the Cunard wharf at New York than I was greeted by the question, "What do you think of America?" It is a time-honored inquiry, familiar to many Englishmen. Its analogue certainly goes back to the days of Fanny Burney. "Then they asked me how I liked London," Evelina writes, describing an interview with her cousins on her first visit to the metropolis. I do not doubt, if record were attainable, it would be found that it was put by the aborigines to Columbus when he landed on the continent. It was repeated to me frequently during my stay, and on the eve of my departure two important New York journals severally offered me the hospitality of their columns in order to set forth my views. Personally, I am convinced that it does not matter a cent to America what I think of it. But in view of this polite evidence of interest I propose to jot down a few notes for HARPER'S WEEKLY. They will at least have the recommendation of frankness and sincerity, with underlying admiration for the most virile nation in the world.

I happened to reach New York at a critical time in its history. Tammany, trampled in the dust two years earlier, had, like the proverbial worm, turned. It was not dead, or even sleeping. It was, indeed, vigorously kicking. The forces arrayed against each other seemed hopelessly unequal. Respectability, as represented by the pulpit and the press, was up in arms to bind the dragon in heavier chains. So strong was the feeling that a truce was sounded between the two political parties. The Democratic lion lay down with the Republican lamb—or is the proper distribution of the characters the other way about?—and called upon Seth Low to lead them.

Here is an indictment of Tammany thundered from the pulpit of a New York church: "Considered as an institution, Tammany, capitalizing itself by theft, fortifying itself by perjury, wallowing in uncleanness, maintaining a propagandism of lust, growing fat on the debauched innocence of women, is the devil's own, morally fragrant with the mephitic odors of his sulphurous kingdom."

That is pitching it pretty high even from the serene altitude of the pulpit. It was merely the concentration of things said elsewhere. Individuals of prominent position were accused of most of the crimes catalogued in the Decalogue. The stranger reading or listening wondered whether the law of libel were operative in the United States. One public charge I remember, not only because it was made by the Mayor upon his official responsibility, but by reason of the happy retort flashed by one in the crowd. As illustrating the character of the distribution of patronage by Tammany, Mr. Seth Low stated that a man appointed under its authority as inspector of sewers was blind. "Anyhow," said the voice, "he can use his nose." In England had such charges been bandied about there would have followed, as far as individuals were concerned, a series of actions for libel. As far as public corporations were indicted, there would have been demand for instant and searching inquiry. In New York Tammany won the election, triumphing by an overwhelming majority.

One coming fresh on the scene with unbiassed mind discovers in Tammany, its constitution, its fundamental principle ("graft"), and its practices the blot that underlies, weakens, defames the Constitution of the United States. It is the uncompromising adoption of the battle-cry *Væ Victis;* for the victor the spoils. In English public life, on whatever scale of administration, from the House of Commons through county councils, town councils, down to parish vestries, the mere hint that upon a particular election depended personal aggrandizement would suffice not only to ruin the candidate's chances, but would make him ineligible for any position in public life. In the municipal elections of New York, Tammany, nothing if not truthful, unblushingly makes the matter at issue one of money. To win back the good old times of Boss Tweed and Mr. Croker is, for a certain class of citizen, a consummation worth paying for. Tammany's coffers at election time are, accordingly, overflowing. A polluted cave of Adullam, every one that is in distress, every one that is in debt, every one who is discontented, all who object to the inquisitiveness of civic law, flee to Tammany, bringing cash if they have it, proffering personal service if they are penniless. The very police told off to preserve order in the streets during the turmoil of election are directly interested in the issue. When, in 1901, Tammany was dislodged, the first thing the new Commissioner of Police did was to send the wardmen to do patrol duty in precincts remote from those in which they had served under Tammany. If blackmail were attempted it had to be approached under the disadvantage of novel association.

It has come to pass in the limited area of New York, with a constituency whose thick undergrowth is a tangled mass of Germans, Irish, Italians, Finns, Medes, Persians, and exiles from Mesopotamia, able, unscrupulous men like the late Boss Tweed were able unblushingly to display the banner with its alluring device, *væ victis*. But in degree it governs the operation of the election of the highest officer of the State. I am told that in less measure than was formerly the case does a clean sweep of civil servants of all classes follow on a change in the Presidency. But the principle is authorized. It is, with more or less delicacy, put in practice on every change of tenancy at the White House. Human nature must differ in the United States from what prevails in a more effete country, if a man whose wages and position depend upon the personality of the next President votes among contending candidates with exclusive desire to see the best man elected.

One result of the Tammany election last November upon which, as far as I observed, no comment was made, was the slap in the face administered to the potency of the press. With, I believe, two exceptions, neither carrying great weight on moral or intellectual grounds, the whole press of New York—morning, evening, daily, and weekly—was dead against Tammany. Yet Tammany romped in with majority beyond the dreams of the most avaricious alderman. That is a significant thing, going deep to the root of the relations between the New York press and its multitudinous readers. If two and two continue to make four it means that whilst the latter greedily read the news purveyed in their favorite paper, they don't think much of the judicial mind, the untrammelled judgment, the Spartan simplicity of public spirit, that animate and control the editor. He is undeniably "newsy." But daily acquaintance, based on study of his varying remarks printed in large type through the revolving seasons, does not recommend him as a trusted guide on critical public issues. This is re-

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grettable; it is probably unjustifiable. I note it, by the way, as an incident that struck the stranger familiar with the press and its influence in analogous circumstances in another latitude.

Apart from this episode, the newspapers are the most striking embodiment of the buzzing, bubbling life that palpitates in New York and other great cities. An Englishman may have his morning newspaper; an American must. Many New-Yorkers take a course of newspaper throughout the day, beginning with breakfast, and buying the latest edition of the evening paper as they leave the theatre going on to Delmonico's or Sherry's. In the majority of cases no exhaustive call is made upon their capacity for assimilating and digesting meat. An English newspaper, the *Times*, for example, is all sirloin of beef. The typical New York paper is composed of *hors-d'œuvre* and savories, with a cutlet thrown in if there is anything to be said for or against the President on the Panama business or other question of high state policy. There is nothing in common between the press of the two countries, except it be the London *Daily Express*, which successfully tries to make the best of both worlds. The British daily paper, steeped in old traditions, takes itself seriously as a recorder of current events. It reports Parliament at considerable length, supplemented by verbatim record of the platform speeches of eminent statesmen. It devotes, if necessary, a page to law courts, and has foreign telegrams from the ends of the earth.

Some of the New York papers allot so much of their valuable space to Brobdingnagian head-lines that they have little room left for the Lilliput of mere facts. Congress and the Senate, making much talk at Washington, are disposed of on the average of a column. And this does not record the luminous sayings of Parliament men, but is the paraphrase supplied by a staff correspondent. Speeches delivered in the country by peripatetic statesmen are severely treated in brief summary. *Per contra*, if on tour the President kisses a chance baby, or if a Senator of a certain age marries a lady who might be his granddaughter, a column (one-third of the space being head-lines) is vigorously allotted to the subject. By reason of frequent recurrence of late of the marriage of an English peer with the daughter of an American millionaire is beginning to pall on a sensitive public palate. But if the bridegroom be a duke two columns will shoulder into a back page the scanty paragraph about yesterday's debate in Congress. One respect in which American newspapers present an example British contemporaries might well follow is the extreme reticence with which they deal with cases such as come before our divorce court, or in various places crop up in the police courts. They are never exploited, and in such summary report as is given objectionable references are rigorously excluded.

American Sunday papers are unique in the *journalism* of the world. They are marvels of enterprise, organization, and liberality of expenditure. The quantity of matter given away for five cents is equal to many of our six-shilling novels. In point of view of readableness, the New York Sunday paper often exceeds the average novel in interest. Few British twenty-five-cent magazines, prepared for sale with all the leisure of a lunar month, equal it in variety. Nor is this modern growth of journalism confined to the metropolis. I found in all moderate-sized towns through which I travelled Sunday papers based on the model of the New York nineteen-story buildings.

The phenomenon is the more striking to the Britisher, since we have nothing approaching a parallel. Some years ago the New York *Herald*, to whom nothing is sacred, not even the British Sabbath, attempted to introduce a Sunday paper for the benefit of benighted Britishers. Two rival London journals, resolved to have no foreign crowing on their dunghill, followed suit. One, having a non-conformist conscience and the bulk of its circulation among chapel people, shrewdly published its Sunday edition on Saturday at midday. Even that quaint device did not save the situation. After a feeble, fluttering existence, involving the proprietors in heavy loss, the Sunday *Herald*, the Sunday *Telegraph*, and the Sunday *Daily News*, the latter guaranteed to be written and printed on a Saturday, were dropped.

One reason for this state of things is that we have in Great Britain, least of all in London, no means of distributing papers on Sunday. The great monopolist of the railway bookstalls puts up his shutters on a Saturday night, on the Sabbath morning leading his multitudinous staff to the established church. A few tobacconists and small retail news agents open their shops for an hour or so on Sunday mornings for the sale of the old-established two-cent weeklies. But the running newspaper boy, with his shrill "Speshul; All the Winners!" ceases from troubling, and the ordinary newspaper reader is at rest.

Next to the whirl of the newspaper, the rush of street traffic in New York gives pause even to the Londoner long familiar with the crush in Fleet Street and the Strand, the murmur of the midday multitude round the Mansion House, and the recurrent block of illimitable tide of traffic in Piccadilly. Compared with the effort of crossing Sixth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, with an Elevated train going up-town, another dashing down-town, streams of surface-cars passing east and west, residence in Mafeking beleaguered by the Boers was a place of safety. When I was in New York, I was informed that the death-rate in the streets consequent on the traffic movement was three a day. That is an infinitesimal proportion of a population of three millions and a half. Still, one mangled body makes a hole in a humble household.

In respect of street traffic, New York is on the verge of revolution. If calculations at headquarters be verified, before the end of the current year the city and its far-reaching suburbs will be in possession of the finest system of underground railway known to the world. The British Royal Commissioners who visited New York last autumn bent on inquiry into its methods of handling street traffic returned enthusiastic about the designs and equipment of the underground line. It will be an enduring example of the perfection of engineering work America can accomplish when untrammelled by red tape, untainted by official corruption.

Apart from the material advantage of being conveyed swiftly, cheaply, and comfortably from homestead to work and back again, the institution of the underground railway will relieve the population of what President Kruger, in his historic bill of charges for the Jameson raid, called "moral and intellectual damages." Men get used to any condition of life—working in a coal-mine, stoking a steamer in the Red Sea, eating blubber-fat on Greenland's icy mountains, or strolling half-dressed on India's coral strand. Thus hard-working men and women count as naught the "rush-time" of the outward or homeward bound surface-cars, the morning and evening battle by Brooklyn Bridge. But it must tell upon temperaments, however stolid. Taken in conjunction with the incessant roar of the Elevated Railway, the manœuvring necessary safely to cross a road between an up and a down car, is, mentally and physically, a wearing process. I suppose the Elevated railways, being there, will remain. When first the underground lines get into full swing their custom will fall away. But in big towns the population inevitably grows up to whatever traffic accommodation may be established. When the Underground Railway was opened in London it was confidently asserted that the omnibus was doomed. To-day there are ten times more omnibuses in the streets of London than there were before the era of underground railways. With a variation that included the old underground railways the cry was reiterated when the Twopenny Tube was inaugurated. The Twopenny Tube carries its millions. But the two underground railways and the rival omnibus lines have an aggregate of traffic exceeding any earlier record. So it will be in New York. All the same, the opening and full working of the underground lines will be an unspeakable boon, especially grateful in an area within which, including Brooklyn, more passengers are carried in a year than crowd the whole railways of the United States put together.

Crossing from Liverpool to New York in the *Lucania*, a patriotic New-Yorker, sniffing the air as we crossed the banks of Newfoundland, enthusiastically said: "Ah, this reminds me of home. It is like drinking champagne." It was a bleak day, and I thought the champagne was perhaps a little over-iced. But that was a detail. It is only the new-comer or the *citizen* returning after long absence who fully appreciates the exhilarating air of New York. I do not specially mean in the neighborhood of the Bowery, being more familiar with the up-town district. I arrived after a laborious London season and session. It is hard to say which is the more exhausting: the combination makes heavy calls on stamina.

I was in the States on a sort of holiday, and with *design* to keep up the dissimulation went on a week's visit to a charming house in New Jersey. Immediate, irresistible was the influence of the atmosphere and surroundings on the wearied Londoner.

Straightway I got to my desk, accomplishing a morning's literary task with ease and swiftness unknown at Westminster. If I were engaged upon an important literary work, involving close attention and sustained effort, I should emigrate to New York State and find a quiet resting-place in New Jersey or Long Island. Mentioning to an eminent English actor playing at a Broadway Theatre the recreative influence of New York air, he said: "Yes, I feel it too. Only at first—only at first," he repeated, with a far-away look, brushing his forehead with his hand, as if *Hamlet* again saw his mother dallying with the usurping *King*, and wanted to sweep away the vision.

It is probably true that the physical and mental effect of the magical atmosphere that environs New York is, like the influence of the champagne to which it has been likened, evanescent, may even, like an overdose of champagne, ultimately lead to headache and feeling of depression. But there it is, day and night, and to its influence I trace the peculiar characteristics of the New-Yorker—his restlessness, his pushfulness, his inventiveness, and his energy. Presumably he sleeps sometimes. But, like the weasel, it is uncommonly hard to happen upon him in that condition. Seen through his city's pure atmosphere all things loom large. His places of business affront the heavens to the height of twenty stories. If he desires a palace for a homestead he buys a block or so in the most highly rented quarter, pulls down the tenements, and builds his soul a lordly dwelling-house that shall be the envy of his friend and neighbor who last embarked on similar enterprise. If he is in business in a particular line of trade he does not rest till he has linked all competing firms in a gigantic trust. If he is director of a railway he rests nor night nor day till he has "amalgamated." If, incidentally, he turns his attention upon hotel property he creates and magnificently furnishes an edifice capable of homing the population of an average hamlet. Having daily to traverse the length of Manhattan Island on business bent he is not satisfied with the ordinary mode of locomotion along street levels. He flies by the Elevated Railway, races by the surface-cars, and, there being no convenient waters under the earth affording means of locomotion, he is building himself an underground railway.

How is this pace kept up? Is the average life of the New-Yorker as long as that of his brother in London, Dundee, Dunfermline, or other comparatively slow-going place? Envious English sisters, whilst admitting the prettiness and style of the American girl or the young matron, hint that it "does not last." American women, they more than whisper, rapidly fade, becoming old, even haggard, before their time. Women will say anything about each other, more especially when there rolls between them the broad barrier of personal safety represented by the Atlantic. I shrink from recording observation on so delicate a subject. But if American women do not prematurely wear themselves out, their

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preservation of freshness is marvellous testimony to the durability of material. During the London season we have some *grandes dames*, young and—and otherwise, who slave through twenty-four hours with energy and tirelessness that shame the grumbling navvy with his eight hours' day. But, regarded as separate communities, there is nothing in London society equal to the tremendous efforts an American woman with recognized position puts into a day's work. New York society women—like St. Paul, I speak as a fool—are more in evidence than their London sisters, more self-reliant. They are, save in respect of funds, less dependent upon fathers and husbands. They pitch their voices higher in conversation, they—like Mr. Arthur Balfour in connection with another delicate subject I am a child in these matters—they are not so studious in the effort to obtain quiet effect in dress. They are not the rose, but they live near it—as near as possible. They are not men, but that is no reason they should not wear men's hats, high collars, sailor-knotted neckties, horsy breast-pins, gay waistcoats, and coats cut away so as not to obscure well-rounded hips.

It was written by one of old-time, Good Americans when they die go to Paris. To-day, more especially during the Horse-Show week, fair American women will die if they don't go to the Waldorf Hotel. Living, as I chanced to do through the festive week, in that vast hostelry is wholesome discipline for mere man. What with bazars in the morning, long lunches in a land where it seems always afternoon, five-o'clock tea, dinner, the Horse Show, back to supper, and all the time the endless stream of elaborately apparelled women in morning or evening dress flooding the promenades, men, swept away to the smoke-room, the billiard-room, or draughty corners of the corridors, begin to understand their true position.

Man wants but little here below. There are epochs in the rush of the New York season when he is to be congratulated upon the habits acquired by constitutional asceticism.

Saratoga as a Winter Resort

By Annie Nathan Meyer

THE word Saratoga summons up to most a picture of wide, heavily shaded avenues; of vast hotel piazzas studded with idle groups watching the throng that endlessly passes; of low, easy-running carriages driven up and down or resting at the curb, ready at a signal to start off on one of the innumerable picturesque drives; of beautiful women in fascinating, airy costumes strolling under filmy parasols before the alluring shops; of gay crowds gathered at the springs sipping the delicious magical waters which a grateful hemisphere owes, among other things, to the great sachem of the Mohawks.

To-day a very different picture greets him who arrives at Saratoga. First to impress him will be the snow, endless snow, sparkling and virginal white, not the poor slate-gray stuff under which guise it masquerades in town, and over its scintillating surface merrily skim sleighs of every description, more sleighs in an hour than the average New-Yorker has seen in a life-time. The whole world—business and pleasure—is on runners—fire department and laundry, milady and the milkman. And how enviable is the condition of that same milkman as, handling the reins from within his enclosed and windowed room on runners, heated by an oil-stove, with perfect sang-froid he braves the iciest blasts!

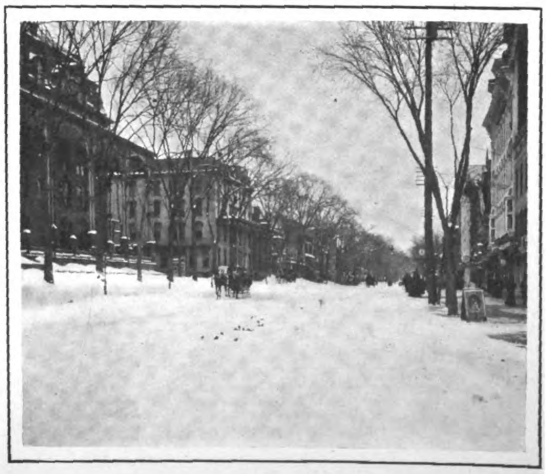
It is unnecessary at this late date to describe the peculiar charm of Saratoga in summer; it has been done many times, notwithstanding the fact that it is a charm elusive, baffling, impossible to catch fully on the end of a pen. This charm, this exhilaration, this sparkle and glow—what is it? Perhaps some of the virtues of the bubbling waters have passed into the atmosphere, but, whatever it is, it is felt even in winter. Even in winter? More than ever in winter I am tempted to say. Moreover, it is a charm so obviously, purely its own, not borrowed or imported from elsewhere by the railroads. Four months of snow-covered landscape, the mercury doing its best to shrink modestly from sight,—to many the word charm will be sadly misplaced! But one does not suffer from the cold at Saratoga; in its dry air one can as comfortably bear its low temperatures, as in summer one bears the high temperatures, surprised at the actual readings of the thermometer. Ten below zero has in the still, dry cold less terror for the pedestrian than fifteen above zero in the damp cutting winds of New York. The Saratoga winter is practically windless, it is a decorous cold, it wooes softly, almost tenderly,—all sense of struggle, of fight, is absent. One walks erect, one's skirts hang as they should, one's hat remains staidly in place, one need not bend double to resist the onslaught of fierce gales. People who have lived in many corners of the globe tell me that they know of no place that possesses the peculiarly exhilarating, healthful quality of the Saratoga winter; and from even a short experience of my own I am quite ready to believe it. How much more sensible were the New York doctors to send their neurasthenic patients to this bracing air, instead of to the enervating (and often dangerously contrasting) heat of the South! With the thermometer ranging from six below to six above zero, well bundled up, and away from the false standards of winter fashions, one finds not the slightest discomfort in passing as much as five hours of the day out of doors. For those that want to commune with nature there are great pine woods, mysterious, dark, their solemn gloom contrasting vividly with their dazzling white carpet; there are endless drives and walks where one is not likely to be disturbed by the chance passer-by. On the other hand, for those that like gayety and stir, there are many fine avenues alive with brilliantly beplumed sleighs, spirited horses, and beautiful women with the becoming bloom of health on their hooded cheeks; drives ending with a cup of tea at one of the cosy inns at the lake, and, on the way, yielding wonderful vistas of distant peaks.

At Saratoga Lake all kinds of winter sports are indulged in, while at the smaller lake—Lake Lonely—are the headquarters of the just rejuvenated Winter Club—a fascinating scene of skating, tobogganing, skeeing, curling, snow-shoeing, and feasting. This delightful country club, with a membership swelled from the ranks of the neighboring Trojans and Albanians, bids fair to be one of the most attractive centres of the kind in the country.

What Saratoga needs to-day is, not the million-dollar sanitarium of which one hears rumors, but a fine, up-to-date hotel, open winter and summer. It would be certain to be popular in winter, for those who are already devotees of winter sports will prefer to patronize a resort so easy of access, and without the isolation of the far mountain settlements, while those who for the first time taste the honest, wholesome, timely joys of winter, will quickly give up the notion that they must fly to a warmer climate. But—a *sine qua non*—the new hotel must not be built in the old Saratoga, the Saratoga of city streets and make-believe parks, but in the new Saratoga, which has been quietly building itself up on the hill. Here is the ideal spot, alike for winter or summer; here, if I mistake not, will grow up some day a new Saratoga, with, among other things, a really adequate, scientific control of its marvellous springs, and with physicians of world-wide fame, instead of chance piazza acquaintances, to prescribe them.



A Toboggan Slide at Lake Lonely, Saratoga



A View of Broadway, Saratoga, in Winter

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"The Secret of Polichinelle"

Pierre Wolff's comedy of family life, "The Secret of Polichinelle," was produced by William H. Thompson and his company on January 19 at the Madison Square Theatre. "The Secret of Polichinelle" is a proverbial phrase for the kind of secret which has become common property. The action of the piece begins at the home of an elderly couple, who, in planning their son's future, reach the conclusion that he should be married. They select a wife for him, but when they inform him of their choice they learn that he is married and is the father of a boy. The old couple denounce their son, and decline to forgive him for his indiscretion; but in the next act the grandfather pays a secret visit to the young wife and the boy. The grandmother does not know of this visit, and, longing to see her grandchild, she, too, calls at the home of the young couple. The grandfather is there when she arrives, and, still unwilling to admit that he has swallowed his pride, hides in an adjoining room. At the end they confess their weakness, and accept the situation



"Sweet Kitty Bellairs"

Mr. Belasco's new play, founded on "The Bath Comedy" of Agnes and Egerton Castle, is playing at the Belasco Theatre, with Miss Henrietta Crosman in the chief part. "Kitty," a popular young widow, has advised "Lady Standish," whose husband neglects her, to revive his interest by flirting with another man. The young wife involves herself in an affair with "Lord Verney," with whom, as it turns out, "Kitty" is in love. A duel between "Lord Verney" and the husband being imminent, "Kitty" and "Lady Standish" go to "Lord Verney's" room late at night to induce him to avoid the meeting. The two women are found in the officer's quarters by some of his drunken comrades, among them "Lady Standish's" husband. "Kitty," by a ruse, succeeds in getting "Lady Standish" out of the room unobserved, and bears the brunt of the scandal alone. "Lord Verney," to save the situation, represents "Kitty" as his affianced wife. This leads to further complications, which, at the end of the play, are finally straightened out

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MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "COUSIN KATE"

Miss Barrymore is appearing in the Eastern cities in Hubert Henry Davies's comedy of English life, "Cousin Kate." The heroine is a young novelist, disillusioned by unfortunate experiences in love. She meets an artist, and they fall in love with each other. The artist, however, has engaged himself to a commonplace young cousin of "Kate's," and "Kate," finding out the truth, pretends that she has merely been flirting; but at the end, the cousin decides that she really loves a certain curate, and "Kate" and the artist are free to marry. Mr. Davies's earlier play, "Cynthia," was produced in New York last spring

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Correspondence

MORE ABOUT THE NEGRO PROBLEM

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, *January 17, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I spent my first twenty-six years in five Southern States, and have now lived North nearly half as long. I am convinced from personal observation that, considering all the pluses and all the minuses, there is no nearer approach to true democracy between the races in the North than there is in the South. I am also convinced that where there is actual contact the mass of white people, North and South, are becoming steadily less democratic toward negroes, and that this feeling is intensified rather than diminished by culture on the part of the negro.

Mr. Lincoln contributed not a little to his fame by saying that the Union could not endure half free and half slave. At the beginning all the States had slavery. The importation of slaves was prohibited thirty years after. Half a century later, the time of the Lincoln-Douglas debate, more than half the States were free States.

Cotton is a profitable crop at eight cents a pound. In the *Review of Reviews* for September, Mr. Edmonds says: "In the early part of the nineteenth century cotton sold as high as forty-four cents a pound, and from that gradually declined under a rapid increase in production, but until 1839 it had never gone below thirteen cents a pound as the average price in New York for a full year."

The large profits in cotton-raising caused rapid concentration on the cotton lands of the slaves throughout the country. State by State the Northern States abolished slavery peacefully and without hardship to anybody. Not only was slavery abolished, the negro problem in the North was solved by sending the negroes South. The time had *come* when it was clear that slavery was not profitable, or that it was more profitable to sell the slaves and employ free white labor. This economic movement had run its course in the North and was making rapid progress in the South. The slaves in the border States were being sent to the better cotton lands farther south.

My grandfather settled with his family and his slaves near the junction of Georgia, Florida, and Alabama. Most of the slave-owners among his neighbors came with their slaves from other States, chiefly Virginia and North Carolina, when they were young men. The time came when good cotton land was no longer to be had cheap near his home, and he bought a large acreage of wild land in Louisiana. He had fourteen children. As soon as the oldest son grew up, he went to Louisiana with the slaves that could be spared, and became the founder and governor of a small colony called a plantation. As other children grew up and there were more slaves, from increase or from the home lands becoming less productive for cotton, or from free white labor becoming less available for the home lands, there would have been more colonies in Louisiana. But the slaves were—turned loose; of my grandfather's sixteen grandsons now living, only one is a planter; about one-seventh of the area of Louisiana is in cultivation.

Recently I visited one of Mr. Lincoln's contemporaries who owns and lives on a magnificent farm in central Illinois. He told me that part of his land originally cost him less than fifty cents an acre. He bought land-warrants from Mexican war veterans, and with those warrants, or at the government price, $1.25 an acre, he could pick and choose from thousands of acres thereabout. Farther west millions of acres not only were not salable, but settlers were not available for free lands. He recently refused an offer of $125 an acre for his entire farm, because he did not know of any other investment for the money that would yield as good returns. He is an up-to-date farmer, uses the best machinery, and the labor is furnished by skilled white farmers, including his sons.

If Mr. Lincoln and the rest of the honest men of his time had known that many of them would live to see the lands of the West command present prices, it is probable that the negro question would have promptly ceased to be a national question.

There would have been no fear of the extension of slavery, for it was known that slavery was more profitable in the South than anywhere else, and it *would* have been evident that before there could be a supply of slaves for all the cheap lands of the South the lands of the West would have become too valuable for slave labor.

It is probable that the time would have come when all the slaves in the United States would have been raising cotton, cane, and rice on the alluvial lands of Arkansas, Louisiana, and Mississippi, for the simple reason that such labor would have become more profitable there than anywhere else. The slave pioneers would have cleared, drained, and cultivated the alluvial lands, putting them into condition to be used to advantage by free white labor. When the rest of the country had become sufficiently populous to spare a supply of free white labor for the improved alluvial lands, those lands would have become too valuable for slave labor. That is, when the lands became salable at high prices, the slaves would have been transferred to cheaper lands as a plain business proposition.

Gradually, the sons of slave-owners, as they grew up and were ready to branch out for themselves, each with his little band of colonists skilled in the art of converting the wilderness into fields of cotton, cane, and rice, would have sought cheap lands beyond the seas.

A solution of the negro problem has already been successfully demonstrated in the North. State by State the Northern States sent the negroes away. It was Federal action that gave a negro problem to the North again. Figuratively, after having been intelligently concentrated in the South, the color has been allowed to slop over upon the North. For a given quantity of color, small blots afford in the aggregate the longest and most frictional line of contact.

It seems to me that if each State were permitted to follow the example once set by the several Northern States, either at large or by counties, no further Federal legislation would be necessary. The negroes would probably concentrate on the alluvial lands of three Southern States, where they would be welcome, because their services are needed. The time would come when they would again seek cheap lands in a warm climate, something that could then no longer be had in any State in the Union. They would probably go to the Philippines or elsewhere of their own accord. The white people North and South would quit quarrelling with and over the negro. I am, sir, JOHN M. F. ERWIN.

[No doubt it is true that the Southern negroes *now* tend to migrate to the Gulf States, where they are most needed. So far we follow Mr. Erwin. But there never were very many negro slaves in any Northern State, and the disposition of such as there were, whether they went South or not, does not seem a precedent of any present value to any Southern State.—EDITOR.]

AS TO MITCHELL COUNTY, N. C.

GRANT, INDIANA CO., PA., *January 22, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—In your issue of January 16 you quote a letter of A. B. Hart, in which he states that there are areas in which negroes are not allowed to enter, and names Mitchell County, North Carolina, as one such place. The writer is a native of Pennsylvania, but has lived in West Virginia, near the line of Virginia, and in North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky since 1881; lived in Mitchell County, North Carolina, from January, 1897, until October, 1901. During his residence in Mitchell County he became well acquainted with the whole county, and knows that Professor Hart is mistaken. The negroes, even during that time, living in all parts of the county except in one small territory known as Rock Creek. The men of that section had made a rule to allow no negro to travel through their territory, and in former years they always turned them back. At the time the writer was there the travelling men were going through that district with their negro drivers unmolested. Mitchell County was not a slave-holding county. The negro population of that county is small, and is scattered all over it, with exception of the Rock Creek territory. There are a good many people in Mitchell County—almost entirely of the laboring class—who dislike the negro, and would prefer that he was out of the way; they dislike to compete with him as a laborer. The whites are proud and independent; good workers, but not steady. During my stay there I knew of no instance of abuse of negroes.

My observation leads me to believe that great harm has been done the negro and the South by independent efforts of the North to help him. I do not question the intent of the promoters, only their wisdom. No education or help to the negro can do him any good when that help sets him against his white neighbors and employers. The North should help Southern people to educate, and should get the cooperation of the good people of the South. The active management of all such work should be in the hands of Southerners, who know the negro. It is a mistake to think the South objects to improving the negro; they believe in efforts along the line of Booker Washington's plan. I am, sir,

E. H. CAMP.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S POPULARITY

SAN FRANCISCO, *January 17, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—C. G. Hampton, in his letter published in HARPER'S of the 16th inst, declared, with oracular emphasis, "President Roosevelt *is* popular with all classes, except Wall Street and some Democrats."

This, Mr. Hampton avers as his opinion formed as a result of 15,000 miles travel in the United States. He did not particularize as to what section of the country he had peregrinated through in compassing this 15,000 miles. This is unfortunate, as it gives us no satisfactory criterion as to how widely extensive is this avowed popularity of the President as an aspirant to succeed himself.

One fact can be asserted, and that is, Mr. Hampton did not, in his 15,000 miles, "take in" the Pacific coast States. Had he done so, and had interested himself to ascertain the sentiment of the masses in this section as to Mr. Roosevelt and his aspiration, he would have learned that there is far from universality of sentiment favorable to the President, even among Republicans.

In this city and State there is no concealment of desire among the politicians, and many who are not politicians, that something may transpire to assure Mr. Roosevelt's defeat for the nomination. This is not ascribable so much to any dislike entertained for the President, as it is to apprehension that he is not the candidate who could with certainty win.

Mr. Hampton to the contrary notwithstanding, there is abundant evidence to show that this feeling is by no means limited to this section; and the action of many State's conventions this year may be looked to to attest this fact.

"A man who can win!" This will be the convention slogan of both parties this year, and every other consideration will be subordinated. I am, sir,

JNO. AUBREY JONES.

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A Discovery of America

ONE of the recent "Parsifal" performances at the Metropolitan Opera House was attended by a large delegation of music-lovers from Philadelphia, who had bought up most of the first-floor seats for the occasion. A certain well-known operagoer met a journalistic friend while promenading in the lobby after the first act, and they stopped to discuss the merits of the performance.

"Did you know," said the friend, "that there's a party of 400 Philadelphians in the house to-night?"

"Indeed?" replied the first-nighter. "Why don't you interview them, and get their impressions of America?"

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

DOCTOR EXPLAINS

His Article in the Medical Magazine About Coffee.

One of the most famous medical publications in the United States is the "Alkaloidal Clinic," in a recent number of which an entertaining article on coffee, by a progressive physician and surgeon, is published. In explaining his position in the matter, this physician recently said:

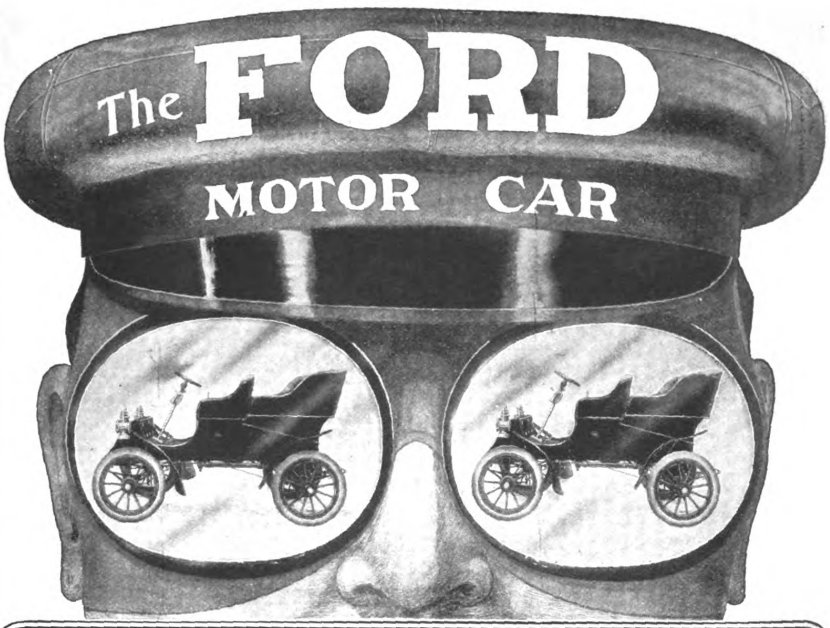
"In the article in question I really touched but lightly upon the merits of Postum Food Coffee. I have had several cases of heart trouble, indigestion and nervousness where a permanent cure was effected by merely using Postum in place of coffee without any other treatment.

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Mr PENNYCOOK'S BOY

BY J·J·BELL

AUTHOR OF "WEE MACGREEGOR"





SMILING genially, Mrs. M'Lardy, Mr. Pennycook's best and stoutest customer, departed from his grocery establishment with nearly three shillings' worth of goods in her hands and with the end of a new ball of twine pinned to the tail of her mantle.

Mr. Pennycook, adjusting his spectacles, saw the twine flowing from the round tin box in which he had placed it less than an hour ago; but for nearly a minute he merely gaped at the mysterious occurrence, while his message-boy, doubled up behind a pile of "dummy" tea-chests, stuffed more and more of his dirty handkerchief into his humorous mouth and quaked with unholy delight.

For a moment the flow of twine stopped. (Mrs. M'Lardy was thinking to cross the street.) Then the flow recommenced. (Mrs. M'Lardy had made up her mind to cross the street.) The flow quickened and suddenly became a rush. (Mrs. M'Lardy had dodged a vehicle which had caught and run away with the twine.)

The twine fairly whirled out, and, coming to a knot, jerked the box off the counter, along the floor, and into the street with a clank and a clatter which roused the grocer from his stupor and caused the half-suffocated boy to remove his cotton gag and indulge in a wild gasping guffaw.

"Ye wee rascal!" cried Mr. Pennycook, toddling round the pile of tea-chests, "is this anither o' yer unseemly—I micht say deevilish—pranks? Ye wis purtendin' ye wis soopin' the flure, an' a' the time ye wis preenin' the string to the leddy! But I've got ye this time! I've catched ye rid-heidit—I mean rid-handit—i' the vera act! Whit ha've ye got to say fur yersel'? Eh?"

"I—I jist dune it fur a bawr," said the boy, trembling under his master's grip.

"A bawr? A bonny kin' o' bawr! Apairt frae losin' me ma best customer, d'ye think that string an' the string-boax furbye, costs naethin'? 'Deed, I've a guid mind to get the polis to ye—ye—ye wee— Na! I'm no' goin' to swear, though Guid kens I've an excuse fur bad—ay, exceedin' bad language! Whit ha'e ye got to say fur yersel', ye wee—I mean, John Robison? Eh?"

John Robertson struggled, but said nothing.

"If it wis the first time," continued Mr. Pennycook, mastering his temper, "I micht gi'e ye chance. But it's aboot the dizzenth—"

"It's no' the dizzenth," cried the boy. "An'—an' I didna mean to dae 't. But—but she wis that fat!"

"That's nae excuse! It's no' her fau't if she's fat. When ye pit hauf a pun o' pease-meal in Mistress Cameron's emburella, ye said ye done it because she wis thin, an'—"

"Naw. It wis because she wis aye sayin' she wis aye lukin' upwards fur a shoor o' blessin's, an'—"

"Dinna be unreverent, ye wee—I mean, John Robison! I can thole stupeedity, but loose conversation I canna permit. Ye'll gang on Thursday nicht—that's the last day of the year, an' I'll pay ye up 'til the—"

"On Hogmanay?"

"Ay, on Hogmanay! Jist that! This is Tuesday, an' I'll no' ha'e ye in the shope a meenit efter Thursday nicht. D'ye hear?"

"Ay, I hear." And John Robertson groaned. "Whit 'll ma auntie say?"

"I'm no' heedin' whit yer auntie says; but if she gi'es ye a guid leatherin' I'll ha'e no objections. I cud never lift my haun to a young yin, but if yer auntie can dae 't, I'll ask a blessin' on her—her operations. 'Deed, ay! An' if ye stairt the New-year in pain, ye'll maybe feenish it in—in pleesure. I sincerely trust an' hope ye will, fur I've nae ill feelin's towards even the warst o' ma fella bein's. But ye've got the kick frae me onyway; an' it serves ye richt, ye wee—I mean, John Robison."

"Can I no' get stoppin' till efter Ne'er-day?" the boy pleaded.

"Na!"

"Aw, Maister Pennycook!"

"Na, na! Ye'll gang on Thursday nicht fur certain."

"But I'll nae dae 't again."

"Dae whit?"

"Ony o' ma—ma tricks."

"Ye'll no' get the chance! An' if ye try ony o' them afore Thursday I'll get the polis to ye! I've had ower lang patience wi' ye! I've peyed ye a guid wage, an', like the serpent in the parable, ye've bit the haun that—"

"I never bit yer haun."

"I wis speakin' feeguratively."

"Whit?"

"I—I wis speakin' in a parable, as it were." He abruptly loosened his grip on the boy's arm, saying: "Noo awa' wi' ye, an' feenish yer soopin', fur I'm gaun to shut the shope. Haste ye."

John drew his sleeve across his eyes. "Will I no' gang oot an' luk fur the string-boax?" he asked, dolefully.

"Tits! I furgot aboot that. Ay; ye can luk fur it, but I doot ye'll no' get it. It 'll be at the ither end of the toon by noo. If ye dinna see it near by, jist come back. Dinna stairt caperin' aboot the street."

"I—I wisna gaun to caper," mumbled John, in aggrieved tones.

"Aweel, it's no' ma fau't if I canna trust ye," returned the grocer, more regretfully than cruelly. "Haste ye, noo, an' try to learn no' to speak back to yer elders."

When the unruly but soft-hearted youngster had gone out into the night, Mr. Pennycook resumed his place behind his counter and opened his ledger. He dipped his pen, but allowed the ink to dry thereon.

"Na, na," he said to himself and sighed; "he's ower muckle fur me. He maun gang this time. I've been saft lang enough, an' he jist thinks he can dae onythin' he likes wi' me. But I'm gettin' fly fur him, an' he'll no cajole me anither time. Guid kens whit garr'd me tak' sic a fancy to the laddie at the beginnin', fur o' al' the impiddent rascals I ever cam' across he's the warst. An' I've pit up wi' his pranks fur near sax month, an' gied him mair chances nor I cud coont. But he's had his last. Ay, he has that!" Mr. Pennycook dipped his pen once more and endeavored to concentrate his mind on his ledger. At the end of ten minutes, however, he became anxious and went round to the door. "I hope he hasna got rin ower," he thought, as he looked up and down the street. "I sudna ha'e let him gang efter the boax. An' he'll be disappintit onywey, fur I doot it's disappeart furever. Aw, is that you, John?"

"Ay," replied the boy, dejectedly. "I didna get it."

"Did ye no'? Awell, ye best gang hame noo. It's time ye had yer supper."

"Am I no' to soop the shope, Maister Pennycook? I'll dae 't if ye like. I'm no' that hungry."

"Ye can dae 't i' the mornin'. See an' no' be late."

"I'll be awfu' early," said John, in a whisper, with an upward glance at the simple, elderly face.

Mr. Pennycook was gazing across the street and affected not to hear.

"I—I'm sayin' I'll be awfu' early," the boy repeated, unsteadily.

"Jist that," said the grocer at last. "Noo haste ye hame." He turned, without looking at the youngster, and passed into the shop.

For an instant John thought to follow, but as he made the first step a sudden hopelessness came upon him, and he fled. He had sinned once too often. He had had his last chance. . . . And what was he to say to the grim woman, his aunt, with whom he had dwelt as long as he could remember, and who, on receiving his weekly wage, was wont to remark that it was high time he was earning money? What was he to say to her?

Mr. Pennycook, after feeling sure that the boy had gone, put up the shutters, locked the door, and proceeded to dust the counter and shelves and to sweep the floor.

"If I had let him catch me e'e," he thought, "I wud ha'e been dune fur; I wud ha'e gied him anither chance, an' been sorry ever efter. I'm gled I wis firm an' gied him the kick. Ay, I'm gled I

(Continued on page 250.)

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The Island Battle

By Will Carleton

This poem was read by the author on February 9 at the 250th anniversary of the founding of the Old Dutch Church, the first church built on Long Island, which stood at the corner of Flatbush Avenue and Church Street, Brooklyn. In the battle of Long Island the church was used as a hospital. During the recent anniversary ceremonies, which were given under the auspices of the Daughters of the Revolution, tablets commemorating the bravery of the soldiers killed in the battle were unveiled.

...rt far from where the ocean rides
Its pale steeds to our country's door,
...t far from where the sullen tides
Keep conflict with the wealth-fringed shore,
...ithin a tiny forest lay
A fair and peaceful village;
...d round it ripened, day by day,
The fruits of thrifty tillage.
...id sultry hours, the farmer pressed
...s weary toil, with home-made zest;
...d, safe beyond the winter gloom,
...t sang the happy wheel and loom.

...t far from where white cloudlets raise
Their peaceful folds on high,
church-spire grew from prayer and praise,
And clambered toward the sky.
...re many a Sabbath-gathered band
The hymns of olden days were singing;
...re memories of a fatherland
Around the homesick heart were clinging.
...re orange-blossoms perfume shed
...ound the newly-wed;
...re funeral crape its shadows threw
...on the vacant pew.

...sylvan shrine! O sacred rill
From fountains that should never cease!
...gate of Heaven! why could not still
Your golden hinges turn in peace?
...hy should the feuds of court or king
Why should the patriot's pleading
...is rustic temple havoc bring,
'Gainst angels' interceding?
...hy should this church-bell, that above
...s voiced the thoughts of peace and love,
...ow fling upon the morn afar,
...e loud alarum-notes of war?

...you who cannot through your tears
See, on some future day,
...e nation of the brighter years
Walk its majestic way,
...is not o'erstrange that you should learn
To join with power instead of braving,
...ough tyranny some rights may spurn,
And tribute wrench from every saving;
...t you who sight the freedom-morn,
...rough clouds of wrath and scorn,
...u who can fight for God's designs,
...ow grand your glory shines!

...ross the trembling vale and hill,
Not asking why or what 'tis for,
...e hosts of Europe, trained to kill,
Commence the day's unequal war.
...ow scythes of death, by England swung,
Their sharpened steel are flashing;
...ow Hessians, from their own homes wrung,
Through others' homes are dashing.
...ow English heroes, who have bought
...ar fame at battles fiercely fought,
...o well what they were sent to do,
...d rend the future city through.

...alf-fed, half-trained, but in their eyes
Shrewd knowledge of events,
...e patriots of the land arise,
Unto the land's defence.
...t-generalled, still they strive at odds,
The lore of future battles learning;
...t-numbered, still their fight is God's,
And they immortal fame are earning.
...ey who emerge from this, henceforth
...e men of grander worth;
...d they who in the carnage die,
...n yet fight from the sky.

...rough mists of night, our soldiers sweep
Across the river's friendly ways,
...t from their muffled oars, there creep
True propheecies of future days.
...ou, Hessians, yet will gild the fame
Of this day's tall defender;
...u, proud Cornwallis, wince at shame
Of world-renowned surrender;
...ou, court and king, will wonder why
...ou fought this battle, by-and-by;
...ou, England, will some day love best
...is new-born nation of the West!"





This half-tone reproduction of "Winter Winds" only partially conveys the beauty and design of the lithographed plaques.

The four Season Plaques (containing no advertising) and the Calendar Plaque make beautiful and artistic decorations.

The Anheuser-Busch Art Plaques

With Calendar Plaque for 1904

AT GREAT expense, Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n has secured from the brush of the celebrated color artist, A. Von Beust, a series of magnificent oil paintings, representing the artist's conception of the four seasons. These are reproduced with splendid fidelity as to detail and coloring, in the form of four plaques, "Spring Breezes," "Summer Flowers," "Autumn Riches," "Winter Winds," and an additional plaque containing the twelve monthly calendars for 1904. The five plaques are each 12 inches in diameter, lithographed in the highest style of art, fourteen printings on finest ivory china-finished cardboard, with relief embossing, giving the effect of hammered metal rims.



The five plaques will be mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents or the tops of twelve metal caps from Malt Nutrine bottles sent to Malt Nutrine Department, Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Malt-Nutrine A food in liquid form easily assimilated by the weakest stomach. Invaluable to nursing mothers and feeble children, gives appetite, health and vigor to the weak and ailing. Sold by druggists and grocers.

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(Continued from page 248.)

done it. . . . A' the same, he'll ha'e plenty to dae the morn wi'oot soopin' oot the shope. An' it might remind him o' his disgrace, puir laddie. It's no' fur me to offend a wee yin; an' when he gangs he'll gang wi'oot ony ill feelin' frae me. . . . I yinst thocht, bein' a single man an' no' sae young, that I micht ha'e trained up John Robison to be mair nor a—a hired servant to me. But that wis a daft thing to think. The laddie's ower steerin' fur an auld-fashioned business like mines. He's got to get his horns oot, an' I canna thole his cairry-ons. But we'll pairt freens, I hope, fur o' a' the laddies that ha'e been wi' me, there wis never yin that cam' sae near—sae near to ma—"

Mr. Pennycook's thoughts were interrupted by a knocking at the door.

"It'll be John back," he muttered. "I maun be vera firm—ay, an' severe, if necessairy."

But when he opened the door he discovered a middle-aged woman, his married sister, and his sole near relative.

"Come in, Janet," he said, holding out his hand.

"I'm no' comin' in, Peter, thenk ye. Keep yer distance," she replied, gently.

"Whit's wrang?" he asked, noticing her worried and wearied face.

"Meg an' Jamie ha'e baith got the measles, Peter, so ye mauna come to oor house on Ne'er-day. I jist cam' to tell ye, fur I didna want ye to—"

"But come inside, Janet, ma dear. Ye're lukin' fair forfochen. I'm no feart fur the measles," he said, kindly. "Come in till I gi'e ye a drap o' ginger wine. It's gey cauld the nicht."

"Na, na, Peter; the measles is gey sair on auld yins, an' I wudna gi'e ye the infection for onythin'. I'll no' *come* ower the doorstep, but if the wine's handy, I cud tak' it."

The grocer brought it in a twinkling. "There ye are, Janet, wumman. An' are the weans bad?"

"No' serious," replied his sister, coughing, "but it's naethin' to lauch at. Rubbert's gey anxious, but he's jist—"

"Ay; it's sair on the fayther," said Mr. Pennycook, sympathetically.

"But he's jist a man," continued his sister. "No' that I'm makin' licht o' the trouble, Peter. Ma bairns is *ma* bairns. But I'm vexed to ha'e to tell ye no' to come to the hoose efter a' the years ye've been comin'."

"Never heed, Janet. I'm vexed ye've trouble. I'll jist think o' the mony happy Ne'er-days I've had wi' you an' ye man an' yer bairns, an' I'll jist luk furrit to the next yin. But I wish ye wud come inside."

"Na! An' I maun gang. They'll be needin' *me* at hame, ye ken; an' it's a lang ride i' the caur frae here. But I'm awfu' vexed, Peter, to ha'e to—"

"Toots, Janet! I'll manage fine. Hauld on till I get ye a bottle o' cauf-fut jeely fur yer weans. I hope the measles 'll no catch the aulder yins."

"I hope that tae. But it's jist nonsense aboot the jeely, Peter."

"Havers! Staun' inside oot the draught an' I'll mak' ye up a pairceł in twa ticks."

When his sister had departed with a huge parcel containing all the invalid luxuries the grocer could think of at the moment, the latter locked his door once more, meditated for a minute or two, recollected himself, turned out the lights, and retired to the room at the back of the shop, which he called his home. There he made his evening meal of tea and toast . . . and allowed both to grow cold. He had always been a lonely man, but never had he felt so lonely. His annual joy had failed him.

The boy arrived in good time next morning, and set about sweeping the floor with such energy and diligence that the grocer, who was rearranging the window as attractively as possible, had not the heart to tell him that his labor was unnecessary.

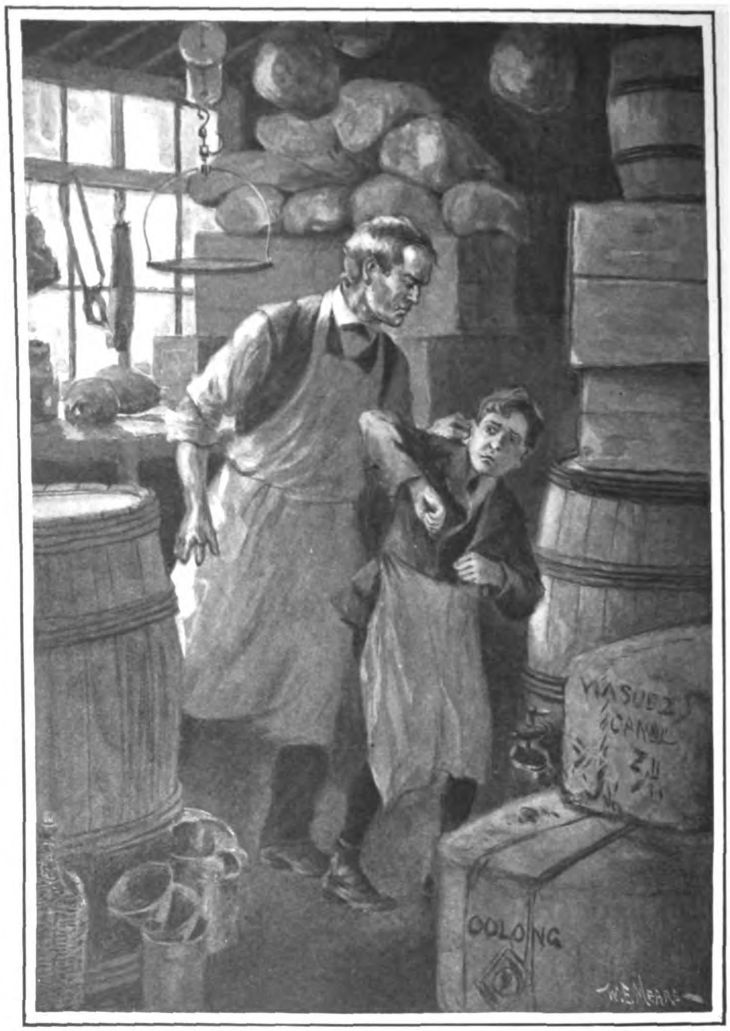
Throughout the day—and it was a busy one—John's conduct was exemplary, though he was obviously depressed, and went his errands sad of face and, to do him justice, sad of heart. His master spoke rarely yet gently, but not once did he allow his glance to rest on the lad, and John realized that there was no hope for him. He had never been in another situation, but he had gathered from many other message-boys that Mr. Pennycook was an employer in a thousand, and one to be esteemed. But it was too late. Mr. Pennycook had obviously hardened.

As he was leaving the shop pretty late in the evening John plucked up courage to say,

"Guid nicht, sir."

"Good nicht, John," returned the grocer, without raising his eyes from his ledger.

If he had only raised his eyes!



Drawn by W. E. Mears

"I'll no' ha'e ye in the shope a meenit. D'ye hear?"

Thursday morning saw the boy at the shop before the door was opened. Mr. Pennycook admitted him with the remark, "Ye're early, laddie," but did not appear to see him. It was the busiest day of the year, and it was nearly midnight when the boy returned to the shop after delivering the last of his messages. He was almost tottering with weariness as he laid down his empty basket and approached the counter where his master was poring over the ledger.

"Is there onythin' else?" John asked.

"Jist yer wages," said the grocer, pushing forward the silver wrapped in paper. "I'm allooin' ye a shullin' extra fur the day, an' anither fur yer Ne'er-day. It's time ye wis hame," he added, without looking up.

"Thenk ye," said John, chokingly. "A—a—a—whit wis the price o' the string an' the boax?" he inquired, with an effort.

"Haud yer tongue," said Mr. Pennycook, still averting his eyes.

John became silent, but he did not depart.

"Awa' hame, laddie," said the grocer, adding up 3*d*, 2*d*, and 7*d*, and putting the total down as 1*s* 4*d*.

Still John did not move.

"Are ye wantin' onythin'?" said Mr. Pennycook, breaking a long uncomfortable silence.

"I'm wantin' a—a character, please."

"A character?" That detail had not occurred to Mr. Pennycook. "Hoo auld are ye?" he asked, merely to gain time to think.

"Fowerteen."

"Mphm. . . . Did ye tell yer mither—"

"Ma auntie."

"Ay; yer auntie, John. Did ye tell her ye—ye wis leavin' me? Eh?"

"No' yet."

"Whit wey?"

"I—I wis feart."

"Feart? . . . Ah, but ye shud ha'e tell't her. But maybe ye thocht

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Atlanta Air Is Like Champagne

A visitor walking about the streets of this wonderful town feels as if he were touching the ground only in high laces. So great is the vital energy of the people that Atlanta telephones average twice as many calls as those of ny other city of 100,000 inhabitants. Scenes on Whitehall and Peachtree are hardly equalled except on Broad-ay and Fifth Avenue, New York. The heart of Atlanta resembles the lower part of Manhattan Island.

Atlanta is the capital of a State which produced this year one crop worth one hundred million dollars.

That is the price of the Georgia Cotton Crop, including seed and lint, uplands and long staple. It takes twice s much money to handle cotton at $60 a bale as it did at $30, but the Georgia banks are twice as strong in re-ources as they were ten years ago.

The deposits of Atlanta banks are four times as large as they were ten years ago, and one of them has as much oney on deposit as they all had in December, 1893. All this makes business.

If manufacturers in New England and the Middle States find Atlanta the best gateway through which to ach the Southern territory, the question naturally arises, Why would it not pay to establish plants at Atlanta id save the freight? Raw materials abound in great variety in Georgia and may be had at small cost. Labor's lations with capital are cordial. There is a good understanding between those who wish to work and those who ed to have work done.

A good start has been made in manufacturing already. The product of Atlanta factories is worth over 0,000,000 a year, and about 12,000 hands are employed.

Here's a good combination:

13,500 pupils in public schools.
5,000 students in higher institutions.
12,000 operatives in factories.
40,800 engaged in gainful occupations.

Business growing four times as fast as population and population growing twice as fast as that of the country.
If you want to know the rest, write the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, or, better, come and see the town.
It is significant that people who have once lived in Atlanta always wish to return.
It is a good place to live and educate your children and a number one place to do business.
The climate is the best on the continent.

t wud be better to tell her the morn. She canna be vexed wi' ye on Ne'er-day. Ye'll e havin' a pairty the morn, dootless?"

"Naw."

"Oh, it'll be jist you and yer auntie beither. That'll be nice. Ye cud tell her hen ye wis leavin' me because ye wis think-n o betterin' yersel', an'—"

"Ma auntie's gaun to a pairty, but I'm o' gaun. I never wis—at a—a—pairty."

Mr. Pennycook put down a horrid blot in-ead of a halfpenny. "Ye—ye never wis at pairty, John?"

John shook his head, and there was a ng pause.

"That's a peety," said the grocer at last, rping his eyes on the ledger. . . . "An' wis wantin' a character?"

"Ay. I canna get anither place wi'oot in"

Mr. Pennycook considered for a minute.

"Ye better come back the morn, an' I'll w what I can dae. But—"

"The morn's Ne'er-day."

"So it is." In an unguarded moment Mr. ennycook looked up. "Laddie!" he cried; laddie, can ye no' be sensible?"

The boy's eyes fell. "I'm sorry," he ispered. "Wull I—wull I soop the flure ere I gang?" he asked, suddenly, in a oarse voice.

"Na; ye needna dae that, but yer micht me the morn and tak' yer dinner wi' me," r. Pennycook blurted out. "An'—an' ye ther stope wi' me fur twa—three weeks I I mak' up ma mind aboot yer char-ter. . . . Awa' hame! Awa' hame!"

"Are ye jokin'?" gasped the boy.

"I'm tellin' ye to gang hame—an' come ro at twa the morn. Gang this meenit!"

The boy could not resist the command, d he went stupidly to the door. But re he halted. There was some small rcement in the street and a bell was ging.

"A guid New-year, maister," he said, with-t being able to help it, as he returned to e counter.

"A guid New-year, laddie," said Mr. Pennycook. "An' guid nicht to ye," he added, abruptly, offering his hand to the message-boy. "I'll see ye the morn."

Mr. Pennycook did not feel quite so lonely that night.

At the end of another year he was still unable to give John Robertson a "character."

Great Britain's Largest Buyer

THE value of South Africa as a market is the subject of some special attention at the present time by reason of a report upon that subject recently presented to the British Parliament. This report shows that the British colonies in South Africa have become of greater importance than any other of the British colonies except India. "Ten years ago," it says, "Great Britain's exports to South Africa were valued at a little under nine million pounds sterling; last year they almost reached twenty-six millions. In 1893 South Africa stood sixth on the list of Great Britain's customers; last year she stood second, and was only beaten by India. It is no rash prediction that this year she will pass India and stand first on the list as the largest buyer in the world of the produce and manufactures of the mother country."

This statement of the great importance and rapidly growing value of South Africa as an importing country lends especial interest to some figures just prepared by the Department of Commerce and Labor through its Bureau of Statistics, showing the growth of exports from the United States to British Africa and to Africa as a whole. These figures show that the exports from the United States to British Africa have grown with even greater rapidity than those from the United Kingdom referred to by the report above quoted. Exports from the United States to British Africa grew from $3,688,999 in 1893 to $33,844,395 in 1903, or, in other words, were nine times as much in 1903 as in 1893, while the exports from the United Kingdom to South Africa grew from $39,896,000 in 1893 to $125,280,000 in 1902, the 1903 figures not being yet available. Thus, while exports from the United States to British Africa are in 1903 nine times those of 1893, those from the United Kingdom were in 1902 but three times as much as those in 1893.

The relative growth of exports from the United States and from the United Kingdom to the territory in question can be more accurately determined by utilizing the figures of the United States for the year 1902, since the figures for the United Kingdom for the year 1903 are not yet available. This shows that the exports from the United States to British Africa grew from $3,688,999 in 1893 to $28,780,105 in 1902, the total for 1902 being nearly eight times as great as that for 1893; while, as already indicated, that of the United Kingdom for 1902 was only three times as great as in 1893.

The Senator's Speech

SENATOR DOLLIVER of Iowa was recently making a notable speech, in which he was constantly interrupted by a Democratic colleague.

"May I ask the gentleman a question?" asked the Democrat.

"No time to spare! Wait till I finish," answered Dolliver.

"It comes in right here. Just a word?"

"I cannot be interrupted. I have but a few minutes—"

"I only want to read a few figures to show—" insisted his challenger.

"Hand up your figures," retorted the Iowa statesman, "and if there's anything in 'em I'll leave them out of my speech!"

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THE FIRST AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

of New York

RICHARD A. McCURDY, PRESIDENT

Abstract of Statement, December 31, 1903

Income for Year 1903 .	$77,333,712 76
Paid to Policy-holders . .	32,727,780 01
Legal Reserves, etc. . . .	339,826,818 00
Guarantee & Dividend Funds	61,994,843 66
Assets . . .	401,821,661 66
*Insurance in Force .	1,445,228,681 00
*Increase of Ins.	104,480,022 00
Annuities in Force . .	2,449,631 81
Increase of Annuities .	286,228 50

*Insurance written, but not yet paid for, excluded.

During its existence of sixty-one years this Company has paid back to its membership—from the funds accumulated for their benefit—more than

$630,000,000

or nearly

Two Hundred Millions

more than the largest amount so returned by any similar organization. Notwithstanding the distribution of this vast sum it is the

First Life Insurance Company in the World

to accumulate for the benefit of its membership assets exceeding

Four Hundred and One Millions of Dollars

For information as to plans and rates, apply to

CHARLES H. RAYMOND & CO.
Managers for Metropolitan District
26 Liberty Street
OR AT THE
HEAD OFFICES OF THE COMPANY,
NASSAU, CEDAR, WILLIAM AND LIBERTY STS.
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EUROPEAN and AMERICAN PLANS
Modern in every detail.
Convenient to large Stores, Theatres, and all places of interest.
NEAR BACK BAY STATIONS.
JOHN A. SHERLOCK.

Progress of Science

Experiments on the Brain with Electricity

EXPERIMENTS on the brain of a living subject with electric currents have been comparatively rare, as there has prevailed among physicians and physiologists the idea that such a course of experimentation was extremely dangerous. There have recently been published, however, records of some experiments carried on by M. S. Leduc, with the object of using the electric current to produce sleep and of studying its effects on the brain generally. In early experiments it was shown that the brain is the best conductor of electricity in the human body, being about 3000 times more conducting than muscle. It was also observed that when a continuous current was passed through the head from one ear to the other, that the sensation of giddiness was produced, and that objects appeared to revolve in the same direction as the current flowed. However, when the electrodes are placed on the forehead and neck, and the current sent from back to front, the effects are innocuous so long as a mild current is used, and in some cases may be beneficial. According to M. Leduc, the most satisfactory current is one of 4 milliamperes at 30 volts which is broken or interrupted 100 times a second for 9-10ths of the period of the interruption. The first effect noted was the disappearance of the faculty of speech, after which followed the loss of the motor faculties. Under ordinary conditions there is no affection of the respiration or pulse unless the current is increased, and then it may cease. The patient is said to awaken instantaneously from the electric sleep and to experience a feeling of refreshment.

Thorium as a Curative Agent

Among the radioactive substances which have been employed as therapeutic agents is thorium, which, although far less active than radium, is more accessible, and can be used with some success, it is believed, in cases of tuberculosis. Thorium is what is known as a rare earth, and is familiar, as it is employed in the mantle of certain incandescent gaslights. Its radioactivity was first demonstrated by Professor G. Schmidt, and later Professor Ernest Rutherford ascertained that it gave off a radioactive gas which he called an emanation. This emanation has been shown to be antiseptic, antifermentative, and destructive to germ life generally, and it was suggested that thorium inhalations might prove beneficial in cases of tuberculosis. The present method of experimental treatment is either to inhale air that has been passed over a vessel containing water in which nitrate of thorium has been dissolved, or to heat the thorium oxide and allow the patient to inhale the radioactive emanation, which forms a film on the lungs and produces induced radioactivity. This condition is said to endure from one to two days, during which time a beneficial effect on the diseased parts is exerted, and it is necessary for the treatment to be continued at these intervals. Thorium is comparatively inexpensive and within the reach of every one, and the treatment outlined above does not interfere with any other, so that there is nothing to prevent a thorough trial.

A New Explosive

While aluminum has been employed to produce intense heat for welding and similar purposes for some years, it is only recently that it is found as an ingredient of an explosive where this action is also required. In "ammonal," a new explosive invented by an Austrian named Fuhrer, powdered aluminum is combined with carbon and ammonium nitrate. Aluminum has a high affinity for oxygen, and when these elements unite intense heat is generated, which, in the case of the explosive, raises the temperature of the gases produced by the decomposition of ammonium nitrate. Increasing the temperature is equivalent to increasing the explosive effect, and preliminary results indicate the high power of this new explosive. If the addition of aluminum to an explosive compound has the beneficial result claimed in this instance, there is no reason why it should not find wider application.

Club Cocktails



The art of cocktail mixing is to so blend the ingredients that no one is evident, but the delicate flavor of each is apparent. Is this the sort of cocktail the man gives you who does it by guesswork? There's never a mistake in a CLUB COCKTAIL. It smells good, tastes good, is good—always. Just strain through cracked ice. Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

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Pope Manufacturing Co.

Famous Chainless Bicycles

Equipped with two-speed gear, coaster brake, and cushion frame.

All Standard Chain Models

Eastern Department, Hartford, Conn.
"Columbia"
"Tribune"
"Cleveland"
"Crawford"

Western Department, Chicago, Ill.
"Crescent"
"Monarch"
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Music

A Tone-Poem from Russia

ANY one who is disposed to doubt the importance of the neo-Russian as a factor in the creative music of to-day should make haste to examine the score of "The Cliff," an orchestral fantasy by Sergey Vasilyevich Rachmaninoff. Mr. Modest Altschuler and the orchestra of the Russian Symphony Society gave the work on January 28 in Cooper Union Hall, at the second of the Society's series of six concerts devoted to the performance of Russian music. It had never before been played in America, and Mr. Altschuler is deserving of sincere gratitude for letting us hear it.

It would not be easy to exaggerate the significance of this tone-poem of Rachmaninoff's. The composer is one of the most progressive and independent of those ultra-modern Russians whose music has not always quite upheld the popular belief in its epoch-making qualities, and this work of his goes far toward justifying those who have claimed for contemporary Russian music a notable and characteristic excellence. The poetic substance of the score is derived from the first two lines of Lermontoff's poem, "The Cliff":

> Overnight has slept the golden cloudlet,
> On the bosom of the Cliff, the giant. . . .

and, inspired by the conception of the poet, Rachmaninoff has achieved what one may call, without exaggeration, the most impressive piece of orchestral scene-painting since Wagner. It is not merely a picturing of externals: Rachmaninoff has sought rather to embody in music the deeper significance of his theme, and he has succeeded memorably. His music voices, with superb and elemental power, an impression of the natural world in its most majestic aspect. Moreover, it is surprisingly original—as individual in invention as it is high and sustained in imagination, in beauty, in intensity of vision. He has written, as Matthew Arnold would have said, "with his eye on the object": but back of the seeing eye were the brain and the temperament of the poet, the master of moods.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Altschuler will see his way to repeating the work at a future concert of the series.

A Philharmonic Concert

At its fifth concert of the season, on January 30, the Philharmonic Society offered two features of exceptional interest: the appearance of Mr. Alfred Reisenauer, the German pianist and pupil of Liszt, as soloist, and the performance of a tone-poem, "Hero and Leander," by Victor Herbert, who conducted. Of Mr. Herbert's symphonic version of the antique tale of the swimmer and the maid, there is little to be said that was not remarked at the time of its first performance, three years ago, by the Pittsburg orchestra. Mr. Herbert, when he is not producing gay and charming scores of the "Babes in Toyland" order, diverts himself with the writing of serious music of the most ambitious and modern type. His "Hero and Leander" is an admirable work. It has much of original beauty, of finely wrought eloquence; and it is unfailingly significant and poetic.

Of Mr. Reisenauer, let it be said briefly that he proved himself, so far as the Liszt concerto which he played would permit, to be an artist of uncommon temperament and intelligence, and a technician of brilliant powers.

A Recital by Harold Bauer

Mr. Harold Bauer, one of the most satisfying and accomplished of living pianists, has been heard here in public far too seldom of late. He gave a piano recital on the evening of January 30, at the Finch School, under the auspices of Mrs. James Wells Finch, playing a programme which showed to the best his admirable qualities, and comprising a Beethoven sonata, a prelude and fugue by Mendelssohn, Schumann's Papillons, two Chopin pieces, Schubert's Theme and Variations in B flat, and a Liszt Rhapsody, the thirteenth. In whatever he attempts, Mr. Bauer is invariably artistic; his virtuosity never conceals the interpreter—the sensitive musician.

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"Dear Sir:—The World's Fair number of *The Illustrated Sporting News*, which I understand is to be issued February 13th, has the sanction and the approval of the officials of the St. Louis World's Fair.

"The descriptions, illustrations, and announcements of the various proposed events, covering the entire field of outdoor and indoor sporting events to take place during the World's Fair Exhibition, are officially authorized and approved by the officials of the Fair, and are exclusively furnished by their proper representatives.

"(Signed) J. E. SULLIVAN, Chief of Department."

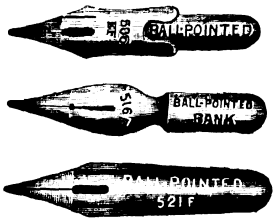
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BALTIMORE'S GREAT FIRE

An account from our special correspondent, giving some of the impressions of an eye-witness of one of the most disastrous fires our country has ever known

BALTIMORE, *February 8, 1904.*

At ten o'clock Monday night, the entire business section of Baltimore, covering an area of about 140 acres, was a mass of ruins. Of the 2500 buildings which lay in the heart of Baltimore's business section little was left but huge masses of crumbling brick and stone and twisted girders. At that hour, as I saw from the roof of the highest business block left standing in Baltimore, just across the street from the point where the fire started, a fierce fire was raging in the warehouses and along the docks in the southeastern part of the city. Between these two points fires were blazing in the ruins, lighting up the skeleton walls and the piles of crumbling débris. These fires were allowed to burn; the real fighting at this hour was along the docks. Engines were stationed, however, at many points on the edge of the district bounded on the west by Liberty Street, on the north by Lexington Street, and on the east by Jones's Falls.

In many instances the firemen, worn out by more than thirty hours of work without sleep, played the streams of water upon threatened buildings by fastening the hose to dry-goods boxes, while they themselves took shelter in doorways or went to sleep on the icy pavement. One fireman who had fallen asleep in the street was aroused by his captain, and when questioned by him as to how long he had been without sleep, replied: "A long time—three days. I don't remember." In one engine-house which I visited through the courtesy of Mr. Muth of Baltimore, a dozen men came in, some with slight injuries, which were cared for by the doctor who was present, others exhausted by their long fight with the fire. Just after the doctor left an alarm sounded for a fire in another part of the city, and within three minutes these men who had been fighting the big fire since it began were on their way to protect the residential portion of the city.

The first engine to reach the scene of the fire, in response to an automatic alarm in the warehouse of Hurst & Co., where the fire started, had only about two blocks to go to the scene of the fire. Captain Jordan of this company said to-night: "My first effort in order to get a line of hose into the burning building was to break open the door. I had hardly put my shoulder against it when I was warned by a cry from the men to run for my life, and at that instant there was a tremendous explosion, and flames burst through the roof of the building and were carried immediately to the buildings adjoining." A high wind was blowing from the southwest, and the fire spread rapidly toward the northeast, in the direction of the Court-House, Post-Office, and City Hall, consuming, one after another, great mercantile houses in its path. When the fire had reached Lexington Street, at the junction of North Calvert Street, the wind suddenly veered in the opposite direction. It was this fortunate circumstance which saved not only the city buildings, the Post-Office, Court-House, and City Hall, but prevented the spread of the fire to the home district north of Lexington Street. As it was, the fire swept back to St. Paul Street and down and across the parallel and intersecting streets toward the southeastern part of the city, until for a distance of more than ten blocks the magnificent buildings in the financial district of the city had either been gutted by the flames or dynamited in the hope of preventing their spread. Some idea of the rapidity with which the fire spread through many of the so-called "fire-proof" buildings may be had from the fact that while the first automatic alarm was received at 10:48, the clock in the Maryland Trust Company, at the northwest corner of Calvert and German streets, four blocks from the point where the fire started, was stopped by the flames at twenty minutes past eleven. This building was one of the few whose walls were left standing, although the interior was as thoroughly destroyed as if it had been of paper. I was told, however, that here, as in many of the trust buildings, the contents of the vaults were not seriously injured. One trust company was out of the fire district. Within two doors of the *Sun* office, which is now in ruins, two watchmen were locked in a trust building during the fire. One of the watchmen was confined in a vault, and could only be released with the time lock. While all the other buildings in this neighborhood were destroyed, this one building happened to escape serious injury.



The Shaded Parts of the Map show the Extent of Territory Destroyed by the Flames

It was the general impression on Monday afternoon that martial law had already been established. Federal troops and militia were patrolling all the streets bordering on the fire district, and no one was allowed to pass without a permit from the Attorney-General or from the president of the Police Commissioners. As a matter of fact, the troops were in control of the city, but it required a special session of the Legislature to authorize the Governor to declare martial law. The same General Assembly at Annapolis passed a bill authorizing Governor Warfield to declare ten successive legal holidays, in order to protect the financial interests of the city by extending credit.

Outside the fire lines tens of thousands of people, held in check by the drawn bayonets of the militia, stood all day and late into the night gazing over the ruins. Within the lines, even as late as Monday afternoon and evening, one had not to go very far in any direction before being stopped by piles of smouldering débris or by blinding, suffocating smoke from the cellars and interiors of those buildings of which a part of the walls still remained standing.

A tangled network of electric wires was held suspended over the streets of the ruined district, sometimes reaching from half the height of a tottering wall to the ground.

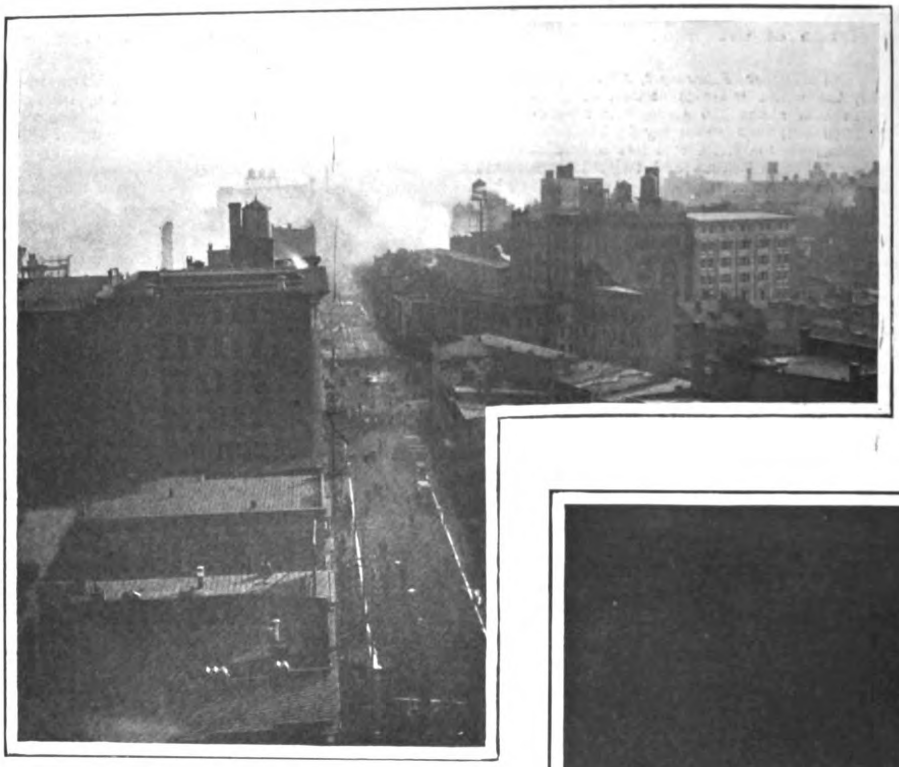
Of the Baltimore *Sun* building, the first iron building to be built in America, only four pillars were left standing. Just around the corner, the Merchants Club, and next door to that the Stock Exchange Building were completely ruined. Farther on, at the head of German Street, I saw through a grating a fierce blaze from the coal-bins in the cellar of the First National Bank. Of this bank there was nothing left but the walls.

The fire covered an area which in New York might be included in the district from Wall Street to Park Row and from Broadway east to the river-front; it is a conservative estimate to place the loss at one hundred million dollars.



A View of the Burned District of Baltimore as it looked before the Fire

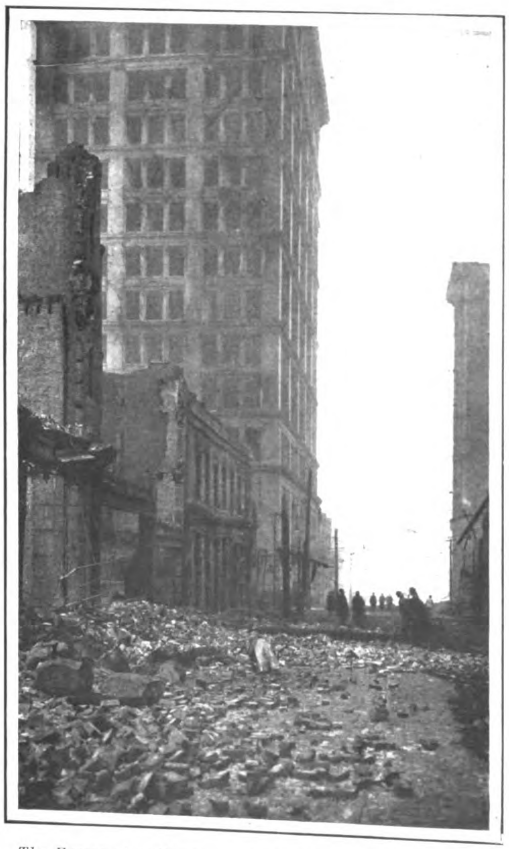
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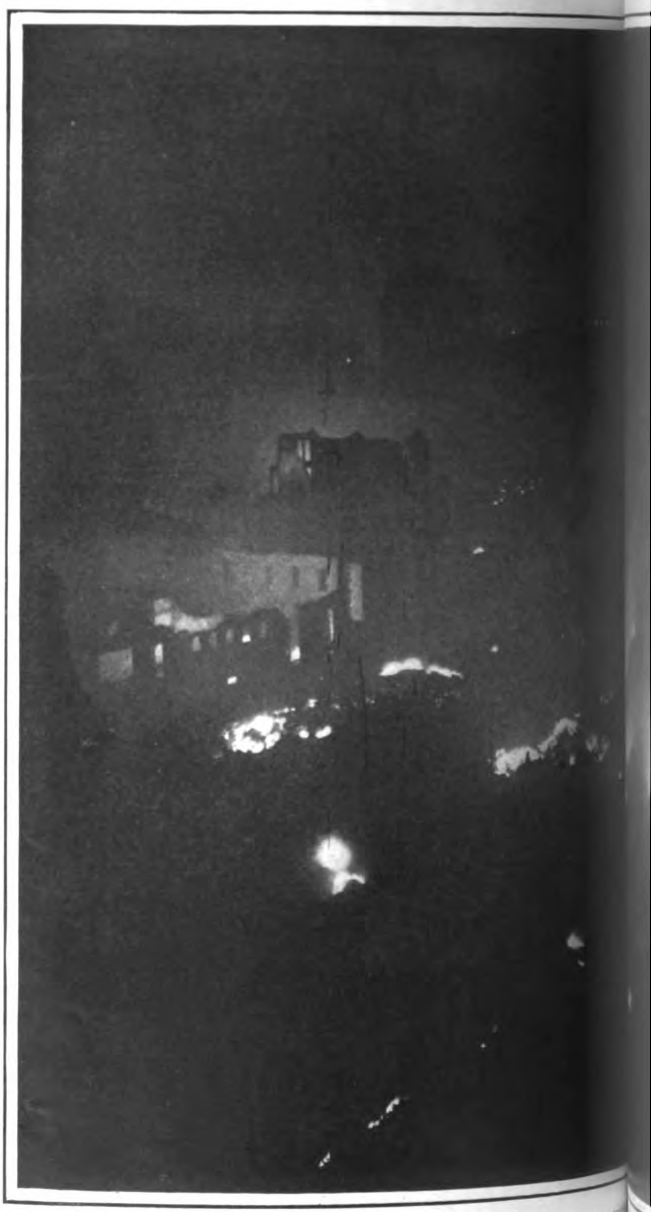
View from the Tower of the Hotel Rennert, looking down Liberty Street



The Ruined Buildings in Baltimore



The Frame of a Skyscraper in the Business District—with the Interior in Ruins



Night View of the Burned District from the Roof of a Skyscraper

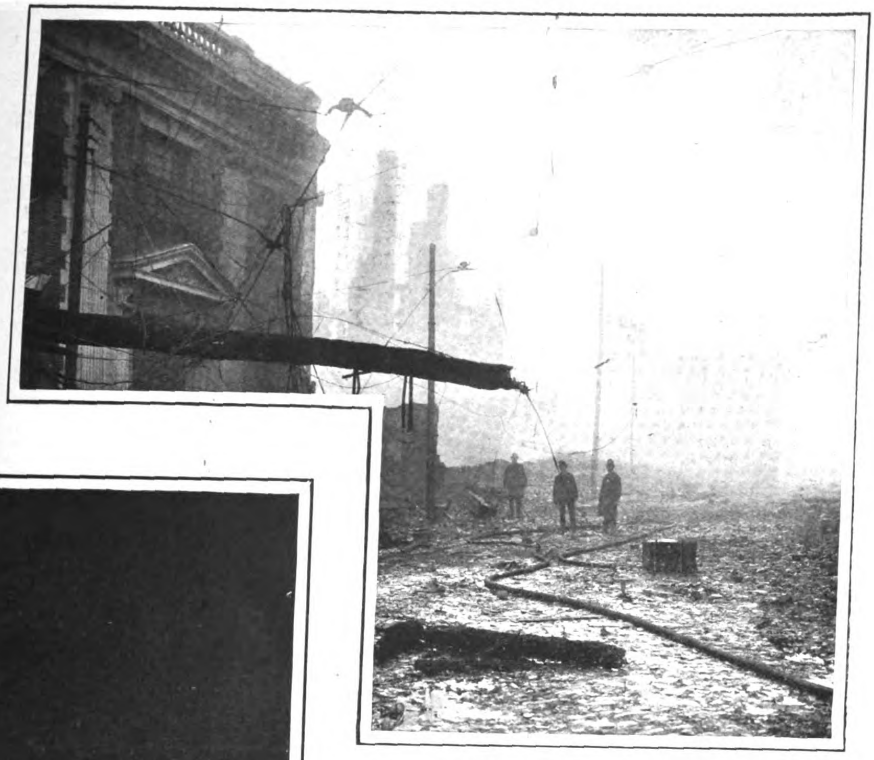
DAY AND NIGHT VIEWS OF

Pictures by Peter A. Juley,

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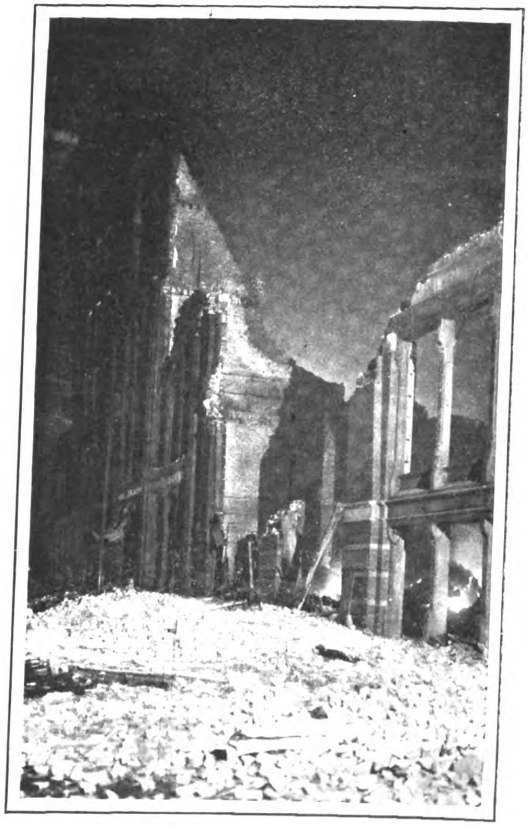
The Ruins on ... Principal Thoroughfare of the City



Looking West from German Street



Ruins. The Photograph was taken at Ten o'clock on Monday Night



View taken at 9.30 Monday Night, showing the Building where the Fire started

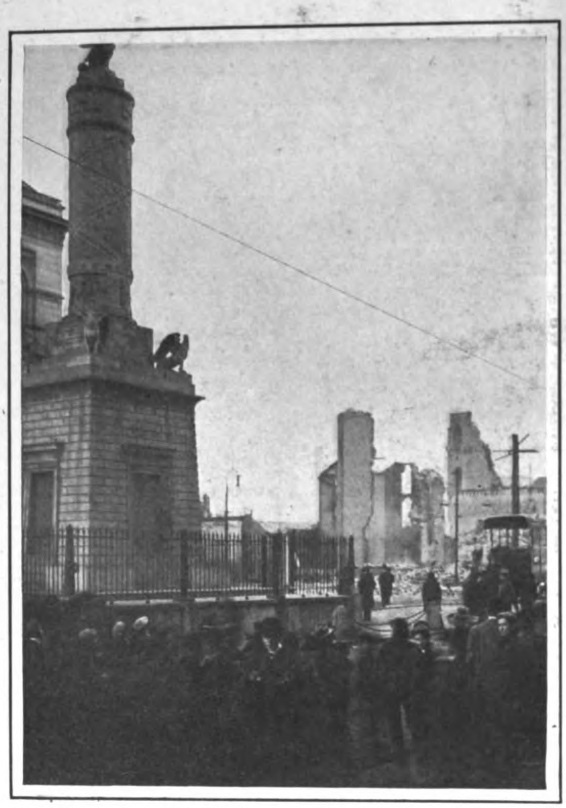
GREAT BALTIMORE FIRE

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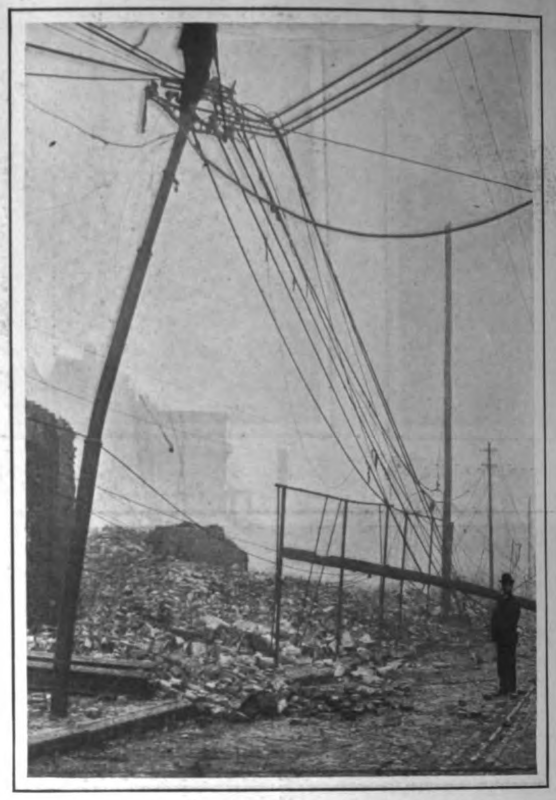
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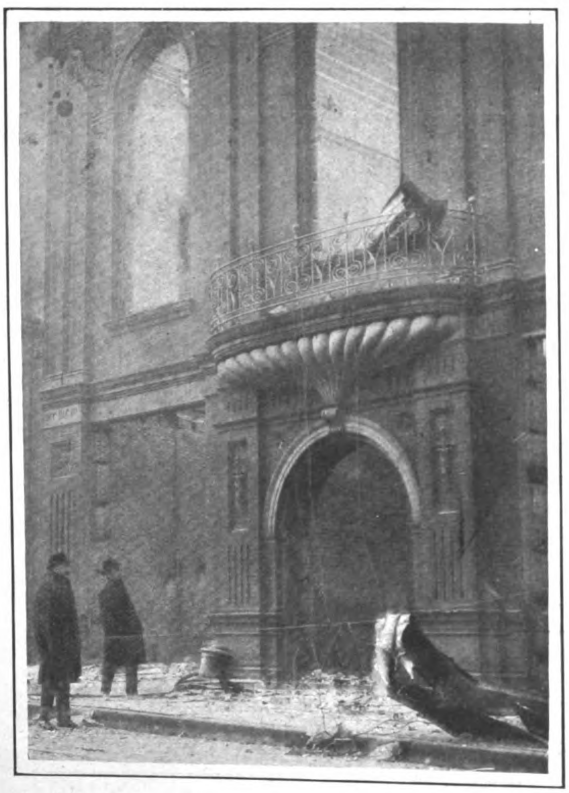
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Looking Southeast from the Steps of the Court-House



Scene on German Street, at the Corner of Calvert



The Ruins of the Stock Exchange



An Entire Block in Flames

SNAP-SHOTS TAKEN IN THE BURNED DISTRICT

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HARPER'S BAZAR FOR MARCH

Articles of Special Interest

Dr. Henry Van Dyke contributes the third of his "Essays About Girls."

The first of a strong series of Studies of Domestic Relations, entitled "Family Episodes, No. 1," by Marion Foster Washburne, with illustrations by George Wright.

A one-act play, "At the Eleventh Hour," by Edith Brander Matthews, illustrated by Lester Ralph; also, a poetic tragedy, "The Ginger Cookie," by Francis Barine, with drawings by Fanny Y. Cory.

Two special articles: "Sulu and its Sultana," by Florence Kimball Russel, illustrated with photographs; and a brief study of Josephine Dodge Daskam and Fanny Y. Cory, entitled "Two Clever Women," with photographs.

In short-story vein are "An Ill-Regulated Courtship," by Elia W. Peattie, and "Aunt Margaret's Busy Day," by Marion Foster Washburne; Clarence Underwood and F. Y. Cory are the artists.

The newest and most effective SPRING FASHIONS from Paris, London, Vienna, and New York are discussed by the leading authority, A. T. Ashmore, exclusive drawings being furnished by the Roses, of Paris.

"Mme. Blay's Recipes," "The Nursery," by Ada Sterling, and an article by Josephine Grenier on "Men's Dinners," with illustrative photographs, complete the issue, together with the usual Pattern Supplement, and Departments for Girls and Housewives, Questions of Good Form, Household Decoration, Humor, Editorial Comment, etc.

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Lux Crucis

A Tale of the Great Apostle

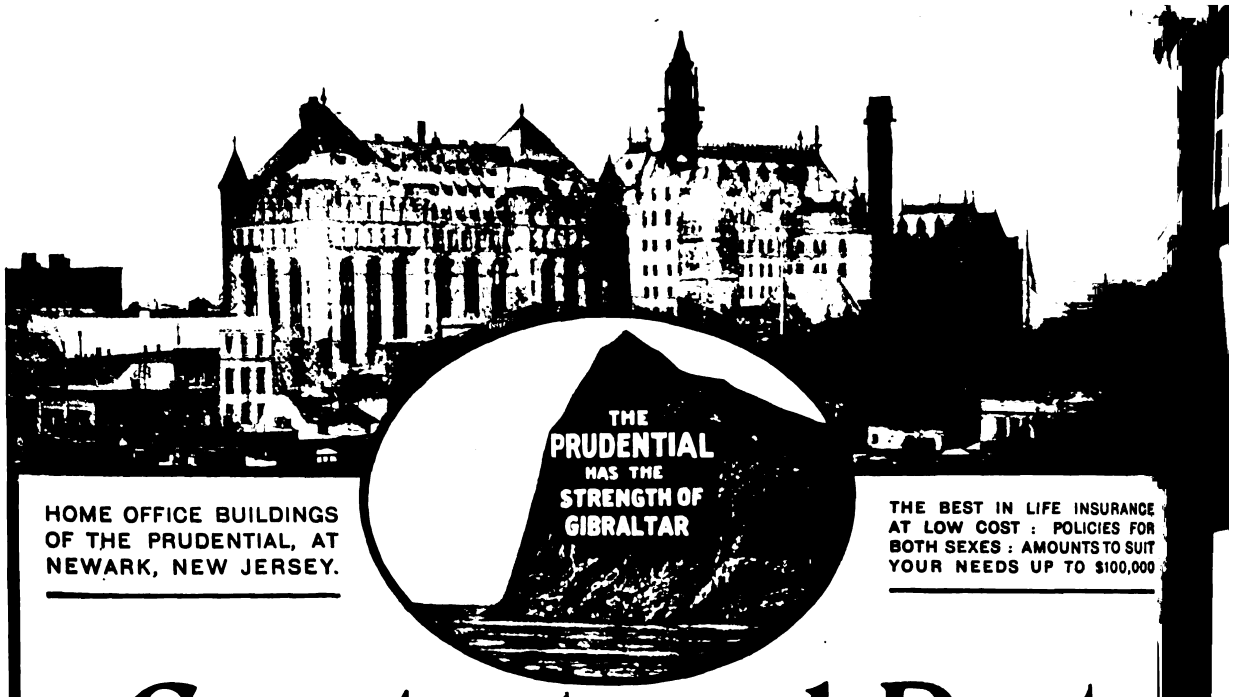
By SAMUEL M. GARDENHIRE

NO figure in religious history stands out so vividly—no historic personality is so magnetic—as that of Paul the Apostle. In the palace at Cæsarea this story opens, when Paul took the stand which called out that famous comment: "This man might have been set free if he had not appealed unto Cæsar."

In and out of the great drama of Rome in her throes of change moves Paul, quietly wielding his titanic power. In "Lux Crucis" we learn to know him as a tender, loving man. We see Nero and the rottenness of his court; we see the Christians going triumphantly to their doom; we see Rome burn and evil flourish; and we see at last the tumbling of the old gods. And all the time we are following the story of a Roman officer's love for a Christian maid—a tale that even without this wonderful setting would stand out as a love story of strangely vital power and charm.

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ASSETS, end of 1903, over	72 Millions
INCOME during 1903, over	39 Millions
PAID POLICY HOLDERS during 1903, over	11 Millions
SURPLUS, end of 1903, over	10 Millions
NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, (5,447,307), over	5 Millions
INCREASE IN PAID FOR INSURANCE in Force, over	129 Millions

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by George Harvey



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Forty-fourth Annual Statement, for the Year Ending December 31, 1903.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$74,345,110.94
Real Estate in New York, including the Equitable Building	21,776,594.13
United States, State, City and Railroad Bonds and other investments (market value over cost, $15,035,296.00)	195,454,966.00
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value, $25,265,755.00)	20,333,500.00
Policy Loans	18,834,127.74
Real Estate outside of New York, including 12 office buildings	15,439,281.54
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	25,625,769.16
Balance due from agents	1,521,245.95
Interest and Rents. (Due $110,677.93 Accrued $122,125.14)	232,803.07
Premiums due and in process of collection	5,153,164.00
Deferred Premiums	2,509,473.00
Total Assets	**$381,226,035.53**

INCOME.

Premium Receipts	$58,637,889.63
Interest, Rents, etc.	15,080,461.30
Income	**$73,718,350.93**

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims	$18,318,482.94
Endowments and deferred dividend policies	7,682,083.44
Annuities	883,278.00
Surrender Values	2,383,532.34
Dividends to Policyholders	5,682,295.55
Paid Policyholders	**$34,949,672.27**
Commissions, advertising, postage and exchange	7,734,569.13
All other disbursements	6,808,769.75
Disbursements	**$49,493,011.15**

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement.

FRANCIS W. JACKSON, *Auditor.* H. R COURSEN, *Assistant Auditor.* A. W. MAINE, *Associate Auditor.*

LIABILITIES.

Assurance Fund (or Reserve)	$303 457,838.00
All other Liabilities	4,414,059.50
Total Liabilities	**$307,871,897.50**
Surplus	**$73,354,138.03**

ASSURANCE.

INSTALMENT POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.

Outstanding Assurance	**$1,409,918,742.00**
New Assurance	**$322,047,968.00**

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement. The Reserve as per the independent valuation of the N. Y. Insurance Department, is $301,632,153. For Superintendent's certificate see Detailed Statement.

J. G. VAN CISE, *Actuary.* ROB'T HENDERSON, *Assistant Actuary.* R. G. HANN, *Associate Actuary.*

We have examined the accounts and Assets of the Society, and certify to the correctness of the foregoing statement.

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Special Committee of the Board of Directors.

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N. B.—FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE DETAILED STATEMENT.

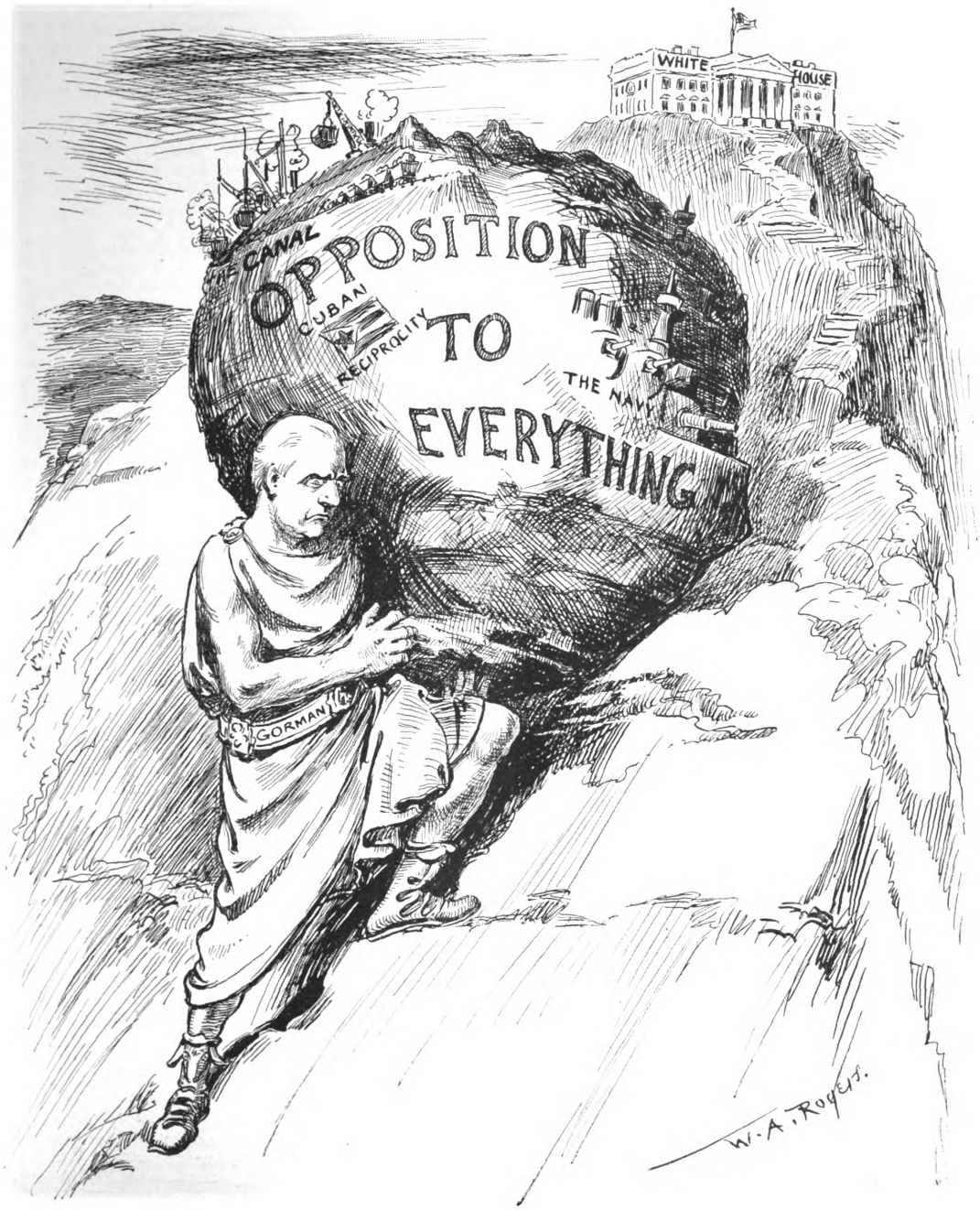
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLVIII. New York, Saturday, February 20, 1904 NO. 2461

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SISYPHUS TRIES IT AGAIN

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVIII. No. 2461

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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COMMENT

WAR has come between Russia and Japan. There was no formal declaration of war. Japan learned that Russia was not disposed to grant her "irreducible minimum," diplomatic intercourse ceased, and forty-eight hours afterwards rumors of the clash of arms began to be received. We have learned at this writing of the successful assault upon the Russian battle-ships *Retvizan* and *Czarevitch* and the cruiser *Pallada* by Japanese torpedo-boats on the night of February 8, in the outer harbor of Port Arthur. The three ships were so seriously damaged that it was necessary to run them aground in shallow water at the harbor entrance. Next morning, Tuesday, February 9, at eleven o'clock, sixteen Japanese ships appeared off Port Arthur and bombarded the forts and the fleets, putting holes through the battle-ship *Poltava* and the cruiser *Norik* below the water-line, and retiring them from present use. These prompt and surprising naval successes by the Japanese indicate that the Russians are no match for them on the sea. Russian merchant vessels have also been seized, and both Russians and Japanese have landed troops in Korea. Of course the progress of the war now irretrievably precipitated will be watched with intense interest. The world has seen no such conflict as may now be looked for since the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, and it has never seen a well-contested sea-fight between modern war-ships. Our sea-fights with Spain were one-sided, and so were those in 1894-5 between China and Japan. We have all been curious to see what can be done with *modern* machines of naval warfare when properly manned and matched on something like equal terms. But aside from this inevitable sporting interest, the *regret* of Americans that this war has come is deep and universal. We are sincerely neutral, sincerely the friends of both parties. Neither can do the other a great damage without exciting our deep concern. Our trade interests in Manchuria have not availed to make us hostile in spirit to Russia, though the Russian press seems to have credited us with that inclination. We have nothing but regret that our two friends have not been able to find a peaceful solution of their differences, and the prospect that we may find an opportunity as traders in their necessity avails nothing to reconcile us to the vast injury which they seem certain to do one another.

The feebleness of the works of man when assailed by the great forces of nature has been direfully illustrated again by Baltimore's great fire of February 7 and 8. A good start and a high wind made of what seemed at first an ordinary blaze a vast and calamitous conflagration, such as our country has not seen for thirty years, and has never seen but twice before. There was the great fire of 1871 in Chicago and the great Boston fire of 1872. The Baltimore fire ranks between them. Chicago's loss was over two hundred millions; Boston's loss was eighty millions. Baltimore's direct and immediate loss seems likely, at this writing, to approximate one hundred millions. A large share of this will fall upon the insurance companies, the majority of which are much better able to stand such loss to-day than they were thirty years ago. Most of the business part of Baltimore is a vast low heap of smoking refuse. But happily only three or four lives were lost. The indispensable human element in Baltimore is all there still, and is bestirring itself with courage to resume business and gradually replace what is gone. We look for a lesson in every great calamity. The main lesson in this last one is that it pays every city to spend money liberally to supply itself with water for fire purposes, and to maintain the most efficient fire department possible. New York sent nine engines with their crews to Baltimore's help, and we judge from the comments on our men's performance that they were esteemed to be thoroughly proficient in their business, and that cities that suspect that their methods of fighting fires are not quite all they should be may profit by examining the system here. The Baltimore fire showed what the great modern fires have shown before it, that the best of fire-proof buildings will melt away if there is enough fuel near them to make a sufficiently hot fire.

Mr. Hanna's illness gives concern to the multitude of his friends in all parties and in all walks of life. There is nothing in the news about him so far that forbids the expectation of his recovery.

We still adhere to the belief that Mr. Bryan, ex-Mayor Johnson of Ohio, and Mr. W. R. Hearst, of New York, will be unable, in spite of their evident though unavowed co-operation, to control a third of the delegates to the St. Louis convention. For the sake of argument, however, let us assume that they could muster a third of the delegates, or even a few more. Does it follow that they should be suffered through the operation of the two-thirds rule, to dictate the candidate of the Democratic national convention? The two-thirds rule no longer has any excuse for existence. When it was formulated in 1832, it was intended to safeguard the Democrats of the slave States against the selection of a candidate who, in their judgment, could not be trusted to uphold with unswerving fidelity the interests of their section. They used the two-thirds rule to defeat the nomination of Martin Van Buren in 1844, and that of Stephen A. Douglas in 1860. That the suspicion with which those statesmen were viewed at the South was justified seemed to be proved by their subsequent careers. In 1848, Martin Van Buren, by accepting the Barnburner-Freesoil nomination for the Presidency, brought about the defeat of the Democratic *nominee*, Lewis Cass, for he split almost evenly the Democratic vote in New York, and thus gave that State to Zachary Taylor, the Whig candidate. Douglas, as it is well known, gave a zealous support to the cause of the North after the secession movement began.

But for the two-thirds rule either Martin Van Buren or Henry Clay would have been elected President in 1844, and it is probable that in either event the war with Mexico would not have taken place. Again, but for the two-thirds rule Stephen A. Douglas would have been chosen President in 1860, and it is possible that to-day we might still be living under a slavery régime. At present the two-thirds rule can no longer be regarded by Southern Democrats as a policy of life insurance. Inasmuch as they furnish the bulk of the electoral votes to which a Democratic nominee can look forward, they are bound, under any circumstances, to exert in a Democratic national convention the influence to which they are entitled. As things are now, the two-thirds rule can be used to thwart their interests and wishes by a small minority of delegates representing States which a Democratic nominee has little or no chance of carrying. Let the Southern delegates demand, with a close approach to unanimity, the abolition of the two-thirds rule, and no Democratic national convention would be likely to reject the demand. Then a sane and far-sighted majority would have nothing to dread from the populistic element, which has twice wrecked the Democratic party.

With the exception of the eloquent reference to ex-President Cleveland made by Mr. Olney at a Democratic banquet, we have not read in recent years an abler or more loyal speech than that delivered by Mr. Root at the Union League Club

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in defence of Mr. Roosevelt's policy, and in advocacy of his nomination for the Presidency. If any Republican leaders imagined that Mr. Root would countenance any attempt to substitute him for his ex-chief on the Republican ticket, they must now recognize their mistake. Evidently he would not take the nomination if it were offered to him, unless Mr. Roosevelt should retire from the field before the meeting of the national convention. But, however sincere may be his desire to devote himself henceforward to practise at the bar, his fellow citizens will not permit the ex-Secretary of War to renounce permanently a political career. So far as we can judge at this distance, there is no man more likely to receive the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1908 than is Mr. Root. In the office of Chief Magistrate he would be an honor to his State and to the country. Meanwhile, if the New York State convention is this year controlled by men who really wish and hope to carry the Empire commonwealth for Republican candidates, we will expect to see them nominate Mr. Root for Governor. Whether he would accept a nomination for that post we do not know, but not even his political opponents will dispute his fitness for the office.

We can well believe the report that Mr. Roosevelt desires to see him made a delegate to the national convention at Chicago, in order that he may make the speech nominating his ex-chief for the Presidency. His supreme qualifications for the function were disclosed at the Union League Club. There are, indeed, some indications that the speech which he made on that occasion has had the effect of modifying to some extent the attitude of certain men of weight towards Mr. Roosevelt. We would not go so far as to assert that they are as yet disposed to support the President with much enthusiasm, or to deny that they might prefer a conservative Democrat like Mr. Cleveland. It is by no means sure, however, that the Democratic national convention will have sense enough to nominate the ex-President, and it begins to look as if, should the Democratic candidate be dictated by the Bryanite wing of the Democracy, many representatives of conservative opinion may deem it safer to keep Mr. Roosevelt in office four years longer, on the principle that it is wiser to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of. We still have confidence, however, that before next July the Southern Democrats will have come to recognize the tremendous responsibility that rests upon their shoulders.

It is an interesting bit of news that comes to us from Indianapolis—the news, namely, that United States Senator Fairbanks has reluctantly consented to be the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency on a Roosevelt ticket. If this news be confirmed, we may assume that no opposition of any consequence will be offered to Mr. Roosevelt in the national convention of his party, and we should not be surprised to see the President nominated by acclamation. Hitherto Indiana has seemed to be a dangerous nucleus of discontent. There is good ground for believing that Mr. Hanna's friends preponderate among the managers of the Republican machine in that State, and that, had he uttered a word of encouragement, or even given the consent that is conveyed by silence, a majority of the Indiana delegates would have advocated his nomination for the Presidency. It is evident that Mr. Hanna has once more given proof of his good faith. He has clinched the evidence by urging Mr. Fairbanks to accept a nomination for the Vice-Presidency. The assumption is justified by Mr. Fairbanks's notorious unwillingness to exchange his seat in the Senate for the Vice-President's chair. Nothing but the influence of his friend, the Senator from Ohio, could have overcome his resolution.

It was, of course, pointed out to the senior Senator from Indiana that, as it is his own followers who have avowed a preference for Mr. Hanna, his consent to enter the field as a candidate for Vice-President on the Roosevelt ticket would annihilate all substantial opposition in the Republican national convention to the President's nomination. Nor is this all. With Mr. Fairbanks on the Roosevelt ticket, it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, for any Democrat except Mr. Cleveland to beat the ticket in Indiana. Even Mr. Cleveland, it must be remembered, lost the electoral vote of Indiana in 1888, when one of that State's citizens, General Harrison, was his opponent. It should further be borne in mind that Indiana is one of the States that gave Mr. McKinley a larger plurality in 1900 than it did in 1896, the figures being 26,479 in the later, against 18,181 in the earlier year. Since 1900 the Republican hold upon the State is believed to have been tightened, and it is certain that the nomination of Mr. Fairbanks for the Vice-Presidency would benefit Mr. Roosevelt precisely as did that of Mr. Hendricks for the same office benefit Mr. Cleveland in 1884. If, therefore, the news from Indianapolis shall prove well founded an effective stroke has been delivered for Mr. Roosevelt, a stroke the effect of which will be felt, not only in the Republican national convention, but at the ballot-box.

Those conversant with the intimacy of the relations between Mr. Charles F. Murphy and his Brooklyn lieutenant, State Senator P. H. McCarren, will not attach much importance to the latter's support of the nomination of Chief-Judge Alton B. Parker for the Presidency—a support announced on the evening of Saturday, February 6, at the Manhattan Club in New York city. That Judge Parker himself was not profoundly impressed by Senator McCarren's speech may be inferred from the fact that he uttered not a syllable to indicate a willingness to accept a nomination. The notion that either in a State convention or in the national convention of his party the State Senator from Brooklyn would oppose Mr. C. F. Murphy's wishes is absurd. The only possible motive for Mr. McCarren's demonstration must be a purpose to convince Judge Parker that if the latter by any chance should become the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, he would not be without zealous friends in Tammany Hall. Mr. Murphy himself has never said a word to indicate an intention of supporting Judge Parker in the State or national convention. There is no doubt, however, that he would prefer Judge Parker to Mr. William R. Hearst, if it were conceivable that the latter had a chance of obtaining any considerable number of delegates from the State of New York, or of being considered with an approach to seriousness in the national convention.

So far as Mr. Murphy's personal declarations are concerned, he has repeatedly expressed the belief that Mr. Cleveland, if nominated, could be elected. We may take for granted that if he had to choose between Cleveland and Parker, he would support the former. What he would like best of all, however, would be an uninstructed delegation to St. Louis, which could be trusted to adopt any suggestion made by him at the last moment. Should he secure such a delegation, there is a widespread impression that, after looking over the ground at St. Louis, he would express regret at the unwillingness of Democratic leaders in the Southern States to accept the ex-President, and that, as the next best thing, he would advocate the nomination of Mayor George B. McClellan, who has just demonstrated his ability to carry the city of New York by a large plurality. It is certain that if Mayor McClellan shall continue to give the city of New York an honest, clean, thrifty, and efficient government, he will be far stronger nine months hence than he was last November, and, very likely, would be able to carry the State of New York. He would also be strong in New Jersey, of which State his father was Governor, and which gave its electoral votes to the Democracy at each of the five Presidential elections preceding 1896. It is also possible that he might carry Connecticut, provided there should be a tidal wave in his favor throughout the lower counties of the State of New York. How Mayor McClellan would run in Indiana, and Illinois is, on the other hand, uncertain. He could not hope to make such inroads on the Republican vote as would ex-President Cleveland.

Southern newspapers have of late made some interesting comments on an aspect of the negro problem which the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* was the first to point out. It appears that at the close of the civil war there were scarcely 15,000 colored people in Philadelphia. According to the census of 1900, they numbered 62,613 in a total population of 1,298,697. They are now computed to number about 65,000. They contribute far more than their proportion to the record of crime. Moreover, the proportion is increasing. In 1896, out of 58,072 persons arrested in Philadelphia, 5302 were negroes, or nearly 10 per cent. On January 22, 1904, out of 465 convicts in Holmesburg prison, 166 were negroes, or over 35 per cent. In the convict department of Moyamensing prison at the same

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date there were 91 negro convicts in a total of 257; or, again, over 35 per cent. In the month of January, 1904, 95 per cent. of the persons tried in Philadelphia for burglary and robbery were negroes, and more than two-thirds of the colored people convicted had arrived recently from the South. The New Orleans *Picayune* seems to be justified in drawing from these data the deductions, first, that bad negroes have made up a considerable part of the recent migration from the South to the North; and, secondly, that those negroes who, without being originally bad, were shiftless, and who have tried to live in Northern States as easily as they could in the South, by doing odd jobs, have found fewer facilities in the North, and so have drifted into crime. The Montgomery *Advertiser* thinks that eventually the North will have even more trouble with the negro than is experienced by the South. For several reasons. In the first place, the negroes expect more from Northern whites than they do from white men at the South. They are justified in forming such expectations, owing to the professions made by many Republicans during the Reconstruction period. In the second place, the Northern people are not, as a matter of fact, so kindly disposed toward the negroes as are the Southern whites. In the third place, the colder climate at the North during at least a half of the year makes living more expensive and difficult. On the whole, however, our Southern contemporaries regard with equanimity the awakening of Philadelphia to the seriousness of the race problem. They hold that it is only a question of time when white men in all sections of the country will appreciate the gravity of the situation created by the enfranchisement of the negro.

Sincere and consistent friends of civil service reform think not only that Federal office-holders should not be invited to contribute to the expenses of their party in political contests, but that they ought not to figure as delegates to political conventions. Their time belongs to the nation which pays their salaries, and ought not to be devoted to partisan purposes. It is an interesting fact that in 1900, when President McKinley was a candidate for renomination, he instructed General Dick, secretary of the National Republican Committee, to send out a circular letter on the subject. The letter was to the effect that while, of course, the National Committee did not presume to interfere with the selection of delegates, yet it was deemed advisable that, so far as practicable, delegations to the national convention should be composed of men not holding Federal appointments. It was, of course, acknowledged that there might be justifiable exceptions to the rule. But the conviction was expressed that Federal officials ought not to be prominently identified with the management of political conventions. It would be edifying to learn what view of the matter is taken by Senator Lodge, who recently sent orders to his lieutenants in Massachusetts to put none but Roosevelt men on guard in the delegation to the Chicago convention. Now his chief lieutenants are George A. Hibbard, Postmaster of Boston; George H. Lyman, Collector of the Port; and Jeremiah H. McCarty, Surveyor of the Port. We shall scan with curiosity the list of Massachusetts delegates, in order to see whether it includes the names of these Federal officials.

The President himself seems to take a much more creditable view of the matter than the Senator from Massachusetts. In a letter to Mr. Stranahan, Collector of the Port of New York, Mr. Roosevelt spoke in no ambiguous terms. He explained that he did not wish to dictate to conventions their choice of delegates, but he would suggest, he added, that whenever it was possible to get good men who are not holding Federal office, this should be done. He foresaw, he said, that many office-holders would go to the national convention, because many of them are politicians who have a good deal of influence in their home districts, but they must understand, he said, that no pressure from Washington would be brought to bear upon them to secure their votes.

Mr. Roosevelt is credited with the assertion that he could win without New York. There is no doubt that in 1868 and in 1872 General Grant did not need the support of New York in order to gain a majority of the electoral votes. The same thing may be said of Cleveland in 1892, and of McKinley in 1896 and 1900. On the other hand, the electoral votes of New York would have turned the scale in favor of Tilden in 1876 had not the Electoral Commission counted every doubtful vote for Hayes; and they were unquestionably decisive in 1880, 1884, and 1888. They would have been decisive in 1860 had all the opposition to the Republican candidate been concentrated upon Douglas, and had Lincoln failed, as in that case he doubtless would have failed, to carry the State of New York. It was the State of New York that made Buchanan President in 1856, Zachary Taylor President in 1848, and Polk President in 1844. If, therefore, Mr. Roosevelt asserts that he could win without any of the electoral votes of his native State, we can only reply that such a thing is possible, but not probable.

It may be, however, that he has something else in his mind. Suppose that in August or September the Republican leaders should make up their minds, as they did in 1880, that their candidate for Governor was in danger of losing the Empire State. What is there to prevent Governor Odell from convoking the Legislature in special session for the purpose of carrying a bill more or less similar to the so-called Miner law which was enacted by the Democrats in Michigan in 1892. That law provided that each Congressional district in the State should choose one Presidential elector, and that the State should be divided into two large districts, each of which should return one elector at large. The result is well known. Out of its fourteen electoral votes, Michigan contributed five to Cleveland and Stevenson. There is no doubt that such a law would be perfectly constitutional. The second clause of the first section of the second article of the Constitution provides that each State shall appoint, *in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct*, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress. State legislatures have often used the powers thus delegated to them. For many years after our present Federal Constitution became operative the Presidential electors of New York were chosen by the Legislature. The Presidential electors of South Carolina were chosen by her Legislature up to the civil war. This obviously is a card which the Republican party has up its sleeve. It controls the Executive as well as both branches of the Legislature in the State of New York. If, therefore, the Republican leaders should deem such a course expedient, they could neutralize the importance of the Empire State by a law the practical outcome of which would give each of the great political parties about one-half of the Presidential electors. *Verbum sapienti.*

It is becoming evident that the disturbance due to the Russo-Japanese war will not be confined to the Far East, nor even to Asia. The Balkans are already showing the first symptoms of trouble, and it is likely that spring will see an insurrection in no wise visibly different from war in Macedonia and Adrianople. Bulgaria has only been kept from intervening by force of arms to help the Bulgarian-speaking Slavs of the four eastern vilayets of European Turkey by the strong pressure of Russia and the repeated representations of the Russian government. Russia, having failed to secure peace in the Far East, is not destined to succeed better by the Dardanelles, and all signs indicate that Bulgaria will profit by the Far-Eastern conflict to break away from Russian leading-strings, and at least make the attempt to unite to her territory the northern part of the four non-Albanian vilayets of Monastir, Kossovo, Salonica, and Adrianople. It is difficult to see what Austria could do under the circumstances. The Emperor Franz Josef is pledged to the peaceful reform of Slavonic Turkey equally with the Tsar, yet Austria has for generations had very strong and defined ambitions concerning the Balkan lands, and she undoubtedly wishes to add Macedonia to Bosnia and Herzegovina, which she has so successfully administered since 1878. This would be a solution of the Near-Eastern question in a sense decidedly opposed to Russia's interests, and is therefore the more likely to be brought about now that Russia's hands are tied. Russia has one strong card to play in her Black Sea fleet, which was built especially for the purpose of attacking the Turkish forts on the Dardanelles. This fact is in itself sufficient reason why Russia has not sought to take her Black Sea fleet through the Dardanelles and Bosporus with a view to using it against Japan. It is too likely to be needed nearer home. We may remind ourselves that the Black Sea fleet of

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Russia consists primarily of seven battle-ships, averaging ten thousand tons each, four of them being powerful modern vessels.

The opening days of Parliament have made it evident that a dissolution cannot long be delayed. Not only are there signs that the powerful group of Liberal-Unionists who follow the Duke of Devonshire are inclined to reenter the Liberal fold, but it further appears that, so far, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Wyndham have not succeeded in making satisfactory terms with Mr. John Redmond and the Irish party. The action of Mr. Chamberlain in seizing the Liberal-Unionist Association, and using the old fear of home rule as a weapon in doing so, will make it much more difficult for Mr. Chamberlain's former chief to win the confidence of Ireland, while it will at the same time widen the breach between the Premier and the Duke of Devonshire. Mr. Redmond will certainly take no action likely to bring Mr. Chamberlain back to power, now that the former Colonial Secretary has made it clear that the policy of home rule seems to him as dangerous to the empire as it did in the memorable days when he seceded from Mr. Gladstone. There was a slight expectation that Mr. Chamberlain's policy of general federation might be stretched to cover some kind of home-rule measure for Ireland, which would undoubtedly benefit more by the food tax on foreign commodities than even Canada, and could, therefore, be counted on to support the policy of Mr. Chamberlain, so long as it did not stand in the way of Irish ambitions. But now, in his desire to beat the Duke of Devonshire and to capture the Liberal-Unionist Association for his fiscal campaign, Mr. Chamberlain has done his best to revive the fear of home rule, and has, therefore, incurred the hostility and suspicion of home-rulers. While this palpably makes it harder for Mr. Balfour and Mr. Wyndham to strike such a bargain with the Irish members as will secure their solid support, so necessary to his weakened ranks, and on so many occasions during recent months the sole cause of his retention in power, it seems not impossible that his antagonism towards Mr. Chamberlain may incline the Duke of Devonshire towards home rule, and thus remove the one obstacle to his reentry into the Liberal party, where he might well expect to become reconciler and leader, and even to be asked by the King to form the next ministry. For the drift of the last seven by-elections makes it evident that Mr. Balfour cannot count on a victory at the polls even for his moderate policy of retaliatory tariffs, while the food-tax party has made practically no headway at all. It remains to be seen whether the Duke of Devonshire can overcome his dread of home rule, which, being based chiefly on his sympathy with the Irish landlords, has now, through the legislation of Mr. Wyndham, lost much of its reason for being.

For those who have at heart the best interests of American art in its larger aspects the news of Edward MacDowell's resignation of the Chair of Music at Columbia is peculiarly welcome. Mr. MacDowell's principal reason for giving up his professorship is, it appears, in order that he may find more leisure for what is, unquestionably, his proper work in the world—the writing of music. His engagements at the university have absorbed the best part of his time and energy for almost a decade, and his opportunities for creative work in the art of which he is an acknowledged master have been, during that time, lamentably curtailed. He will, we imagine, be sorely missed at Columbia; for he exerted there, admittedly, an educational force of extraordinary fineness and importance. His scholars and associates will be the poorer for his absence, whether they realize it or not. But American music will be the gainer. Those who are best qualified to judge recognize in Mr. MacDowell a creative artist of singular originality, power, and inspiration; his increased leisure will no doubt be productive of further and more continued evidence of his genius.

In the address that he delivered on February 7 before the Boston Labor Union, President Eliot took note of the very rapid increase in the last three years of the effective power of large combinations of men. The labor-union now faces the employers' association, one monopoly against another. Out of this kind of encounter, once rare, now common, has come the joint agreement combining the two monopolies. This is sure to result in raising the price of the necessaries of life, and against that, society must find a way to defend itself. Here are two monopolistic secret societies. Dr. Eliot suggests the expediency of establishing over them governmental inspection and control. That, he thinks, would be one remedy; but he pointed out that the action of legislative or judicial remedies must necessarily be slow and superficial, and the real cure must be found in the deep workings of the democratic spirit that made the strife possible. As modifications that are needed, and the attainment of which will tend towards permanent industrial peace, he mentioned steadiness of employment, conditions of labor that will permit the laborer to have a settled place of abode, and, in big concerns, a voice for the workman in the discipline of the works, and an interest for the workman in profits. He would also have for the workman pay increasing with the length of his service, and a retiring allowance. Both these last advantages are provided for officers of the army, and are much coveted by other salaried persons. Dr. Eliot objects to the monopolistic tendency of labor-unions and employers' associations which make for the division of society into two great classes. He agrees with other observers that that is contrary to the democratic spirit, as is also the tendency of labor-unions to keep men of unequal capacities down to a level, and to restrict the output and capacity of the individual workman.

It may be that if the late Mr. Whistler were not dead, the Copley Society of Boston would not be planning to have next week a show of his paintings. But if he were still alive and the show were afoot, how greatly would his soul be delighted and refreshed by the report of prejudice in Boston against his portrait of Mr. Canfield. This report concerns the reputed disturbance of some members of the Copley Society at the idea of hanging Mr. Canfield alongside of such citizens as Mrs. Sears, Mrs. J. L. Gardner, Mrs. Potter Palmer, and others. Not that these ladies are said to object. Mrs. Sears is herself a mighty good painter; Mrs. Gardner is a famous art-collector and an all-round sport; and Mrs. Potter Palmer, if we remember rightly, has herself been in the show business. Not one of them would be likely to flinch from smiling from a wall in Mr. Canfield's company. But evidently there has been some question whether the portrait of Mr. Canfield should go with theirs, and an embarrassing phase of the situation is that Mr. Canfield has sent more Whistlers to the exhibition than any one else. It is very amusing, and though Mr. Whistler is not here to enjoy it, Mr. Canfield is, and he is capable of being much cheered by it. He is a perfectly frank and unpretentious person, a gambler by trade and by choice, and without evasions. Whistler's portrait of him was the artist's last work, and would be an exceedingly interesting item in the Copley Society's exhibition. It would be a mistake not to include it if it can be had, but it may be that the report that the society is in danger of making such a mistake is only a malicious rumor.

One of the most learned of contemporary Congressmen, Mr. J. B. Perkins, of Rochester, has been heard from in debate in the House. Mr. Perkins is an able lawyer and a distinguished historian, but he discussed neither on history nor law. The question was whether Congress should prohibit the docking of horses' tails in the District of Columbia, and the introduction into the District of unlicensed horses whose tails have already been docked. General Grosvenor of Ohio, Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin, and Mr. Powers of Massachusetts were among the gentlemen who argued that docking was cruel, unnecessary, and contrary to the intentions of the Almighty, who made the horse after a pattern that was satisfactory to Him, and should be so to us. Mr. Perkins argued that docking, if properly done with the use of a little cocaine, didn't hurt the horse a mite; that it was no more unnecessary than hair-cutting; and that the horse looked better for it. If the House wanted to do something for horses, he advised it to abolish the check-rein, which causes horses "ten thousand times more torment" than docked tails. He said he owned dock-tailed horses, and evidently he knew all about them. But the House didn't. The House passed the bill, 85 to 8. When the bill gets to the Senate it will strike a community of horse-owners and may die. If it reaches the President, it will come to a horse-sharp, and he may kill it. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Perkins said, that the check-rein is immeasurably a greater nuisance to horses than docked tails.

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What Will the Issue Be?

Now that war is actually begun in the Far East, it concerns us, as Americans, to consider with some care the outcome of such a contest, from the view-point, not only of the combatants, but also from that of our national interests. Let us begin by assuming that the war will be a duel between Russia and Japan. What is the relative strength of the antagonists? Their naval forces should first be compared, because sea power is destined to be a decisive factor in the struggle, inasmuch as, if the Japanese fleet should be disabled, it would not be practicable for the Tokio government to land a large army on the Asiatic continent and to maintain communications with it. If we leave out the battle-ship *Oslavia*, the armored cruiser *Dmitri Donskoi*, and the protected cruiser *Aurora*, which are on their way to Far-Eastern waters, but have not yet arrived, the total tonnage of the Russian navy on the Asiatic station is about 200,000. The war-vessels include seven battle-ships, ranging from 13,100 to 10,950 tons apiece; four armored cruisers of a displacement varying from 12,336 to 7800 tons; and seven protected cruisers, whose tonnage varies from 6750 to 3000. There are, besides, some twenty-four destroyers or torpedo-boats. The aggregate number of officers and men is computed at 20,000. If, now, we turn to the navy of Japan, the total displacement of which, if we omit the two war-ships last purchased, which lately left Singapore, is 170,000 tons, we find that it includes six first-class battle-ships, all modern, and ranging, in respect of tonnage, from 15,200 to 12,300; eight armored cruisers, also of the latest type, and only varying in tonnage from 9850 to 8500; twelve protected cruisers, whose displacement ranges from 4898 to 3100 tons. Japan also possesses a good many torpedo-boats and destroyers. The impression seems to be current among naval experts that the Japanese strategists, engineers, and seamen will show themselves more proficient than their Russian antagonists. This is an assumption, however, that may not be justified by the event. There is, on the other hand, no doubt that the Japanese start with the advantage of operating on interior lines, since, at the hour when we write, no junction has been effected between the main Russian fleet, stationed at or near Port Arthur, and the squadron at Vladivostok. Let us suppose that the naval superiority of Japan is so completely verified in one or more naval engagements that, thereafter, the remnant of the Russian war-vessels will be, practically, driven from the sea. In that event, the Japanese will be able to disembark any force at their disposal at any desirable point in the Korean peninsula or on the seacoast of Manchuria, and, thereafter, to keep it supplied with food and ammunition. How many soldiers would it be possible for the Tokio government to place on the Asiatic mainland? The permanent army of Japan, on a war footing, comprises 7500 officers and 193,790 men of the rank and file, a total which, on mobilization, could be increased from the depot reserves to about 8000 officers and 225,000 men. Behind this active army stands the territorial force, also organized, and more or less disciplined, which comprehends upwards of 3000 officers and 118,000 men. There seems, then, to be no doubt that Japan could send to the mainland upwards of 150,000 soldiers, and still leave more than an equal number for home defence.

Regarding the number of troops that Russia now has in Manchuria, much uncertainty prevails. It has been asserted, on what seems trustworthy authority, that her troops at or close to the theatre of war number about 300,000, but it must be borne in mind that something like 150,000 would be needed to garrison Vladivostok and Port Arthur, and to guard the Manchurian railways which run from Harbin to those naval fortresses. According to Senator Beveridge, from forty thousand to sixty thousand would be needed for the latter purpose alone, even in time of peace. It is, therefore, doubtful whether Viceroy Alexieff could muster for active operations an army larger than that which Japan, at the outset, might put into the field. As to Russia's ability to forward reinforcements and supplies, it must be remembered that the Trans-Siberian Railway, on which she would have to rely, has a very defective road-bed, poor bridges, and only a single track; which railway would probably break down under the strain of military exigencies, even if it were not cut, as it probably would be, by Japanese disguised as Chinese laborers.

It is obvious that the ultimate objective of a Japanese invading force would be Harbin, the Manchurian town which stands at the junction of the line to Vladivostok with the line to Port Arthur. If Harbin could be occupied by the Japanese, it is obvious that the Russian soldiers in Manchuria would be completely isolated from their base of supplies. That Harbin could be reached, however, without at least one battle is, of course, improbable. It remains to be seen what would be the result of such an encounter. In respect of cavalry there is no doubt that the Russians are much superior, as regards both numbers and efficiency. On the other hand, it seems to be believed by competent observers who took part in the fighting at Tientsin and in the joint expedition to Peking, that the Japanese infantry, though the soldiers are of smaller size, is at least equal to the Russian, and that the Japanese artillery is better served. The combatants are equally brave, but it seems probable—such, at least, was the impression received by Senator Beveridge—that the Russians are more enduring, and, as they can subsist on less food than the Japanese, we may, perhaps, assume that they would bear somewhat better the hardships and privations of a long campaign. Should the Japanese, however, be so successful in the earlier operations as to achieve the occupation of Harbin, there is no reason to suppose that the campaign would be a long one. The Japanese would have no desire to penetrate Siberia, but would content themselves with the expulsion of the Russians from Manchuria. Whether Vladivostok and Port Arthur, if invested both by land and sea, would require a protracted siege is doubtful.

Assuming then, for the sake of argument, that the Japanese will be successful in both their naval and their military operations, we proceed to inquire how our national interests might be affected. We answer that, if Japan should prove faithful to her plighted word, our interests would receive no detriment. Professedly, Japan has not entered upon the war with a view to conquest, but has pledged herself to uphold Korea's territorial integrity and China's sovereignty over Manchuria, and to respect the treaty rights which we and other maritime nations have acquired in those countries. We have, then, nothing to lose by the triumph of Japan, provided, of course, that country should not be rendered so arrogant by its victory over Russia as to become oblivious of its promises. In that event, it might be necessary for the United States, as well as for Great Britain, France, Germany, and other countries engaged in commerce with the Far East, to intervene, precisely as the nations represented at the Congress of Berlin interposed to regulate the Balkan peninsula after Russia's last war with Turkey.

The same thing may probably be said regarding the attitude which the treaty powers would take in the event of a conclusive defeat of Japan by Russia. Even if successful, Russia would be exhausted by the conflict, and could not venture to defy the joint wishes of the treaty powers. No matter, therefore, what may be the issue of the conflict, we have no reason to apprehend that our national interests will suffer. We can, therefore, survey the progress of the war as dispassionate spectators—with curiosity, but without anxiety.

What has made Cotton go Up?

RECENT revolutionary incidents on the cotton exchanges of the world have given peculiar timeliness and interest to a discussion of the supply and demand conditions of the great American staple which appears in the February number of the *North American Review*. The author of the article, Mr. Daniel J. Sully, ought to be exceptionally qualified to expound the causes of the relatively high price which cotton has lately attained, and, for that matter, is still held at, for he has been associated with the cotton industry for twenty years, and is a member of the Liverpool Cotton Association, as well as of the cotton exchanges of New York and New Orleans. The manufacturers, who have been reduced to the alternative of closing their mills or of buying the raw product at prices which they describe as ruinous, not unnaturally deny that there is any real economic cause for its huge appreciation in value, and attribute the rise in price exclusively to manipulation. Mr. Sully himself admits that the cotton-market has been the scene of manipulation during the last year, but he maintains that the advantage, so far as money is concerned, has rested with those who have tried to depress the price of the staple. On that side have been arrayed the mill interests, not only of New England, but also of Great Britain and the Continent. On the other side has been the principal purveyor of the raw product, to wit, the South, which is just emerging from four decades of poverty. As to commission-houses and brokers, these, according to Mr. Sully, have been about equally divided.

The author of the article in the *North American Review*, which appears to have been written about the middle of January, begins with the assertion that no plan of manipulation, unless financed on a scale sufficient to take over a large portion of the crop, could have brought prices up to the recent average level, and have kept them there for a considerable period. He concedes that there are times when "corners" are rendered possible by acute conditions, such as a phenomenally short crop, an inadequate supply toward the end of a season, and aggressive manipulation, backed by large capital. He pronounces it, on the other hand, impossible for corners to be devised and executed at the outset of a cotton year. No clique of speculators could be found with sufficient money and daring to attempt such a thing. How, then, would Mr. Sully explain the extraordinary spectacle which the cotton-market has for some time presented? He contends that the recent high prices of cotton are due to natural causes, which are likely to remain more or less operative for years to come. The germs of these causes should be referred, he thinks, to the period of enormous crops and low prices in 1897–8 and 1898–9. In each of these years the crop was more than 11,000,000 bales, and the price of cotton

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fell to six, and even five, cents a pound. Two results followed: a restriction of production of the raw staple, and an expansion of the manufacture of the products into which cotton enters. On the one hand, every means was taken to induce Southern farmers to plant more extensively of other crops and to decrease the output of cotton. On the other hand, the low price of the staple and the enormous supply of it caused new mills to start up on the European Continent and in the Southern States themselves. It appears that even during the last twelvemonth, when we heard so much about the enforced curtailment of cotton manufactures, the South added to its mill facilities 817,826 spindles and 16,313 looms, representing an investment of about $16,000,000. Mr. Sully calculates that during the last ten years the mills of the world have increased their capacity by more than 17,000,000 spindles, and that the whole number of the world's spindles at the present time may be placed at 109,000,000. Attention is further directed to the fact that during the period 1897–9 not only was the capacity of cotton-mills proper increased, but people the world over were educated to new uses for cotton. We are told that cotton enters to-day into the fabrication of more articles than any other agricultural product, its low price having caused the staple to be employed for purposes never before contemplated.

What happened when a four years' period of comparatively short crops followed? According to Mr. Sully's estimate, the world's consumption, by the close of 1898, had come to be based on the assumption that the American crop would amount to 11,000,000 bales. The assumption has proved unfounded. The crop grown in 1899 was 9,436,416 bales; that of 1900 was 10,383,422 bales; that of 1901 was 10,680,680 bales, and that grown in 1902 was 10,727,559 bales. To what should be attributed the shrinkage in the production of the staple? Mr. Sully would ascribe it, first, to seed deterioration; secondly, to soil exhaustion, followed by poor tillage; thirdly, to the increased damage wrought by pests, such as the boll-weevil; and, lastly, the lack of acreage expansion. The three causes last named need no explanation, but, as regards seed deterioration, this, it seems, is due to the sale of the best seed to the cottonseed-oil mills. The agents of these mills go about the country at the beginning of the season, and usually get the early seed, which, as experience has shown, is the most vigorously reproductive. Under the circumstances, the farmer has to fall back on the later seed, which is of relatively low vitality and does not produce a full crop.

What, then, was the state of things that the cotton industry had to face on September 1, 1903? Mr. Sully answers that the supplies of raw material in the hands of mill-owners had declined to almost nothing. On the other hand, consumption had encroached upon the reserves of manufactured goods until the stocks of such commodities were at an extremely low ebb. From these facts, it is pronounced a reasonable deduction that a crop of twelve million bales of the American staple would have been absorbed at prices in advance of those of former years, by the mill interests of the world. We need not say that last year's crop fell far short of twelve million bales. The government estimate issued on December 3, 1903, placed the probable production for the year at 9,962,059 bales. That the government's estimate was not too low seems evident from the report of the cotton ginned up to December 13, 1903, a report issued by the Census Bureau on January 5, 1904. In spite of the temptation offered by high prices and exceptionally good facilities for marketing, the amount ginned was approximately 400,000 bales less than that ginned up to the corresponding date of 1902. Mr. Sully submits that if the cotton had been in the country it would have been rushed to the gins, and the figures for the year before would have been surpassed. Further proof that the cotton is not in the country was furnished by reports from all over the South up to the middle of January—when the article in the *North American Review* was penned—reports to the effect that from thirty to fifty per cent. less cotton was in the hands of the farmer than at the same time last year.

In view of the facts marshalled by him, Mr. Sully challenges the disinterested observer to resist the conclusion that natural causes are alone or mainly responsible for the recent high prices of cotton. Those prices have been due to the pressing demand for the staple, on the one hand, and to the inadequate supply of it, on the other. In a word, the staple has "bulled" itself.

The Fate of Korea

KOREA seems destined to be the sacrificial victim in the Far-Eastern struggle. Manchuria has long ceased to be an independent political entity. From being the conqueror of China, when the present dynasty invaded and subdued the Middle Kingdom in 1644, Manchuria steadily sank to the status of a somewhat neglected outlying dependency, the most backward part of a backward empire. Its hold on the Chinese imagination lay in the presence, at Mukden, of the tombs of China's foreign conquerors, and as the Manchus are even to-day an armed and hostile garrison in China, the relics of their ancestors are not very dear to the native Chinese. Korea has never ceased to be a separate and distinct kingdom, with a defined social, moral and political life of its own, in spite of the rival claims of suzerainty alternately put forth by China and Japan. Korea has a heroic history of intense interest and value, and stands as the bringer of light, religion and art to the Japanese.

Physically, the Koreans are a finer people than their neighbors of Japan, and visitors to the Hermit Kingdom speak of them as being much handsomer than the Chinese, who, in their turn, are, in physique superior to the Mikado's subjects. The Koreans have been devastated again and again by ruthless Japanese invasions, and to the last of these all historians unite in ascribing the present fallen fortunes and broken courage of the Hermit Kingdom. Korea gave Japan the art of letters, science and religion, as well as the best models and craftsmen in all those arts of painting and design which we think of as characteristically Japanese. In return for these great gifts, the Japanese again and again spread desolation through her fertile valleys. No Eastern people detests another so strongly as the Koreans detest the Japanese.

Korea is a land of extreme beauty and fertility, though it has for years suffered from certain political evils which we may the more easily understand as they have analogies nearer home. It has a land question almost identical with the Irish land question, except that, in Ireland, the landlords were additionally odious as representatives of foreign conquest and foreign domination, the rule of an alien race and an alien faith. But in both Korea and Ireland, the heart of the land question, economically speaking, was the same: a year-to-year tenancy, which gave the landlord the right to raise the rent every time the tenant improved his holding by clearing, draining, building or fertilizing. This system, in Korea, as in Ireland, kept the peasant class in perpetual poverty, and made all hope of progress for them impossible. The absenteeism of the Irish landlords was repeated in Korea, as the land-owning class invariably streamed to the capital, to take part in its pleasures and amusements, and to participate in the court life which, for splendor of pageantry and costumes, and for elaborate detail of etiquette, was a close second to the court of Vienna in the days before Sadowa and the legislative secession of Hungary.

A second evil, and a very serious one, in Korea, we can best realize by what we have recently read of Bulgarian-Macedonia under Turkish rule: it is the evil of tax-farming lined with extortion and dishonesty. A political writer of much acuteness has spoken of the Constantinople hierarchy in the Rumania of olden days as "a cascade of simony": we might, with some justice, speak of the governmental system of Korea as a "cascade of extortion." The peasant groans and pays the bill, just as he does in the practically feudal India of to-day. But the Korean peasant is further the victim of a cruel and barbarous criminal law, with punishments as capricious as they are severe, and here the Indian ryot has immeasurably the advantage, since, in the British-Indian Empire, the law can neither be bought nor delayed.

Add to this that the central government has never assimilated the modern doctrine that governments exist for the good of the people, and to develop and distribute the resources of the country; and that the Korean army was a costly luxury of the court, but wholly inefficacious against foreign foes, and we have a fairly true estimate of the internal condition of the Hermit Kingdom. Nor can it be doubted that Japan was inspired by genuine missionary zeal, accompanied, without doubt, by feelings less disinterested, in her attempt to modernize Korea, immediately before and during the war with China in 1894. Japan had then some sixteen years of civilized existence, in our modern democratic sense, to her credit, and had certainly done wonders within that time. Her intentions towards Korea involved an equally sweeping reformation for the land of "Morning Calm." But more than sixteen years of national life are needed before a kingdom can safely become the mentor of another, especially if that other strenuously objects, and has already, through fifteen centuries of calamitous invasions, grown to distrust and hate the would-be reformer.

The Japanese went at their task with a certain ruthless vigor, and the imprisonment of the Korean sovereignty, and the murder of the Korean Queen were symptomatic of their strenuous methods. They drew up schemes of reform which read admirably, but which took no root among the Koreans, and within three or four years the whole fabric of "New Korea" thus violently born under Japanese auspices, toppled and fell to pieces. The Japanese had secured settlements in various parts of Korea, such as Fusan and Chemulpo, and they had built the rudiments of a postal and telegraph system which are undoubtedly of benefit; but, at the same time, they managed to add to the keen animosity with which the Koreans viewed everything Japanese, and the work of civilization in Korea was thus set back and hindered.

Japan is now determined to try again, in spite of all treaties guaranteeing Korean independence and sovereignty; and Korea is likely to learn some rude lessons concerning the modern application of material forces. Good may result from this to Korea, provided that Japan's tutelage is only temporary. But nothing more hurtful to the genius and destiny of the gifted but unfortunate Korean race could be imagined, than a permanent merging of their

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kingdom within the Mikado's Empire. Nor, it may be added, could anything be conceived, less likely to benefit the western powers, including the United States; since the Japanese will soon make it as impossible for a white merchant to succeed in Korea as it now is in Japan. The ideal of the Mikado's advisers includes the gradual ousting of the white race from all territory under Japanese influence; and this doctrine would undoubtedly be applied to Korea. With our Chinese exclusion laws, we are hardly in a position to complain.

The Child's Right to Proper Food

Dr. William Hall, a retired medical man of Hillside, Headingley, near Leeds in England, has promulgated the doctrine that every child has a natural right to be fed either by its parents or by the State, and that this right must be actively upheld. This doctrine seems humane and rational, and one would think that the efforts of a disinterested philanthropist to put it into practical effect would meet with nothing but praise and encouragement. On the contrary, however, Dr. Wall has encountered a great deal of opposition. He admitted this in a recent interview on the subject published in one of the big London dailies. "The clergy," he declares, "say that my scheme of feeding the children is against political economy, and that their souls must be attended to; while the schoolmasters say that it is the mind which must be developed. Some twelve months ago the Sanitary Committee of the Leeds City Corporation were induced to vote £500 for the establishment of a depôt for supplying humanized milk for poor children, and that scheme is in course of being carried out. But the authorities are frightened at my experiments with the feeding of poor children, which I have explained at York and other places."

Dr. Hall's idea is, in brief, to bring about the normal physical development of poor children by feeding them on suitable and sufficient food. He maintains that it is little, if any, use to teach children about their souls, or to attempt to train their minds, if they have deficient physical frames and lack proper nourishment. For some twelve months he has been investigating the home-feeding of Jewish and Gentile school-children, and tabulating results, according to his own weighing of the children. A summary of his examination of 2704 Gentile and Jewish board-school children from six to thirteen years of age, shows that while in a "good-district" Gentile school the average weight at ten years of age was 60.33 pounds, in the "poor-district" Jewish school the average weight at the same age is 64 pounds, as even the poorest Jewish children are better fed than average poor Gentile children.

One of Dr. Hall's experiments consisted in giving to sixty poor Gentile board-school boys and girls, seven years of age, half a pint of new milk and a nutritious bun five days a week during three months. At the beginning of the experiment, the sixty children weighed 187 pounds less than the average weight for their age. At the end of the three months, allowing for natural growth and increase of weight during that time, and allowing for the weight of the clogs and stockings which had also been provided, the children showed a net gain in total weight of 40 pounds, which the doctor claims must be credited to the extra food. They were also manifestly less anæmic and looked much more cheerful. They are now to be given, for a period, meat or fish and potatoes. "In the idea," says Dr. Hall, "that every child should be fed by its parents or by the State, and in its application, we have a principle and an action which will to a great extent prevent the misery and the vice which are otherwise sure to occur in the rising generation." It is in the crusade against the system of teaching children regardless of the food given to them and their lack of physical development that the doctor is exerting himself at present; and notwithstanding the opposition of clergy and schoolmasters, he is receiving very warm support from a large portion of his community.

The evil he is attempting to deal with is less acute in America than in most European countries; but even here, in this land of plenty, there are many communities where good work of this sort is needed.

Our National Optimism

Mr. Brett is congratulating us, in the *Outlook*, upon the optimistic trend of our national literature. There is a profound and well-grounded optimism such as is the flower of an essentially religious people or era, and there is an optimism which is the outgrowth of great national sacrifices for faith or principle or of far-sighted racial interests. There is also the optimism of well-fed, well-housed cattle. It is questionable whether a profound consciousness of life and its issues results in optimism, except in such cases. Before we become too self-laudatory we should examine into the true reasonableness of the faith that is in us.

Are we optimistic because we are comfortable? If literature be the true expression of the national consciousness few people would be willing to admit that we are the deepest, the strongest, the most alive and thoughtful people of the age. We are not grappling with the most essential problems of the soul, and that is the function of great literature, from Homer and Dante down to Browning and Swinburne.

We *are* producing enormous quantities of ephemeral stuff, material dealing with the more superficial and external aspects of life. The large mass of our output is fiction, and in the main it is the old-fashioned novel of manners and marriage. We have not yet moved on to the novel of motives, of the intellectual life, or to the novel which deals, as does that of France, with man's relation to the unseen forces of the universe, frequently, of course, to the diseases of the spiritual man. But these themes are, at any rate, more vital than manners, clothes, marriage, and money.

Mrs. Atherton, in her reply to Mr. Brett, points out that Americans who take a broad interest in life, and read foreign books—Nietzsche and d'Annunzio—may be morbid, but they are not childish nor shallow. For good or for evil, they are coping with a grown man's concerns. Roughly speaking, d'Annunzio's novels deal with the principles of æsthetic theory and man's relation to them, and Nietzsche is attempting a reform of ethical theory, and this, risking all the chances of mistaken conclusions, is better for the thinking man than to have his thoughts bounded by four narrow walls containing a bed and a table.

Subtract a few really great names from our literature—Poe, Emerson, Whitman, Hawthorne—and what have we left of permanent significance? It is useless to hide from the truth that we are a very Martha among nations, cumbered about many things and immersed in activities, *not in* thought. We have emerged from the concrete difficulties of colonization, liberating wars and political adjustments, and now is the time to begin building up a great national literature. But it will not be accomplished by allowing mercantile methods to prevail. Literary inspiration bears no relation to the laws of demand and supply. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof."

The only writer with a real voice in the making of literature is he who listens for the wind and embodies the voice of the silence, quite unconcerned about publishers and public. Fancy Blake writing to please the public!

> In my golden house on high
> There they shine eternally,

he wrote of his works.

Richard Feverel was published in 1858, the year which saw the publication of *Adam Bede* and *David Copperfield*; from that year on, until some ten or fifteen years ago, Meredith continued to send out novels to the unresponsive void. Thus is a great national literature builded.

Let us analyze our optimism. Is it the optim*ism* of a great faith in the far-off divine event, or the light-hearted optimism of child*hood* before the dawn of reflection?

Over-provision for Families

There is such a thing as making an excessive provision for a family. When a rich man dies and leaves his widow thoroughly well provided for, and all his children rich, it is liable to happen that the children all marry and set up for themselves or follow out their leanings in some other way that takes them from home, and that the widow is left to rattle around in a big house with servants for companions. It is an exceptional widow that can make a good thing of life on this basis. The average widow, who has been used to domestic life in the company of her peers, is very lonely.

The rich mother of children who need her help occupies a strong position. The rich mother of children who need nothing that she can give them may really be not so well situated for finding happiness in life as though she and her children were all poorer and more interdependent. No decent person, man or woman, grudges his mother support if he can possibly give it, but very decent children of mothers who need nothing but the kind of company that makes a house a home, may leave their mothers without that particular solace.

Gentlemen intending to leave five millions or more to a widow and four children, or less, should bear this possibility in mind. They will not do well, so far as the widow is concerned, to leave their children so much money, outright, that the children will need nothing their mother can supply.

Gentlemen who have large fortunes and no children will usually do better to live on, if possible, until their wives are about ready to accompany them to where they may be going. A lonely, childless widow is in a bad case, and if she is rich, no one should be surprised, or blame her overmuch, if the measures she takes for her relief are not altogether approved by observers.

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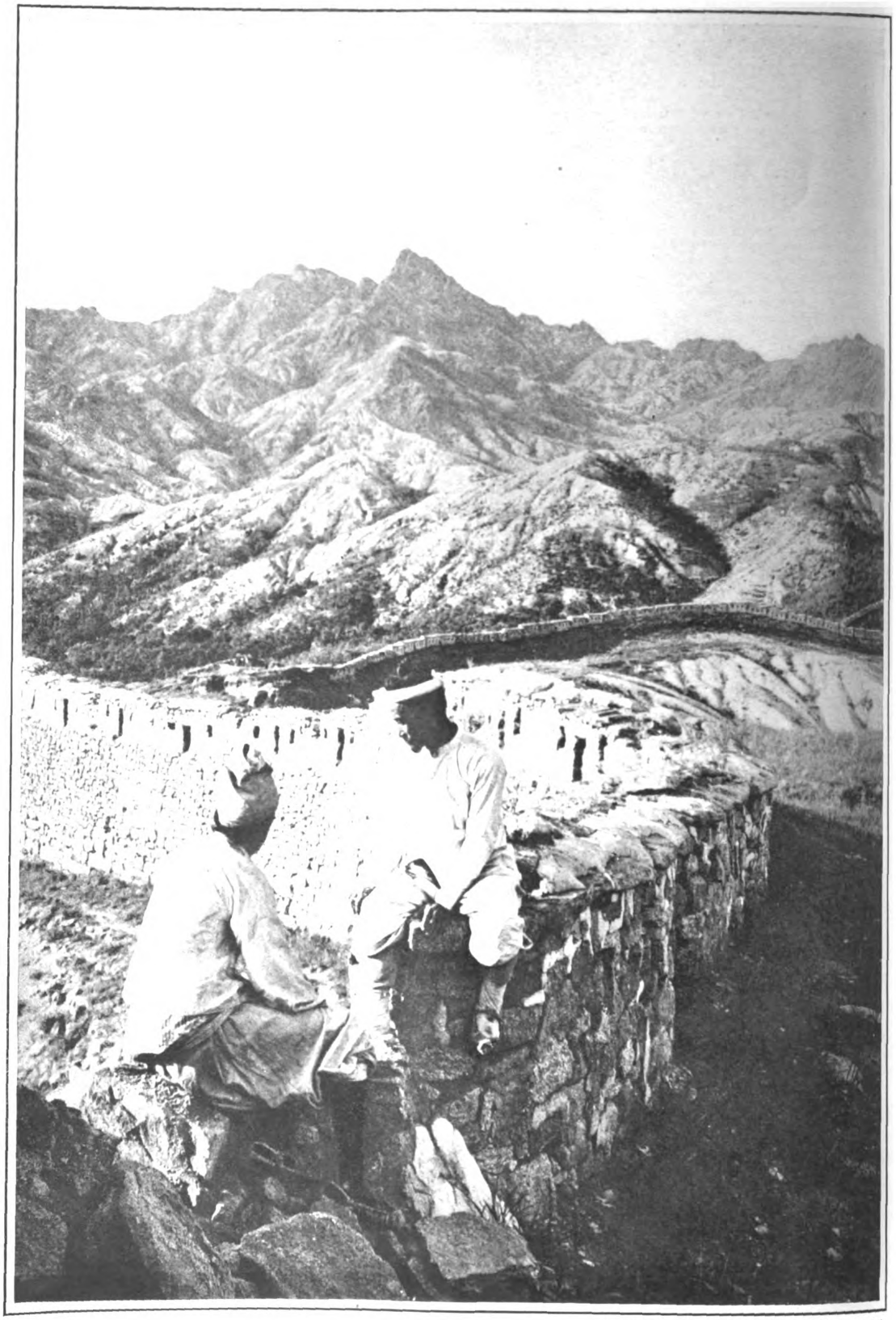


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THE EXODUS OF NON-COMBATANTS FROM MANCHURIA BY WAY OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILROAD

The photograph shows a train-load of Manchurian natives leaving the present seat of hostilities between Japan and Russia. The Trans-Siberian Railroad offers the main transportation facilities for Russian troops. It is reported that an important bridge on the line has been blown up, killing thirty Russians and blocking communication with Port Arthur

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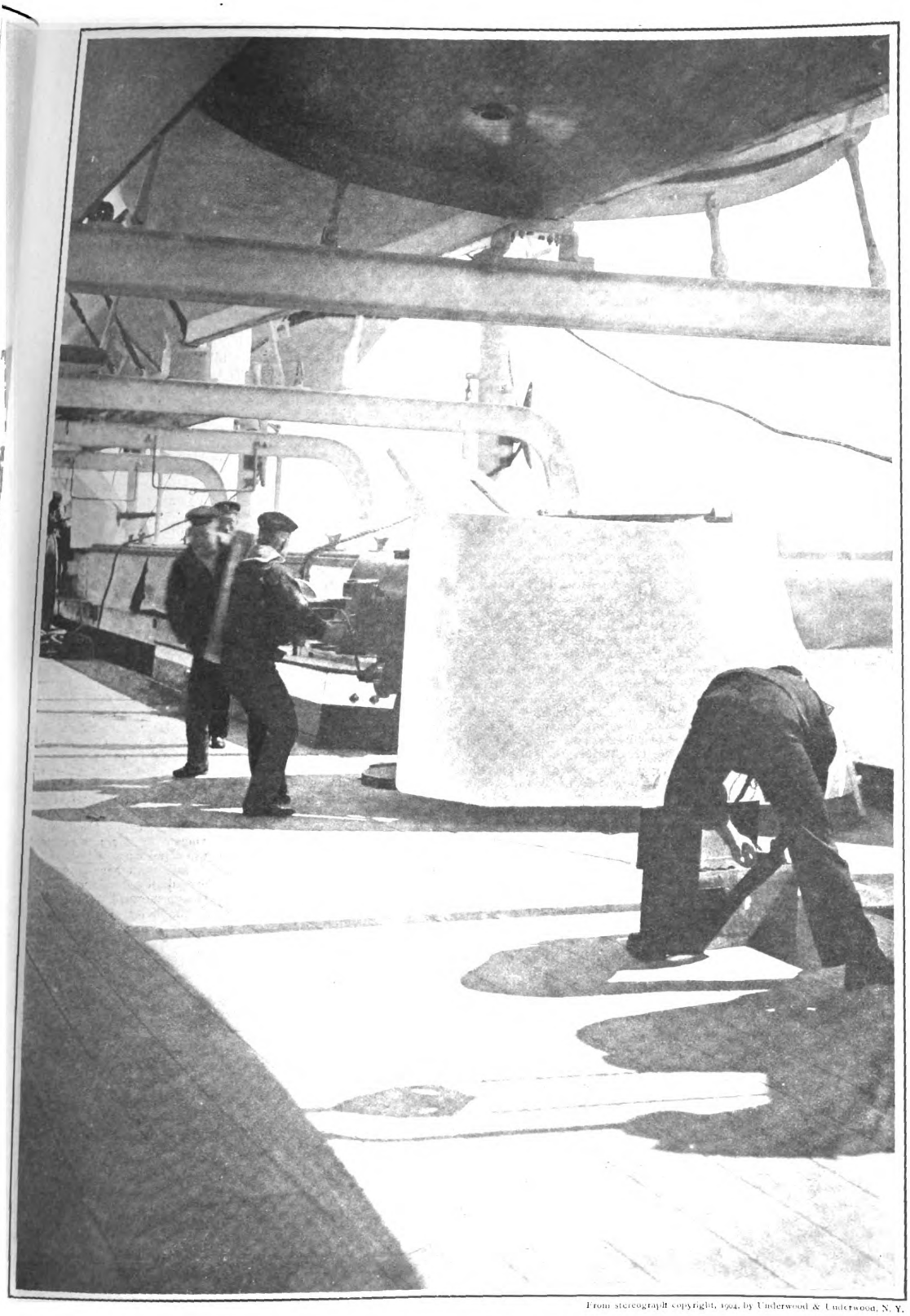


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THE MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY OF KOREA, OVER WHICH JAPAN IS REPORTED TO BE MARCHING TROOPS TO MEET THE LAND FORCES OF RUSSIA

The photograph shows a scene in the mountainous region of Korea, giving an idea of the country where the Russian and Japanese land forces are likely to meet. It is reported that Japan has begun to mobilize a strong land force in this region

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ON BOARD THE JAPANESE ARMORED CRUISER "ASAMA," ONE OF THE SHIPS WHICH DISABLED SEVEN OF RUSSIA'S WAR-SHIPS AT PORT ARTHUR

The photograph was taken on the deck of Japan's armored cruiser, the "Asama," as preparations were being made to fire one of the big guns. The "Asama" is a 9750-ton ship, with an estimated speed of twenty-three knots. She was launched in 1898, has an armament of four 8-inch, fourteen 6-inch, and twelve 3-inch guns, and five torpedo tubes. The "Asama" is one of the Japanese vessels which took part in the engagement of February 9–10, during which seven Russian ships were disabled

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A New American Idyll

By Henry Mills Alden

THE reader of *The Stone of Destiny*, a story just from the press of Harper & Brothers, does not need to be told that it is the work of an American woman of exquisite refinement and of the highest social rank. The book is pervaded by the atmosphere of a leisure commanded by a secure position and sedulously cherished by individual choice for the highest purposes of life and art.

American women of this class, when they write fiction, do not give us the "society novel"; the thing labelled "society" has no attractions for them, but only distractions, which they shun. They are not prompted to write by a literary ambition so much as by a deep and earnest purpose; therefore, their writings betray none of the cheap artifices so common in the literature which seeks with almost painful efforts to arrest attention and pique interest. They are distinguished by what they avoid rather than by what they attempt. Their art follows very simple lines; such elaboration and subtle delineation as we find in Edith Wharton's Italian studies are exceptional. Generally, though these writers may not have the positive graces of an Addison or a Thackeray, their diction is more simple and direct, and they write impeccable English.

It is true that the examples are very few of American women writers who have this threefold dower of culture, social eminence, and great wealth, and what we are saying of their work is based upon our actual knowledge of this work rather than upon a process of inductive reasoning leading to a principle applicable to all possible instances. If it should become the fashion for women thus abundantly dowered to strive for literary honors, the total result might not seem so worthy of admiration.

The few American women of this class who do write are essentially poets. Mrs. Fields and Mrs. Trask have won equal distinction in verse and prose. If Mrs. Mackay were not already known as a poet, the poetic quality of her prose is conspicuous in *The Stone of Destiny*. We have called it an American Idyll, though the scene is laid in Europe, but it makes no difference where the cycle of movement and emotion runs its course, so complete a detachment has the writer's art given it from any particular race or country. In calling it an idyll we do not mean that the story is idyllic in that special sense which attaches to Henry Harland's recent novels; the strain is too exalted for the entertainment of the lighter tropes and graces of the literary art. We are lifted into the stimulating atmosphere of knightly endeavor—that air we breathe in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" and in Mrs. Trask's "Under King Constantine." The tension of a serious purpose is released in a drama which is not content to be a mere love-romance with idyllic charm: "the riddle of the troubled earth" penetrates every utterance. We hear this insistent note even in the pretty scene of Theodor's meeting with his little boy and girl in his studio, when they ask him what it is to die. It is with just such elemental questions that we are met at every point. What is honor? What is duty? In what consists the dignity of life? Notwithstanding its poetically ideal strain, the story deals with the vital concerns of all hearts to-day—the hearts of mothers, of husbands and wives, of children, and of the poor. Out of such concerns spring all the dramatic situations—dramatic in the simplest terms of our common life.

This tale, the reading of which may easily be accomplished in one sitting—and it is very sure to be, since it has a compelling interest—is something quite apart from all the fiction of our day. There is no portrayal of character, only its simple presentation. With the exception of the opening and closing scenes and of three or four in the course of the narrative, the movement goes on out-of-doors, in forest and field, and by the riverside. We think of the story as inevitably having been written in such surroundings, thus gaining that sanity and reserve which belong to nature. There is no comment, only the implicit impression; no halt for aphoristic reflections on the comedy of our life, which, nevertheless, is seen going on in mute procession, though there is no room ever for laughter. Throughout the story we are sensible of a structural harmony like that of a noble musical composition.

In the beginning the mother, Theodora, with her baby boy, and her dream of his future; she is the abiding presence in the story. Later on, after the boy, Theodor, has passed his three *Wanderjahre* in the study of his art and in the growth of a noble purpose for the devotion of that art to humanity, the course of love in connection with the career of the man and of the artist engages our interest. Here is disclosed the main value of the story, considered as a study of matrimonial conditions, though it is not presented as a study. The type of woman represented in Margaret, at once the object and the victim of Theodor's illusion, is the very opposite of that given us in Theodora, the mother. It is an implied rather than a premeditated satire upon a class of women who are not merely the product of leisure and excessive refinement, since they are even more frequently found in the idleness and squalor of the slums, selfish lovers of pleasure, voluptuaries, without sympathy, yet claiming all indulgence. Estrangement has followed, though it has not wholly displaced Theodor's illusion. In the course of his altruistic work an opportunity offers for a womanly ministration, and he is confident of enlisting her sympathy—just to tenderly break to two young children the tidings of the death of a woman who is the mother of one and sister of the other.

He entered her room. "The air was oppressive with the perfume of the cigarette Margaret held in her hand. She was lying on the sofa, indolent in the luxury about her." We need not read on to learn that his plea was futile. But how much of justice there is in her rejoinder! "First, you get wildly interested in painting, and think and speak and do nothing else. You treat it as a sort of cult, and expect me to play the part of priestess in your worship. Then, because *this* art, as you treat it, is an unknown quantity to me, you leave me entirely alone for weeks at a time. Then you take up an insane scheme of reforming the world, and you divide your time between your studio, which uses your days, and your school, which absorbs your money, and it never occurs to you to come and sit by me unless you have some hallucination by which you expect me to be carried away. . . . Be satisfied with what I have to give. . . . Stay here by me and rest. . . . Love me my way for a little while."

There is no meeting of irreconcilable natures. After what bitterness of desolation he sees the woman in Margaret awakened—after what supreme test of his nobility and sense of justice all discords are resolved, and the mother's faith in her son is justified, is told in the story, of which we have disclosed this much only to show with what vital elements it is concerned. Its beauty, its poetic quality, and its impressive simplicity give it a rare distinction as a living book.

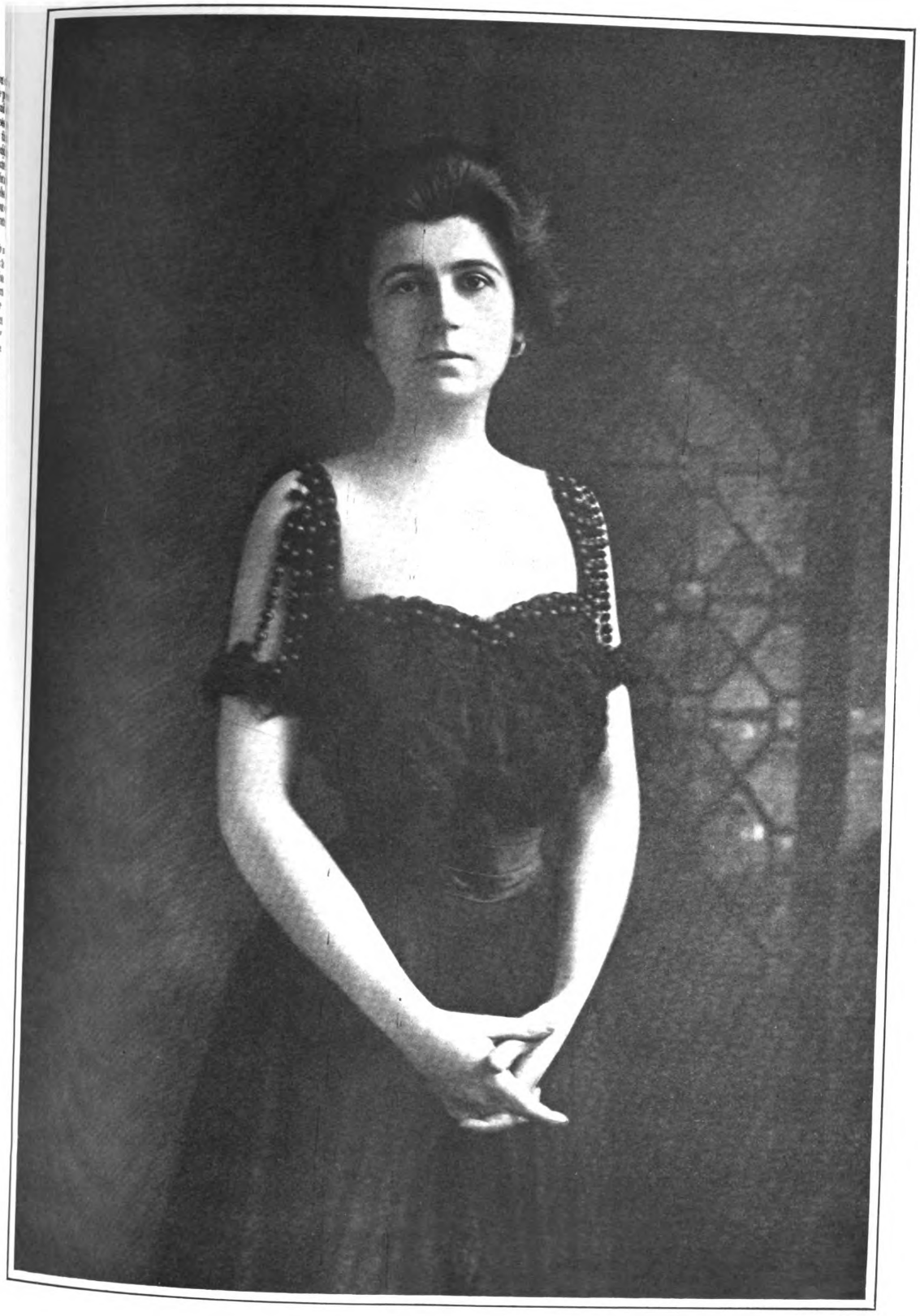
War in the East

By Clinton Scollard

THE sable again for thine altars,
O Goddess of Peace!
Once more the red demon is loosened,
Death's hounds have release!
Ah, the sorrow untold, ah, the anguish,
Ere conflict shall cease!

Will the dove and the bough of the olive
Ne'er, ne'er be supreme?
Is good-will but a pitiful by-word,
A diplomat's theme?
And the time of the Nazarene's vision,
Is that but a dream?

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KATHERINE MACKAY

Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, who was Miss Katherine Duer, a daughter of Mr. William A. Duer, of New York, is the author of a new novel, "The Stone of Destiny," which is published this week. A German translation of a drama from her pen, "Gabrielle," which appeared last year in the "North American Review," is being prepared for stage production in Munich. "The Stone of Destiny" is a romance portraying the love of a man of altruistic views for a beautiful woman of shallow nature, whose love for him is only superficial. He marries her, and they drift apart; eventually the man saves his wife from erring, and lifts her up by his own moral strength.

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Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

MR. BRAM STOKER is a born story-teller. He has a knack of engaging your interest at the very outset and holding it through a series of exciting chapters until the dénouement. Perhaps he has never told a better story than *The Jewel of Seven Stars*, which has just been published, although his stories always have something about them that leave an impression, and won't be forgotten. Mr. Stoker already numbers a large audience of readers, both in this country and in England, but I feel certain that this latest story of his will greatly increase his popularity. It is a tale of wonder and mystery, and the reader who is already acquainted with Mr. Stoker's previous work, knows how well he can mystify his readers and keep them on tenter hooks of suspense until the end is reached. It is full of "thrills." There are pages in it which are capable of making the flesh of the most *blasé* reader creep. The story opens with the discovery of an attempted crime which at first glance might seem to have no further importance than that of some daily occurrence reported in the newspaper, but the circumstances that attend the trance into which the victim has fallen after being attacked by some unknown person become grave and complicated and mysterious. It transpires that he is a learned scholar and Egyptologist who has been engaged on some great experiment; the room in which he lies is full of strange Egyptian curios and mummies which he has collected during his travels in Egypt. The scholar eventually revives and proceeds immediately with his experiment, which involves the others who have been brought into association with him through the strange attack on his life, the nature of which he alone seems to understand. The experiment concerns the mummy of a queen, buried centuries ago in Egypt, whose sarcophagus the scholar had discovered under peculiar conditions, and in which he had also found the mysterious Jewel of Seven Stars. Now the occult begins to play a weird part in the story when it is learned that the queen had made secret plans for her own resurrection, and that the Egyptologist coming upon her plans during his investigations, had resolved to make the experiment himself and bring the queen to life from the mummied remains in the sarcophagus. For this purpose the scholar, accompanied by those who have been drawn into his scheme, among whom are his daughter, and the barrister who tells the tale and who is in love with Margaret, seek a lonely castle in Cornwall to make the great experiment. What takes place there must be held as a surprise for the reader. The result of the experiment is most astounding, and is worked out with great ingenuity and unexpectedness. All through the story the reader is bewildered and tantalized by the strange and bewildering turn of events which cannot even be hinted at in a brief notice of Mr. Stoker's extraordinary story. For example, to mention only one instance, there is the peculiar psychological relation of Margaret, the beautiful daughter of the Egyptologist, and her Persian cat, to the mummy of the queen and the mummy of a cat, which, like Margaret's feline companion, presents the strange phenomenon of a paw with seven claws. The effect of Margaret's personality, as her mood changes under the varying influences of her surroundings, is felt by the young barrister to whom she is attached. It should be noted also that Mr. Stoker has very successfully surrounded his story with an atmosphere that impresses the mind and warms the imagination of the reader to the unusual and extraordinary character of the tale he is telling. Mr. Stoker has undoubtedly written a very clever and masterly story of thrilling interest which is likely to command a popular audience.



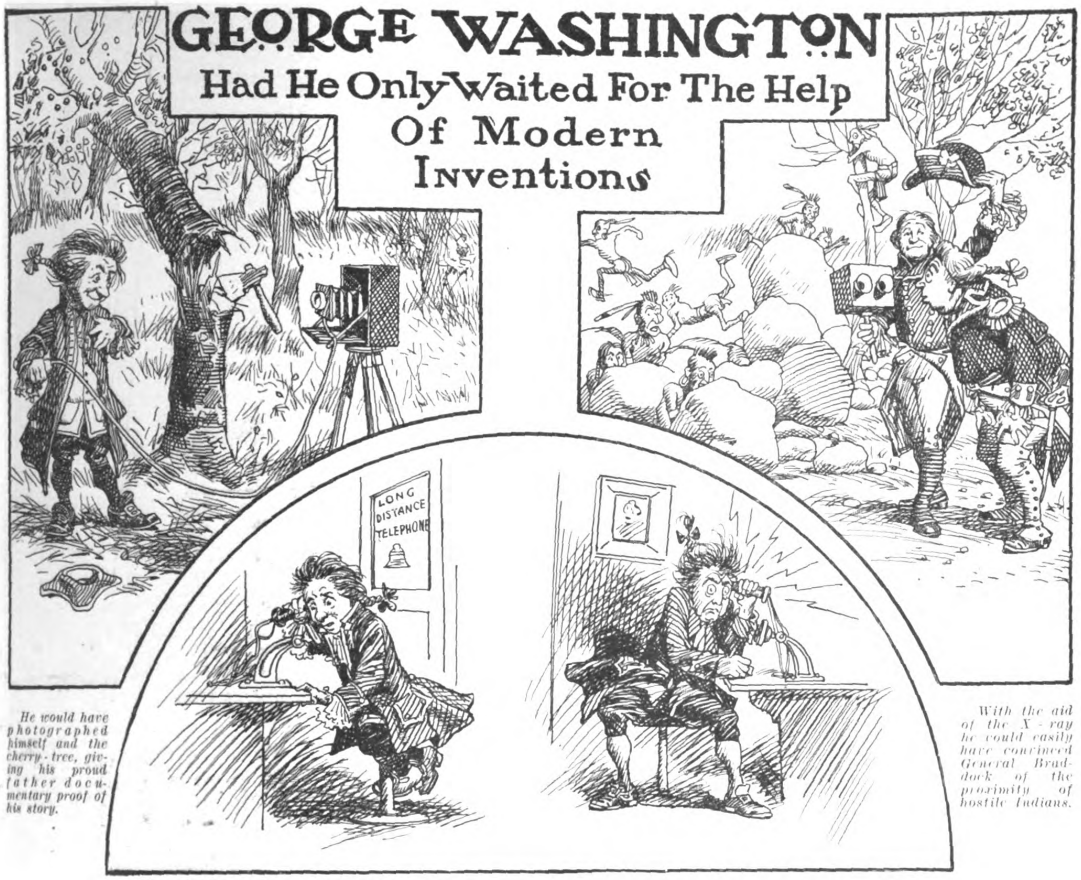
Mr. Bram Stoker
Author of "The Jewel of Seven Stars"

The Stone of Destiny, by Katherine Mackay (Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay), whose portrait appears on another page, finds its explanation, it seems to me, in the pages of "Gabrielle: A Drama," which she published in the *North American Review* about a year ago. Gabrielle is debarred from marrying her lover, Théophile, because he is a priest, and his love for her ends in his attempt to make her take the vows and leave the world also. Gabrielle is repelled by his philosophy, and in these words of hers may be found the root-idea of *The Stone of Destiny*. "This moment is pregnant with Destiny. 'You fear the result of your capacity, and you thrust the responsibility upon my shoulders. . . . I thought we could walk together up the road leading to our star, with Love and Courage travelling with us, and Truth lighting us on ahead. You might have been the Voice; I, the Inspiration. . . . I have dreamed my dream and left it beneath me in the shadows of the dusk." There is just such a pregnant moment in the life of Theodora, when we meet her in the opening pages of *The Stone of Destiny*. She has sinned, and as she looks at the sleeping child in her arms, she muses on the future, and in imagination beholds the life of her son until he reaches his destiny. There, at the summit, as in a vision, she seems to look upon the face of a changeling sprite, who speaks in a strange familiar voice and says, "I am your retribution." The boy grows up to manhood strong and self-reliant and of a noble character, carefully nurtured and trained by the mother, who with every step is tremulous with fear and hope concerning his destiny. He marries a pretty butterfly of a woman, who, nevertheless, shows traits of latent goodness in her nature. She has no sympathy, however, with his high and lofty aims, and even the bond of their two children fails, when the hour of temptation comes, to hold her steadfast and true to her marriage vows. It is at this moment that the moral crisis of the story is reached. The husband, with his patient and noble endurance and the strength of his dominant character, shelters the erring wife, and helps to uplift her, with opened eyes and awakened womanhood, to a new life. Again, Theodora is on the summit of the mountain facing her son, and his voice, which sounds strange like a dear beloved voice silenced long ago, speaks tenderly, "There is no retribution, for I am the Compensation." So in the supreme moment of victory the son becomes a moral vindication of his mother, whose atoning life is crowned by her son's triumph. The responsibility had been thrust on his shoulders. He became the Voice, of which she was the Inspiration. The story as hinted at here is a simple and not uncommon one, but as told by Mrs. Mackay, it is clothed with a romantic idealism which removes it from the ordinary.

The author of *Wee Macgreegor* and *Ethel* has collected a number of short dialect sketches which appeared in a Scottish periodical, and has given them book form under the title of *Mrs. M'Lerie*. They are distinctly characteristic of the pawky humor of a Scottish neighborhood, and no doubt there is enough humanity in the sketches to reach the intelligence of many readers who are outside the circle of Mrs. M'Lerie's acquaintances. The characters are genuinely human, and the humor of Mrs. M'Lerie and Mrs. Munro and their neighbors is irresistibly funny—at least, to a Scot. They do not go much below the surface, and, after all, this is what makes the difference between *Wee Macgreegor* and *Mrs. M'Lerie*. The dialect, it may as well be admitted, is a stumbling-block to most readers; it is only when the feeling is deep enough, and the appeal to human nature—as in the creation of Wee Macgreegor, and the tender relations existing between his "paw" and "maw"—is strong enough to pierce the barriers of the language, that dialect stories become acceptable and overcome the scruples of the fastidious reader. We want more of Wee Macgreegor, and when he makes his reappearance in the spring in a second volume of later adventures he will be sure of a hearty welcome.

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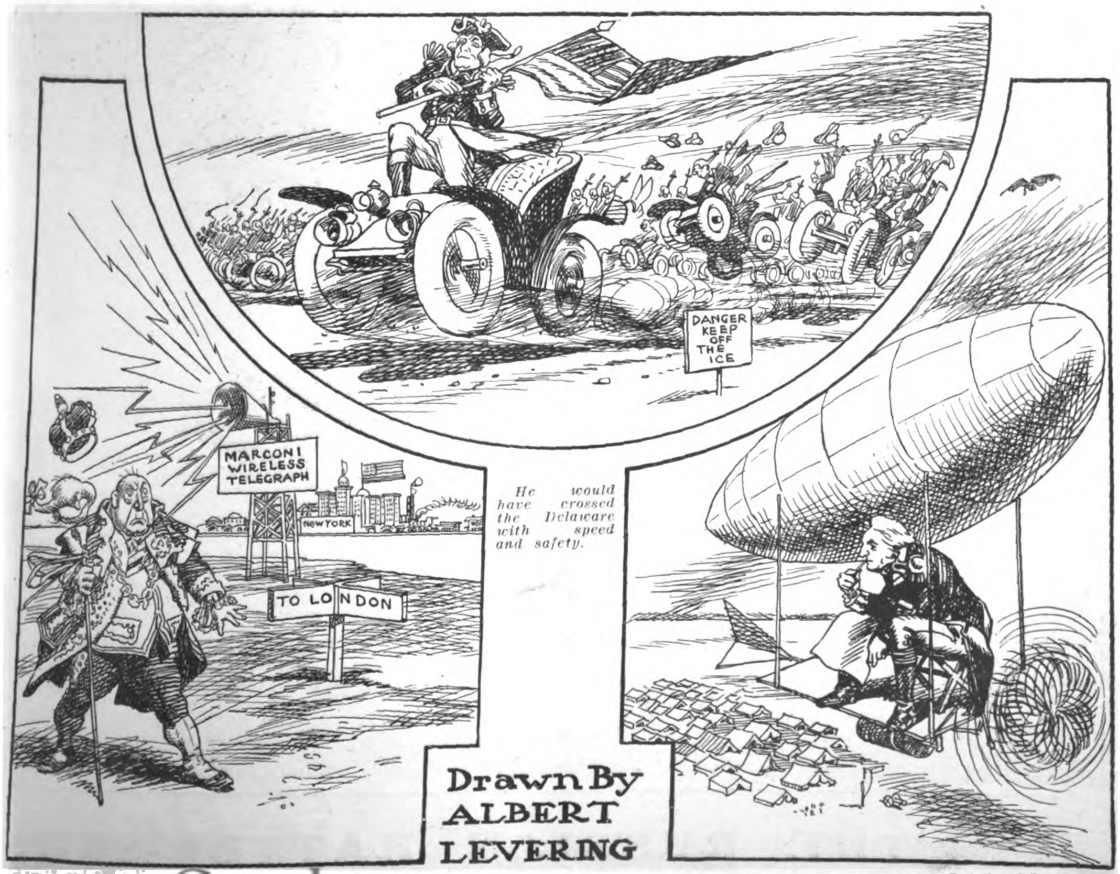
GEORGE WASHINGTON
Had He Only Waited For The Help Of Modern Inventions



He would have photographed himself and the cherry-tree, giving his proud father documentary proof of his story.

With the aid of the X-ray he could easily have convinced General Braddock of the proximity of hostile Indians.

He would have (wisely) notified his father of the hatchet episode, and received his observations on the value of truth by long-distance telephone.



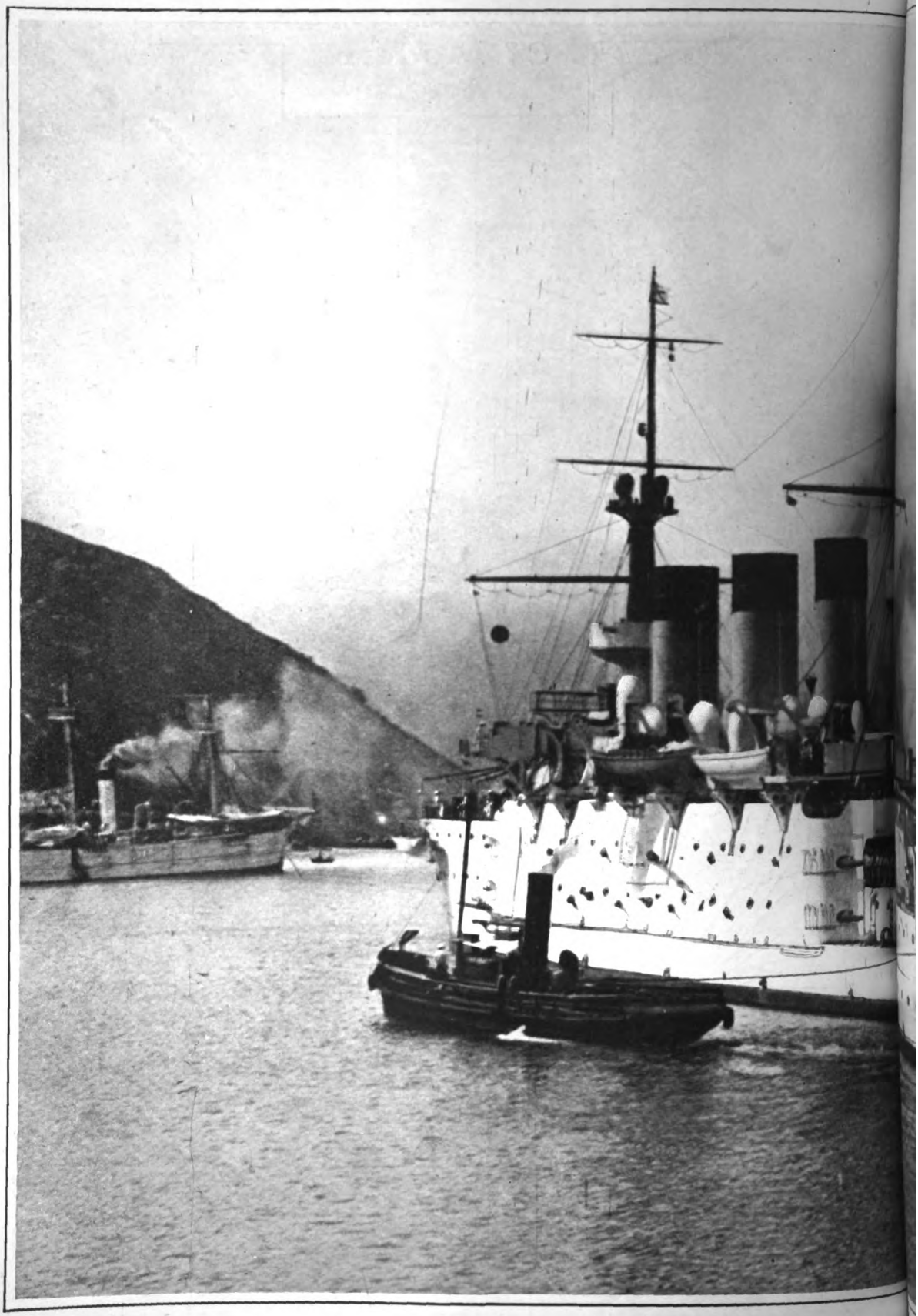
He would have crossed the Delaware with speed and safety.

King George would have been delighted by early news of our independence.

This would have proved a great aid in reconnoitering!

Drawn By ALBERT LEVERING

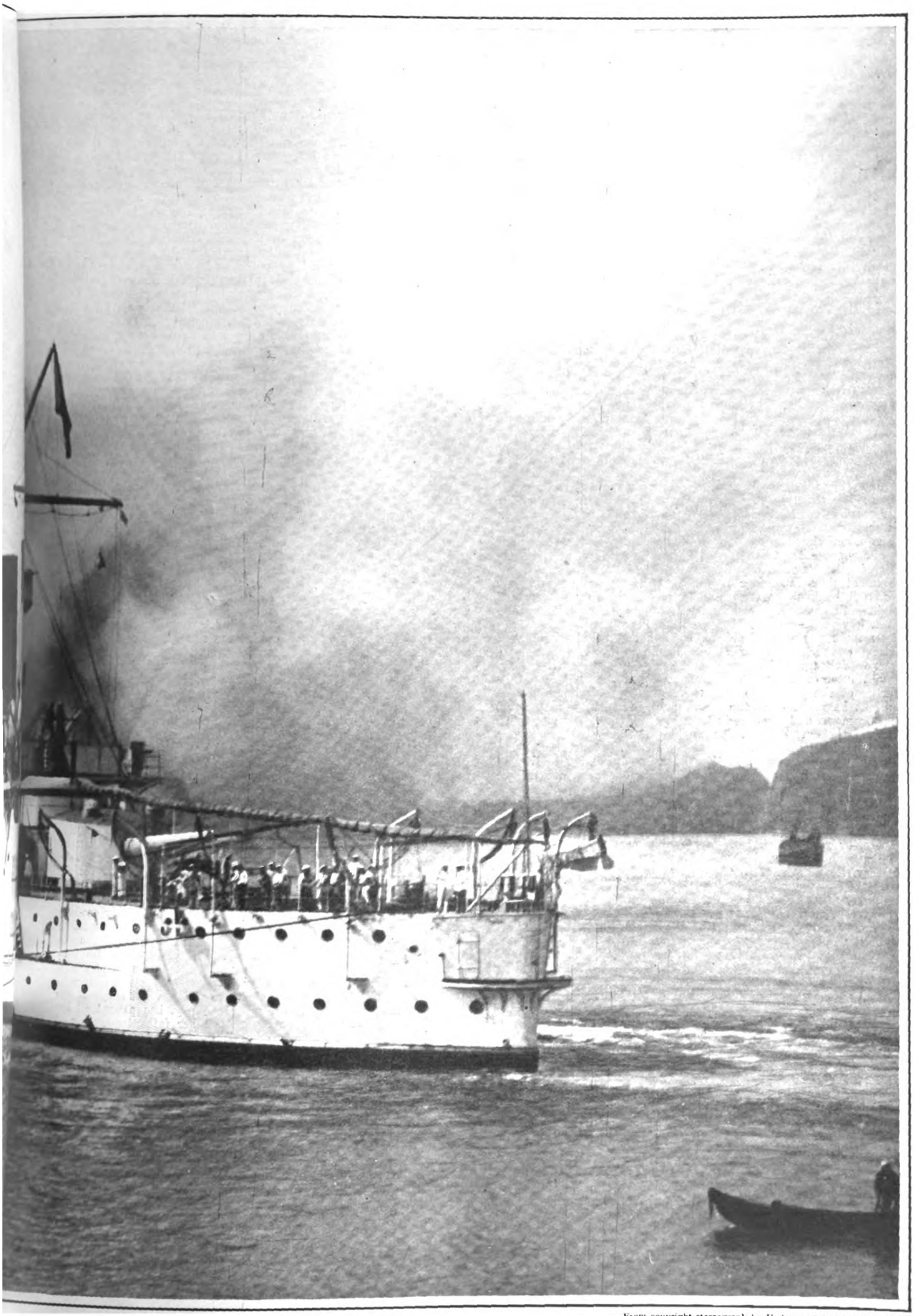
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THE RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP, "PE

The "Peresviet," launched in May, 1898, was one of the Czar's most formidable fighting-

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VIET," SUNK AT PORT ARTHUR

as a 12,674-ton battle-ship of the second class, with a continuous sea-speed of sixteen
anned by 775 men, and constituted an important element of Russia's naval strength

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Gambling in English Society

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *February 3, 1904.*

HISTORY will parallel most things. Especially if the things are not what they should be. It is one of the soundest rules of life to withhold one's confidence from the man who has discovered a new evil. When the evil which he believes to be unheard of touches on society or any of the innumerable branches of public taste and predilection, scepticism becomes almost a duty. All round one, for instance, temperance agitators are proclaiming that never was the drink habit such a curse to England as at this moment; artists are inveighing against the dominion of portrait-painting; musicians believe that the trivialities of light opera are more pervasive and demoralizing to-day than ever before; dramatic critics are perfectly certain that the stage was never so completely under the sway of glitter, vulgarity, and the "scenic artist"; social reformers speak as though the passion for getting rich in a hurry marked out this age from all others; and men of letters have an impassioned conviction that the Hall Caines and Marie Corellis of literature were kept in their proper place by the healthier taste of former times. Of course they are all hopelessly wrong. I dealt in a recent letter with the overwhelming proofs that England is becoming not less but more sober, and need not therefore repeat myself. Artists who believe that pure art is suffering more at this moment from the vanities of portrait-painting than at any previous period may turn with profit to Kneller's neat and comprehensive dictum: "Painters of history make the dead live, but do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live." Or they may read of the second-rate French portrait-painter Vanloo, who, settling in London in 1737, became so much the rage that "the train of carriages at his door was like that at the door of a theatre," gave five sittings a day, and accumulated a fortune in four years. As for the musicians, and their certainty that real music was never of so little account as in the England of to-day, let them before recommencing their lamentations make a study of the forty years of calumny, failure, and bankruptcy that Handel passed in the England of the eighteenth century. With the "decay-of-the-drama" cry one has even less patience; it is too preposterously stale. "What do you now find? Farcical dialogue, compounded of the babble of the streets; the extravagances of demons; love intrigues repugnant to delicacy and manners." That is not the wail of Mr. William Winter or Mr. William Archer. It is the wail of a Chinese critic of the year 1500, and there are a hundred quotations that might be made from the Greeks and Romans, the Italians, French, Germans, and Spanish to keep him company. So one could go through the entire list. The world has exhausted every vice and committed all artistic sins, and the ghosts of our forefathers must smile a grim smile when they hear us pluming ourselves in the twentieth century on our unprecedented wickedness, our unique frivolities, our quite unheard-of degeneracy.

So that I am not going to pretend that the gambling mania which has swept and is continuing to sweep over English society is something peculiar to the year 1904, either in fervor, pervasiveness, or resultant harm. There may possibly be details in it that have not occurred before, and could not be paralleled from the history, let us say, of the eighteenth century—the great gambling age of English annals. If so, I am not aware of them. It is constantly said, for instance, that the extent to which girls and young married women gamble nowadays at "bridge" is entirely novel; but turning over the files of the *Times* for the year 1797 I happened upon this illuminating paragraph: "At some of our first boarding-schools the fair pupils are now taught whist and casino"—not, one suspects, for art's sake alone. And I rather fancy that all the other features of the "bridge" mania which are roundly denounced as unprecedented might, if examined, be found to be merely reproductions of bygone follies. An impartial judgment would probably go no farther than to say that gambling in English society has now scaled a height unreached since the most rollicking days of the latter eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries; that it is certainly more widespread to-day than it has been for the last seventy years; and that while individual losses are less sensational than they used to be, the proportion of gamblers to population was never at any time greater than to-day. In small non-essentials there has, of course, been a certain change. A hundred years ago more than one peeress kept gambling shops openly and advertised them as such. To-day it would be more correct to say that though many a titled woman's house is a gambling shop in substance and practice, the fact is not advertised. Shortly before Queen Victoria came to the throne, Crockford's, on St. James's Street, now the home of the Devonshire Club, was the gambling centre of the metropolis, and as much as $5,000,000 was known to change hands on a single evening. I do not think that anything like that would be possible now. Gibbon tells us how he watched Fox lose $2500 an hour for twenty-two hours on end. That, too, one may fairly class among the incidents of an age that has gone. In one of his letters to Horace Mann, Walpole makes the astounding statement that a loss of $500,000 at a single sitting was not rare enough to be surprising. It would certainly create some talk nowadays. One of Braddock's sisters gambled away her whole fortune of $60,000 in a month. Ladies are luckier to-day in getting some one to help them out of such predicaments. There is a well-known tale of four men who sat down to whist at Raggett's Club one Monday evening, *circa* 1820, and did not rise till eleven o'clock on the following Wednesday morning, one of them being the richer by $150,000. I have not heard of such herculean feats being performed to-day, and, indeed, one has only to look at the betting-book of Brooks's to realize that the age of heroic plungers has passed.

Nevertheless, in all its broad features, England is living over again the life of its great-grandfathers. Society lives to gamble, and a considerable section of it gambles to live. The reign of "bridge" is supreme and autocratic. Roulette, baccarat, poker, and whist are as though they had never been, and even in the days of their greatest might, their primacy was never anything like so wide or so enslaving as that of their fascinating successor. Society, not the "smart set" merely, but all society, is based on "bridge." It is the universal *pons asinorum*. A literature has grown up upon it comparable almost to the output of books on the Boer war. Professors of "bridge," men and women, titled as well as commoners, are reaping fortunes. It is part of the curriculum of the "finishing schools." It is one of the indispensable qualifications for an up-to-date governess. Without the passport of ability to play "bridge," an Englishman is a social outcast. House parties are arranged simply with a view to "bridge." Dinners are dethroned, and serve merely as an introduction to the cards. "Bridge" engrosses all interests and most conversation. I have known it utterly to spoil week-end shooting parties; I have seen it turn billiard-rooms into deserts; I have heard an M. F. H. denounce it as the ruin of his hunt. At balls and receptions the "sitting-out" room of former days is the "bridge" room of to-day and always crowded. At the clubs, if you are looking for a friend, you go first of all and instinctively to the card-room. And what is true of men's clubs is beginning to be true of women's. The few really fashionable women's clubs have already added card-rooms, and find them immediately becoming the feature of the establishment. The ladies of the Regency staved indoors all day with the blinds drawn playing faro. The ladies of King Edward's reign show a devotion not less determined to "bridge," especially on Sundays. I heard of a lunch party the other day that was typical of many. It began at the usual hour of two o'clock and broke up at 4 A.M. the next morning.

After all, one cannot wonder. "Bridge" is undeniably the best gambling game that has yet been invented, because there is an element of skill in it, because it is a game that may be fairly easily learned, that brings in quick returns, and is bound to pile up a considerable score for you one way or the other, and allows you the subtle luxury of standing out every fourth hand. It first struck London in 1892, but it was not till 1896 that it really got hold of "the town." Since then it has absolutely killed every other card game, with a completeness altogether without precedent in my experience. Some hostesses, the Duchess of Portland among them, have absolutely refused to countenance it. Others, appalled by the results of the gambling it has entailed, have sternly limited the stakes to a shilling the hundred. Others, again, have felt that the evil has gone so far that unless checked it must develop into a positive disease, and have accordingly banded themselves together into an anti-bridge league. Undoubtedly the extent to which women are gambling to-day produces an enormous amount of harm as well as some unpleasant "scenes." It is never a good thing when women owe men money, and if only one-hundredth part of the ordinary gossip that one hears be accepted as true, it has proved an exceedingly bad thing in more than one instance. There are a good many men, perhaps not the least wise in their generation, who make it a rule not to play with women at all; and one is rather disposed to applaud their resolution when one hears of the shifts to which a girl is driven who has lost more than she can afford to pay, has pawned all her jewelry, and has not the sense to tell her father or brother all about it. The people who have really benefited by the irruption of women into the card-room are the pawnbrokers and jewellers, and the tales they could tell would make an interesting chapter in the social history of King Edward's reign. At the Continental watering-places and 'Bads, the harvest they reap by the purchase of jewels, works of art, and even French frocks from fashionable women who are "down on their luck" is something prodigious. No one very much cares to what extent men gamble, but it is worth noting that most of the better clubs have already found it necessary to regulate the stakes. At these clubs, I need hardly say, no money changes hands. The card-room cashier books the winnings and losses, and sends to each member a weekly account, and I think that $2500 a week is the most that may be debited against a single player at any first-class London club. In one of them $1500 is the weekly limit, and in two others $1000, the points in these latter being fixed at a shilling, with $25 on the game. There is one card-room development to which "bridge" has given rise which I do not remember to have seen before. When a good player is not rich or rash enough to stake heavily, another member will agree to "carry" him—that is, will pay his points and draw a percentage on his winnings. There are quite a number of men who are making over $5000 a year by this simple method, and a "bridge" quartet is as often as not surrounded by an attendant quartet of equally eager backers.

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The Anomalous Lot of the Divorced

It seems to be going harder than it once went with the husbands and wives who seek a legal release from their legal tie; the trouble which results from the double nature of marriage is apparently farther than ever from solution. The tie is not merely legal, so the friends of its mystical nature maintain: it is also spiritual; it is primarily of divine ordinance, and secondarily of human ordinance. Man may not put asunder whom God has joined together; and the friends of the mystical nature of marriage appear to think that this saying holds concerning those whom a magistrate has married as well as those whom a minister has married. This sort of marriage acquires the sacramental quality of the sort solemnized by the church, though how, is not expressed. So far as divorce is concerned, any sort of legal marriage seems to become spiritual, and eternally binding, by the same inscrutable process. The clergy who refuse their blessing to the union of a divorced couple make no distinctions as to the way by which they had formerly entered into the married state; if one or other has been divorced, that is enough; the divine law, just as effective in civil as in religious marriages, has been broken, and no human law can lift the ban from him or her who has legally broken it.

The situation has its anomalies which must often puzzle and sometimes baffle the minister's conscience. The other day a couple who had been divorced from each other were remarried by the rector of a church in Kentucky. Yet their case was, before the law, exactly that of any other divorced couple, and the fact that they had been husband and wife had nothing to do with it. They were as essentially unmarried as any people who had never been married, in the eye of the State, yet a minister of the church, though he might not marry divorced people, married them. The like case must present itself rather often, for every now and then one reads of divorced couples who, after trying it apart for a while, decide trying it together again. What is the minister's position? Does he hold that the marriage has never been broken, and that the pair have never been put asunder? If so, why should they be again joined together? Where is the reason, the need of the remarriage? Or is the minister who remarries a couple divorced from each other in error, and how? If he is setting himself above the State when he refuses to marry a divorced person, is not he setting himself above the church when he consents to remarry a couple divorced from each other?

This is the quibble which the divorced, whose lot is apparently growing harder, might put as a serious question in their behalf. But practically they have denied the mystical nature of marriage, and the clergy might reply that their quibble is not to be seriously answered. Then the divorced would have nothing to say for themselves, probably, as also they would not have much to say for themselves if they were Roman Catholics, and were told that there was an organized movement on the part of some ladies of their Church to effect their social outlawry for disobedience to one of its dictates. This, the newspapers tell us, though with how much authority is not evident, is the case; and it is to be supposed that there is much shivering among the divorced Catholics in anticipation of being left out in the cold. The ban is probably to be enforced against all kinds of divorced people, Protestant as well as Catholic, but it is to be enforced with peculiar rigor in the case of divorced Catholics, who, it seems, are rather increasing than otherwise, in defiance of their Church. They are not to be asked any more to dinners or dances, to lunches, or afternoon teas; they are not to be received or recognized by the daughters of the faith; they who were not appalled by the peril of their eternal health which they incurred in breaking an indissoluble bond, are now to be acquainted with the terrors of social outlawry.

What the effect will be no one can tell, but no one can well say that the daughters of the faith are not acting from their consciences in the performance of their part. It is possible, but here again there is nothing absolute, that their Church might not have required such an initiative from them. It has hitherto shown itself capable of dealing efficiently with offences against it within itself. If the divorced Catholics were to turn Protestant, it would be a different affair. Then it might not regard any social rigor in dealing with them as too zealous. But it is not known that they turn Protestant, or that they do not remain Catholics as much as they may in their disobedience. They have not probably asked their Church to bless their union in the second marriages often contemplated before the first was annulled; they have not offered it that offence in addition to their contumacy. They must know how it views their second marriages, and they cannot save their faces by noting to their fellow Catholics the social condition in those countries where the law of the Church has been or is still effective against divorce. They cannot ask, as they could if they were Protestants, whether the domestic arrangements so common, or reputedly so common, in France, Spain, and Italy, in default of the divorces which the faithful are denied, or which they deny themselves, are better than divorce. If they have read *The Ambassadors* of Mr. James, they are in no case, as they would be if they were Protestants, to allege that, conscience for conscience, their own as divorced people must be, is rather better than Madame de Vionnet's in her conventional solution of her domestic difficulties.

The situation is very anomalous in every way. Nothing is more notable in the highest society than its deference to formal religion. This, when it does not edify, must always interest the observer. Fashion is alike worldly and other-worldly in its strict conformities. Yet it curiously happens that those divorced people against whom social ostracism is proposed, are of the highest society. No provision concerning humbler offenders is contemplated; they are usually kept away from the dinners, lunches, teas, and the like, by their preoccupation with their service; and, besides, there are apparently no divorces among them. Of all countries in the world, the country from which most of our Catholics come enjoys perhaps the greatest social purity if not the greatest domestic happiness. Ireland fairly dresses the balance disturbed by France, Spain, and Italy.

In fact, all classes of her population at home seem to get on without divorces as well as all classes of the population in Canada, where Catholics and Protestants are united in dispensing with them. The Protestants get them by act of Parliament only for the scriptural cause, and the Catholics do not get them for any cause. So far as any statistics show, the Canadian household, under these conditions, is no less happy than the American household, which is preserved against violent temperamental dangers by divorce easier perhaps than anywhere out of Scandinavia or the Orient.

Neither climate nor race, however, seems to be exempt from the temptation to seek relief from domestic misery through the means which the law now provides nearly everywhere. Whether creed will prevail against the temptation remains to be seen. Will the terrors of this world prove deterrent where the terrors of the other world have failed? Will it seem more dreadful to be excluded from the élite than from the elect? We cannot doubt that the affair is serious for those who have incurred the penalty. They cannot hopefully protest that people in the non-divorce countries who have solved their difficulty in the conventional way are received in the best society, for this does not affect the fact of their own contumacy. Here it is certain that such people would not be received, and the question is whether the divorced and remarried can by any organized movement be identified morally with such people.

Entertainment in the Navy

By H. H. Byrne

Formerly of the United States Navy

MOST people imagine that the social functions in the navy are paid for by the government, and that naval officers generally have a sinecure in that respect, but, like the general belief on other matters pertaining to the service, the public is clearly in error, and particularly on the point just mentioned. Only recently the newspapers throughout the country were commenting upon the elaborate balls and parties that were given in honor of our officers by the naval officers and royalty of Europe, and upon the equally gorgeous receptions given in return, on board the battle-ships and cruisers; but how many people stopped to think who was footing the bill? Was Uncle Sam dining King Edward and the German Emperor in such style? No, he was not; every officer aboard those vessels paid out of his own pocket a proportionate share of the expenses. Now the *personnel* of our navy is differently situated from that of other countries, differing from that of Great Britain, which of all is the one most like our own, in that its officers are recruited from the country at large; but those two nations aside, the wardroom of the others is made up of favorite sons, and it would be almost impossible for any of the "common folk" to enter without going before the mast. The United States officers are, as every one knows, appointed from the Congressional districts, or, in other words, the people of the States are represented in the navy proportionately as they are in Congress, the result naturally being that the greater part of the officers are men of ordinary means who rely solely on their salary for an income. It is true, of course, that some few have other sources of revenue, but it is equally as true they are greatly in the minority. With their salary they are obliged to provide for subsistence, and clothe themselves, and entertain foreign officers on occasions as above-mentioned, which is very necessary to do when fleets meet. This is an injustice to our representatives. Other countries make adequate provision for this in their service, but thus far that responsibility is shifted by our country upon the officers themselves. A better idea can be had of what really is an imposition, when one considers an individual case; say, for instance, a lieutenant whose only revenue is his salary, which in this case we will credit with longevity pay and make it $2200 per annum. He has a family at home to whom an allotment of maybe $1200 is allowed, and he, stretching out the remaining $1000 to meet his other obligations, a few of which include tailors' bill for uniforms, mess bill, and laundry bill, not to mention incidentals and an occasional going ashore. In addition to all this he must meet his assessment for the banquet. One or the other of these is invariably the case. The single man cannot marry; if he is married he can only afford to see his wife probably once in three years, for her to follow his movements would require more than double his income. Sometimes he prefers going to an obscure station rather than the European one, for to "hold his end up" there would mean going into debt for, in all likelihood, five years to come.

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A Word for the Filipino Scout

By A. Henry Savage-Landor

THERE seems to be a great deal of uncertainty and disagreement about the efficacy and faithfulness of Philippine native scouts, and, I dare say, a few words from one who is neither an army man nor an American citizen, and who speaks merely and absolutely from personal observation, may interest those whose attention has been roused by many conflicting statements and accounts. The institution in the Philippine Islands of an organization of properly drilled native regular soldiers, properly fed and clothed, as the scouts are, may be regarded as one of the best steps the Americans have yet taken to win the confidence of the natives in the Philippine Archipelago.

The native scouts are well paid, and, under the leadership of efficient officers, I have known them to develop into admirable and efficient fighting-men. But I have also seen others who, through no fault of their own, were very poorly drilled, clothed, and disciplined, and hardly deserved the name of soldiers. There is, however, no reason why this class of scouts—they are, fortunately, few and far apart—should exist at all in the Philippine Islands, for the raw material of the recruits is generally excellent. The men are either former soldiers of the ex Spanish guardia civil, a somewhat similar, although inferior, organization to the present scout regiments, or else venturesome spirits, such as former insurgents. There are, besides, a great many well-to-do young men who are attracted by the prospect of a military life and uniform—the ideal existence for the average young Filipino of manly physique and progressive ideas.

By Filipinos, I mean principally those living in the provinces, and I am inclined almost to exclude the average semi-demoralized and depraved young men of Manila, who have none of the real characteristics of their provincial countrymen.

Take the average healthy lad of, say, twenty years of age. He is lightly built, of an average height of from five feet three to five feet seven; he is extraordinarily subtle and wiry, easily trained, obedient and faithful if properly treated, but morose and vindictive even for small slights which have offended him. If well led he is brave enough, has a veritable mania for firearms and shooting, can shoot accurately if in practice, and is a born guerilla soldier, as the Americans have already learned; he can march fairly well if not overladen and overdressed—I say overdressed, because, in my observation, as we shall see later, what is good for the American soldier is not always suitable to a native—and, if necessary, the native can stand hardships, thirst, hunger, and travelling through jungle, dense vegetation, or (where there are no trails) in river courses, infinitely better than a white soldier. Where he has not come much in contact with Americans, the native scout is generally very abstemious, and I have no remembrance in my long stay in the islands of ever seeing a scout under the influence of liquor.

The Filipino becomes much attached to his superiors. I had the great pleasure of meeting many scout officers in the Philippines, and they, with the exception of one or two, who might well trace to their own incapacity the insubordinate conduct of the men they commanded, were absolutely unanimous in singing the praises of their men and the extraordinary faithfulness shown by them even under very distressing circumstances. Now the Spaniards have been much criticised because they did not pay their soldiers punctually, and none more than the Filipinos had reason to complain and reflect upon this point. But I think Americans should consider it quite a marvellous sign of faithfulness on the part of scouts, not to speak of constabularies and other such civil government organizations, who go for months without receiving their pay from Uncle Sam—the pay which is due them by contract every thirty days. Yet one never hears them grumble, and very rarely is a case of desertion to be registered, although the absent-mindedness of Uncle Sam leads to very serious trouble in other ways; the men have to borrow money at usury on the security of their pay, to provide for their wants and those of their families entirely dependent upon them until the arrears are eventually paid. This is a great pity, and if not remedied may eventually become a serious cause of distrust in the methods, already little understood, of the American government. But so far only the greatest patience and good-natured forbearing has been shown by native scouts.

Some Americans in the Philippines believe that the proven fidelity of the scouts is due, in a great measure, to the fact that they become ostracized, as it were, by their own people when joining the United States army, but such an accusation is most incorrect and undeserved. If Manila be excepted, the scouts and their families live in perfect peace with the rest of the inhabitants, and, indeed, the young scout is generally a great "catch" among the local *señoritas*. He is always looked up to by the inhabitants, and it is quite pleasant to watch them—at native dances, for instance—and to see with what *aplomb* they carry themselves and how fully they recognize the dignity of their uniform. If anything, I think, they could give points in the matter to a great many soldiers of other nationalities.

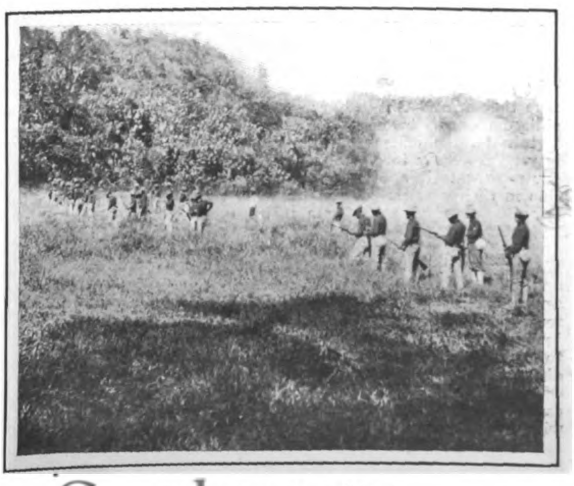
The scout officers now in command I found, as a rule, very capable; some were excellent, except, as I have already mentioned, one or two, who, I regret to say, were distressingly bad. That these officers are good is possibly more of a chance than otherwise, for, contrary to the British system—and also Russian and German—in which the pick of the best officers on hand are generally intrusted with the formation of colonial native regiments, the Americans have adopted the plan of raising non-commissioned officers to the rank of lieutenants and placing them in command either of a company or a smaller contingent at different stations or military posts.

So far as I could see, the majority of men who had been so far selected were men of a superior class, who are now doing very excellent work, but the process, if indulged in too freely, seems to me a precarious one. Indeed, so it has proved in some cases, especially with the older men, who see in the promotion the apex of their career. The middle-aged ex-sergeant who finds himself promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and is stranded in some out-of-the-way post—where no work is demanded—unable to speak the local language, can expect to have little or no respect from his men. An interpreter has to be employed to converse between men and officer, and frequently such a man is left to take charge of everything. Partly by harsh language and by more violent methods some sort of drilling is given to the recruits at first, but gradually even that gives way to late hours in bed, tropical laziness, the entrancing manner and sulky smiles of a black-faced Filipino young wife, and, worst of all, the most terrible of evils in the Philippines—the whiskey-labelled bottle containing deadly firewater of Chinese and Manila concoction.

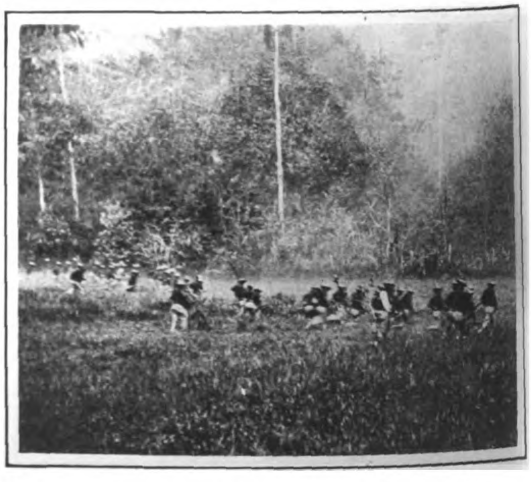
Not all subordinates, especially the older ones, are, in my own observation, able to command. No doubt, however, the authorities well know these facts, and in time the defective officers will gradually be weeded out and their places filled by more efficient men.

And now that I have pointed out the few defects which can so easily be remedied by raising the standard of officers, let me say a few words in favor of some of the companies I had the pleasure and honor of inspecting.

Nearly all those that came under my observation were good, very good, and I only regret the impossibility of mentioning each officer by name. I was particularly impressed by the really marvellous results obtained by Company 46, Philippine Scouts, en-



Filipino Scouts in an Attack



A Skirmish in the Field

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Scout

tirely composed of Visayan recruits, and which was, at the time of my visit, stationed in the town of Capiz, in North Panay. The evolution of this company was quite interesting.

It was early in July, 1900, that Lieutenant H. F. Weusthoff (the only battalion sergeant-major of the Sixth Infantry) was detailed by his commanding officer to organize a detachment of twenty-five native scouts, with a view to starting the nucleus of what at a future date might develop into a company of native scouts. The recruits came to be enlisted, and many of them had not the remotest idea of what soldiering meant in the strict sense of the word as understood by Western people. By hard work and perseverance, patience, consideration, and, above all, tact, Weusthoff from the moment the first detachment was formed threw his entire energy and intellect into the task of showing that the much-despised native might be made to prove that, after all, the leader is, to a great extent, responsible for the conduct of his men. If the men have faith in their commanding officer, astonishing results may be obtained.

Beginning with twenty-five men and gradually swelling their number to one hundred men, Sergeant Weusthoff eventually obtained a commission as an officer of Philippine scouts, and, his excellent service being recognized by Uncle Sam, he was ultimately detailed to be one of the officers charged with the reorganization of the scouts in the island of Panay, the northern province of Capiz being assigned to him.

The men were duly enlisted and sworn for three years as the 46th Company of Philippine Scouts, but, owing to exigencies of circumstances, these men were always scattered in small detachments of ten or fifteen, and never saw garrison life until March, 1902, when the task of organizing them into a company and making them an efficient body of soldiers began again.

On arriving at Capiz I was very much struck by the unusually soldierly appearance and manner of both commanding officers and soldiers, and upon inquiry found that Weusthoff himself—a German by birth—had been in the German army, where he had obtained a good foundation and training for thorough military discipline, while his long residence in the United States had given him a certain simplicity of manner and general common sense and resourceful ways, typical of the American soldier, as far as military ways are concerned. Then, too, with the unselfishness and consideration for other people's feelings which a foreigner seems ever to possess in a higher degree than the average American, this particular officer seemed to be the very type of man wanted for such work.

His men appeared so remarkably well dressed, spotless and neat, and bore themselves in such perfect soldierly manner—indeed, as far as discipline went, I do not think I ever saw soldiers anywhere in the Philippines who surpassed them—that I expressed the wish to see the company at drill.

They were undergoing a trying time, working day and night, as orders had arrived to abandon the post. Much labor was expended in loading empty cases, useless boards, worthless office desks, and tools, the property of the United States government, which had to be accounted for or paid for by the officers in charge. Still, although this seemed hardly the moment to see the company to advantage, Lieutenant Weusthoff turned them out for me, and they went through their drill with amazing perfection. Skirmishing tactics were gone through with great precision, and I was much astounded by the intelligent manner in which each man obeyed orders—not mechanically, as is often to be noticed in the average soldier, but in a thorough manner, as if in an actual battle. I examined some of their weapons, and it was a real pleasure to see how their rifles were kept. Although those rifles had been in use for a year or more, they looked as if they had just come out of the arsenal—a marvellous fact to any one who knows the damp, muggy climate of Capiz, the most diabolical climate imaginable for the destruction of any metal, especially of steel or iron.

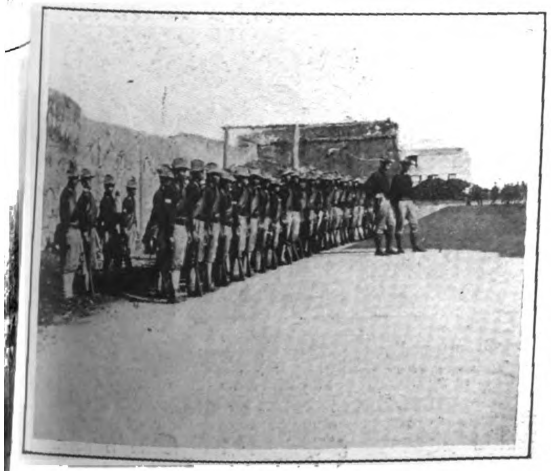
It is to be hoped that the American public may have a chance to judge for itself of the efficiency of Weusthoff's company at the St. Louis Exposition. I understand that Major F. deL. Carrington, First Infantry, has been designated as the commander of a battalion of scouts to go to the Exposition, and I think none deserves more than the 46th to be one of the four companies selected to be seen by the American people.



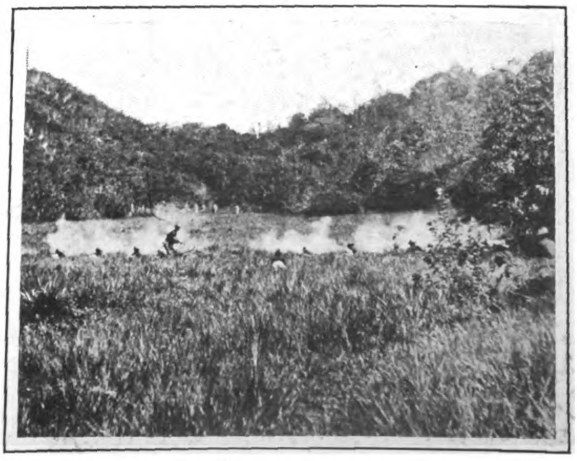
A Scout Camp in the Philippines

These scouts are dressed practically the same as the American soldiers, and I think the attire is suitable except for the boots. These, I am convinced, are not suitable for the natives.

As far as the quality of the shoes is concerned, they are as good as could be—but I have always noticed on taking scouts for long marches with me that few of them were able to wear their boots after the first few hours. Those who did, usually felt the need of cutting large slits in the leather to let in fresh air, and also to let out the water with which anybody marching across country in the Philippines always has his shoes filled. Most men, however, preferred to take off their boots and carry them on their shoulders. I trust that a small tribute on my part regarding the courage and faithfulness of Philippine scouts may not be inappropriate. I took three of these Philippine scouts as an escort during my long journey of several hundred miles across the island of Mindanao, a continuous journey which had never been accomplished by a single white man, and which, in the opinion of American military authorities, involved great risks. The country which I traversed is inhabited by fanatical Moros, and also by a number of savage tribes, which, if treated without tact, have peculiar and unattractive ideas of their own regarding the life of strangers. To say that the three scouts in question volunteered to accompany me, well knowing the risk before them, would in itself indicate a certain amount of confidence in white men, whether British or American; but, even more remarkable, the greater number of men in the company were either anxious or willing to go. The three men who accompanied me were from the excellent company of Lieutenant Benjamin Stark (then stationed at Reina Regente in Mindanao). These men were with me for several weeks, and were most obedient, respectful, and plucky. They were quiet and sober, even on reaching civilized points after long periods of privations and hardships.



The 39th Company of Philippine Scouts, Lieutenant Speth in Command



Native Scouts Attacking a Band of Insurgents

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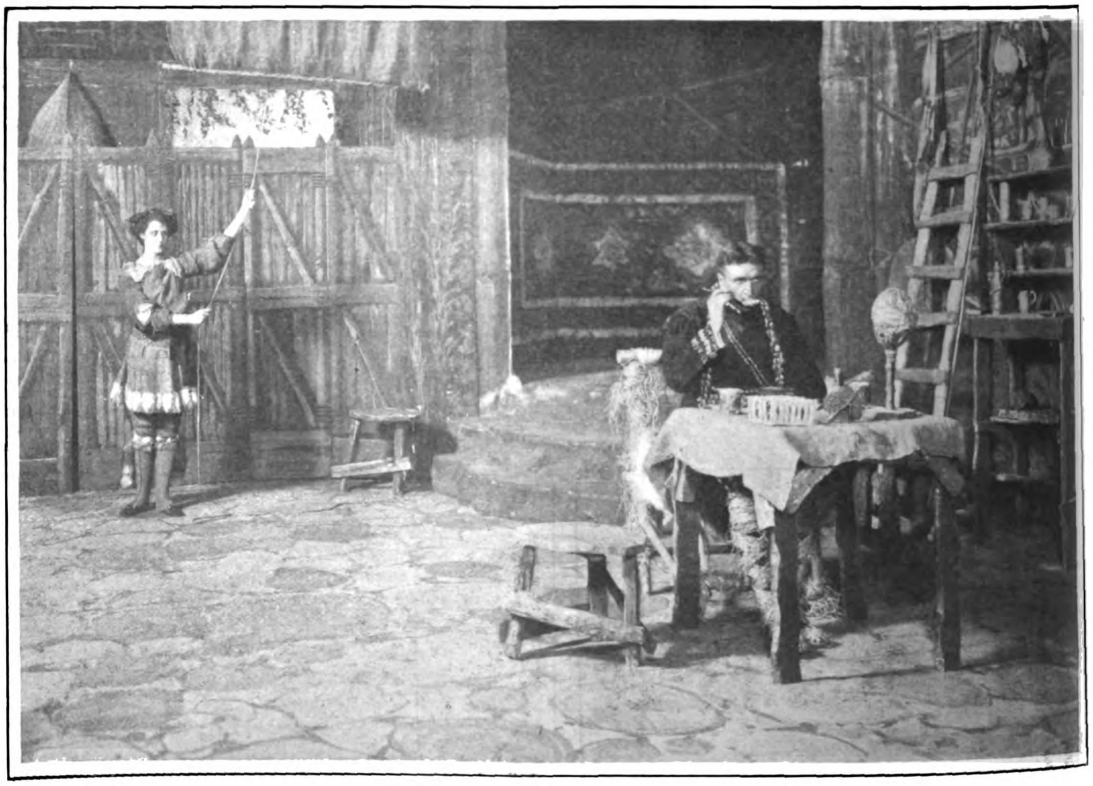
"The Younger Mrs. Parling"

Miss Annie Russell, in "The Younger Mrs. Parling," now playing at the Garrick, has the part of a young wife whose early surroundings were of the sort not recognized by society. She marries into a family of Puritan principles in order to escape from her uncongenial environment. She is repelled by their rigid and provincial ideals, and finally, when they offer a gross insult to her mother, she leaves her husband and reverts to a former lover



"The Other Girl"

"The Other Girl," by Augustus Thomas, is now playing at the New Empire Theatre. The central figure of the plot is a champion pugilist, "Kid Garvey," who is also a physical instructor in the employ of an athletic minister. The "Kid" almost succeeds in inducing a young woman of aristocratic family to elope with him. At the last moment, her cousin, in order to prevent the scandal, substitutes herself in the auto, furnishing the complications of the piece



"The Admirable Crichton"

Mr. Barrie's satire, "The Admirable Crichton," is being played at the Lyceum Theatre, with Mr. William Gillette in the principal part. "Crichton" is a butler in the family of an eccentric nobleman, who believes so firmly in social democracy that he entertains his servants at stated intervals in his drawing-room. "Crichton," who has at heart the traditional class distinctions, disapproves, although he believes that in unconventional circumstances the conditions might be reversed. The opportunity to prove his theory comes when the family is wrecked on a desert island, and "Crichton," by the force of his personal character and ability, becomes leader and dictator. He falls in love with "Mary," the nobleman's daughter, and is about to win her when the situation is suddenly reversed through their rescue by a passing ship. On their return home the old conditions prevail again, and "Crichton" submits to tradition

THE STAGE IN NEW YORK

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MISS VIRGINIA HARNED

Miss Harned has been appearing as "Lady Lorna Leinster" in E. H. Sothern's play, "The Light that Lies in Woman's Eyes." "Margaret Mayfield," a blind girl, is in danger of dying through grief for her lost lover, and in order to save her life, "Hector Cameron," a returned arctic explorer, is palmed off on her as the missing "Jack Clonmel." "Lorna (Miss Harned), knowing that the explorer is after the girl's money, tries to save her by making "Cameron" fall in love with her. She succeeds; but when "Cameron" discovers the deception, he swears that he will win her love in earnest. This he does, finally, after a vain attempt to impress her with his gallantry by planning to rescue her from a band of gypsies whom he has bribed to tie her to a tree. He marries her in the end, and the blind girl is made happy by the return of her lost lover

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Correspondence

THE NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICAN RAILROAD

MEXICO, *January 14, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of January 9, and in an article entitled "The North and South American Railroad," there is mention made of two railroads connecting with the United States lines, "one making connection at El Paso, and the other at Ciudad Porfirio Diaz." Through some oversight you have overlooked the most direct and shortest line between the Rio Grande River and the City of Mexico, the National Railroad Company of Mexico, which runs in a comparatively straight line from Laredo, Texas, to the capital of this republic. It is over 300 miles shorter from this city to San Antonio than the line through Porfirio Diaz, and with its connections, the Gould system, 470 miles shorter from here to St. Louis, Missouri, than by any other route. It is a standard gauge, and should, I think, be considered in connection with such a project as that treated in your article.

I am, sir, F. E. YOUNG.

MR. WEBSTER OF NEBRASKA

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, *December 11, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Permit me to make a suggestion, from the prairie point of view, regarding the *personnel* of the next Republican national ticket. For the sake of argument, I shall assume the renomination of Mr. Roosevelt for the Presidency, because of the fact that upon that point there is little or no serious division of opinion or desire on the part of Western Republicans. It is a foregone conclusion that the delegates to the next national convention from the transmississippi country, and from most of the States in the Middle West, will be instructed in favor of Mr. Roosevelt as his own successor.

And, hereafter, the West must be taken seriously into account as a factor in national politics. It is no longer merely the tail of the dog, to be wagged when the dog is pleased. That is to say, it is no longer a miscellaneous aggregation of half grown, unformed, and unplaced commonwealths, uncertain of the future, dependent for very life upon the grudging grace of the East. Within the last dozen years the West has wrought a very miracle. Setting earnestly about working out its own salvation, it has achieved a sound, firmly founded independence. In agriculture, in manufactures, in the power to determine and control its commercial relations with the world, it has attained the solidity of *empire*. The prairies are now feeding not only the nation, but a large part of the earth; in a dozen vital industries, wherein the East has dominated in the past, the West is rising—yes, has already risen—to the dignity of a strong rivalry. Look at the list: Cotton, wool, leather, coal, iron, oil, copper, lumber, grain, beef, and the precious metals—in all these things the West has natural and inevitable control, and will exercise it. Best of all, it is financing its own industries with its own money, and is educating its own sons in its own institutions for the work that will be theirs. Rational railroad development and the construction of an isthmian canal, coincident with the development of natural resources, will give the West an impregnable supremacy in the world's affairs. This is no dream, but manifest destiny. It is upon this strong foundation that the West bases its claim for the right of political recognition. And it is upon his intimate knowledge of these conditions, and his profound faith in their evolution, that Mr. Roosevelt's leadership in the West rests securely.

The present condition of things points anew the need for wisdom in the choice of a Vice-Presidential nominee. The West feels that it is entitled to the Vice-Presidency; doubtless it will have its way. As a Westerner, I speak in behalf of one whom fate has qualified for preeminence. This is Mr. John L. Webster, whom the Republicans of Nebraska have already named in this connection. I shall not take it upon myself to urge Nebraska's claim; I do not speak of Mr. Webster as a Nebraskan, but of his greatness, which transcends all such minor considerations.

He is a rare figure, full of a rare quality—personality. He is not a man of opinions, but of convictions—convictions which have to do not only with politics, but with life—convictions which are rooted in an inviolable integrity of character. In a day when true statesmanship is a quality almost gone out of style, he is almost unique; for he is of the breed of statesmen, in the truest use of the word—the sort of man in whom cardinal principles are ingrained, and who will stand and die beside the guns of his faith. Add to this quality a gigantic intellect and a superb presence, and there is the man. The West has not his superior, hardly his equal, in these sterling qualities. I am, sir, W. R. LIGHTON.

A SOUTHERNER'S VIEW

CHUCKY CITY, TENN., *January 26, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of January 16, 1904, there occur letters from Mr. Coon, of Knoxville, Tennessee, and Mr. Huffaker, of Eagle, West Virginia, relating to the negro question. In the main they give the sentiment of a large part of the Southern people, but, unfortunately, sentiment is not always facts. There are places in the South, and not far from here, where negroes are not allowed. One colored presiding elder who comes here four times a year to hold his services was notified to leave a district in a near-by State after having gone for the purpose of discharging his ministerial duties. He expected to find his people, but instead he found the flock scattered and a notice to the shepherd to make himself scarce—a thing which he proceeded to do without any loss of time. Now, did we not know these things to be facts we would not say them, but as honest and impartial Southerners we feel the exact truth ought to be said, and nothing kept back. Sentiment is a good trail-blazer, but it takes facts to put the macadam there.

Of course we Southerners do like the darky, and largely for the reason Mr. Huffaker states—because he serves us. But do we always pay him for his work? We do, but it is more often a mere pittance compared to what he can earn elsewhere, or what we would pay the good class of white laborer. We do not think it untair to say that peonage, in a *modified form*, exists in many of the Southern States.

Then, again, the negro is liked, and of use to many of us so long as he remains a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. When he gets beyond that he is "out of his place," so you will hear many of us say. He is then able to do his own reading, writing, and counting—a thing, in the opinion of some Southerners, a negro is barred from doing because his ancestors were slaves. He does not always have the full benefit of his educational apportionment. Before me are the reports of the superintendents of public instruction for Virginia, Florida, Mississippi, South Carolina, and North Carolina. I find the per cent. of colored scholastic population in these States about as follows, respectively: 38 per cent., 42 per cent., 58 per cent., 53 per cent., and 33 per cent. I find that they receive from the public-school funds of these States the following, respectively, approximately speaking: 25 per cent., 22 per cent., 22 per cent., 27 per cent., and 27 per cent. Now, does this show that the negro always gets what he ought to have to help make him a good citizen? In this good State of Tennessee at the sitting of the last Legislature a bill was introduced providing for compulsory education. The bill was referred to a committee, and there met with the objections from members thereof who reside where there are many negroes, that it would mean equal education of whites and blacks! Of course the South, nor any section of it, can hope to be in the van of education so long as such men make our laws. Of course the bill never reached another reading, for the fellows who are afraid of the negroes' learning were in the majority.

Now, these are bare facts given by one who has always lived in the South, where he first beheld the light of day, and who always expects to live here, but who wants justice and equality to all, and merit and true worth to win out.

I am, sir, S. H. THOMPSON.

A NATIONAL COMMISSION

SALISBURY, N. C., *January 30, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The recent suggestion that a national commission be created to investigate the "negro question" should not be seriously considered until we have some idea of what this question is, and this inquiry should not be made until it is definitely known whether or not there is in fact any such thing as the negro question.

Is this proposed commission to decide whether or not negroes have the inherent right to rape white women? Whether or not it is right to lynch them if caught in the act? Whether they should be protected at the polls by Federal bayonets? Whether negroes are a privileged class, each of them entitled to a mule, forty acres of land, a Bible, and a cake of soap? Whether it is justifiable to prevent miscegenation, and whether the Southern people shall be compelled to run their hotels and public conveyances on the Ethiopian plan?

Such inquiries as these seem to constitute the basic elements of the discussion upon this subject. But the South has settled all these matters, forever and forever. The truth is that there is no such thing as the negro question. In the South the negro is an individual citizen, enjoying, in proportion as he deserves them, the rights of personal security, personal liberty, and private property. He is not by any means a martyr, a curiosity, or a political or social problem. Along the lines of individual progress, and subject to social laws which legislation cannot reach, and which only the laws of nature herself can alter, he has the right and the opportunity to develop, and in the fulness of time, the rise of the individual will be followed by the rise of the race, along the lines of intellectual and moral development.

I am, sir, J. H. HORAH.

OUT OF PLACE

COLUMBIA, S. C., *February 3, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I read with much interest the opinions of various Southerners on the "Negro in the South" that appear in the Correspondence department of your magazine.

I had not intended saying anything, but the broad assertion of the "Delta Resident" that he had "never seen him out of his place" calls for a reply; in my opinion he has been out of his place ever since he was set free.

Does our friend think that Mrs. Minnie Cox, whose case has recently created such a sensation in his State was in her place? Is that his idea of the negro's place? If it is I must confess that he is right in stating, "I have never seen him out of his place in Mississippi, and hardly think I ever will." In that case I do not suppose he considers negro officeholders out of their place. If so, he disagrees with greatest negro living—Booker Washington—who has time and again counselled his race against accepting political appointments, and where will you find one who will not? The cases of J. W. Lyons, Registrar of the Treasury, and William Crum, the nominee for collector of the port of Charleston, South Carolina, whose case has attracted national attention, are proof enough.

I am, sir, H. M. RANTIN.

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A Test of Skyscrapers

EXPERIMENTS involving the permanency of structural steel covered with concrete or cement have recently been carried on at the Insurance Engineering Experiment Station at Boston; they prove that steel properly covered is absolutely safe against corrosion. In steel buildings and other structures, the framework is covered with cement or concrete of some kind, and it is impossible to observe what changes are taking place, and for this reason doubts have been expressed as to their permanency. It has been assumed, however, by engineers, that steel protected with such coatings would not be corroded, and this was found to be the case with the cables of the first Niagara Suspension bridge, which, after remaining embedded for a number of years, were found to be in excellent condition. To allay any scepticism as to the permanency of many modern steel-frame structures, and to prove that the protection of the steel by cement or concrete was satisfactory and efficacious, the experiments referred to were undertaken. The experiments served to show that care must be observed in mixing the concrete, and that when due precautions are taken the steel is perfectly protected. Accordingly, it is fair to assume from this work that the decomposition of steel under such conditions is not a matter to be seriously feared.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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BY

SAMUEL M. GARDENHIRE

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THE PRIVATE XENOPHON

by Rose·K·Weekes



"A SPY, sir, sent up by Captain Field."

"How was he taken?"

"Trying to get through the lines under cover of darkness, sir."

"I hope you've brought him in blindfold?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. Send him in at once."

Major Heriot, of the Intelligence Department, stretched out his long legs and sighed. He was a big, heavy, mournful-tempered, uncomplaining man, with a rigid sense of honor and a yet more rigid sense of duty, which qualities were often at war; for some duties that fall to an English officer are not specially pleasant to an honorable man. His position as chief intelligence officer outside the besieged town of Abbotsville brought him into contact with plenty of spies, whom he hated; to his temperament it was equally repulsive either to employ and reward spies of his own, or to try to seduce those of the enemy when captured, as they frequently were, in the attempt to get through to their compatriots besieged in the town. Many a time did he wish he had not entered the army. He did his duty, nevertheless, because in the service of his country a man cannot afford to keep his hands clean, but it never failed to put him out of temper.

This particular spy proved to be a tall, dark man, with strong features, and bold, reckless, discontented eyes; he had an air of scornful dignity which even the grotesquely fitting clothes that he wore could not destroy. His own suit had been taken away to be examined; for the same reason, his hair had been cut and his beard shaved off. It is easy to conceal a rolled-up note in the hair. Heriot looked at him, and he looked back at Heriot without flinching; till Heriot put an end to the silent duel by pointing out a chair and inviting him cordially to be seated.

"Thanks," said the stranger. "I congratulate you on your discreetly managed voice. It is advisable to conciliate spies, isn't it? One may get useful information if one treats them well."

Down he sat, calmly, and pulled his boots off; though the clothes were too small, the boots were too large, and, being heavy, they chafed his feet, which were rather badly cut.

"You've walked far," said Heriot, indicating them.

"Fifty miles or so; farther than a spy generally walks, isn't it?"

"I don't want to treat you as a spy if you aren't one," said Heriot, warily. "I can't tell what you are till you explain yourself; remember, you've made no report."

"I was asked no questions. Never question spies or deserters till they come to headquarters, or they'll tire of answering, and maybe refuse their information. That's in all the military manuals, isn't it?"

"I see you're an Englishman," said Heriot.

"I am."

"Then what the dickens were you doing outside our lines?"

"If I told you, you wouldn't believe me."

"You're wrong. I should trust your word."

"You'd be acting against regulations, then. However, I don't mind telling you. You're besieging Abbotsville, aren't you? Well, I wanted to get into the town."

"What for?"

"To see my wife."

"What's your wife doing in there?"

"Dying, probably."

"Is she a prisoner, then?"

"No, she's a patriot. I took no part in this delightful war, but she did; she's shut up in Abbotsville, and I wanted to join her. You don't always succeed in shooting all the carrier-pigeons they send out. One reached me at my farm out Goldburg way, with a note which tells me she's ill—enteric—and asking for me. Now I've only been married six months, so I just started out to walk here across country. I'd have liked to say good-by."

"If you're English, why did you let your wife fight against England?"

"Got a wife yourself, Major Heriot?"

"No, I've not," said Heriot, somewhat surprised.

The stranger bowed. "Wait till you have and ask her."

"You mean she acted against your will?"

"I mean she didn't consult me at all. She had wrongs to avenge, of course—did you ever know a woman who hadn't? If it isn't on the ladies who dress better than she does, it's on the enemies of her country. I woke one morning and found my wife gone and a note pinned on her pillow. She'd heard the trumpet-call and couldn't stay—a plague on all your wars and your patriots! We'd just been married a month. That's my story; believe it if you dare."

Heriot's hand went up to his mustache, which he thoughtfully pulled. The stranger's hand moved instinctively in the direction of his own chin, and in moving displayed a long stretch of sunburned arm projecting from a gray flannel shirt, which had the good quality of usefulness, but no other. Conscious of his own smooth and snowy linen, Heriot felt an impulse of sympathy towards the wearer of that scrubby hideous flannel.

"Do you know anything of the movements of the enemy?"

"Not a thing; and if I did, I shouldn't tell you."

"That's flat, anyway. I'm afraid we shall have to detain you, Mr.—"

"Jones," supplied the stranger, politely.

"Mr. Jones; but if there's anything I can do to make you comfortable, I shall be most happy; we are not quite barbarians, though war suspends the ordinary rules of politeness, I'm afraid."

"I saw you studying my shirt sleeve," said the stranger. "Yes, there's something you can do; and that is, give me back my own things in place of these beautiful clothes which I am not worthy to wear."

"I'm afraid that's against the rules; but my own wardrobe's at your disposal."

"Ah, you're afraid of hidden letters, of course! But, anyhow, can't I have back my personal property—my cigars, and so forth."

"I'll just look through them and see."

Heriot went back to his own room, where Mr. Jones's clothes were all spread out on the table, together with the contents of his pockets. After turning the key on his prisoner, an act which made him gloomily wish himself back as a gay, irresponsible subaltern, he sat down to make a thorough examination. A search of this kind must needs be minute. With the aid of his nail-scissors he cut the clothes to pieces; he ripped off the lining, dissected padding, explored hems, cut open the buttons, and split the heels of the boots, without any result. After doing his best, he gathered up the fragments and dropped them in the stove, thus satisfying conscience and making the room well-nigh uninhabitable.

Last he came to the contents of the pockets. A case of good cigars, a silver match-box, some loose cash, a fine linen handkerchief bearing the name of Mark Sörensen, and a pocket edition of Xenophon's famous *Anabasis*, tattered and dirty, with the name of "Thyra Dutoit" written across the fly-leaf. Heriot carefully dissected all the cigars, and refilled the case from his own; leaving the other things on the table, he took them and the match-box back to his prisoner.

"I'll bring you a decent suit directly," he said, delivering up his charge.

Mr. Jones glanced at the cigars, and then quickly at Heriot. "May I have my book?"

"The Xenophon? I'm afraid I can't see my way to that. I've got a copy of Cæsar's *Gallic Wars*, if that will do as well?"

"The book's my private Xenophon, and I value it very greatly."

"I'm sorry."

"It belonged to my wife."

"I'm very sorry," repeated Heriot.

"Can't you possibly let me have it?"

"'Fraid it's impossible."

"To tell the truth, it's the only souvenir I have, and she's like enough dead at the minute. Sure you can't manage it?"

Heriot took a turn up and down the room. The restless, anxious eyes of Mr. Jones made him restless too. "I'll tell you what I will do, if you like," he said, stopping. "I'll examine the book myself, and if I find nothing compromising I'll take the responsibility of giving it back to you."

"I'd rather you burned it offhand!"

"Why?" asked Heriot, in amazement.

"No. I'm wrong. Examine it, if you want to; I suppose you will, whether I like it or no. Spies have written messages on the leaves of a Bible before now, haven't they? A very convenient book for the spy is a Bible, because it arouses no suspicions. The art of war is so pious. But I believe you're a gentleman."

"I'm an officer and a gentleman."

"You're doubtful if they are compatible? So am I. However,

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PHO

u've still got some of the feelings of
e: I'd rather you examined it than some
licers I've met. The truth is, my wife and
carried on a correspondence on the pages
that Xenophon before we were married.
e was a patriot, I a loyal Englishman,
d her friends naturally had a prejudice
ainst me. They were down on notes be-
reen us, but they never thought of inves-
gating the learned pages of Xenophon."

"Oh, *good* Lord!" said Heriot, aloud.

He looked so deeply disgusted that the
isoner laughed. "You'll like the letters,"
said: "we wrote most fully."

"I shall read them," said Heriot, dog-
dly.

"Go and do it, pray!" responded Mr.
nes.

Heriot went back to his room. As a
eliminary test he lighted his lamp and
ld the first page of the Xenophon close
the chimney, for most sympathetic inks
come visible under the action of heat,
ing again as the paper cools. After a
r seconds, certain yellow marks began to
pear on the margin. Heriot had before
w read secret messages written with
riate of copper, and he recognized the
ms at once; he put down the book, and
lled for a hot flat-iron, which is the most
avenient instrument for applying heat
ckly and adequately. While he waited he
ced the floor, trying to reconcile his duty
wards his neighbor (he was old enough
believe the catechism) with the maxim
at all's fair in war.

The first letter ran:

DEAREST,—There are three green cater-
lars hanging from my hat-brim, for I am
the arbor doing my lessons like a good
tle girl. I suppose I must just forget
bring in my poor Xenophon to-night; I
pe it won't rain and spoil his binding,
e I shall get a lecture for my careless-
ss, and it seems to me that one of your
uglish east winds is permanently blowing
our house now. Mother was most cross
th me yesterday because I pickled cabbage
the morning, and left the cabbage out.
e tells me I am a slattern; and my
her says I am a renegade; and Josef
ys I have lost all my looks; and there are
nes when I feel mournful. But then I
t your name in my prayers, that God may
ve away your English heart, so that we
y be together. . . .

Heriot laid the letter down, and poured
nself out a whiskey-and-soda; though he
de a rule of never drinking between meals.
ter that, he applied himself again to his
k and read on to the end.

The first letter was signed Thyra Dutoit;
next, in a man's writing, Mark Sören-
n. So they continued in alternation;
y were intimate letters, tender, candid,
idly recording the growth of love in a
l's heart. Heriot laboriously turned page
er page: some of Thyra's naïve remarks
ought the blood to his face for shame
at he, a stranger, should be reading them.
more unpleasant duty had never come
Major Heriot's way. Several times he
s obliged to break off and brace up his
ergies with a dose of whiskey. Several
nes, moreover, he uttered words forbidden
pass his lips.

There were at least thirty letters in
her writing, sixty in all. They ran across
ery margin, and over the fly-leaves, and
n in places intruded on the text. Heriot
not spare himself; he solemnly read
m down to the last word. When he had
ne, he heaved a sigh of relief; his next
was to detach the book, page by page,
m the binding and study each sepa-
e sheet. Such conscientious labor de-
ved a reward, and he got it, by finding
thing. He arranged the pages again in
ir order, pushed away the untidy heap
m under his eyes, and began to think.
Of one thing he was certain, which was,
at the letters were genuine. They spoke
themselves; besides, the ink had faded,
d in some places words were missing,
ving been rubbed off by their daily contact
th Mr. Jones's pocket; the letters had
en carried about for some months. Under
ese circumstances, Heriot felt that he
uld believe the whole of Mr. Jones's story,
th the exception of Mr. Jones's name.
ere was this man, then, ignorant by his
n confession of the enemy's movements,

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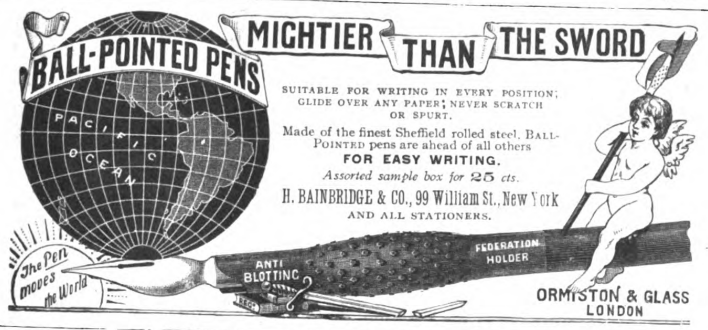
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ignorant also of the English position, since he had been brought through the lines blindfold; there in the town was his wife, a mere girl, the writer of these charming letters, ill, perhaps dying, and asking for him. Between these two stood only the convention of routine, to overleap which was at Heriot's discretion.

He got up, gathered together the ragged pile of dissected Xenophon, and walked in upon his prisoner.

"I've brought this back," he said.

"My Xenophon? Ah, thanks! Well, and did you like reading them?"

"Not at all."

"Didn't you think them amusing?"

"I really don't know very much about them; I was thinking of other things. Will you give me your word of honor that you'll say nothing of what you've seen, either here in our camp, or on your way from Goldburg?"

"Why should I do that?" asked Mr. Jones, opening his eyes. "My sympathies at present are not with my country!"

"I dare say; mine aren't always. Still, I owe it a duty, and so do you. Will you give me your word?"

"By all means, if it gives you any pleasure. I'm not likely to have the chance of telling any one, am I? That being so, I'm quite ready to promise that I won't."

"Yes, it was a thousand pities we didn't get Abbotsville that time. It was such a near thing, too! What, didn't you know that? I was talking to Dutoit the other day, the fellow that kept the garrison going, don't you know, and he told me they were on the very point of capitulating when they got news of the advance of the force which made you evacuate. Hard lines, wasn't it? I'd give a good deal to know how that message got through!"

Heriot, looking very stolid, said that he should like to know, too, and within a month retired to his native county of Hants, where he grew pigs and mangel-wurzels to still the stings of conscience. He also built and endowed a little chapel and a pastor of Calvinistic tenets. One afternoon a visitor called to see him, upon whose name the parlor maid made an unusually wild variation, vaguely ending in—son. Heriot, without much interest, went to the drawing-room, and there he saw Mr. Jones. He stood stiff, not offering to shake hands.

"You found out?" said Mr. Jones.

Heriot bowed.

"I told you the exact truth."

"You told me a direct lie."

"On my honor, I did not!"

"You gave them information."

"I gave them the Xenophon. I spoke not one word."



Drawn by W. E. Meas

"Trying to get through the lines under cover of darkness"

"Very good. If I give you a pass through our lines, do you think you could manage to dodge their sentries and get into Abbotsville?"

"You'd do that—give me a permit on your own responsibility?"

Heriot nodded.

"I'd try."

"Good," said Heriot.

"Think you'll get into trouble yourself?"

"I? no; you see, you'll go in the character of one of my spies."

"I'm grateful," said Mr. Jones, after a pause.

"I dare say I should be cashiered if it came out," said Heriot, "but it won't come out. You're my accredited agent; and even if your real business got known, they'd put it down to my stupidity for not choosing a trustworthy man, that's all. I'm acting irregularly, but I'll be shot if I'm going to obey the rules and be a regulation cad!"

"Well, I'll keep my pledge," said Mr. Jones, "and I sha'n't forget what you've done." He added, in a somewhat sardonic tone, "'Tis God shall repay! you'll be safe so!"

In the days that followed Heriot had small leisure to think of the affairs of Mr. Jones; for shortly after the siege of Abbotsville was raised by a strong force of the enemy, and then disaster fell fast on England. Later on, when the war was over, Major Heriot resigned his commission. The cause of his resignation was a casual speech made to him by his commanding officer:

"The Xenophon!" exclaimed Heriot. "Those letters weren't ciphers, I'm positive of that! What do you mean?"

"You tested for muriate of copper; my wife's friends used acetate of lead. You should have tried the page with sulphuretted hydrogen."

"Do you mean that there were two sets of invisible letters in the book?"

"There were. As you may see."

He pulled out the Xenophon, more tattered and dirty than ever. The love-letters had long since faded out of sight, vanishing with the heat which called them out; but across the pages ran now another message, indelibly fixed there by chemical process. What Heriot read was addressed to Paul Dutoit, of Abbotsville.

"What did you tell me for? I used to hope sometimes it wasn't you!" said Heriot, bitterly.

"Do you blame me? I never said one word that wasn't true."

"You're an Englishman, aren't you? Well, you're a traitor."

"I guess Thyra's prayers got answered," said Sörensen, slowly. "I hate England."

"It's your country and mine."

"And you don't forgive me, I suppose."

"No, I don't. I've paid pretty heavily for your treachery; you tricked me into being a traitor as well. My life's spoiled—"

He broke off; but his unshaven chin and his fields of mangel-wurzels supplied Sörensen with the rest of his sentence. He turned the pages of the Xenophon irresolutely.

"Come to that, I've paid too," he said, slowly, "Thyra's dead."

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Personal Impressions of W. B. Yeats

By Charles Johnston

I KNEW W. B. Yeats before he had dis-vered in himself the divine faculty of rse, though his life was already full of sion. In those early days his tendency was ward science, and we carried out together number of more or less ingenious and un-ccessful experiments in physics, chemistry, d electricity, with home-made contrivances en destined for quite other uses. Our re-arches soon took a different field, which, have always thought, was of high im-rtance for Yeats's poetry. He was a bid Darwinian, and, like all new pros-rtes, longed for a convert; and I, as his nool chum, was the natural prey. So ats spent the hours that should have gone Homer and Horace in pursuit of test ses and missing links, with which I was in e time to be belabored; and many a de-htful afternoon we spent roaming over e Dublin hills, or the cliffs of Howth, Yeats lding forth on evolutionary botany, while listened, commented, and at the end of ds, declared myself still unconvinced. Un-nvinced of the materialism that so often es with Darwinism, that is: though ac-pting the idea of growth and develop-nt.

Then came the first poems. And I remem-r some, never so far published, I believe, ich filled my imagination with a large d sombre magnificence, and had in many ys a broader sweep, a larger handling an any of his later works.

And soon after this came poems for the st time printed, in the newly founded and starred *Dublin University Review*, which s presently to be disowned by its *alma ter* for printing one of the burning idyls Theocritus. Among these first-printed rks, I remember "Mosada," a dramatic m of mediæval Spain, with Moors and chcraft; and "The Island of Statues," eek in coloring, but after the Greece of ats rather than the authentic Hellas.

Thus Yeats's early work was drawn, as to subject, from the universal material of nance, from many European lands; and was only after he had already written a od deal, that he found his proper subject-tter in Gaelic tradition, learning it first der the mentorship of Sir Samuel Fergu-, who has written so well, with such uine bardic fervor, of the heroes of elic eld. "The Wanderings of Oisin" s among the first-fruits of this new in-ration.

Then came an Oriental period, full of the dy of Eastern religion and Indian books. re are traces of it in poems like nashuya and Vijaya," and in the two rmons of Kanva the Indian. From ia and her philosophy, Yeats presently e to the Western mystics, from Jakob hme to William Blake; and all through later work, whether as theory or as sym-ism, his mystical studies have left their rk.

ere, then, we may say, are certain of elements of culture which make up poetical substance of Yeats's work: the ræval romance of all lands, the Gaelic dition, the teaching of India, the mystics the West. Whatever be his substance, atever his form, lyric, epic, drama, the gical music, the fineness and distinction, transmutation through passion and ught are there always; perhaps in their fection in "The Lake Isle of Innisfree":

ll arise and go now, and go to Innisfree, nd a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
e bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
nd live alone in the bee-loud glade.

I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings.
e midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
nd evening full of the linnet's wings.

ll arise and go now, for always night and day
hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
e I stand on the roadway, or on the pave-ment gray,
hear it in the deep heart's core.

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Progress of Science

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With radioactivity existing in the atmosphere and in stagnant air from cellars and caves, as well as in air drawn from a tube with one end buried in the ground in certain soils, is it fair to assume that such substances as radium, which have the power to produce a radioactive emanation, are contained in the soil? Messrs. Elster and Geitel, who have spent many years in investigating atmospheric electricity and unisation, have found in the cases specified that there is often marked induced radioactivity, which would indicate the presence of radium or other radioactive substances. Such an explanation as suggested has been advanced, and seems to indicate the more general distribution of radioactive material than has been considered probable. In the case of the air its activity depends in a large measure on meteorological conditions. An example of this is the fact that a fall in the barometer is likely to cause an increase in the radioactivity of the air, due, it is thought, to the escape of ground air into the atmosphere.

Science and Rats

The spread of the plague in the East has been shown to be due to rats which are carried from infected ports on vessels. Just the precise way in which this is accomplished is still a matter of debate among biologists, but the fact is appreciated, and in Manila and elsewhere the health authorities endeavor to kill all the rats in an infected locality and on board ships about to discharge their cargoes. This is accomplished in several ways, such as traps, catching the rats by hand or by animals, and on board ships sometimes by asphyxiation with carbonic acid, the latter a costly method, and often difficult of application. A method promising to be most efficacious has recently been devised by M. Danysz, of the Pasteur Institute, in Paris. He has found the bacillus of a disease which is peculiar to rats and extremely fatal to such as are inoculated with it, while at the same time it does not affect other animals or human beings. A culture can be made of this bacillus bouillon in which bread or grain is soaked. This is exposed for the rats to eat, and has been found a successful means of communicating the disease, which usually proves fatal in five to twelve days. The method has been tried on the rats in the Paris sewers and those of the Bourse de Commerce, which attack the grain-supplies. It is now recognized that if the rats can be destroyed, it is possible to keep plague and other diseases from Europe and the civilized portions of the East, and it is to be hoped that the new method of inoculation will be found successful when practised on a large scale.

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Music

Mr. Elgar's "The Apostles"

MR. EDWARD ELGAR'S new oratorio, "The Apostles," considered by some the most important accomplishment in contemporary English music, was performed on February 9, for the first time in America, at a concert given at Carnegie Hall in aid of the City History Club. Mr. Frank Damrosch, a large orchestra, and choruses from the Oratorio and Musical Art Societies were the forces engaged in the representation.

Critical opinion in England has been divertingly various regarding Mr. Elgar's most recent contribution to the art of his country. The work had its initial performance in October, 1903, at the Birmingham festival, and raised almost as much critical dust as its famous predecessor, "The Dream of Gerontius." To some, "The Apostles" revealed itself as "a masterpiece, an invaluable contribution to the art of the world, a score of pure gold throughout"—thus the impulsive Mr. Vernon Blackburn. To Mr. Ernest Newman, on the other hand—and Mr. Newman, let it be noted, is a friend and sincere admirer of Elgar—the music seemed "not sufficiently inspired to satisfy the musical mind," and "impressive only to minds that are already disposed to consider anything beautiful that is associated with a sacred text."—There, we think, is the crux of the matter. Mr. Elgar planned, in his own words, "to compose an oratorio which should embody the calling of the Apostles, their teaching (schooling), and their mission in the establishment of the Church among the Gentiles." The first two parts of the work have for their theme the outward manifestation of God to those "who were called," completed in the Ascension; the third and final section, as yet unfinished, will deal with the inward manifestation of God "through His indwelling Spirit."

The basis of the work is thus, it will be seen, essentially theological, and Mr. Elgar, himself devoutly ecclesiastical in his point of approach, has furnished out his text with music of fervid sincerity and conviction. Let it be said at once that the score of "The Apostles," considered solely as a structural achievement, is superbly successful; its firmness of line, its subtlety of elaboration,—in brief, its sheer mastery of musical mechanics,—are nothing short of amazing. It is a far more complex, a far more intricately organized work than "The Dream of Gerontius": but there, in our view, praise must stop. As in the case of the earlier work, our deliberate criticism of this score is that it has nothing unique, nothing new, to say. Its best inspirations are, in essence, a dilution of Wagner; that which is not best is Mr. Elgar's own, and is, in the main, dull, flaccid, inexpressive. There are, indeed, memorable exceptions—as the introduction, the dawn music, the final chorus, the beauty and eloquence of which one concedes at once. One ends, though, by seconding with conviction the judgment of Mr. Newman — that "The Apostles," as it stands, "with its heavy atmosphere, its monotonous rhythms, its dragging, enervated, pulses . . . is not life." We only wish that we could further coincide with Mr. Newman in his confident belief in the preciousness of Elgar's gifts, which, he believes, must have come to a finer fulfilment had they not been "taken from humanity in order to be given to the Church."

Calve Again

Emma Calvé, the most magnetic and incalculable of singing actresses, returned to the boards of the Metropolitan Opera House on February 1, after an absence of one season, appearing, need it be said? as *Carmen*. It is still a great, a wonderful, impersonation: but it is, to-day, a product rather of uncontrolled genius than of considered and heedful art. At many points it is exaggerated, wilfully extravagant. Of course, Calvé is simply Calvé, and there is an end of the matter; but if she were in a mood for gaining wisdom in the exercise of her talents, there is one among her associates at the Metropolitan who could show her the beauty and power of controlled intensity, of temperament exquisitely adapted to the ends of a perfect art: and that is Milka Ternina.

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WAR IN THE EAST

Up to the time this issue of the "Weekly" goes to press, Japan has disabled ten of Russia's war-ships; it is reported that three of the Czar's transports, with 2000 troops aboard, five commercial steamers, and the Russian mail-steamer "Mongolia," have been captured; Japanese troops have blown up a bridge on the Manchurian Railroad, blocking the road between Mukden and Port Arthur, preventing the passage of troops, and killing thirty Russians. The Japanese have also seized and occupied Mesampo, Korea, holding it as a base of operations, besides landing a force at Seoul. An attempted landing in the neighborhood of Port Arthur was repulsed by the Russians after a battle



RUSSIAN TROOPS UNLOADING SUPPLIES AT PORT ARTHUR

It is reported that a force of 50,000 of the Czar's troops are mobilized on the Manchurian border near Port Arthur. On February 10 Japan made the first attempt to land opposing troops here under the protection of her war-ships

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A Winter View of Chemulpo Harbor, Korea, showing how Navigation is Hampered for Four Months at this Season of the Year

THE STORY OF THE EASTERN CRISIS

An account from our special representative, telling the exact causes of the war, the points at issue, the reasons, from the point of view of both Russia and Japan, why war was inevitable, and giving from personal knowledge of the Far East and of the resources of both nations the probable course of the war

By Thomas F. Millard

TO find the real origin of the present clash between Russia and Japan it is necessary to sketch briefly certain political tendencies of both countries for the last half-century.

Russia has long realized that the problem of her internal development and material progress depended, in a great measure, upon the possession of seaports which would give her ready access to the outer world at all seasons. For a century she has had her eyes fixed longingly on the Mediterranean, only to have the jealousy of other European powers baffle her time and again. In late years she has cast longing eyes upon the Persian Gulf, without making more than tentative encroachments in that direction. There she finds herself confronted by England, as in the Mediterranean is arrayed against her the concert of Europe. As Russia has never been known finally to abandon any plan vital to her interests, it may be presumed that she will eventually secure a southern outlet; but at present she realizes the wisdom of proceeding cautiously in that direction.

Meanwhile, a later generation of Russian statesmen have turned their attention to opening up the great territory of Siberia, with its limitless possibilities for material development. In the Trans-Siberian Railway we see the first tangible result of this policy. However, even before the construction of the road was begun, the necessity of a favorable terminus was appreciated, and plans to secure it were set working. Here, again, Russia found herself confronted by the same old difficulty. She had no suitable port in Asiatic waters. Surveying her Pacific coast-line, she found that Usuri Bay, where Vladivostok is now located, was the most southerly port in her possessions. To reach even there it was necessary to make a great détour to the north, or cross a part of Manchuria. She determined that the best and most feasible route was across Manchuria, but to obtain the consent of the Chinese government was a difficult undertaking. To this end was Russian diplomacy directed for many years, with comparatively no success. Such was the situation in 1894, when the war between China and Japan occurred.

This war was the first direct and striking result, as indicated by a move of real significance in grand politics, of the adoption by Japan of Western methods and policy. Japan had been awakened, chiefly through the instrumentality of the United States, and with her awakening had come ambition. The New Japan soon found that it needed an outlet for its ambitions and activities, both political and commercial. The only possible outlet was the continent of Asia, and it became a policy of first importance with Japanese statesmen to secure a foothold on the mainland. It was most natural that their eyes should fall upon the little kingdom of Korea, whose anomalous position, as well as her internal weakness, left her the prey of superior powers. Where there is a will there is usually a way, and Japan's designs finally, after she had carefully reorganized her army and navy according to Western standards, brought on the war with China, in which, owing to the total unpreparedness of China, she was completely victorious.

Here was the beginning of the clash with Russia, although it was the work of forces operating for years along lines tending to that inevitable end. When Japan sought to grasp the fruits of her victory it was Russia's hand that interposed, although the interposition took the form of a unanimous act of several of the great European powers. Japan was deprived of the bone for which she had fought and compelled to be satisfied with Formosa and an indemnity. After having won a foothold on the mainland by force of arms, she was compelled to relinquish it under the menace of superior power, instigated by Russia, whose statesmen clearly saw that Japan's ambitions, if realized, would be fatal to Russia's designs. Japan retired, temporarily baffled, but the bitterness of her defeat and humiliation still lies deep in the hearts of her people, and has been a powerful force making for war.

It is characteristic of Russian diplomacy that it was able, in that matter of the settlement of the Japan-China war, not only to deprive the victor of all the substantial fruits of victory, but to take advantage of the circumstances to materially advance her own interests. As the chief mover in assisting helpless China to "save her face" in the settlement, Russia was able to pose at Peking in the attitude of a succoring friend, and the dazed and demoralized Chinese government could not resist the pressure brought to secure the ratification of a treaty permitting the construction across Manchuria of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Russia pointed out that the railway was necessary to China, since only by its assistance could Russia protect her ally from the aggressions of Japan. Just how far that astute old statesman, Li Hung-Chang, who conducted the negotiations for China, was really taken in may never be known. *I attempted to sound* him on this subject in an interview a short time before his death, without success. But the convention was signed. It gave Russia the right to employ her troops to facilitate the construction of and protect the railway—a privilege which she immediately used to establish herself in Manchuria. This was soon followed by the acquisition of Port Arthur by Russia, where she established and fortified an extensive naval and military base.

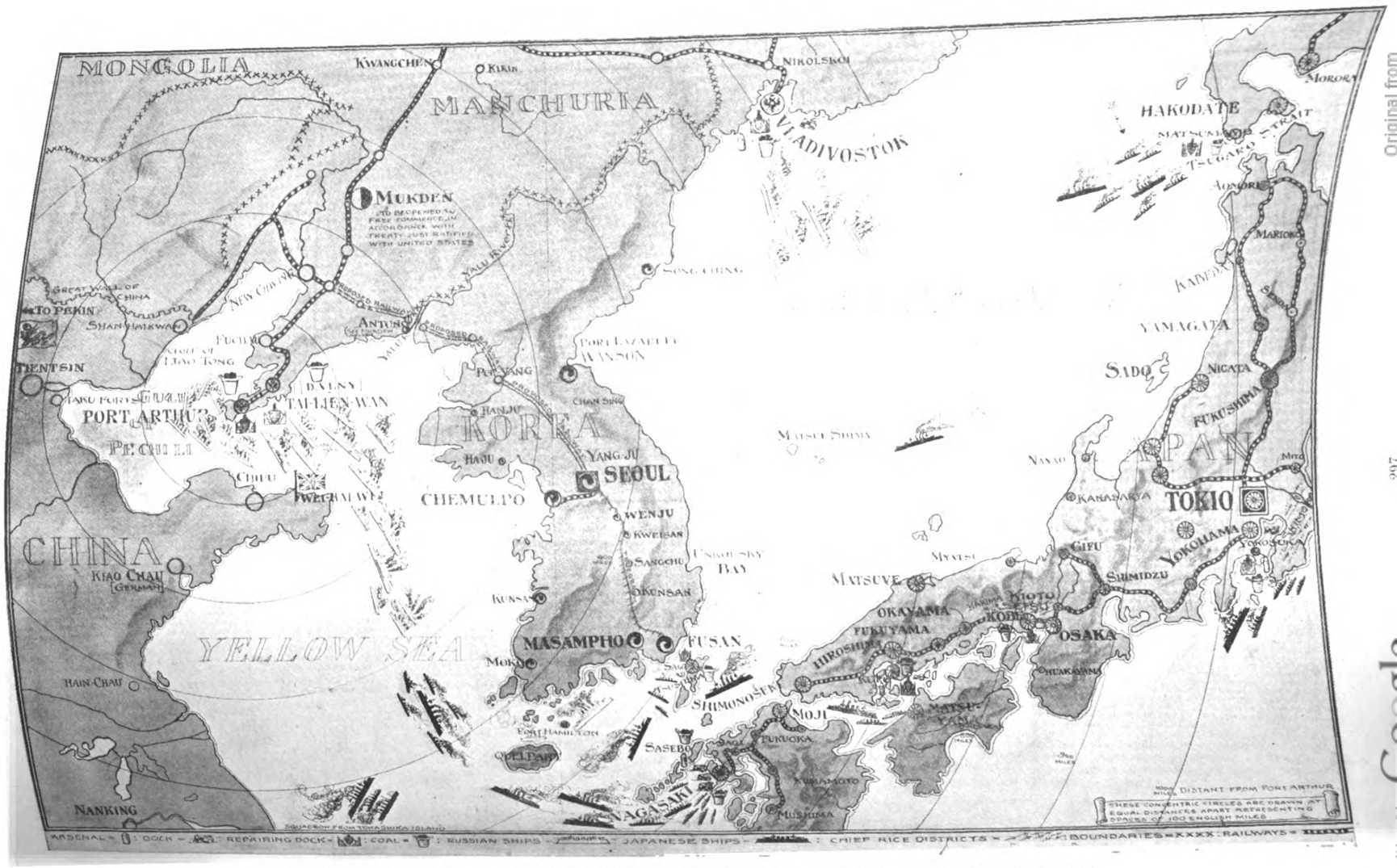
In Port Arthur, Russia had now secured an excellent harbor, fairly accessible at all seasons, and capable of easily being made impregnable, which she has not neglected to do. However, hundreds of miles of Chinese territory (southern Manchuria) intervened between Port Arthur and Siberia. Clearly Port Arthur, desirable as it is, could never become a thoroughly satisfactory army and naval base until connected with the Trans-Siberian Railway. So Russia set about getting a concession to build a branch from Harbin, in Manchuria, to Port Arthur, with a spur tapping the Peking-Shan-hai-quan road. The arguments advanced in favor of this project were many and legitimate. It has now been completed, and gives connection by rail between Europe and Peking. Under an enlightened administration this road would undoubtedly benefit the entire world, but whether it will under Russian control remains to be seen. Its construction permitted the introduction into Manchuria of more Russian troops.

This was the situation in 1900, when north China was thrown into confusion by the disturbances generally known as the "Boxer" insurrection. Russia seized this opportunity to greatly increase her forces in Manchuria, under cover of an apparent military necessity. But other powers interested in the Far-Eastern question, besides Japan, began now to see the drift of Russia's policy, and this brought a joint protest at permanent occupation by Russia of a large part of the domain of the Chinese Empire, where all the treaty nations have valuable commercial rights. Russia, protesting the rectitude of her intentions, pretended to yield, and agreed to evacuate Manchuria by a certain date.

There is not the slightest reason to suppose that she ever had any intention of keeping her promise. I ventured to predict three years ago that Russia would never abandon her position in Manchuria, and that the powers might prepare to accept the inevitable. As a matter of fact, from her standpoint, it would have been an exceedingly foolish thing to do, for it would have isolated Port Arthur at a time when every Russian diplomatist in the East fully believed that war with Japan was one of the certainties of the near future.

That Russia's course has not been satisfactory to the other powers goes without saying. But it is extremely unlikely that any of them, except Japan, will feel that its interests are sufficient to warrant a resort to arms. There has never been room to doubt that Japan was prepared to fight if she failed to secure satisfactory concessions. In fact, no careful observer of the game of grand politics as it is now being played in the Far East can doubt that ever since 1894 Japan has been carefully preparing to go to war with Russia, and Russia has been just as carefully preparing to

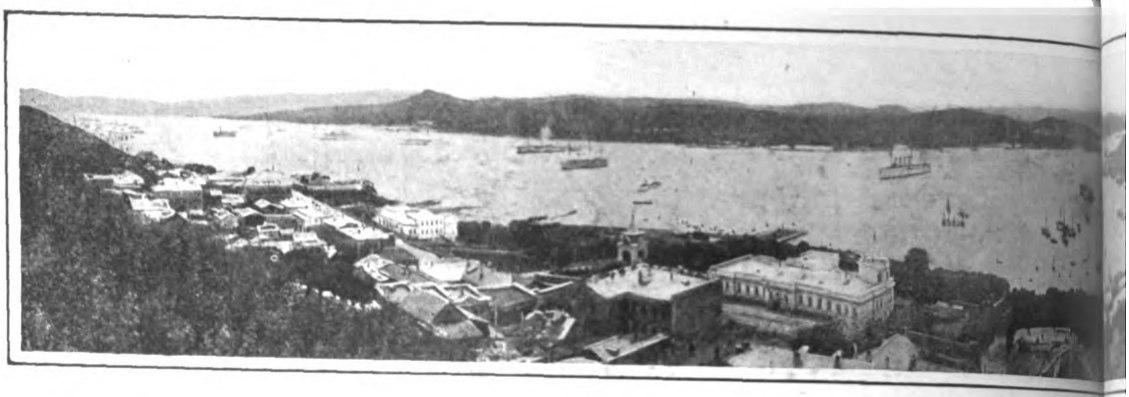
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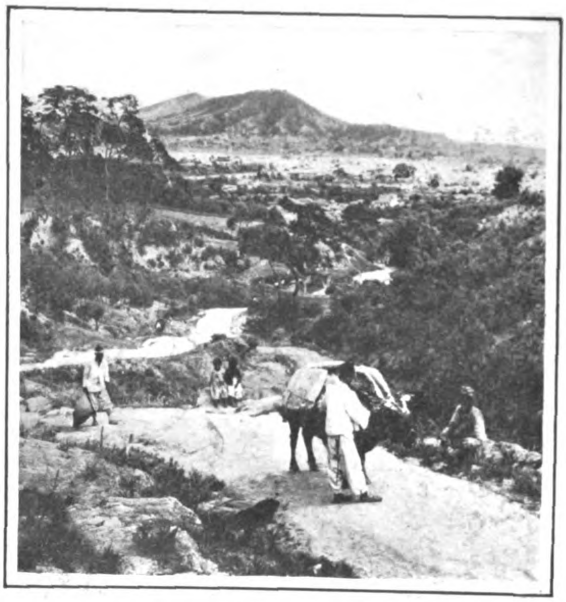
THE SCENE OF THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST

The map gives a clear idea of the theatre of action in Eastern Asia, where Russia and Japan are fighting. The diagram indicates the relative positions of the two naval fleets just before the beginning of the battle of February 9–10. A presentation of the issues involved in the war and a forecast of its probable course will be found on the opposite page

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A Panoramic View of Vladivostok



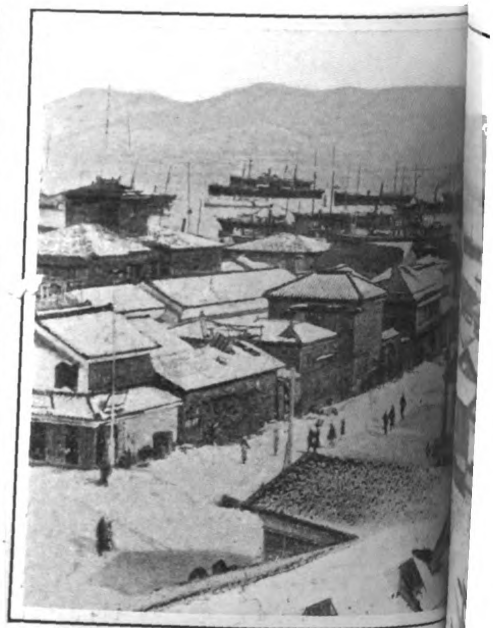
View looking South over Seoul, Korea



An unusual View of Port



The Harbor of Chemulpo, Korea

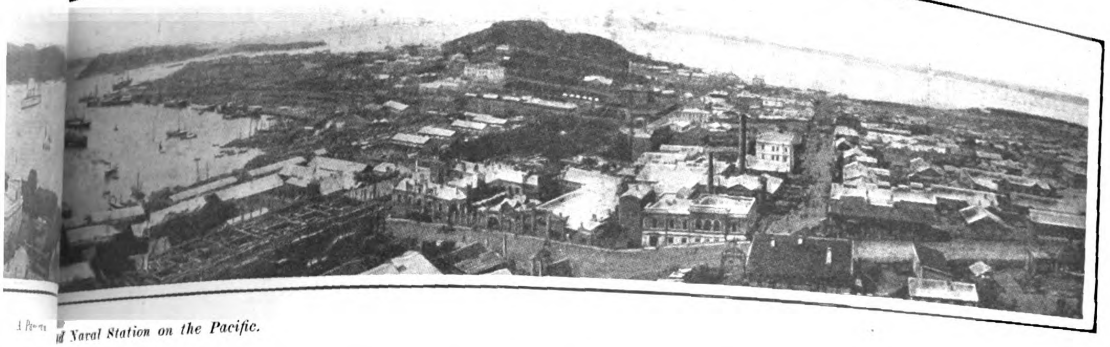


The Seaport

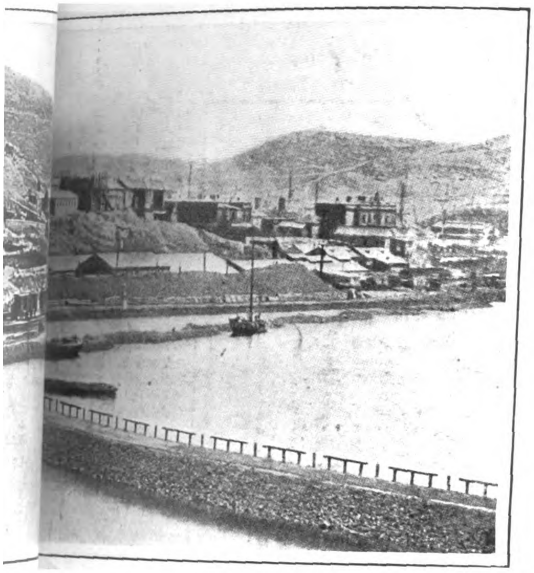
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THE SCENE OF WAR—PLACES OF IN

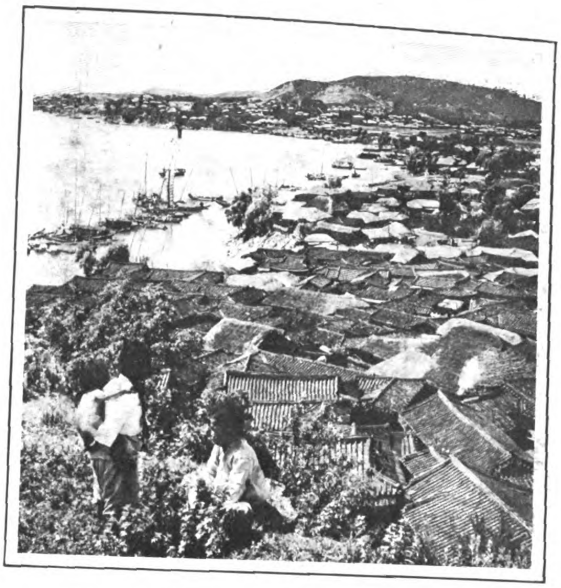
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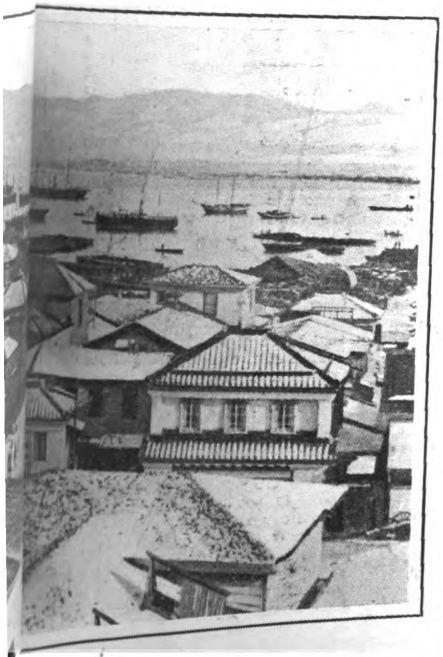
A Pic-ca ...d Naval Station on the Pacific.



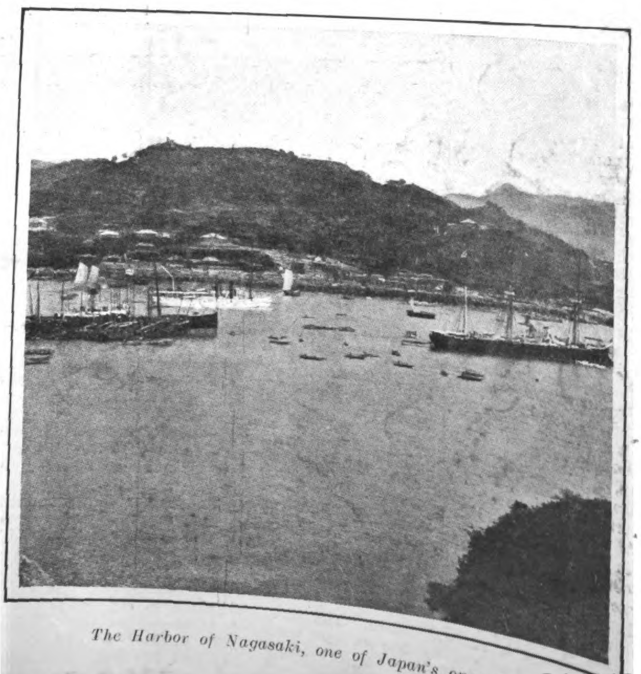
Dam across the Harbor



An interesting View of the Town of Mapo, Korea



Harbor



The Harbor of Nagasaki, one of Japan's open Ports

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meet her attack. To this end, both nations have been as rapidly as possible bringing their armaments to a war footing. The completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway was a primary necessity to Russia. It is now officially said to be finished, although there are good reasons for thinking that its service in war may not be entirely satisfactory. However, the tone taken by Russia throughout the recent negotiations shows that she feels herself strong enough to bring the question to an issue.

Although it has until recently escaped the attention of the public, the active forces in the existing crisis have been formulating for more than a year. The first decisive step was, of course, the promulgation of the defensive treaty between England and Japan. This assured Japan that if she should throw herself into the breach to check Russian aggression, her territory will not be violated even if she suffers defeat, an assurance which materially strengthened her credit. That is the real meat of this treaty, which conveys the further assurance that Japan and Russia will be permitted to fight it out alone. Notwithstanding discussion of the probability of international complications, now so widespread, there is scarcely a possibility of outside intervention, except in the matter of preventing the imposition of extreme terms upon the vanquished, after the war has been fought to its military conclusion. The chances of the United States being dragged into the affray are too remote to cause any apprehension. This country has material interests involved, but they will undoubtedly be safeguarded at the proper time.

The immediate issues of the crisis that has at last brought the two nations face to face are important only so far as they throw light on the general situation. They are ample illustration of the frequently demonstrated fact that when two parties are seeking a quarrel a pretext is never lacking. Since Russia is in possession of the bone, she was naturally content to play a waiting game, which has placed Japan, superficially, in the attitude of an aggressor. The present crisis was brought about by diplomatic inquiries directed by Japan to Russia concerning the latter nation's policy in Manchuria and Korea. The immediate excuse for the representations was the alleged aggressive actions of Russians on the Korean side of the Yalu River, which forms the boundary between Korea and Manchuria; but if that had not presented itself, no doubt another excuse would have been found. The main design was to elicit a definite statement of Russia's intentions. Several notes were exchanged between the two governments, with quite definite results, which shine clearly through the mist of diplomatic communication. Russia would not budge an inch in Manchuria, nor would she concede that Japan has any right to question her conduct there. In this latter position she is undoubtedly correct, for, technically, China is the only nation directly concerned. Thus Russia evades the issue diplomatically, while the real effect of her replies have been to tell Japan that it is none of her business.



The Czar and his Officers Reviewing Russian Troops at Pavlovsk

It is also characteristic of Russian diplomacy that she complicated her reply and seemingly strengthened her position by throwing up an outwork in the nature of certain propositions regarding Korea, in which she seemed to make concessions, while really advancing claims she had never before made. In other words, while practically refusing to discuss the Manchurian situation with Japan, she unexpectedly advanced pretensions to a "sphere of influence" in Korea, thus paving the way for aggressions in that quarter. It is the old, old diplomatic trick of first claiming a right, then, by abandoning some immaterial part of it, seeming to make a concession. In this instance, the Russian game is too obvious to deceive even a novice in diplomacy, and, in fact, no one was deceived, Japan least of all. Russia has shown her hand; and it means that she intends to hold what she has got in Manchuria, at the same time putting her finger openly, for the first time, upon Korea.

Thus the issue is sharply drawn. The inevitable clash in the destinies of the two nations has as last occurred. One or the other must give way. Neither nation will willingly yield, for neither can, without abandoning something necessary and fundamental to its national development and prestige. Their differences are too deep to be reconciled by diplomacy, which can only temporize. As to the right and wrong of the issue, that is not easy to determine. Critically judged, both are absolutely wrong, since neither has any genuine right to what both are contending for. As to the dubious ethics of this march of destiny, much can be said on both sides. Argument boots nothing in a matter like this. This conflict was apparently inevitable. It seems beyond the direction of human wisdom in the present stage of civilization. It is the beginning of the destined struggle between East and West to decide finally which shall dominate in that part of the earth, and it will not be settled by a single war.

As to the result of war between Russia and Japan, there is room for wide difference of opinion. I have had opportunity to observe the troops of both nations in the field. I am strongly inclined to believe that Russia will be the victor; but my opinion is based almost entirely upon her ultimate superiority of resources. If Russia does win, what? That is a bridge the powers will not cross until they reach it. I have not been able to satisfy my mind fully as to where, in this conflict, the "greater interests of civilization" lie. Far behind the questions immediately presented looms the spectre of a forthcoming war of the civilizations.

In the present war, since a considerable body of water separates the hostile armies, it was inevitable that the first clash should occur on the sea. In this Japan has been victorious. The land fighting will probably occur in southern Manchuria and Korea. I have seen some military experts quoted to the effect that, strategically, Japan has the superior position. I do not agree with this theory. To me, quite the contrary appears true. Japan's real object involves the expulsion of the Russians from southern Manchuria and northern Korea, which means, essentially, that the Japanese must go to the Russians. To accomplish anything they must go in large force. Just how many troops Russia now has in the Far East is not known, and is variously estimated. I think that perhaps 150,000 men, exclusive of garrisons of important points, is not far from the truth. The actual fighting strength of an army is never more than two-thirds of its presumptive complement, estimated by units of organization. But this is a formidable force, and it is not to be presumed that it can be decisively defeated by one of inferior numbers. This means that Japan must land in the theatre of war at least 150,000 men, with the necessary supplies and transports. Those who recall, as I do, the difficulty we experienced in landing an army of one-sixth that size in Cuba, with undisputed possession of the seas, will at once realize the serious nature of such an undertaking. The difficulty will be greatly enhanced by the presence in adjacent waters of a numerous and formidable Russian naval force. It is not impossible, but if the Japanese accomplish it without suffering some severe setbacks they will earn the admiration of the world.

It is evident, then, that to be able to land a sufficient number of troops to cope with Russia, the greater part of the Russian naval force would have either to be decisively defeated or effectually blockaded. Let us assume that this difficult feat, with the disabling of the Russian war-ships at the outset of the war, is successfully accomplished. The war remains to be fought out on land. What, then, will be the situation?

Since Japan must assume the offensive, Russian action will necessarily be shaped to meet the moves of the enemy. To some it may seem that the strategic possibilities are infinite, but the probabilities are really quite narrow. The first main object of the Japanese will be to occupy Korea in advance of the Russians, if possible. It is reported that a considerable force has already been landed there. With the Korean Strait controlled by her navy, it will not be difficult to continue along this line. It is but a few hours' sail to Fusan, and there are other harbors on the east coast of Korea where troops can be easily landed. A partially completed railroad is in process of construction from Fusan to Seoul, the capital of Korea. Of course, the Japanese could not wait for its completion, but will probably push forward overland.

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The first strategic move of importance by Japan's land troops was the attempt to throw a hostile force in the rear of the Russian army near Port Arthur. If this can yet be accomplished, it will be the best move Japan can make. It would at once threaten the entire Russian line of communications, and in the event of Japanese success would completly isolate Port Arthur.

So much for the theoretical possibilities of the first stage of the war. The practical probabilities are another matter. A vital factor is the climate. Almost the entire coast-line of the Gulf of Liao-tung and the Korean Bay is very shallow. A result is that in winter the greater part of the coast-line is frozen up, the ice often extending several miles from the land. Where the coast is comparatively free from ice, there are no harbors, and the water is so shallow that seldom can a ship of any size come within three miles. Where rivers enter the sea, as at Tientsin, Shan-hai-quan, Kin-chou, and Neu-chwang, a bar is invariably formed, which only vessels of light draught can cross. From December to April these bars are usually frozen tight. There may be one or two places on this coast-line where troops can be landed in winter, but it is a task any prudent general will shrink from. It is not to be thought of in the face of serious opposition. It will be difficult enough when there is no ice. An ice-free coast several hundred miles long gives some chance to elude observation from the land, and secure a foothold on shore without opposition. This done, an army may land and be prepared to defend itself by the time it can be attacked.

Thus the climate practically narrows the probabilities prior to the month of April down to naval operations, and at most a seizure by Japan of middle and southern Korea, always assuming that the Russian fleet can first be entirely disposed of. Both Russian and Japanese army and navy officers are perfectly familiar with all the conditions which affect the situation. Fusan, Chemulpo, and all the southern Korean coast is now free from ice, and operations need not be delayed there. The mouth of the Yalu is seldom entirely closed by ice, owing to its more rapid current, but a landing there at this time of year will be attended by great difficulties. So the Russians have two months yet to prepare to meet the Japanese armies that may be eventually landed in Manchuria. By that time she will have greatly reinforced her land forces. Meanwhile, unless the Japanese succeed in occupying the mouth of the Yalu, there will be nothing to prevent a movement of Russian troops southward to seize the mountain passes and northern Korea. The Cossacks are inured to cold, are hardy riders, and can move rapidly. It is not to be anticipated that the Japanese, except as a last resort, will attempt a demonstration of any magnitude towards Vladivostok.

So the middle of April, or perhaps, as is more probable, May, may find Russian and Japanese armies confronting each other at several points in the indicated theatre of war. Such a situation will precipitate a number of important battles, and on the results of those battles will depend the next stage of the war. Beyond that, at present, no man can pretend to see with any accuracy. As has already been shown, Japan will act with energy and intelligence. On the other hand, the Russian generals in the Far East are now fully alive to all the possibilities of the situation. I know positively, from the highest Russian military authority, although discretion forbids specific mention of the source, that the Russian army and navy plans for this war were fully prepared three years ago. I was even permitted an insight into their general character, and can say that they are very comprehensive, and provide, as well as human wisdom may, for all possible contingencies. There is no doubt that the Japanese plans are as complete. But it is in the working out that the weaknesses of plans are revealed, and in this Japan has had the first successes.

China's attitude in the event of war is being discussed. There is no room for uncertainty about this. If permitted, China will observe a strict neutrality, and the powers have already taken steps to see that she is not forcibly drawn into the struggle. They will insist that military operations be confined to the territory north of the Great Wall, which terminates at Shan-hai-quan. Japan has already given her assent to this delimination—in fact, Japan brought the subject forward. I have seen many comments on the probability of China assisting Japan by threatening the Russian line of communications from the west. This is sheer nonsense to any one familiar with the present military situation of China. She could not present a force that would not be easily routed by a single Russian division. Any threatening move on China's part would give Russia a legitimate excuse to seize Peking, an opportunity of which she would only too gladly avail herself. Any interference by China would result to Russia's advantage, not Japan's. A feeble voice, that of the Emperor, has been heard at Seoul, announcing that Korea will observe a strict neutrality. This would be comical if it were not pathetic. If China and Korea could maintain a strict neutrality there would be no war, for there would be no place to fight if the contending armies were debarred from neutral territory.



The Forward Deck of Japan's Armored Cruiser, the "Asama"



Shipping Cattle at Chefoo for Russian Troops at Port Arthur

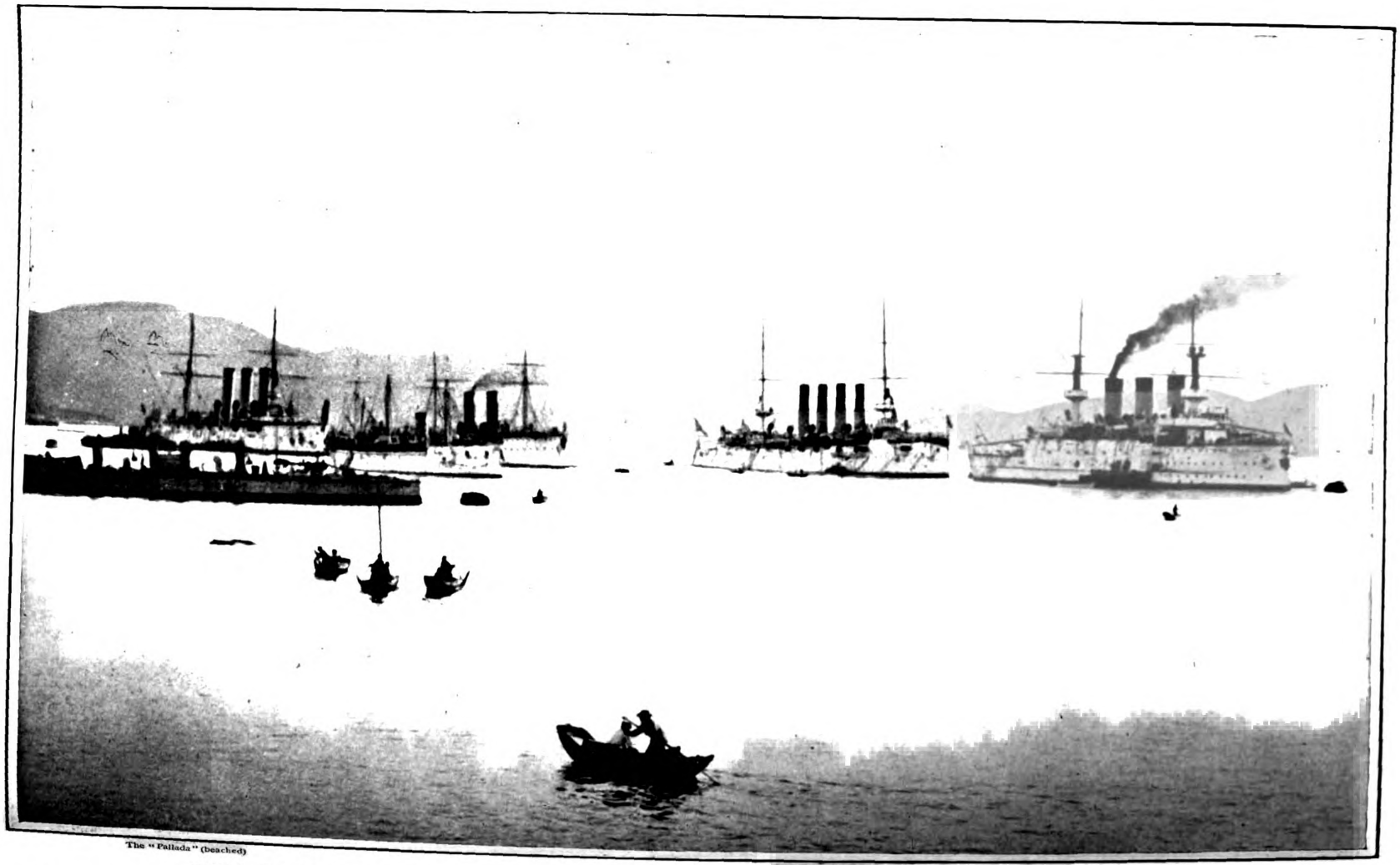


Prince Min-Yuni Haun, Commander-in-chief of the Korean Army

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The "Pallada" (beached) The "Variag" (sunk) The "Peresviet" (disabled)

RUSSIAN WAR-SHIPS IN THE HARBOR AT PORT ARTHUR

The photograph was taken at Port Arthur before the naval engagement of February 9, and shows three of the ships disabled by Japan: the protected cruiser "Pallada," the protected cruiser "Variag," and the battle-ship "Peresviet." It is reported that Japan, up to February 12, has disabled ten of Russia's fighting-ships without serious injury to her own fleet

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Edited by George Harvey



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HOLD FAST, UNCLE SAM!

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COMMENT

THERE were two remarkable features of the public career of Marcus Alonzo Hanna, aside from the obvious truth that, at the time of his death, he was the most influential member of the Republican party, not only in the State of Ohio, but throughout the nation. Unquestionably, had he announced a year ago his candidacy for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, he would have secured enthusiastic support in many of the strongest Republican States. It can truly be said of him that repeatedly and sincerely he refused the crown of an honorable ambition. The facts, however, to which we would at this time refer, and which rendered his political life phenomenal, if not unique, are the brevity of the period during which he stood in the public eye, and, secondly, the completeness with which he outlived the storm of baseless slander and detraction to which for some four years he was exposed at the hands of unscrupulous political opponents.

It is true that long before he filled the public eye as the autocratic and irresistible commander of the McKinley forces in the campaign of 1896 he had taken an interest in the local politics of the Western Reserve, and he had been a member of his State's delegation to the Republican national conventions of 1884 and 1888. During the twelvemonth preceding the spring of 1896 he did a great deal of effective but quiet work on behalf of his friend McKinley, yet it may be said that, outside of his native State, he was personally unknown when he gained an easy victory over the Reed forces marshalled by those redoubtable tacticians, Senator Platt and Senator Quay. That was less than eight years ago, yet it is no exaggeration to say that before he died he had become the best-known and most powerful individuality in the Republican party. That was a surprising elevation to have been attained in so short a time, and has no parallel in our history, except that afforded by Henry Clay; and Hanna, it must be remembered, unlike the Kentuckian, was no orator.

We may be quite sure, however, that the exceptional weight which he had acquired so quickly in Republican councils was a source of less profound and fervent satisfaction to Senator Hanna than the knowledge that, in the minds of the great mass of fair-minded citizens, he had, by personal contact, wholly dispelled the misconceptions of his character engendered by the libels and aspersions sent broadcast by the "yellow" press during the campaign of 1900. It mattered not whether a man was a walking delegate, a Populist, or a socialist, the first-hand knowledge which he gained of the real Mark Hanna during the last few years caused him to brand with contempt and loathing the lies and caricatures which, throughout the campaign of 1900, were concocted by malignant hirelings, and exercised a baleful hypnotism on an ignorant and thoughtless section of the American people.

On the face of things, Japan has gone to war for the purpose of compelling Russia to evacuate Manchuria. What are the motives that impelled Japan to risk so much for the attainment of this object? There still seems to be current in American newspapers some misconception on this point. It is not true that the Tokio government is prompted mainly by a hankering for revenge, although it would be natural enough for the masses of the Japanese people to feel some vindictiveness. It will be remembered that, by the treaty of Shimonoseki, the Liao-tung Peninsula, including the naval fortress of Port Arthur, was ceded by China to Japan. Thereupon Russia, France, and Germany interposed, and compelled Japan to retrocede the peninsula to China, and to accept in lieu thereof an additional money indemnity. Before acceding to this demand, which, in the absence of support by England, she was not strong enough to reject, Japan pressed for a stipulation that in the future China should not cede any part of the Liao-tung Peninsula to any other foreign power. Russia, France, and Germany prevented the insertion of such a stipulation in the retroceding treaty, on the ground that it was obviously aimed at Russia alone, and that, inasmuch as Russia was not, and never would be, a disturber of peace in the Orient, it was superfluous and invidious. Not long after the retrocession, however, Russia extorted from China a lease of the Liao-tung Peninsula.

That the Japanese people should smart under what seems to them an act of flagrant perfidy and oppression is not surprising. It was not, however, for the satisfaction of a well-grounded grudge that the Tokio government resolved to try to expel the Russians from Manchuria. It was foreseen that, if the Russians were permitted to retain Manchuria, their absorption of Korea also would be only a question of time. Korea, however, is not merely the nearest, but is the only available outlet for the overflow of Japan's surplus population. An outlet is indispensable, because, in view of the limited area of cultivable land in the island empire, of the high birth-rate, and of the rising standard of living, the pressure of population on the means of subsistence is already formidable. Nor is this all. Should Russia acquire Manchuria, she would be irresistibly impelled to annex not only Korea, but also northern China. The economic aspirations of Japan would thus be stifled. For it is precisely in these countries that Japan finds the most promising market for her manufactures. The value of Japanese exports in 1902 to Korea and to China, directly or indirectly through Hongkong, was over 83,000,000 yen, out of a total export valuation of 258,000,000 yen. From the same customers in the same year Japan took commodities valued at about 50,000,000 yen. They constitute her natural market, because her people understand the wants, the business methods, and the languages of their inhabitants. Japan has no hope of competing with Europeans or Americans in Western markets. But she has looked forward to becoming the purveyor of manufactured products to the yellow races. It is a reasonable aspiration, and it was worth fighting for.

The report that the Empress Regent of China had fled from Peking to Kaifeng-fu, the capital of the province of Honan, is not confirmed; and no such movement is now likely to be made. It is probable enough, however, that a warning that a departure of the Chinese court from Peking was contemplated constituted one of the two principal motives for the despatch of Secretary Hay's note to the belligerent and neutral powers suggesting that China's neutrality should be respected. Few persons conversant with the excited condition of the Chinese population, wrought to fever-point by the successes of the Japanese at Port Arthur, doubt that the removal of the Empress Regent to the interior would have been followed by a general outbreak against foreigners, that would have required a second joint occupation of Peking, and a number of punitory expeditions. That was one motive; the other was the knowledge that if, in spite of a more or less sincere attempt of the Peking government to observe neutrality, anti-Russian demonstrations should be made by the Chinese residing in Manchuria, Russia, if victorious over Japan, would make of such incidents a pretext for the invasion of China proper and the occupation of Peking. Against both of such untoward events

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precautions, which we hope will prove effective, have been taken by the agreement which Mr. Hay's note has brought about.

We discuss elsewhere the apparent departure in American diplomacy involved in Secretary Hay's proposal to all the neutral powers, as well as the two belligerents, that the neutrality of China proper in the present contest, and, incidentally, her territorial integrity, shall by agreement and joint effort be assured. We would here direct attention to an interesting report that Mr. Hay's wish if not his definite proposal originally went beyond the limits that we have indicated. He is said to have intimated to the neutral powers a desire for an agreement respecting the extent to which they would permit Japan to be penalized in the event of her defeat. Precisely what restrictions he hoped to impose on Russia if she should be victorious has not yet been divulged. We presume that he desired to shield the Island Empire from invasion, and from the exaction of an inordinate war indemnity that might cripple her for many years. The suggestion, which, of course, was merely tentative, is understood to have been withdrawn, owing to Germany's refusal to entertain it. The Berlin government, while disposed to cooperate in applying moral, or even material, pressure for the purpose of assuring the neutrality of China proper, if not also for the purpose of protecting her from invasion, was unwilling to offend Russia by undertaking to shield Japan from the consequences of defeat. Evidently the same motive would operate to give a somewhat narrow definition to the "China" which Germany would agree to cooperate in protecting. Apparently by the term China the Berlin government refers to China proper, and does not include the three Manchurian provinces, which, if victorious, Russia might be reluctant to evacuate. This is, of course, one of the points which raised questions of great moment, and which we have examined in another column.

How needful it was for the President to issue a proclamation is obvious in view of the numerous applications that have been made by American citizens for permission to enter the military or naval service of Japan, as soldiers, seamen, engineers, or surgeons. Evidently the applicants were unfamiliar with the act of Congress passed in 1818, by which the duties of citizens of a neutral power are defined. The act prohibits an American citizen not only from accepting a commission from a belligerent, or enlisting in the service thereof, but also from hiring another person for the purpose, or inducing another person to go beyond the jurisdiction of the United States with an intent to be employed by a belligerent. It is also against the law to fit out and arm, or to be in any way concerned in fitting out or arming, a vessel with intent that such vessel shall be employed in the service of a belligerent. The proposal, therefore, that Russian Jews and their American coreligionists who sympathize with the victims of anti-Semitic persecution in Russia should contribute a large sum of money for the purchase and equipment of a war-ship to be presented to Japan was, on the face of it, absurd. Every contributor to such a fund could have been arrested and punished for a violation of the act of 1818.

As for the apprehension expressed by some Russian newspapers that Japanese war-ships would be permitted by our government to use at will the ports of the Philippines, this will be allayed by the President's proclamation, which makes the customary announcement that no war-vessel of either belligerent will be permitted while in any port of the United States to take in any supplies, except provisions, and so much coal as may be sufficient to carry such vessel to the nearest port of its own country. As a precaution against an evasion of this regulation, it is provided that, without special permission, no coal shall be a second time supplied to any war-vessel until after the expiration of three months from the time when such coal was first supplied to it within the waters of the United States, unless such war-vessel, since last supplied, shall have entered a port of the government to which it belongs. Subject to these rigorous restrictions, the ports of the Philippines will be open to Japanese and Russian war-ships alike. The proclamation also set forth a warning which should be heeded by our manufacturers of arms and ammunition, and of other articles recognized in international law as "contraband of war." American manufacturers are at perfect liberty to sell such commodities to either belligerent, but they cannot send or carry them upon the high seas without incurring the risk of capture. We add that in the present contest coal will undoubtedly be treated as contraband of war.

There is no foundation for the charge made by Russian and French newspapers that in permitting their torpedo-boats to attack the Russian war-ships at Port Arthur before a declaration of war was made the Japanese permitted a breach of international law. That attack was made in the night of February 8-9, and more than two days previously—that is to say, in the forenoon of February 6—Mr. Kurino, the Japanese minister at St. Petersburg, had informed the Russian Foreign Office that his government renounced diplomatic intercourse with Russia, would resume entire liberty of action, and would thenceforth take such measures as, in his judgment, would be conducive to its interests. That was all the warning that Russia had a right to expect. It has long ceased to be obligatory to issue a formal declaration of war before beginning hostilities. We issued no declaration of war against Mexico in 1846, and at least two battles had taken place before an act of Congress recognized that a state of war existed. In the last war between Russia and Turkey an outbreak of hostilities preceded the formal announcement that a state of war existed. This, although the Declaration of Paris of 1856 made a formal declaration obligatory on the subscribing powers. Japan, not being one of those powers, was not bound by the Declaration of Paris, and, although Russia was one, we have just seen that she did not consider the obligation binding at the outset of her last war with Turkey. While, however, a belligerent is not entitled to expect a declaration of war, the rupture of diplomatic relations being considered ample notice of its enemy's intentions, it is otherwise with regard to neutrals, whose duties do not begin until they have received official notification that a state of war exists. Not only have the Russians no right to complain that they were "stabbed in the dark," because the attack on their war-ships at Port Arthur followed within about two days and a half the rupture of diplomatic relations, but it is the fault of their naval commander that they were not prepared to give the Japanese a warm reception. It had been known at St. Petersburg for many weeks that the demands set forth in the last Japanese note constituted practically an ultimatum, and, if rejected, would be followed by an immediate resort to war.

There has been some talk of late in influential quarters about the issues on which next summer's campaign is or is not likely to turn. Secretary Shaw, speaking on Lincoln's birthday in Chicago, did not undertake to frame the Democratic platform, but he was good enough to tell the Democratic party on what issues it would be debarred. It is true, of course, as Mr. Shaw said, that the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 cannot possibly become a paramount or even a conspicuous issue in 1904. Equally certain is it that the contest will not pivot upon any issue growing out of our late war with Spain. It is undeniable that the promise made four years ago by Mr. McKinley has been fulfilled—the promise, namely, that the insular government established in the Philippines shall keep steadily in view the rights, the interests, and the social and economical conditions of the Filipinos themselves. Whether a fight can be made on the trust issue is a question not so easily answered as Secretary Shaw imagines. He thinks that he has disposed of this issue by pointing out that from March 2, 1889, when a colorless report was made to a Democratic Congress by a Democratic committee appointed to investigate the trusts, up to the present hour, no original specific legislation on the subject has been enacted by a Democratic Congress, or recommended by a Democratic President, and few important prosecutions against alleged trusts have been instituted by Democratic Attorney-Generals.

Secretary Shaw omits to recognize that since March 4, 1897—that is to say, during the period when the trust question has become most urgent—all branches of the Federal government have been controlled by the Republicans, so that upon them, and not upon the Democratic minority in the Federal legislature, rests the responsibility for any shortcomings on the part of the government in relation to the trusts. Mr. Shaw concluded his remark by the assertion that if the issues

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were to be narrowed to a question of preference between the Republican and Democratic candidates, there would be no campaign. In the opinion of the Secretary of the Treasury, the President has no second and no next- *haud proximus aut secundus.* Is Mr. Shaw taking for granted that the Democratic nominee will be Mr. Bryan or Mr. Hearst? He would scarcely venture to tell even a Republican audience that as between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Cleveland there could be no contest. Nobody knows better than Mr. Roosevelt himself that the one opponent whom he has cause to fear is the ex-President, and Mr. Shaw must also be aware that in Wisconsin and Illinois, as well as in Indiana and other pivotal States of the North, Mr. Cleveland would appeal with extraordinary power to a very large minority, if not a majority, of the voters.

Of even more interest and importance is the Republican platform attributed by a well-informed Washington correspondent to Mr. Roosevelt himself. There is no doubt that the President can exercise through his friends a decisive influence on the platform, and, in his letter of acceptance, he can emphasize the issues on which he wishes the fight to be made. We are told that the issues preferred by the President are four—to wit, the administration's policy in the Panama affair; secondly, its attitude toward corporations, as exemplified in the Northern Securities case; thirdly, its attitude toward organized labor, as evinced in the open shops in the Miller or "open-shop" case; and, fourthly, its attitude toward the controversies between capital and organized labor, as illustrated in the settlement of the anthracite-coal strike. As to the Panama affair, the President is doubtless right in thinking that his course has been stamped with popular approval, not only in the Northern but also in the Southern States. When the Panama treaty comes to a vote in the Senate, as it will before the end of the present month, there is reason to believe that not only almost every Republican Senator, but also about two-thirds of the Democratic Senators, yielding to unmistakable expressions of opinion in the Southern States, will declare themselves in its favor. Under the circumstances, it would be as futile for the Democrats to seek campaign material from the Panama affair as it would have been for the Whigs in 1848 to denounce the war with Mexico and the acquisition of California.

When we turn to the two labor issues, we cannot deny that, viewed collectively, they seem to justify the claim that the President has conformed to the maxim *in medio tutissimus ibis.* He may be represented by his friends as having pursued a safe middle course. On the one hand, by his declaration for the open shop in the Miller case, he proclaimed the right of every laborer, whether unionist or non-unionist, to accept employment; whereas, by his interposition in the anthracite-coal strike, he undoubtedly arrayed the vast influence of the Federal government on the side of organized labor, and thus enabled it to win a victory. As to the action against the Northern Securities Company, begun by the Attorney-General at Mr. Roosevelt's command, it has always been manifest that by it the President believed that he could steal the Democratic thunder. If, as most lawyers expect, the judgment rendered in this case by the Circuit Court of Appeals shall be affirmed by the United States Supreme Court, Mr. Roosevelt will point to the decision as a conclusive proof of the sincerity of his opposition to trust abuses, and will invite the people to contrast Democratic professions with his own performances.

Judge George Gray, of Delaware, seems to have been eliminated from the list of candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency because he cannot get the delegation from his own State to the national convention. The Saulsburys and other leaders of the Delaware Democracy are inflexibly opposed to Judge Gray, not only because he publicly opposed the Democratic nominee for the Presidency in 1896, but because he subsequently accepted from Mr. McKinley the appointment of Peace Commissioner to Paris. Mr. Olney's candidacy may also be regarded as extinct, partly because he would have no chance of carrying his native State, and partly because in his speech at New York he pointed out that if any Cleveland man is to be chosen, it should be Cleveland himself. He frankly accepted the principle enunciated by Pope that "Jove's satellites are less than Jove." Of Senator Gorman's candidacy also we now hear but little, since the demonstration of his inability to persuade even half of his Democratic colleagues to vote against a ratification of the Panama treaty, and since his failure to induce the Maryland Legislature to accept his candidate for the United States Senatorship from that State. Unless we admit that Mr. Cleveland, notwithstanding the peremptory refusal to be a candidate embodied in the letter to Mr. St. Clair McKelway, would accept the Democratic nomination, there are, at the moment, but two avowed candidates for that nomination in the field, to wit, Chief-Judge Alton B. Parker and Mr. W. R. Hearst. Mr. Bryan, of course, is "willin'," but that he will receive a third consecutive nomination is not believed, even by those who count with absolute confidence on Democratic lunacy. As between Hearst and Bryan, the only question that could possibly be raised would be, Who shall drive the hearse? We add that if Mayor George B. McClellan is, as some people imagine, Mr. C. F. Murphy's dark horse, he has not yet been permitted to appear in the paddock.

The investigation of land frauds, which the Department of the Interior has been prosecuting for some eighteen months, is at last bearing fruit. It is expected that the evidence laid before the Federal Grand Jury of the District of Columbia will result in a dozen indictments. It seems that the plans of the land-grabbers were carried out successfully for several years. The instrumentalities by which the frauds were effected were corrupted notaries public in San Francisco and Portland, Oregon; bribed Forest Superintendents in the West, together with Land Office registers and receivers and State officials; and, lastly, bribed employees in the General Land Office in Washington. The ringleaders were John A. Benson, an engineer and real-estate speculator, and F. A. Hyde, an attorney, both of San Francisco. The method followed by these rogues is described by a well-informed Washington correspondent.

Through their spies in the General Land Office in Washington, the ringleaders would obtain information regarding large tracts of land suitable for forest reservation purposes. This land would then be entered upon ostensibly by dummies, and the affidavits of entry, proof of occupation, and other statutory requirements for the establishment of *prima facie* claims to lands would be perfected by bribed notaries. Then, on official Interior Department stationery, obtained from a corrupted Forest Superintendent, recommendations would be written in Hyde's office, setting forth the lands which should be withdrawn for forest reserves. These letters, having been signed by Forest Superintendent Allen, would be forwarded to Commissioner Hermann of the General Land Office at Washington. Hermann would approve them, and they would then go to the Secretary of the Interior, who would accept Hermann's recommendation without question, and send the executive recommendation to the President for his signature. Upon the creation of the Forest Reserve, assignments of the titles held by the dummy entrymen would be made to Benson and Hyde, the corrupted notaries being again called into service. Thus it came to pass that, by means of information furnished by collusive land officials, the San Francisco ring had its pick of the best land, and acquired forest lands worth fifty dollars per acre in exchange for forest-reserve lands that had cost them two dollars and a half per acre. These operations were carried on in California, Oregon, and Washington, the total area covered by the frauds amounting to many hundreds of thousands of acres. Three of the Washington officials bribed by Benson and Hyde are still at work in the Interior Department, but Binger Hermann, formerly Commissioner of the General Land Office, was compelled some time ago by Secretary Hitchcock to retire under a cloud, and has since become a member of Congress from Oregon. It may be expected that these worthies will figure among the persons indicted by the Federal Grand Jury.

A contest, which might without exaggeration be called a battle, has already taken place between Bulgarian frontier guards and the troops of the Sultan. Signs are not wanting that this contest is, as the saying goes in India, the first drop of the monsoon—the first breaking of the rains which will presently deluge the earth. Turkey, seeing Russia's hands tied by the Japanese war, will probably think the time ripe to try to recover eastern Rumelia, which slipped from her grasp in 1885, in defiance of the terms of the Berlin Treaty.

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The powers, with Germany at their head, dissuaded Abdul Hamid from attempting to reconquer eastern Rumelia at the time, and that fertile province slipped under the shield of Bulgaria, and immediately entered on an era of great prosperity and well-being. The Sultan, however, is by no means reconciled to his loss, nor does he forget that Cyprus and Egypt have practically passed into the power of England, while Bosnia and Herzegovina are to all intents and purposes Austrian soil, Bulgaria being in reality an independent kingdom, though legally a vassal of Turkey. All these things Abdul Hamid has neither forgotten nor forgiven, and the recent war with Greece showed him that he can rely on his Osmanli troops to behave with splendid valor in the field. Bulgaria, on the other hand, would certainly have gone to war with Turkey last year, in the hope of adding Macedonia to the principality of Bulgaria, but for the restraining hand of Russia, which compelled as well as counselled peace. All things, therefore, make us apprehend the worst in the Balkans when the new insurrections break out with the melting of the snows. Austria will probably receive the mandate of the powers to enter and occupy Turkey; but the experiences of Russia in 1877 show that her task will be anything but a sinecure. Austria may have to fight half a dozen Plevnas before war, once alight in the Balkans, is finally quenched.

The Massachusetts Historical Society lately headed an appeal to Congress, to which the WEEKLY paid attention at the time, to have the famous old frigate *Constitution* restored and put to use again as a seagoing training-ship for the navy. The appeal was referred to Secretary Moody, at whose instance an examination of the old ship was made to ascertain her condition. The report received was that the hull was so far gone that it would have to be almost entirely rebuilt if the ship was to go again into commission. Secretary Moody imparted this finding to Mr. C. F. Adams, president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and suggested that it would cost too much to rebuild the old ship, and that the best course might be to leave her where she was at the Charlestown navy-yard, use her spar-deck for a naval museum, and perpetuate her name by giving it to the next first-class battle-ship that is authorized to be built. But none of the Secretary's proposals find favor in the eyes of the Massachusetts petitioners. Mr. Adams, replying to the Secretary's letter, says the petitioners supposed that the *Constitution's* hull would have to be rebuilt, but that the job would be well worth the half-million dollars or less that it would cost. The ship, when restored, will be useful in teaching seamanship, and will be, Mr. Adams thinks, a much fitter vessel to keep for that purpose at Annapolis than the *Chesapeake*, now kept there. *Chesapeake* is a name that does not sound as well to a historical society that remembers, as *Constitution* does. Moreover, Mr. Adams and his friends want the *Constitution* to be put in order in time to lead a procession of ships at the opening of the Panama canal. With her to represent our first litter of fighting-ships, and the *Hartford* to represent the second, that procession, which Mr. Adams counts on with entire confidence, will be a highly significant as well as an imposing spectacle. Finally, Mr. Adams disapproves the proposal to give the *Constitution's* name to a modern battle-ship. "That name," he says, "belongs to that ship, and to that ship only. In the memory of the American people it was, and should remain, always associated with that ship and no other." Truly, to pass the old name down would make more for ambiguity than for perpetuation.

The New York Legislature is about to vote on a concurrent resolution proposing an amendment to the State Constitution which shall permit the Legislature to confer upon the female citizens of any city in the State the right to hold and vote for "the office of school commissioner and school trustee and every other office heretofore or hereafter created which shall confer upon the officer elected power to manage and control any public school or schools." Opponents of female suffrage object to the wording of this resolution, on the ground that if the State Constitution should be amended as it provides, city charters could easily be changed to make mayors, aldermen, and other city officers *ex officio* members of the school boards, thus entitling women to vote for and be eligible to almost any municipal office. Without discussing whether our cities would be better or worse off if that should happen, it seems clear enough that the resolution should be so drawn as to restrict its possible results to the particular point which it purports to cover. If the intention is to allow women to hold and vote for municipal offices, let that intention be expressed. But no such result should be reached by indirection by means of a bill that provides for something else.

It would be strange if at the innumerable commemorative meetings held on Lincoln's birthday nothing worth hearing or remembering had been said about the sixteenth President. At the dinner given, however, by the Republican Club of New York city, it appears—so far as the speeches and letters have been reported—that comparatively little was said about Lincoln himself, and a great deal about the Republican party and its living representatives. Mr. H. W. Mabie, indeed, put his finger upon the method by which Mr. Lincoln attained to extraordinary influence over an audience, when he pointed out that Lincoln, early in his adult life, had acquired the habit of clear and logical thinking, and that when he strove to commend his conclusions to his hearers, he almost always appealed to their reason, instead of to their emotions. This is true; but it is also true that the adoption of this method was instinctive rather than inculcated or imitative: it was due neither to systematic instruction nor to indirect influence or example on the part of others. It was self-evolved, and bears conclusive testimony to the fact that education, in the current sense of the word, is of inconsiderable importance to a man of great native force. We do not believe that Lincoln would have been a greater man had he been a graduate of one of our best secondary schools and also of one of our best universities. On the contrary, we deem it probable that, under such circumstances, he would have become a smaller, though more polished, man than he was, the native vigor and self-reliance of his intellect being, to some extent, impaired.

Mr. J. G. Schurman, president of Cornell University, also recognized the fundamental truth about the sixteenth President, when, speaking in Jersey City, he said that Lincoln arrived at his conclusions by his own unaided reasoning. Mr. Schurman added that it was well for the country that he did so, for nature had made him an almost infallible thinker. There have been great thinkers, however, who have disavowed conclusions which they knew to be impregnable. Galileo did so. Mr. Schurman reminded his auditors that Lincoln possessed not only an unerring power of ratiocination, but also the steadfast moral quality which would not permit him to retract or conceal his convictions. As Miss Ida M. Tarbell recalled at the dinner of the Chicago Society in New York, Lincoln in his contest with Douglas lost an election to the United States Senate because of his unflinching loyalty to the truth and of his determination to speak it out. He was warned at the time of the immediate political consequences of his inflexible candor. He foresaw them. But he also foresaw that the dilemma into which he thereby drove Douglas would deprive the latter of the Presidency of the United States.

A park commissioner should have taste. Mr. Pallas, the new Tammany Park Commissioner, seems to lack this highly important qualification for his important office. He has sold advertising space on the board enclosure which surrounds the unfinished public library on Fifth Avenue, turning over to unsightly uses what was a dignified enclosure. It will not pay. The concern that is most effectively advertised on this conspicuous surface is the new Tammany administration. Does Mayor McClellan care for this sort of exposition?

There are divers interesting signs of the earnestness of the Hearst movement. A particularly curious one has lately transpired. Mr. Pewee of New York, a conspicuous backer of Mr. Hearst's aspirations, who had found pictorial employment in one of the young editor's papers, appeared of a sudden in the service of another sheet. Was he lost to the movement? Not at all. Too valuable to be spared, he was immediately duplicated, and now appears daily in both journals. This is a new departure in politics, and gives pause to the reflections of the meditative observer. How far could it be carried? If Mr. Bryan slipped away from Mr. Hearst's embrace, could he also be duplicated and the duplicate advertised as the only real Bryan?

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Secretary Hay's Circular Note to the Powers

BEFORE discussing the immediate and possibly ultimate consequences of the note addressed by Secretary Hay to all the powers, neutral or belligerent, that are concerned in China's future, it may be well to recall the precise terms of the document, up to the publication of which widely conflicting views concerning its significance and expediency were justified. The note expresses the earnest desire of our government that, in the course of the military operations which have begun between Russia and Japan, the neutrality of China, and, in all *practicable* ways, her *administrative entity*, shall be respected by both parties, and that the area of hostilities shall be localized and limited as much as possible, so that undue excitement and disturbance of the Chinese people may be prevented, and the least possible loss to the commerce and peaceful enterprise of the world may be occasioned. The italics are ours. Among the many reasons for keeping the eye fixed on the exact text of the note is the fact that in the last sentence is stated the specific purpose of the proposed agreement. The purpose is to avert a renewal of the Boxer uprising against foreigners, and the consequent necessity of a second joint expedition for the maintenance of order, which would involve not only a large expenditure, but the interruption of trade. That is the only purpose designated, and it is obviously one that no power interested in China could afford to disclaim. A favorable response to Mr. Hay's proposal was, therefore, in every case a foregone conclusion, provided the precise meaning of a novel phrase used by him—administrative entity—could be agreed upon. The acceptance of the suggestion was the more certain because it emanated from that one of the great powers which is universally known to have entertained at no time any project of territorial aggrandizement at the cost of China. Whether or no it be true that the despatch of the note was originally suggested by the German Emperor, it is manifest that neither Germany, France, nor Great Britain could have made the proposal without being suspected of ulterior designs, because every one of those three powers is the occupant of territory which formerly belonged to China.

On the face of the document, however, it was, evidently, needful to define what was meant by the phrase "administrative entity." Had Mr. Hay avoided the use of this new and ambiguous term, and avowed that all he wished for was an agreement on the part of the belligerents not to encroach upon the territory of China proper—that is to say, upon that great nucleus of the Celestial Empire that lies south of the Great Wall—the inference would have been warranted that he did not regard Manchuria as included within China's "administrative entity." By the equivocal wording of his note, he has committed our government to no such admission, but has left it for the other great powers to say how, on their part, they will interpret the proposed agreement. Japan, in her reply, made it clear that she was perfectly willing to respect the neutrality of China proper, provided, of course, the other belligerent would enter into a similar compact, but that she could not possibly consent to regard as neutral territory Manchuria, which, equally with Korea, is destined to become a seat of the war. In this exclusion of Manchuria from the neutral area, not only the other belligerent, Russia, but all the neutral powers, will undoubtedly acquiesce. The impossibility of regarding Korea as a neutral, in the sense of declaring her territory inviolable, is of course recognized, practically, by all parties, including the United States, notwithstanding the fact that a treaty exists by which we are bound to use our good offices on behalf of Korea whenever her sovereignty or territorial integrity is threatened with encroachment.

Assuming, as it seems safe to do, that Mr. Hay's suggestion will be accepted by all of the powers addressed, and that assent will be expressed with adequate definiteness in their replies, a formal treaty being deemed superfluous, we can see that the primary and only avowed aim of his proposal is likely to be fulfilled. Indeed, no sooner had the purport of his note and the friendly reception given to it been made known at Peking than the Chinese government issued a proclamation of neutrality, and rebuked one of the censors who had memorialized the throne against a removal of the court to Kaifeng-fu, which undoubtedly had been contemplated. We may probably assume, then, first, that the whole power of the Peking government will be used to prevent a recurrence of the Boxer outbreaks against "foreign devils"; that the pro-Japanese sympathies of the Viceroy of Chih-li and some other high Chinese officials will be sternly repressed; and that garrisons will be stationed at Shan-hai-kwan and other points along the Great Wall for the purpose of stopping such Chinese as are desirous of entering Manchuria to aid the Japanese. All this may already be said to have been accomplished by Secretary Hay's note, which, for the present, at all events, has apparently assured the internal tranquillity of China proper and the uninterrupted transaction of China's traffic with neutral countries. This is much to have attained, and if the note should have no further consequences, it would reflect great credit upon American diplomacy.

Let us suppose, however, that China's proclamation of neutrality is rigorously enforced, and that the promise of the belligerents not to encroach upon the territory of China proper is scrupulously fulfilled. Under such circumstances, it is plain that no pretext will be forthcoming for any further dismemberment of China proper, and also that China will have laid a basis for asserting, after the conclusion of the war, a claim to retain sovereignty over Manchuria, so far as this might be reconcilable with the leasehold and railway rights already conceded by treaty to Russia, or with the rights which Japan may have acquired by conquest at Russia's expense. This is a possible consequence of the move made by Mr. Hay, about which nothing is known to have been said in the replies made to his sagacious note, but which, we may be sure, has not escaped his own prevision or that of Japanese and Russian statesmen. That is why Mr. Hay's proposal, though it is one that the previous professions of Russia and Japan estopped them from rejecting, was probably received with mixed feelings at Tokio and St. Petersburg. For let us consider what, but for the pledges elicited by this note—China's promise, namely, to be neutral, and the promise of the belligerents to respect her neutrality—would have been the probable consequences of the war, provided, of course, the neutral powers did not jointly interpose to rob the victor of the fruit of victory, as was done by the Congress of Berlin after the last Russian-Turkish war, and as was done by Russia, France, and Germany after Japan had wrested from China the Liao-tung peninsula. There is but little doubt that the outcome of the contest, had the combatants been left to themselves, would have been this, namely, the victor would have annexed both Manchuria and Korea. As things are now, it looks as if—no matter whether Russia or Japan is beaten both on land and sea—the ultimate disposition of both Korea and Manchuria will have to be settled by a Congress in which all the powers interested in the Far East, including the United States, will be represented. Nor is it at all improbable that the proposal of such a conference would, by common consent, be relegated to the United States, as being the only great power unsuspected of any wish to gain a foothold on the Asiatic mainland.

Do, then, the purport and the reception of Secretary Hay's note call for nothing but unmixed congratulation? By the leading part which our government has taken in securing an agreement of the powers interested in the Far East, have we assumed no responsibilities that, under conceivable circumstances, might prove burdensome? Has not the thin end of a wedge been inserted, which, if driven home, might force us to depart from our traditional avoidance of Old World complications? Suppose that China proper should violate the promise to observe a strict neutrality. Would we not be morally bound to cooperate with other neutrals in compelling her to keep her word? Suppose that the Chinese in Manchuria, over whom the Peking government might, with a show of truth, profess that it could exercise no authority, render important service to Japan at a critical conjuncture, and suppose that Russia should make such service a pretext for taxing the Peking government with a breach of faith, and for proceeding to invade China proper? Would we be morally bound to cooperate with other neutrals in repelling the invasion? If not, what does our assumption of leadership amount to? Who hereafter would follow a leader that retires from the field the moment fighting is needed to carry out the plan of which he is the author? We, ourselves, hope and believe that a test of the extent to which President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay might be induced to go will not be applied in the present contest. We hope and believe that China proper will observe neutrality, and that Russia will not seek or seize a pretext for crossing the Great Wall. It is well, however, to bear in mind that, if diplomacy is to be effective, the armed hand must always loom behind it, and therefore some dazzling diplomatic triumphs may prove in the end too costly in the eyes of those who would have our country adhere to its traditional foreign policy.

Recent Views of the Negro Problem

SOME notable indications of the change which has taken place in public opinion at the North concerning the wisdom of attempting to enforce the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Federal Constitution were afforded on Lincoln day in New York city at a meeting which was held in the interest of the Hampton Institute, and over which Mr. Andrew Carnegie presided. Mr. Carnegie, who is well acquainted with the state of things in the Southern States, and especially in Georgia, where a near relative owns a large plantation, began by directing attention to the wide difference between the position of white men at the South and that of their brethren at the North as regards the expediency of admitting negroes indiscriminately to the suffrage. In the North the wholesale enfranchisement of negroes is relatively harmless, because there education is almost universal, and education can be trusted to produce intelligent and sober-minded citizens. In some Southern States, on the other hand, ignorant negroes constitute a large majority of the inhabitants. Mr. Carnegie pointed out that, in such cases, the effect of conceding the suffrage without restriction to the blacks would be that the intelligent whites

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would be overwhelmed and powerless. The State and county governments would be in the hands of men steeped in ignorance of political responsibilities, to a degree which it is impossible for Northern whites unfamiliar with the conditions to conceive. Only actual residence in those Southern States can give a true impression of the facts. It must not be inferred that Mr. Carnegie regarded the deplorable ignorance of the colored people at the South as the outcome of any racial deficiency. On the contrary, he considered that, by their rapid and increasing acquisition of property, they were demonstrating more and more distinctly a capacity to rise in the social scale. At the same time, it is his conviction that to treat the Southern blacks as if they had already risen would be as grave a mistake as to try to prevent them from rising. Starting with these fundamental data, he arrived at the deduction that an educational test for the suffrage should be adopted and rigorously applied in the Southern States, though he would make the test applicable to whites and blacks alike, for it cannot be denied that ignorance in the whites, no less than in the blacks, is to be deplored and to be cured. He knows of but one remedy in either case, and that is education, not in the conventional, but in the widest sense of the term.

In Mr. Carnegie's opinion, no other suggested solution of the negro problem deserves serious consideration. He would dismiss at once proposals for the expatriation of the colored race, because such a transfer, if it were possible—which it is not—would be undesirable. He reminded his auditors that our country has less than thirty-three people to the square mile. On the other hand, England and Wales, Belgium and Holland, have, respectively, over 500. As things are now, we cannot produce cotton enough for the wants of the world, and, without the help of the colored man, we should produce much less. But for the colored man, in truth, the Southern States would be in the position which South Africa occupies to-day, a position which has rendered the importation of Chinese seemingly unavoidable. The right programme, therefore, for philanthropists, in Mr. Carnegie's judgment, is a concerted and steady effort for the elevation of the ignorant, of both the white and black races, at the South. He added that, in the endeavor to devise the best methods of furthering such elevation, white men at the North ought to seek the counsel of the wisest leaders of their own race in the South, and should accept their guidance as to the most effective mode of cooperation for the advancement of their section of our common country.

President Eliot of Harvard University, who followed Mr. Carnegie, took a position which would have been offensive to Thaddeus Stevens, by declaring that Northern opinion and Southern opinion were identical with regard to shielding the two races from admixture, one with the other. He frankly recognized that the feeling of the Northern whites against personal contact with the negro is even stronger than that of the Southern whites. He would not, however, shut his eyes, he said, to the real difference between Northern and Southern opinion, the difference, namely, that, at the North, nobody assumes that political equality involves social equality, or the right to free social intercourse on equal terms, whereas, at the South, the white population holds that there is a close connection between the question whether a negro shall vote or hold office, and the question whether a negro shall sit with a white man at dinner, or marry a white man's sister. It is probable that if at the North the blacks were as numerous as the whites, or even constituted, as in some Southern States they constitute, a large majority, Dr. Eliot would understand how one of these questions might come to involve the other. The Southern white, who knows that he would be outnumbered under an indiscriminate enfranchisement of the negro, knows also by his experience during the reconstruction period that judges, juries, grand juries, constables, and all administrative officials might come to be chosen from the race numerically dominant; that all laws aimed at the demarcation of the races might ultimately be abolished, and that, under such circumstances, it would prove extremely difficult, if not impossible, to secure the social separation of the races. It is because he has once already been threatened with racial admixture that the Southern white deems it indispensable to deprive the negro of political power, and recognizes a race danger in eating at the same table with a negro, or in any kind of social intercourse with him on equal terms. These are precautions which Northern whites have not been forced by unpleasant experience to take, but as to the necessity of which they ought, if Mr. Carnegie is right, to accept the guidance of their Southern brethren.

President Eliot made two other admissions, which disclose how far educated opinion at the North has moved from the point which it occupied, or seemed to occupy, in reconstruction days. Observation had taught him, he said, that the Northern whites are beginning to sympathize strongly with their Southern brethren in respect to the peculiar burden imposed upon the latter by the action of the national government in liberating the negroes. In almost so many words, Dr. Eliot avowed the belief that it was unfair to expect the Southern whites to bear the whole expense of educating the Southern blacks. This would be true, even if the Southern States were as able as are the Northern States to bear a huge outlay for educational purposes, which is not the case. President Eliot concluded with the assertion that Northern whites, in spite of their ingrained preferences for local control of education, are beginning to feel that the extraordinary burden placed upon the Southern States by the necessary separation between the black and the white races in educational institutions should be borne in part by the national government.

In a letter of considerable length from ex-President Cleveland, which was read at the meeting, there was not a word about negro suffrage, except that the writer described it as a problem which no patriotic citizen should neglect. The silence is significant. If Mr. Cleveland disapproved of the attempts made in the revised State Constitutions of certain Southern States to minimize the danger threatened by negro enfranchisement, he would scarcely have missed the opportunity of expressing disapproval afforded in this letter. He confined himself, however, to stating emphatically the fact that every section of our common country is deeply concerned in the better equipment of our negro population for self-support and usefulness, and to advocating some general agreement as to the mode of promoting the improvement of the colored race in this direction.

The proceedings at the meeting to which we have referred were fully reported, yet it does not appear that the views expressed by Mr. Carnegie, by Dr. Eliot, and by ex-President Cleveland provoked any dissent, or that a single voice was raised in favor of a rigorous enforcement by the Federal government of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

The Reserve Forces of the Russian Navy

We may without hesitation dismiss the often-repeated rumor that Russia is seeking the Sultan's consent to the passage of her Black Sea fleet through the Bosporus and Dardanelles, with a view to reenforcing her navy in the Far East. This rumor is to be discredited, not merely because the neutralization of the straits on both sides of the sea of Marmora is an article of international law, nor because England would probably raise objections to this move on Russia's part, in the interest of her ally, Japan, but far more because Russia is very likely shortly to require her Black Sea fleet precisely where she has it, in the Black Sea.

As to Russia's Baltic fleet, that is another matter entirely. When the Gulf of Finland is once more opened, we may expect to see strong reenforcements set forth for the Pacific from the great arsenal by the Neva. In the first outburst of excitement over the battle of Port Arthur it was said that the naval side of the war was practically at an end, and that Japan's command of the sea was assured. This is by no means the case. The first reminder to the contrary was the rumored bombardment of Hakodate by the Vladivostok squadron, bringing to our memories that Russia had, in that squadron, three of the strongest and heaviest armored cruisers afloat, ships so well defended by armor-belts as to be practically twenty-knot battle-ships of about twelve thousand tons displacement, and armed with primary batteries of four eight-inch quick-firing guns each. The fourth and newest ship in the Vladivostok squadron is a twenty-three-knot cruiser, whose services as a scout are likely to surpass her value as a fighting unit, though she also is very formidably armed.

While the Vladivostok squadron thus became prominent in the popular mind, it was further gradually realized that the damage to the Port Arthur squadron had been greatly exaggerated, and that, far from being totally lost to Russia, the ships torpedoed could probably be repaired within two or three weeks. Indeed, the mishap which befell them could have happened nowhere so opportunely for Russia, as within a few minutes of the Port Arthur dockyard, into which two of the injured vessels were able to steam, without assistance, while others of the ships reported totally lost were floated and towed into safety. It has become evident that even now the preponderance of Japan in the Yellow Sea is not so great as was thought, and the constant menace of the Vladivostok squadron will necessarily prevent a concentration of the whole of Japan's fleet, a portion of which will have to be detached, and is already, we may be certain, so detached, to protect the coasts of the Mikado's island empire.

Let us consider now the war-ships close to St. Petersburg, which the breaking of the ice will presently liberate, and some of which will in all probability soon be sent through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal. There are, first, two battle-ships—*Emperor Alexander II.* and *Emperor Nicholas I.*, built in 1887 and 1889, and which are, therefore, somewhat out of date, though heavily armored and well armed. These two ships are more likely to remain at home, close to the forts of Cronstadt. Then there is the *Navarin*, launched in 1891, which displaces ten thousand tons, and has an armor-belt sixteen inches thick, with the usual primary battery of four twelve-inch guns. The *Sissoi Veliki* is about a thousand tons lighter, but equally heavily armored and armed, and was launched in 1894. Then we have two very heavy battle-ships launched only three years ago, and therefore of the most modern type, the *Borodino* and *Orel*, each displacing thirteen

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thousand four hundred tons, and therefore two of the heaviest ships in the Russian navy, and nearly equal to the four great battle-ships which, with their fifteen thousand tons displacement, form the backbone of the Japanese fleet. These two ships might very well be among those chosen to go from the Baltic to the Yellow Sea, and they would probably be accompanied by the *Kniaz Potemkin Tavrichesky*, of nearly equal tonnage and power. If we add the *Kniaz Suvoroff* and *Slava*, each displacing thirteen thousand tons, and launched in 1902, it becomes evident that, in her northern fleet, Russia still has a most formidable reserve force. This would add a battle-ship tonnage of sixty-five thousand tons to the Czar's Far Eastern fleet. What this would mean we may realize if we remember that the battle-ship tonnage of the Mikado's fleet at the beginning of the war was eighty-four thousand tons, a total which may be diminished by losses, but cannot be increased, since the Mikado has no more battle-ships to fall back on.

It is worth remembering that a cordial understanding with Germany would practically liberate the whole of the Baltic fleet, which, it will be easily understood, could most effectively menace Japan's line of communications with Korea, thus compelling the Mikado's empire to guard the coasts of Korea as well as those of Japan. Whether Japan will, at a later stage of the war, still have war-ships enough to do this, is something not to be decided by abstract reasoning; nevertheless on this question will probably turn the fate of the war, and the future of Korea.

Japan and South America—A Contrast

A JAPANESE imperial proclamation, dated December 28, 1872, contained the words: "It becomes imperative to construct our army and navy upon the best possible system in accordance with the spirit of the age. We have therefore enacted a law for enrolling soldiers from the whole population, founded on the system which in the old days existed in this country." Those two sentences may serve as a *memorandum* of all the most important steps in the evolution of the Japanese war-power on sea and land. They recall the fact that long ago every able-bodied inhabitant of the islands was a soldier, prepared for service whenever summoned by the Mikado and led by him or his representatives; that the separation of the people into the distinct agricultural and military classes during a later period had proved to be a fertile cause of the abuses of the feudal system and of disturbances hostile to progress; that only a little more than thirty years ago the government fully realized the need of a new national military system to safeguard the prospective national development in the arts and industries of peace; and, finally, that the desired end was attained by grafting upon the old native institution of universal military service cuttings from the war establishments of western Europe and America—a process in which a shrewd and calculating eclecticism has been displayed. A trustworthy statement prepared in 1876 shows that at first the troops were instructed by French officers, and "drilled, clothed, and equipped after the new improved French system." The ship-yards at Yokosuka were also under French superintendence. The navy, however, was organized on the English model, and a commission of English officers and seamen engaged for several years as assistants and instructors. Promptly all the young men, of whatever class, became conscripts, and were placed where their studies in the art of warfare could be carried on under excellent foreign masters—that is, either in the army or in the navy. It may be added that Germany afterward became the chief instructor of Japan's army, but it is more important to remember that both military and naval tuition have been sought everywhere by Japanese students: at West Point and Annapolis, in nearly every one of the European schools, and by the far greater number who have figured rather as travellers and sojourners in Occidental lands. When, therefore, the Japanese officials have stated that the army and navy regulations of their country do not permit the enlisting of foreigners, the assertion does not signify that Japan dispenses, and will continue to dispense, with all sorts of foreign aids, but rather that in thirty years she has accumulated, as it were, about as much assistance from abroad as, *at the beginning*, she can profitably employ.

We shall appreciate the bearing of these facts upon the progress and probable duration of the war, if we bring to mind circumstances which offer the most striking contrast which can be found in modern history. When the South-American communities engaged in a struggle with Spain, during the early years of the last century, their inhabitants, utterly lacking tuition, fought by intuition: they were in the position of people who had always been denied free intercourse with the progressive nations, and who were therefore totally unprepared to resist well-trained forces. Appeals for assistance were made in Russia, England, and the United States, and some private assurances of cooperation were obtained even before the first shot was fired. The foreign officers—Europeans (not Spanish) and North-Americans—who served in the patriot armies of Chile and Peru alone between 1817 and 1830 numbered sixty-seven, of whom twenty-one were killed and eighteen wounded. At the very outset General Miranda sailed from the United States with a force of about two hundred men. The British government lent its encouragement to this filibustering expedition from the United States (directed against the Spanish authorities in Venezuela), and also sent much stronger British forces against the provinces of Rio de la Plata. The Argentine naval force, under command of an Irishman named Brown, on May 16, 1814, defeated and almost destroyed the Spanish squadron stationed at Montevideo. Through its agent in London the Chilean revolutionary government secured the services of a distinguished British officer, Lord Cochrane, who gave invaluable support to General San Martin in the campaign on the Pacific coast. Thus foreign volunteers were South America's teachers; through twenty years of heart-breaking warfare the Spanish-Americans made belated preparation to deal decisive blows; and when at last they had learned their lesson and were ready to begin, a single well-planned battle and legitimately earned victory—that of Ayacucho—brought the great series of little contests to a sudden end. Perhaps never before has it been so thoroughly demonstrated that wars with untrained contestants resemble the arguments of witless speakers—which are interminable, owing to the failure to see distinctly the vital points at issue and lack of ability to attack them, winning or losing promptly.

Incidents and Effects of Smoking

DR. SEAVER, the physical director of the Yale gymnasium, is quoted as saying that he has observed that high-stand men at Yale do not smoke, and that the smokers of the college are of mediocre attainments or low standing. He thinks that either the use of tobacco reduces mental activity in Yale students, or else that the inclination to use tobacco betokens the kind of mind that will be graded low in intellectual tests. He finds by inquiry that the attraction of tobacco for Yale students is mainly social. He computes that the gain in growth is twelve per cent. greater among students who don't smoke, and he thinks he has noticed among Yale students "that smoking inevitably lowers the standard of cleanliness, and begets a disregard for the rights of others that seems to have its roots in selfish indulgence."

This last phenomenon can be observed to quite as great advantage in the public vehicles of New York, as at Yale or any other college. The standard of manners among smokers seems to be low. The men who bring lighted cigars into street-cars and the cars of the Elevated railroad, the men who crowd the back platforms of surface-cars and smoke in the face of every passenger who crowds past them to get on or off, clearly and scandalously disregard the rights of others. They are usually men who, judging from their outward appearance, ought to know better. But they don't seem to know better. They don't seem to appreciate that their behavior is an imposition on public patience. These street-car smokers ought not to be tolerated, and we hope that an inclination recently disclosed by the health authorities and the railroad officers to get after them, will bear prompt and effectual fruit.

There are fit places for tobacco-smoke, cigarettes, and cigar-stumps. Out of place they are all offensive. To smoke in the street is inexpedient at best. To carry a lighted cigar into any house except one's own house, into any shop, elevator, waiting-room, or vehicle is bad manners, ranging in degree, according to circumstances, from inconsiderateness up to boorishness. Women, as a rule, don't smoke, and careful consideration for their wishes as to tobacco should always be shown by smokers while in their company. Whether pall-bearers may properly smoke in their carriage on the way back from the cemetery is matter for discussion into which we prefer not to enter.

There is no question that smokers' manners need to be ameliorated. If they are bad at Yale, it is no more than can be observed elsewhere. If they can be improved in the case of college lads, so much the better. But Dr. Seaver's reported observations on the demoralizing mental and physical effects of tobacco will stand a little more discussion. He says the high-stand men at Yale don't smoke. Against that we record that here in New York most of the high-stand men seem to be smokers. Ordinary observation indicates that a large majority of the leading men in New York—judges, politicians, merchants, bankers, lawyers, doctors—smoke tobacco. And some of the ablest ministers do the like, though perhaps not a majority of them. Smoking may be bad for all these persons, but it would not be possible here—nor, probably, in any other city—to observe reduced mental activity as a general consequence of using tobacco, or to find due basis for the opinion that the inclination to smoke betokens an inferior mind.

Yet Dr. Seaver may be right about the college lads. Smoking is bad for boys; schoolboys are almost invariably harmed by it. It is likely enough that a large proportion of the young men at Yale, or any other college, are not old enough to smoke. If there is a time of life when a moderate amount of tobacco-smoke ceases to do the user any perceptible harm, it comes, doubtless, at the earliest, after the body has got its full growth. We suppose smoking at best is a tax laid on the body for the ostensible benefit of the mental faculties. It is safe enough to say, at least, that the body should not be subjected to such a tax while it is still growing.

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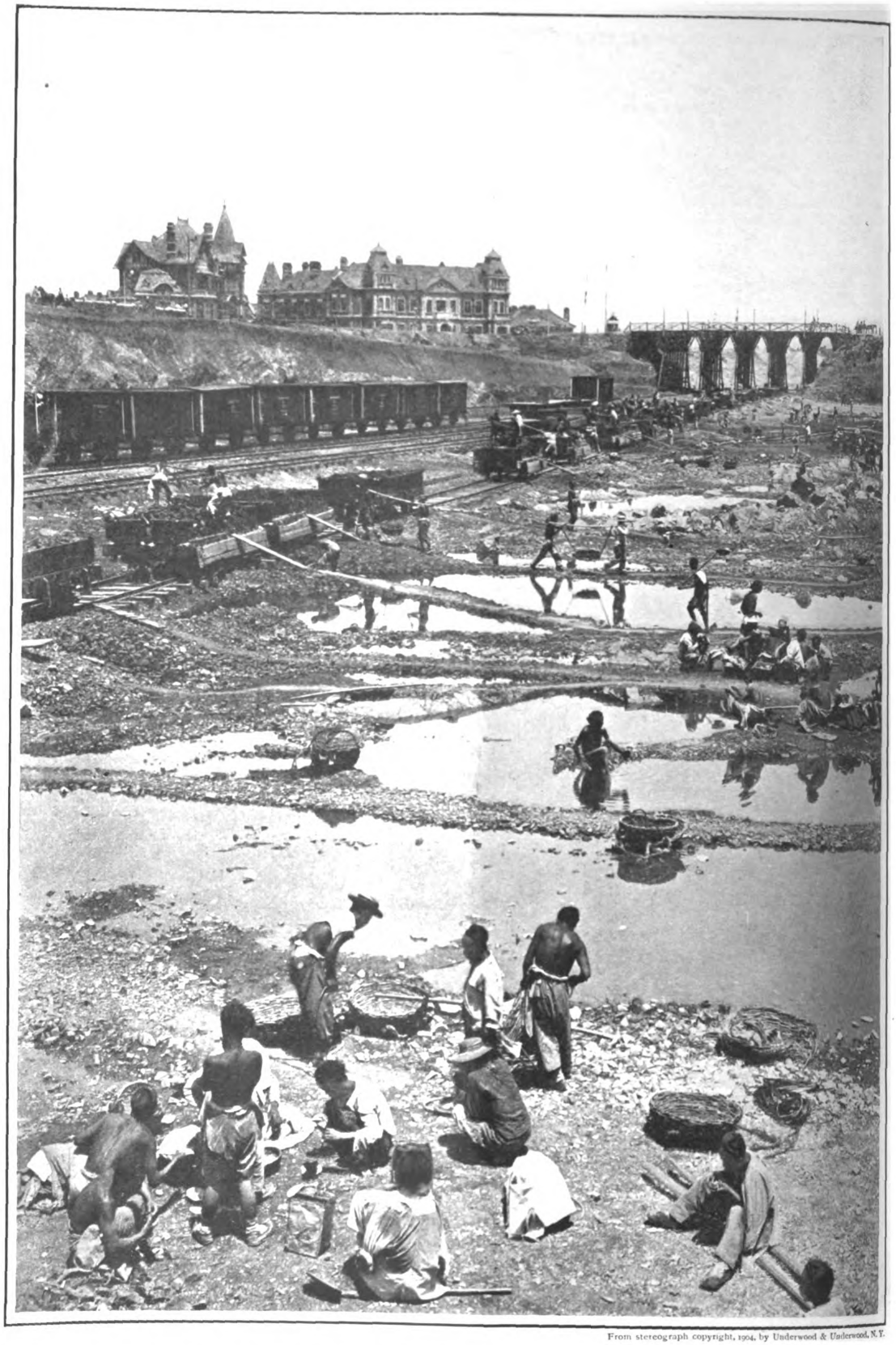


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A VIEW OF ONE OF RUSSIA'S SEA-PORTS IN MANCHURIA

The steamer "Manchuria" is shown leaving Dalny for Shanghai. Dalny is situated on the Liaotung peninsula, in southern Manchuria, near Port Arthur. The town, known to the Manchurians as Tai-lien-wan, is a Russian possession, in the neighborhood of which the landing of Japanese troops is reported. The photograph was taken before the naval engagement of February 9–10

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THE TERMINUS OF RUSSIA'S TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY AT DALNY

The photograph shows a gang of Chinese laborers excavating for the buildings which are to be erected at the terminal of Russia's Trans-Siberian Railway at Dalny, Manchuria. It is against this railroad that the Japanese attacks are directed

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RUSSIAN TROOPS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT

Russia is reported to have sent 60,000 troops to the scene of war, moving them through Manchuria and toward Harbin. The photograph shows a detachment marching along the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway on their way to the front

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The "Smart Set" in England

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *February 19, 1904.*

IF words broke bones, the "Smart Set" at this moment would be the smarting set. Happily (or unhappily) they don't, and the "Comus rout of Circes, sybarites, cynics, and financiers" is as self-possessed and unruffled as ever. The "men with the manners of an organ-grinder and the morals of his monkey," the women who "affect the conduct of Lais without her graces," and all the other familiar ornaments of the "Smart Set," remain, to all appearances, unaffected by the tremendous indictment just launched against them. The author of that indictment is a lady who signs herself "Rita," and for the sum of one shilling you may purchase her *Sin and Scandal at the Smart Set* at any bookseller's. I do not know who "Rita" may be, but I seem to connect her with one or two novels that appeared in the "Pseudonym" series a few years ago—those awful years when one took it for granted that every woman old enough to hold a pen was secretly decanting her heart-throbs in some treasonable publication. I have read "Rita's" jeremiad with a consoling thankfulness that in this matter, at any rate, I belong to the right sex. It is a passionate work, so much so that the ordinary rules of punctuation have had to be expanded beyond the utmost Carlylean limits to encompass it. It is also most satisfactorily outspoken and comprehensive: there is a blush to every page, and sometimes two or three. But it is quite obvious that we men are treated throughout as aiders and abettors rather than as actual criminals. It is the "smart" woman on whose shoulders "Rita's" lash falls heaviest, and if the shoulders happen to support an American neck and head there is an added venom in its swish. And, undoubtedly, as "Rita" makes her out, the "smart" woman is a very terrible person. Her one desire, it seems, is to create a sensation, to be seen and heard on every occasion, to have her name figuring at every social function. Exclusion for her spells extinction. She entertains so that she may be entertained. Domesticity is a word expunged from her vocabulary. "An evening at home, or by a sick-bed, or perforce by reason of family bereavement, are things abhorrent to her." She "goes in" for everything, for sport, gambling, racing, motoring, dressing, dancing, scandalizing. She does whatever men do in order to keep "polly" with them. Even in the club no man is safe from her. "She rings him up to know 'a good thing' on the Stock Exchange, the best 'vet.' for her toy dog, the last extension of a settling day for her debts of honor or liability, or to ask him to 'do' a restaurant and a theatre at short notice, because she cannot stand an evening alone in her own house." She has her own engagements, her own latch-key, her own brand of liqueurs and cigarettes, her own "pals" and lovers, and her own special vice. "Whatever feminine grace or charm is left her she hides under the guise of 'slang' and coarseness and risky speeches." She never wears the same gown twice. Home is a word without meaning to her. "She has a flat or a house in town, a 'place' in the Shires, a villa or a 'suite' at some Riviera haunt, and what time she is not at one or the other of these places, she is staying with various other 'smart' folk at a country house, or on a yacht, or a houseboat." Of all things she loathes nature, "because nature inflicts penalties and obligations upon woman that even 'smartness' cannot evade." But she does what she can to evade them by drugs, pick-me-ups, and "nips." She has hosts of acquaintances and "pals," but no friend. "An utter absence of loyalty or *camaraderie* marks all her intimacies. To arouse envy, to outrival a rival, to steal the lover of the woman she calls 'dearest,' these are things she never scorns to do." She is absolutely indifferent to "art, culture, decency, or repose—to anything, in short, that is not moneyed and money-making." She has even invented a new language, and "Rita" supplies us with a portion of its vocabulary:

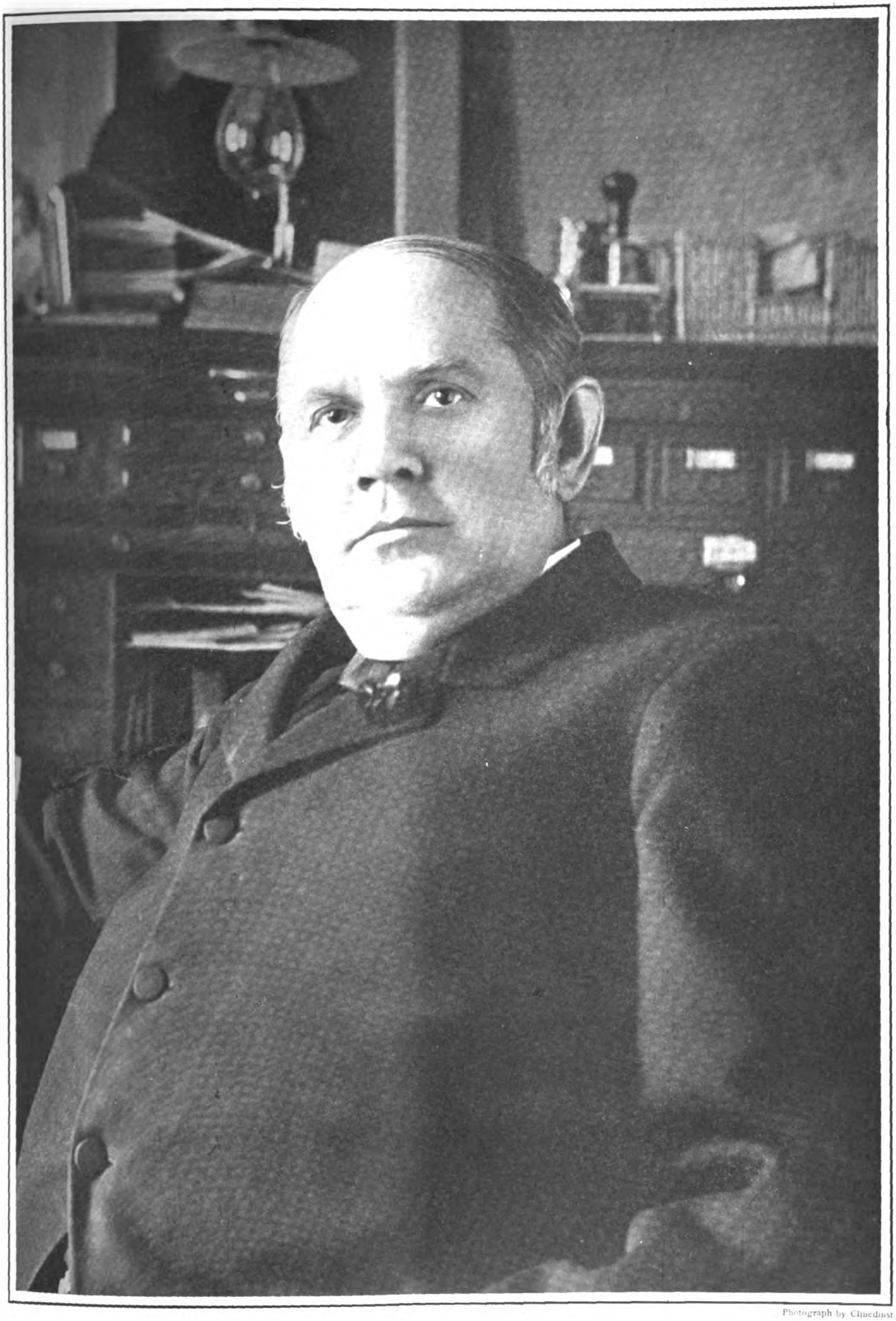
Twee-est (Dearest).	*Dweric* (Delightful).
My twee (My dear).	*Teagie* (Teagown).
Diskie (Disgusting).	*Undies* (?).
Fittums (Fits).	*Cossies* (?).
Scary (Frighten).	*Pals* (Friends).
Nightie (A robe de nuit).	*Expie* (Expensive).
Man-man (A royal person).	*Run dry* (Hard up).

Where "Rita" shrinks from translating *Undies* and *Cossies*, a mere man, anxious to get at the truth of things, is obviously very awkwardly placed. Perhaps they mean—but no, not that: impossible. On the whole, I give it up, and plunge once more into this breathless Philippic. . . . Letter-writing, I read, has become a lost art to the men and women of society. When an occasional *cause célèbre* brings forth anything in the shape of a real love-letter, "it reveals likewise the errors of a *boor* or the frank familiarity of a courtesan." The home has become merely a halting-place for perpetual birds of passage. The "Smart Set" will accept any invitation "which allows of perfect freedom to mind, morals, and manners." The "smart" woman, I gather, owes every one right and left, gambles as a matter of course, drinks almost certainly, and is probably a *morphinease*. She marries for money or position, or anything but love; she hobnobs with every wealthy vulgarian she can possibly get access to; and her amusements are those of the servants' hall. And who is responsible? "Rita" knows and she does not hesitate to tell us. It is mainly the fault of the Americans. "What of the 'smart' women," she asks, "from Transatlantic shores, who have brought their slang, their free and easy manners, their vulgar modes of eating and drinking and speaking, into halls made sacred by a long race of noble ancestors? Much of the loss of dignity and delicacy for which modern society is now famous may be traced to the influence of the 'smart' American woman. Charm she has and 'go' and unlimited audacity. But she has also an inherent boastfulness, a 'brainy' effervescence that is apt to get on one's nerves, and she certainly is the antithesis of courtesy and good breeding. But some of the effete, languid, semi-vicious scions of aristocracy found that this type of womanhood was infinitely more amusing than the type to which they were accustomed. She saved them so much trouble; not only could she do all her own talking, but theirs as well. Not only was she capable of amusing herself, she could, and *did*, amuse them also. Beyond and above all this, she was generally rich; very rich; and they were correspondingly weighted by debts and difficulties. So the question of exchange, a question hampered by no foolish romance, or pretence of affection, was asked and answered. It solved one difficulty. It has created another. Restrained by no feelings of delicacy, all her ambition centred only on 'getting there,' she has got there—and can never again be got anywhere else. She began by 'smartening up' society. She has ended by vulgarizing it. She has hosts of imitators instead of critics. She has floored all opposition in her own breezy determined manner, and she has grafted her own insolent airy graces upon the once-famed 'manners' of the great lady. Dignity, repose, and culture are not things that appeal to this alien 'smart' woman. She has bought her title. That is enough for her. 'Dip into the coffer and ask no questions,' is her motto. Above all things, be 'smart,' be pushing, and use every one, even the most vulgar of moneyed plutocrats, for your own advantage."

There's a picture for you. I hope it will please America, because there is more to come. "The amusements of the 'smart' world," says "Rita," "are on a par with its other eccentricities, and for the providing of many of these we have again to thank our 'smart' American sister. She it was who introduced 'notions' which were too idiotic for the nursery, but eagerly welcomed by the drawing-room. Who set society prancing and fooling over the ecstatic delights of a gymkana contest, in which women were blindfold and driven in ribbon-harness by men over a lawn outlined with—champagne bottles! Exquisite is the fun, ecstatic the excitement of contestor and spectator! Beautifully gowned women trotting in and out of a maze of bottles, in pairs, guided only by a ribbon rein held by some youthful dandy as a coaching expert! To the American 'smart' woman society owes other exciting cranks. Her "hen luncheons," her surprise parties, her *appendicitis* dinners, her bathing-dress picnics, her floral teas, her 'color' suppers, and her novelties in cotillion figures have been largely imitated. She has an inventive brain, and a mania for organization. She has shown us how charity can be made a playground for riotous display, and social functions turned into a wild orgie, or an undignified romp. To fancy dress a charity, to flaunt a bazar, to self-advertise a hospital, these are the things we have learnt from our transatlantic neighbors. With them advertisement is an absolute craze, the first law of *their* nature; and wisely and well have they engrafted it on their 'smart' sisterhood. They sent the 'Washington Post' capering through our ballrooms, and when we got tired of that, they introduced to us the supremely delectable cake-walk!"

How much truth is there in all this? Just as much, I imagine, as can be expected from any one who tries to look at a continent through a microscope. There has been a "Smart Set" in all capitals of all countries at all ages, and "Rita's" pretence that there is anything exceptionally new about the frivolities of the "Smart Set" in London is wholly without a base in history, reason, or even common experience. Things are pretty much as they always have been, and there is scarcely an inanity of to-day that one could not parallel from the past—and a past, too, antedating the American invasion of the eighties. Perhaps the "Smart Set" is more "paragraphed," and therefore slightly more public than it used to be; perhaps it pays its debts by a more indiscriminate hospitality than was common thirty years ago. But fundamentally it is just the same as ever, and just as really insignificant. A few American women have joined it and have led it, as they lead everything else—by virtue of cleverness, ingenuity, liveliness. Given a set where amusement is the thing most sought after, and you may be sure that an American will be more fertile in devising ways *and means* than her English sister; if "riskyness" is required, her audacities will take on a bolder and freer sweep; if the pace is naturally fast she will increase it by the mere intrusion of her thorough-going personality. She cannot help herself. Her natural capacities drive her inevitably to the front, and if she prefers to join the "Smart Set" nothing can stop her from being a little "smarter" than her English friends. But she did not invent the "Smart Set"; all that she has done, or, rather, all that the very few Americans who have chosen to join it have done, is to make it more inventive, more amusing, more daringly grotesque. Without her the "Smart Set" would have been just as foolish, but considerably more humdrum, and lacking that dash of piquancy which Americans cannot help throwing even into their wildest pleasurings. That seems to me to be about the truth of the matter. One need scarcely add that society is a very different thing from the "Smart Set," that there are ten American women in the former for every one who has flung herself into the latter, and that "Rita's" picture, ludicrously overdrawn and exaggerated in any case, fantastically misrepresents the life of social London as a whole.

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MARCUS A. HANNA

Marcus A. Hanna, senior Senator from Ohio, died in Washington on February 15. Mr. Hanna was born at New Lisbon (now Lisbon), Ohio, in 1837. He was educated in the public schools of Cleveland, studying also for a year at Western Reserve College. His talent for organization led to his rapid rise in the business activities of Cleveland, and later made him successful in the many enterprises in which he was interested throughout the country. In the Presidential campaign of 1896 he was chairman of the Republican National Committee, dictating and securing the nomination, and later the election, of Mr. McKinley. When Senator John Sherman from Ohio entered President McKinley's cabinet in 1897, Mr. Hanna took his place. He was chosen to fill out Senator Sherman's unexpired term, and the following six-year term, ending in 1905. In January of this year Mr. Hanna was reelected as senior Senator from Ohio for the term ending March 3, 1911

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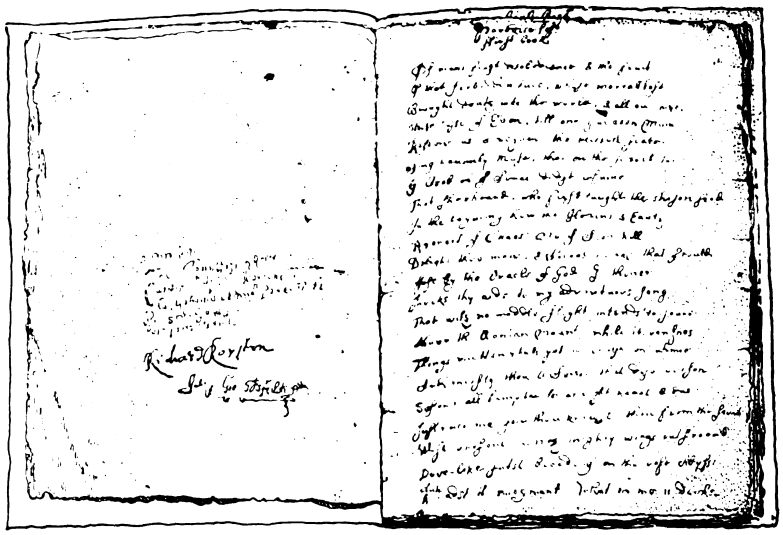
Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

WE are indebted to Mr. Clement Shorter, the editor of the *Sphere* and *Tatler*, for the most effective reproduction that has been made of the first two pages of the famous Milton manuscript, which was recently put up at auction in London. The reserve price of the original manuscript of this first book of *Paradise Lost* was £5000, but as the highest bid only reached £4700 the manuscript failed to find a purchaser. The following note was given in the auctioneer's catalogue:

This manuscript is the property of Henry Clinton Baker, Esq., of Baytordbury, and it has been in his family since 1772, when it was inherited by his great great grandfather, William Baker, from Richard Tonson, brother of the younger Jacob Tonson. William Baker was the eldest son of Sir William Baker, M.P. for Herts, who married Mary Tonson, daughter of the younger Jacob Tonson, in 1742.

The accompanying illustration shows the first two pages of the manuscript. On the left hand page is the authorization, signed by Thomas Tompkins, domestic chaplain to the archbishop of that day, by Richard Royston, the warden of the Stationers' Company, and by George Tokefielde, the clerk who made the entry. On the right hand page are the first twenty lines of the first book of *Paradise Lost*—lines that are familiar to every lover of Milton, even if the handwriting of the scrivener, who copied out the poem at the blind poet's dictation, were not so easy to read. The general opinion at the time of the sale was that this treasure would be captured by some American millionaire. "It would be a pity," Mr. Shorter commented on the eve of the sale, "that it should leave England for the United States." Mr. Shorter's mind may now be set at rest, for although many literary treasures much more valuable than this one have come across the water, there does not seem to be any fear of this particular manuscript being taken out of England for some time to come. The auctioneer's remark, when he failed to find a purchaser in some rich American bibliophile was characteristic. "Now," said he, "if only it had been gorgeously illuminated!"



The first two Pages of the original MS. of Book I. of "Paradise Lost"

Mr. Zangwill, like Mr. Richard Harding Davis, seems to be resting from his literary labors and drawing on the capital of his past work for a more lucrative medium on the stage. His failure as a dramatist in "Children of the Ghetto," in spite of the fact that it was a beautiful and artistic piece of work which will not readily be forgotten by those who saw Miss Blanche Bates enact the young Jewish heroine, has been recouped by the play which Miss Eleanor Robson has been presenting for some time with unabated interest to theatregoers in New York. "Merely Mary Ann," with Miss Robson as *Mary Ann*, and "The Serio-Comic Governess," which, it has just been announced, Mr. Daniel Frohman has secured for Miss Cecilia Loftus next season, are both of them plays founded on two of the author's short stories. I notice that Gutzkow's "Uriel Acosta," which was written in 1846, and has always held the stage in Germany with more or less enthusiasm, has recently been revived at the Schiller Theatre in Berlin. It is a moving story and an excellently constructed drama, and might even yet be found a profitable venture if adapted by some English or American dramatist to the English-speaking stage. A few years ago it was reported that Mr. Beerbohm Tree intended to produce it in London, and no one else perhaps, except Mr. Belasco, could reproduce so effectively the striking pictures of seventeenth-century Amsterdam and its Jewish synagogue, or resurrect so successfully the martyred hero who forms the subject of one of Mr. Zangwill's noblest studies in the story called "Uriel Acosta," in the best of all his volumes of short stories—*Dreamers of the Ghetto*.

Mr. George R. Sims, the well-known London novelist, balladist, and playwright, tells a good dog story which is worthy the consideration of those persons interested in cases of lost identity. Mr. Sims has a terrier named Prinnie, which is in the habit of making a daily excursion of some three hours from Regent's Park to Portman Square and then home again. This has been his invariable practice, it appears, for eight years. One day lately he set out on his usual dog trot, but two days later he had only got as far as Portman Square. There a lady found him sitting on a doorstep looking wobegone. She had pity on the bewildered cur and gave him shelter. In response to an advertisement inserted by her in one of the London dailies the next morning, Mr. Sims sent one of Prinnie's old friends, the coachman, to bring him back home. But Prinnie did not recognize him—merely looked stupid and stolid, and when home was reached the errant favorite looked upon his master with eyes that saw not. In spite of every effort to jog his memory, the poor cur's countenance showed only dejection and blank amazement. A day or two passed, when it occurred to Mr. Sims that very possibly Prinnie might not have heard any French spoken during the course of his rambles, and that the chord of memory might be touched by one of the foreign phrases that had been addressed to his canine friend so often during his happier days in the kitchen. Whereupon Mr. Sims summoned his French cook, who, on seeing the dog, exclaimed, "Prinnie, venez pour votre dîner!" The effect was electrical. Prinnie barked with joy and comprehension of his surroundings, and frisked about as of old, devoting himself to affectionate demonstrations as if to make up for lost time. Mr. Sims says he will place the fact before one of the societies interested in the occult, but Mr. Sims is a humorist and must have his little joke. It may be recalled how in *The Black Poodle*, by Mr. Anstey, Bingo was warmly welcomed home after a mysterious absence, but turned out to be quite another dog, after all.

American visitors to London this year, who share our deep admiration for the drawings of Mr. E. A. Abbey, illustrating Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies as they have appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, will be interested in the announcement that for the first time the series of one hundred and thirty drawings and paintings by Mr. Abbey are now on exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. This is an opportunity of which, I am sure, all lovers of art who visit London within the next few months will be glad to avail themselves.

Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who is best known as a popular scientist through his book, *The Wonderful Century* and his recently published work, *Man's Place in the Universe*, and also as the co-discoverer with Darwin of the law of natural selection, indulges in a literary diversion in the February *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Wallace writes of a literary find which he made some eleven years ago in the shape of a manuscript copy of a poem called "Leonaine," signed with the initials "E. A. P." There is not the shadow of a doubt in Mr. Wallace's mind but that the poem, which I reprint below, was written by Poe, and he regards it as a poetic gem.

Leonaine angels named her, and they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her, in a smile of white.
And they made her hair of gloomy midnight, and her eyes of bloom
Moonshine, and they brought her to me in a solemn night.

In a solemn night of summer, when my heart of gloom,
Blossomed up to greet the comer, like a rose in bloom,
All foreboding that distressed me, I forgot as Joy caressed me,
Lying Joy that caught and pressed me, in the arms of doom.

Only spake the little lisper in the angel tongue,
Yet I listening heard the whisper, "Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you, tales are told you to deceive you.
So must Leonaine leave you while her love is young."

Then God smiled and it was morning, matchless and supreme,
Heaven's glory seemed adorning earth with its esteem:
Every heart but mine seemed gifted with a voice of prayer, and lifted,
When my Leonaine drifted from me like a dream.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Wallace's "find," so gravely announced, is a delusion and a snare, for the poem, correctly named "Leonainie," was penned in imitation of Poe by the Hoosier poet in his callow obscurity for a wager which he won.

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What Shall We Do With Our Sympathies?

By W. D. Howells

THERE is probably no valuable possession that a man is so lavish of as his sympathies, and yet there is nothing he so much hates to have wasted on an unworthy object. He likes to give them freely, but if he finds that he has fooled them away, he is more vexed and ashamed than he can well find words to say. In disposing of them, therefore, he cannot be too cautious; but here he is confronted by the difficulty of mingling a cold prudence with the rush of his emotions so as not to curdle them to the effect of a sort of tepid criticism. If he wishes to avoid such a regrettable issue, he must not merely look into his heart and write or speak, but when he has duly decided upon his real feelings, he must try to warm them up or warm them over to the temperature which his emotions had when he began to feel and before he began to think. It will require a great deal of skill and a great deal of patience to do this, but I think it will be worth while. I, for instance, ever since the brilliant attack of the Japanese torpedo-boats on the Russian battle-ships at Port Arthur, have been holding my Russian sympathies in one hand, and my Japanese sympathies in the other, and balancing them the right against the left, to make sure which are of the greater weight; for I am aware that as an American citizen I may incur a grave responsibility if I mistakenly decide the contest by throwing either into the scale. I fear that, for all the oceans of talk which swim between me and the scene of hostilities in the Far East, I may not be truly informed of the question between the warring empires; and it would be rash, it would be wrong, for me to take sides, if in one case I might spread the despotic rule of the Czar over Asia, or in the other case invite the Yellow Peril to our doors, by my error.

I fancy a like attitude of conscientious hesitancy in many of my fellow citizens, or at least those who are not obliged constantly to declare themselves in the daily press, and I would like to take counsel with the general reader as to what we ought really to do with our sympathies in an emergency like the present. We all know, or if we do not know, it is not for want of teaching in the newspapers, that our sympathies are all but all powerful in deciding the event of civic controversy among ourselves. Again and again we have read in the matter say of a great industrial rebellion, such as from time to time convulses the body politic, that if the masters, or if the men, do so and so, they will alienate public sympathy, and then they will be beaten, whichever have done so and so. The contestants themselves do not appear to pay the slightest attention to these warnings; they go on doing quite what they like, whether it is right or whether it is wrong; they fight to the point of exhaustion, and then one party gives in to the other. Sometimes it is the party which has not alienated public sympathy, and sometimes it is not; but after our instruction from the press we cannot doubt that in the event our sympathies have been all but all powerful. On a far vaster scale we have seen how all but all-powerful public sympathy has been in deciding international controversies when they have taken the form of war. Public sympathy was with the South all over Europe when we crushed secession; it was with Denmark when Prussia tore Sleswick-Holstein from her; it was with Poland when Russia quenched the last spark of her patriotism in blood; it was with Maximilian when Juarez toppled over his playing-card empire in Mexico; it was with France when Prussia occupied the capital of her new republic; it was with Spain when we struck her down in the Cuban affair; it was with the South-African commonwealths when England wiped them out; and we have but to recall the results in order to realize the extent of the mystical force exerted by the emotions of the world in determining the course of history. In its presence, we must think more than twice whether we side with Japan or with Russia in the actual contest; our sympathies may have a consequence which we shall always regret unless we apply them with the greatest possible caution.

The situation seems to be that Russia, which has already swallowed Manchuria, has been turning her surfeit-strained eyes toward Korea, which Japan has long been preparing for deglutition. The fact is that Korea no more belongs to Japan than Manchuria belongs to Russia; but it may be said that Japan needs Korea more than Russia needs Manchuria. This is the view urged by those who sympathize with a hungry robber rather than a glutted robber, and they have naturally a good deal to say for themselves. In spite of all they have to say for themselves, however, it does not appear that the Koreans have any greater wish to be eaten by the Japanese than the Manchurians had to be eaten by Russia; but we may safely leave those unreasonable populations out of the count. Our affair is solely with the two aggressors, how we shall choose between them, and how we shall apply our all but all-powerful sympathies. The fact that the Koreans are said to hate the Japanese with the hate of a helpless nation for a strong one may be admitted without affecting the fact that Japan suspects Russia of ultimate designs upon Korea; and still less can it sway us in view of the brilliant victory for the Japanese following the surprise of the Russian war-ships in Port Arthur. An event like that ought to rouse all our sympathies for a plucky little corsair flying at the throat of a huge pirate in defence of his prey. We cannot help remembering our great obligations to Japanese art, and we must not forget that we were ourselves the instrument of opening the Japanese Empire to the world, and so made ourselves sponsors for the infant political and military genius which has flourished into such a sudden and magnificent maturity. On the other hand, we must not forget how Russia is supposed to have stood our sole friend in Europe during the dark hours of our war for the Union, and how she once sent to our waters at that time some war-ships which have always been romantically imagined to have sailed with sealed instructions to aid us in case France and England, and especially England, molested us in our extremity. There never was any proof that the Russian admiral had such instructions; but the notion that a mighty despotism was moved to compassion for the dangers of a friendless democracy was so beautiful that the poetical legend has been accepted almost without misgiving by our grateful people.

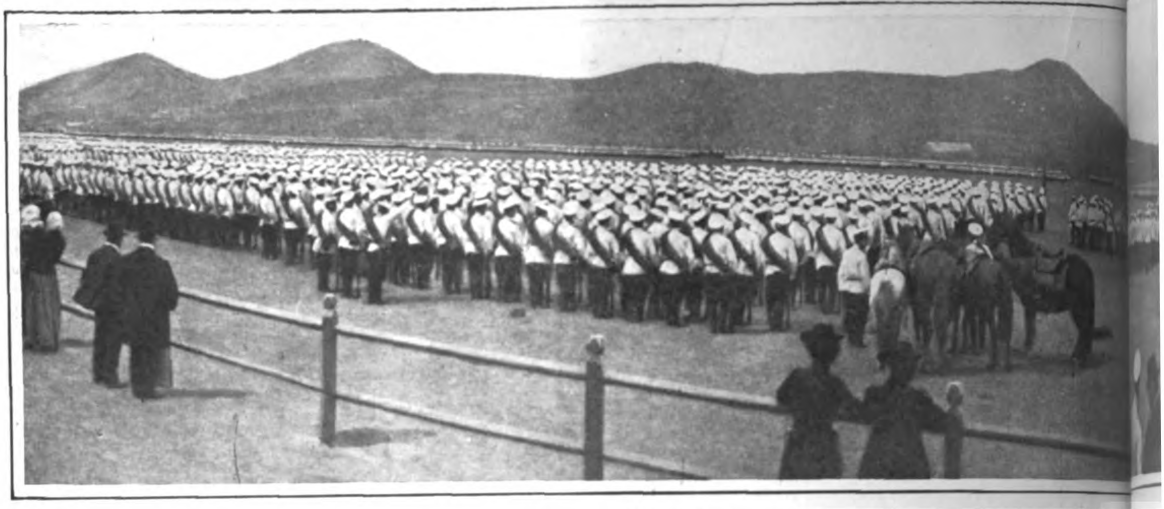
On whom, then, shall we turn our backs? On the plucky little Japs, whom we ourselves liberated to international self-consciousness, and who have just struck a deadly blow at an enemy ignorant of the existence of war, or on our ancient and faithful allies the Russians, who are supposed to have stood our tacit friends in the midst of explicit foes, and who would, for all we know, have come to our defence if we had needed them? We have here a duty to fulfil as well as a pleasure to indulge. It would be delightful to give a loose to our emotions in either direction, but would it be right? Ours is a republic which has added to its responsibilities the despotic government of a people, bought at two dollars a head, who hate us; it is a union which has just hastened to profit by the dismemberment of a union in South America, and its citizens cannot be too careful in casting their sympathies for one side or the other in all pending difficulties. Upon the whole, would not it be best to wait for the end of the war, and then give our sympathies to the victor? That is what other world powers do, and it must be allowed that there is a logic in the accomplished fact which comes with almost the authority of inspiration.

But if we cannot wait, if we must do something with sympathies which, if we bottle them up in our bosoms may threaten us with explosive violence, why should not we give them where they are certain to do no harm if they do no good? Why should not we offer them in what seems to be a war of statesmen to the poor common men on both sides who must fight the statesmen's war for them, be torn with shot and shell, transfixed with bayonets, hewn down with sabres, drowned in sinking ships, blown into the air by bursting magazines, or scalded to death in the steam of the torpedoed cruisers? I do not find myself, after all, so greatly concerned in behalf of the knot of able aristocrats who hold the destinies of Japan in their grasp, as in behalf of the peasants snatched from their rice-fields, to feed the fires of a ruthless ambition not different in quality from any lust of empire that the sad earth has known. The spectacle of the Czar imploring the aid of heaven and invoking the patriotism of his slavish subjects for the defence of Russian honor has no majesty for me; though I think that of all living men his case is most pitiable in that he must look from the bloody gulf of war yawning before him, back to that heavenly height where lately he stood for universal peace. More impressive to me are the hordes of muzhiks torn from their villages in the snows, and sent, blind and dumb, to die in battles of which they cannot even imagine the cause. More even than to the poor common men on either side, I think our all but all powerful sympathies should be offered to the poor common wives and poor common children whom they leave behind them in the swamps or in the snows, to continue alone the hard struggle for life for which the husbands' and fathers' strength hardly sufficed. To them no victory can give back their dead in the battles, or undo their widowhood and orphanhood. What will it matter to the Japanese private whether the Mikado and his cabinet secure Korea or not? What can it profit the muzhik that the Czar keeps Manchuria? Yet to these only, it seems to me that in the very delicate balance of the Eastern question can we safely offer our sympathies.

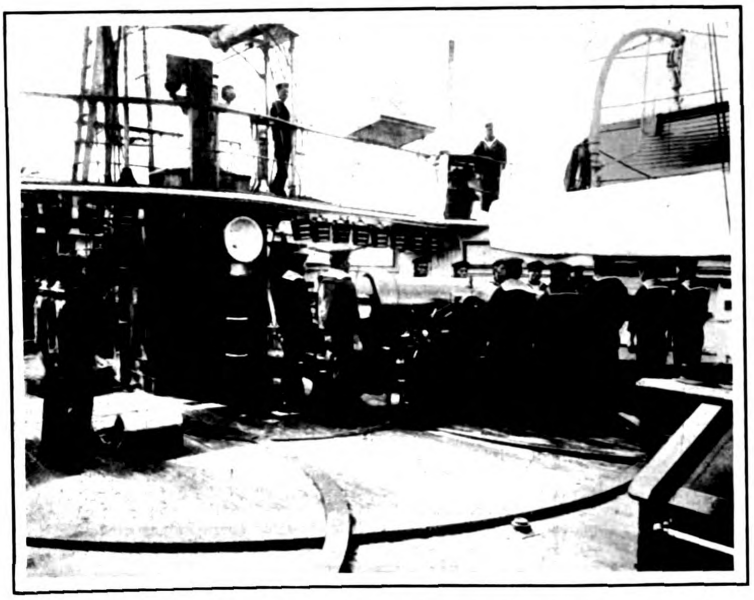
We may be sure that the ordinary men whose destinies are being handled by the extraordinary men on both sides, will be, whichever side wins, the sufferers not only in the process but in the result. Great prosperity will follow the war, either to the winner or the loser; sometimes it will be the one which prospers, and sometimes it will be the other; and it is the easy and natural theory of the spectators that such of the poor common fellows as have outlived the fight they have fought, will profit by it, and share in the general prosperity. But the general prosperity is always for particular persons, and it almost never happens that the poor common fellows are among these. They will share in the harder work and the higher prices of living, and their wages will disproportionately rise; but mostly they will find their reward in having helped build up or firmly establish a great power in whose glory they will modestly find themselves forgotten. Even we who offer them our sympathies will hardly know who they are by name. But whether we know their names or not, we may be sure that they are our brothers, and may hope that somehow, somewhere, there will be an account kept of them, as well as of those who direct their destinies for them. That ought to do something to reconcile us to the sense of participating in their present unimportance when we plead for them.

Perhaps, indeed, there are yet a few others, a very small and, as things are now going, a very inconsiderable class whom we may join with the soldiers and their families in our sympathy. I mean those sages and saints who have understood that war always corrupts and depraves, and who must be rather sick when they turn their eyes from the promise of the Hague tribunal to the events of the Far East. The expulsion of Russia from Manchuria, or the expulsion of Japan from Korea, or the triumph of either could hardly console these sages and saints, and so far as our sympathies are sentimental, we ought to bestow them freely upon such sufferers by the war; we might give them a little to the Czar himself. But still, I insist, they should be mainly for the common soldiers on both sides, who have no more real interest in the war than we have, and so ought to be very near and dear to us; and again more than for these, for the wives and children of both nations who are being so rapidly widowed and orphaned.

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Seventy-six Thousand Troops being reviewed by General Alexieff at Port



Japanese Sailors on board one of the Mikado's War-ships



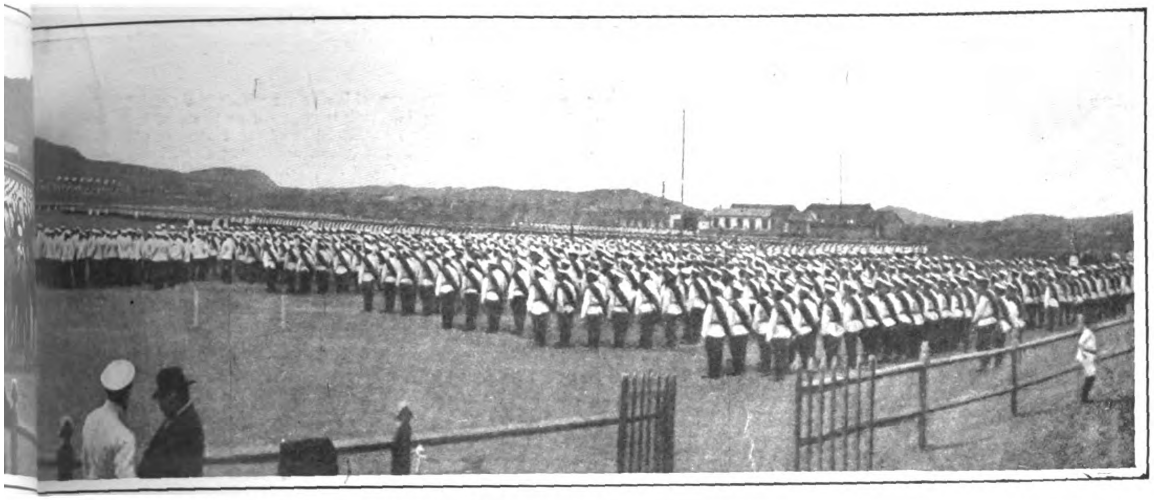
The Crew of the Japanese Armored Cruiser "Idzumo"



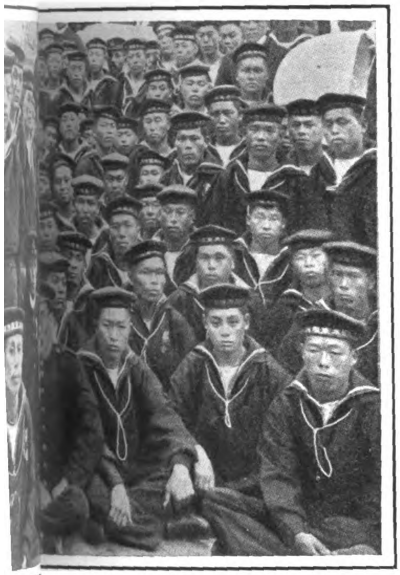
Russian Troops throwing a Military Bridge over the Yalu River

THE WAR IN THE EAST—SNAP-SHOTS

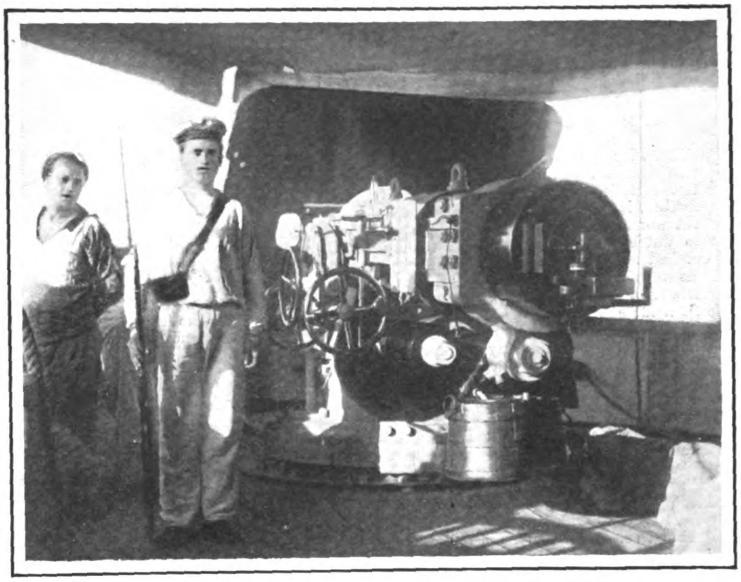
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Photograph was taken not long before the beginning of Hostilities



lped to disable seven of Russia's War-ships in the y 9–10



One of the Guns on the Russian Armored Cruiser "Vladimir Monamakh"



olonel Mekoroff, the tallest Man in the Russian Army, who has been ordered with his Regiment to the Front. The Czar stands beside him

TAKEN AT THE SCENE OF ACTION

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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

CHAPTER I

PAMELA MARDALE LEARNS A VERY LITTLE HISTORY

THERE were only two amongst all Pamela Mardale's friends who guessed that anything was wrong with her; and those two included neither her father nor her mother. Her mother, indeed, might have guessed had she been a different woman. But she was a woman of schemes and little plots, who watched with concentration their immediate developments, but had no eyes for any lasting consequence. And it was no doubt as well for her peace of mind that she never guessed. But of the others it was not likely that any one would suspect the truth. For Pamela made no outward sign. She hunted through the winter from her home under the Croft Hill in Leicestershire; she went everywhere, as the saying is, during the season in London; she held her own in her own world, lacking neither good spirits nor the look of health. There were perhaps two small peculiarities which marked her off from her companions. She was interested in things rather than in persons, and she preferred to talk to old men rather than to youths. But such points taken by themselves were not of an importance to attract attention. Yet there were two amongst her friends who suspected. Alan Warrisden, and the schoolmaster of Roquebrune, the little village carved out of the hillside to the west of Monte Carlo. The schoolmaster was the nearer to the truth, for he not only knew that something was amiss, he suspected what the something was. But then he had a certain advantage, since he had known Pamela Mardale when she was a child. Their acquaintance came about in the following way:

He was leaning, one evening in December, over the parapet of the tiny square beside the schoolhouse when a servant from the Villa Pontignard approached him.

"Could M. Giraud make it convenient to call at the villa at noon to-morrow?" the servant asked. "Madame Mardale was anxious to speak to him."

M. Giraud turned about with a glow of pleasure upon his face.

"Certainly," he replied. "But nothing could be more simple. I will be at the Villa Pontignard as the clock strikes."

The servant bowed, and without another word paced away across the square and up the narrow winding street of Roquebrune, leaving the schoolmaster a little abashed at his display of eagerness. M. Giraud recognized that in one man's mind, at all events, he was now set down for a snob, for a lackey disguised as a schoolmaster. But the moment of shame passed. He had no doubt as to the reason of the summons, and he tingled with pride from head to foot. It was his little brochure upon the history of the village—written with what timidity and printed at what cost to his meagre purse—which had brought him recognition from the lady of the villa upon the spur of the hill. He began to build up his life like a fairy palace from the foundation of this brief message.

Let it be said at once that there was nothing of the lackey under the schoolmaster's shabby coat. The visit which he was bidden to pay was to him not so much a step upwards as outwards. Living always in this remote high village, where the rock cropped out between the houses and the streets climbed through tunnels of rock, he was always tormented with visions of great cities and thoroughfares ablaze; he longed for the jostle of men; he craved for other companionship than he could get in the village wine-shop on the first floor, as a fainting man craves for air.

M. Giraud kept his engagement punctually. The clock chimed upon the mantelpiece a few seconds after he was standing in the drawing-room of the Villa Pontignard, and before the clock had stopped chiming Mrs. Mardale came in to him. She was a tall woman, who, in spite of her years, still retained the elegance of her youth, but her face was hard and a trifle querulous, and M. Giraud was utterly intimidated. On the other hand, she had good manners, and the friendly simplicity with which she greeted him began to set him at his ease.

"My daughter, monsieur, has an English governess," she explained; "but it seems a pity that she should spend her winters here, and lose the chance of becoming really proficient in French. The curé recommended me to apply to you, and I sent for you to see whether we could arrange that you should read history with her in French during your spare hours."

M. Giraud felt his head turning. Here was his opportunity so long dreamed of come at last. It might be the beginning of a career—it was, at all events, that first difficult step outwards. He was to be the teacher in appearance; at the bottom of his heart he knew that he was to be the pupil. He accepted the offer with enthusiasm, and the arrangements were made. Three afternoons a week he was to spend an hour at the Villa Pontignard.

"Well, I hope the plan will succeed," said Mrs. Mardale, but she spoke in a voice which showed that she had no great hopes of success. And as M. Giraud replied that he would, at all events, do his best, she rejoined plaintively: "It is not of you, monsieur, that I have any doubts. But you do not know my daughter. She will learn nothing which she does not want to learn; she will not endure any governess who is not entirely her slave, and she is fifteen and really must learn something."

Pamela Mardale, indeed, was at this time the despair of her mother. Mrs. Mardale had mapped out for her daughter an ideal career. She was to be a model of decorum in the early Victorian style, at once an ornament for a drawing-room and an excellent housekeeper, and she was subsequently to make a brilliant marriage. The weak point of the scheme was that it left Pamela out of the reckoning. There was her passion for horses for one thing, and her distinct refusal, besides, to sit quietly in any drawing-room. When she was a child horses had been persons to Pamela rather than animals, and, as her conduct showed, persons preferable by far to human beings. Visitors to the house under Croft Hill were at times promised a sight of Pamela, and, indeed, they sometimes did see a girl in a white frock, with long black legs and her hair tumbled all over her forehead, neighing and prancing at them from behind the gate of the stable-yard. But they did not see her at closer quarters than that, and it was certain that if by any chance her lessons were properly learned, they had been learned upon the corn-bin in the stables. Portraits of Pamela at the age of nine remain, and they show a girl who was very pretty, but who might quite well have been a boy, with a mass of unruly dark hair, a pair of active dark eyes, and a good-humored face alertly watching for any mischief which might come its way.

Something of the troubles which M. Giraud was likely to find ahead of him Mrs. Mardale disclosed that morning, and the schoolmaster returned to his house filled with apprehensions. The apprehensions, however, were not justified. The little schoolmaster was so shy, so timid, that Pamela was disarmed. She could be gentle when she chose, and she chose now. She saw, too, M. Giraud's anxiety to justify her mother's choice of him, and she chose with a sense of extreme virtue to be a credit to his teaching. They became friends, and thus one afternoon when they had taken their books out into the garden of the villa, M. Giraud confided to her the history of the brochure which had made them acquainted.

"It was not love for Roquebrune which led me to write it," he said. "It was, on the contrary, my discontent. I was tortured with longings; I was not content with the children's lessons for my working hours and the wine-shop for my leisure. I took long walks over Cap Martin to Mentone, along the Corniche road to La Turbie, and up Mont Agel. But still I had my longings as my constant companions, and since everywhere I saw traces of an-

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tiquity, I wrote this little history as a relief. It kept my thoughts away from the great world."

"The great world," said Pamela, in a low voice of eagerness. "I wonder what it's like."

That afternoon marked a distinct step in their friendship, and thereafter in the intervals of their reading they talked continually upon this one point they had in common—their curiosity as to the life of the world beyond their village. But it happened that Pamela did the greater part of the talking, and one afternoon that fact occurred to her.

"You always listen now, monsieur," she said. "Why have you grown so silent?"

"You know more than I do, mademoiselle."

"I?" she exclaimed, in surprise. "I only know about horses." Then she laughed. "Really, we both know nothing. We can only guess and guess."

The whistle of a train, the train from Paris, mounted through the still air to their ears.

"Well," said Pamela, with a shrug of impatience, "we shall both know the truth some time."

"You will, mademoiselle," said the schoolmaster, suddenly falling out of his dream.

Pamela looked quickly at him. The idea that he would be left behind, that he would stay here all his life listening to the singsong drone of the children in the schoolroom, teaching over and over again with an infinite weariness the same elementary lessons, until he became shabby and worn as the lesson-books he handled, had never struck her till this moment. The trouble which clouded his face, sympathy reflected by sympathy upon hers.

"But you won't stay here," she said, gently. "Oh no! Let me think!" and she thought with a child's oblivion of obstacles and a child's confidence. She imparted the wise result of her reflections to M. Giraud the next afternoon.

"Listen," said she. "I have thought it all out."

The schoolmaster composed himself into the attentive attitude of a pupil.

"You are to become a Deputy."

That was the solution of the problem. Pamela saw no difficulties. He would need a dress-suit, of course, for official occasions, which she understood were numerous. A horse, too, would be of use, but that didn't matter so much. The horse was regretfully given up. It might come later. He must get elected first, never mind how. In a word, he was as good as a Deputy already. And from a Deputy to the President of the French Republic, the step, after all, was not so very long.

The schoolmaster listened, seeing the world through her eyes. Thus three winters passed, and Pamela learned a very little history.

Towards the end of the third winter, the history books were put away. Pamela was now eighteen, and looking eagerly forward to her first season in London. And no doubt frocks and hats occupied more of her thoughts than did the fortunes of the schoolmaster. Some remorse for her forgetfulness seized her the day before she went away. It was a morning of spring, and the schoolmaster saw her coming down the dark narrow streets towards him. She was tall beyond the average, but without ungainliness, long of limb and lightly built, and she walked with the very step of youth. Her dark hair swept in two heavy waves above her forehead, and was coiled down behind on the back of her neck. Her throat rose straight and slim from the firm shoulders, and her eyes glowed with anticipation. Though her hair was dark, she was not sallow. Her face was no less fresh and clear than were her eyes, and a soft color like the bloom of a fruit brightened her cheeks. In that old brown street she shone like a brilliant flower, and Giraud, as he watched her, felt all at once that he could have no place in her life, and in his humility he turned aside. But she ran after him and caught him up.

"I am going to-morrow," she said, and she tried to keep the look of happiness out of her eyes, the thrill out of her voice. And she failed.



Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence

Her eyes went straight to his

"It is good-by, then," said he.

"For a little while. I shall come back to Roquebrune in December."

The schoolmaster smiled.

"I shall look forward from to-day until that month comes. You will have much to tell me."

"Yes, sha'n't I?" she cried, and then, lest her eagerness should hurt her friend, she added, "But I shall not forget our quiet afternoons on the garden terrace."

The next morning she went away, and the schoolmaster lost his one glimpse of the outer world. He hungered for news and no news came, and when in the month of December he noticed that the shutters were opened in the Villa Pontignard and that there was a stir of servants about the house, he felt that the shutters were being opened after a long dark time from his one window on the outside world. He frequented the little station from that moment. Mrs. Mardale came first, and a fortnight afterwards Pamela descended from a carriage with her maid.

Giraud watched her with a thrill of longing. It was not merely his friend who had returned, but his instructor, with new and wonderful knowledge added to the old.

Then came his first chilling moment of disillusion. It was quite evident that she saw him as she was stepping on to the platform. Her eyes went straight to his—and yet she turned away without the slightest sign of recognition and busied herself about her luggage. The world had spoiled her. That was his first thought, but he came to a truer understanding afterwards. And, indeed, that thought had barely become definite in his mind when she turned again, and, holding out her hand, came to him with a smile.

"You are well?" she said.

"Yes," said he.

And they walked up the long flight of steps to Roquebrune, talking banalities. She gave him none of the news for which he longed, and they spoke not at all of the career which together they had mapped out for him. All their long talks upon the terrace, their plans and their speculations, seemed in an instant to Giraud to have become part of a pleasant, very foolish, and very distant past. He was aware of the vast gulf between them. With a girl's inimitable quickness to adapt herself to new surroundings

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she had acquired in the few months of her absence the ease, the polish, and the armor of a woman of the world. He was still the village schoolmaster, the peasant tortured with vain aspirations, feeding upon vain dreams; and in this moment he saw himself very clearly. Her silence upon their plan helped him to see himself thus. Had she still believed in that imagined career, surely she would have spoken of it. In a word, he was still looking at the world through *her* eyes.

"You must come up to the villa," she said. "I shall look forward to your coming."

They were in the little square by the schoolhouse, and he took the words for his dismissal. She went up the hill alone and slowly, like one that is tired.

Giraud leaned that evening over the parapet in the little square of Roquebrune. He was thinking of the girl up there in the villa who had been struck by some blind blow of Destiny, who had grown a woman before her time. It was a pity, it was a loss in the general sum of things which make for joy.

He had, of course, only his suspicions to go upon. But they were soon strengthened. For Pamela fell into ill health, and the period of ill health lasted for two years. After those two years had passed she disappeared for a while altogether out of Giraud's sight. She came no more to the Villa Pontagnard, but spent her winter with her father and her horses at her home in Leicestershire. Her mother came alone to Roquebrune.

CHAPTER II

PAMELA LOOKS ON

IT was not until Pamela had reached the age of twenty that Alan Warrisden made her acquaintance at Lady Millingham's house in Berkeley Square. He took her down to dinner, and, to tell the truth, paid no particular attention either to her looks or to her conversation. His neighbor upon the other side happened to be a friend whom he had not seen for some while, and for a good part of the dinner he talked to her. A few days afterwards, however, he called upon Lady Millingham, and she asked at once, quite eagerly,

"Well, what did you think of Pamela Mardale?"

Warrisden was rather at a loss. He was evidently expected to answer with enthusiasm, and he had not any very definite recollections on which enthusiasm could be based. He did his best, however, but he was unconvincing. Lady Millingham shrugged her shoulders and frowned. She had been married precisely a year, and was engaged in plans for marrying off all her friends with the greatest possible despatch.

"I shall send you in with somebody quite old the next time you dine here," she said, severely, and she discoursed at some length upon Pamela's charms. "She loves horses, and yet she's not a bit horsy," she said in conclusion, "and there's really nothing better than that. And just heaps of men have wanted to marry her." She leaned back against her sofa and contemplated Warrisden with silent scorn. She had set her heart upon this marriage more than upon any other. Of all the possible marriages in London, there was not one, to her mind, so suitable as this. Pamela Mardale came of one of the oldest families of commoners in Leicestershire. The family was not well-off, the estate had shrunk year by year and what was left was mortgaged, owing in some degree to that villa at Roquebrune upon which Mrs. Mardale insisted. Warrisden, on the other hand, was more than well-off, his family was known, and at the age of twenty-eight he was still dividing his life between the season in London and shooting expeditions about the world. And he had the look of a man who might do something more.

That visit had its results. Warrisden met Pamela Mardale again and realized that Lady Millingham's indignation had been justified. At the end of that season he proposed and was gently refused. But if he was slow to move, he was also firm to persevere. He hunted with the Quorn that winter, and during the following season he was persistently but unobtrusively at her elbow; so that Pamela came, at all events, to count upon him as a most reliable friend. Having duly achieved that place in her thoughts, he disappeared for ten months, and returned to town one afternoon in the last week of June. There were letters waiting for him in his rooms, and amongst them a card from Lady Millingham inviting him to a dance upon that night. At eleven o'clock his coupé turned out of Piccadilly and entered Berkeley Square. At the bottom of the square the lighted windows of the house blazed out upon the night, the balconies were banked with flowers, and behind the flowers, silhouetted against the light, were visible the thronged faces of men and women. Warrisden leaned forward, scrutinizing the shapes of the heads, the contours of the faces. His sight, sharpened by long practice over wide horizons, was of the keenest; he could see, even at that distance, the flash of jewels on neck and shoulder. But the face he looked for was not there. Lady Millingham, however, set his mind at ease.

"You are back, then?" she cried.

"This afternoon."

"You will find friends here."

Warrisden passed on into the reception-rooms. It seemed to him, indeed, that all the friends he had ever made were gathered to this one house on this particular evening. He was a tall man, and his height made him noticeable upon most occasions. He was the more noticeable now by reason of his sunburn and a certain look of exhilaration upon his face. The season was drawing to its end, and brown faces were not so usual but that the eyes turned to them. He spoke, however, the fewest possible words to the men who greeted him, and he did not meet the eyes of any woman. Yet he saw the women, and was in definite quest of one of them. That might have been noticed by a careful observer, for whenever he saw a man older than the rest talking to a girl he quickened his pace that he might the sooner see that girl's face. He barely looked into the ballroom at all, but kept to the corridors, and at last, in a doorway, came face to face with Pamela Mardale. He saw her face light up and the hand held out to him was even eagerly extended.

"Have you a dance to spare?"

Pamela looked quickly round upon her neighbors.

"Yes, this one," she answered. She bowed to her companion, a man, as Warrisden expected, much older than herself, and led the way at once towards the balcony. Warrisden saw a youth emerge from the throng and come towards them. Pamela was tall and she used her height at this moment. She looked him in the face with so serene an indifference that the youth drew back disconcerted. Pamela was deliberately cutting her partners.

Another man might have *built* upon the act, but Warrisden was shrewd, and shrewdness had taught *him* long since to go warily in thought where Pamela Mardale was concerned. She might merely be angry. He walked by her side and said nothing. Even when they were seated on the balcony, he left it for her to speak first. She was sitting upon the outside against the railing, so that the light from the windows streamed full upon *her* face. He watched it, looking for the change which he desired. But it had still the one fault he found with it. It was still too sedate, too womanly for her years.

"I heard of you," she said. "You were shooting woodcock in Dalmatia."

"That was at Christmas."

"Yes. You were hurt there."

"Not seriously," he replied. "A sheep-dog attacked me. They are savage brutes, and indeed they have to be, there are so many wolves. The worst of it is, if you are attacked, you mustn't kill the dog, or there's trouble."

"I heard of you again. You were at Quetta getting together a caravan."

"That was in February. I crossed by the new trade route from Quetta to Siestan."

She had spoken in an indefinite tone, which left him with no clue to her thoughts. Now, however, she turned her eyes upon him, and said in a lower voice, which was very gentle, "Don't you think you might have told me that you were going away for a year?"

Warrisden had gone away deliberately, and as deliberately he had abstained from telling her of his intention. He had no answer to make to her question and he did not attempt to invent one. He sat still and looked at her. She followed the question with another.

"Don't you think it would have been kinder if you had written to me once or twice, instead of letting me hear about you from any chance acquaintance?"

Again he made no answer. For he had deliberately abstained from writing. The gentleness with which she spoke was the most hopeful sign for him which she had made that evening. He had expected a harsher accusation. For Pamela made her claims upon her friends. They must put her first or there was likely to be a deal of trouble.

"Well," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders, "I hope you enjoyed it."

"Yes. I wish I could have thought you would have enjoyed it too. But you wouldn't have."

"No," she answered, listlessly.

Warrisden was silent. He had expected the answer, but he was none the less disappointed to receive it. To him there was no century in the history of the world comparable to that in which he lived. It had its faults, of course. It was ugly and a trifle feverish, but to men of his stamp, the men with means and energy, a new world with countless opportunities had been opened up. Asia and Africa were theirs, and the farthest islands of the sea. Pamela, however, turned her back on it. The new trade route to Siestan had no message for her. She looked with envy upon an earlier century.

"Of course," he resumed, "it's pleasant to come back, if only as a preparation for going away again."

And then Pamela turned on him with her eyes wide open and a look of actual trouble upon her face.

"No," she said with emphasis. She leaned forward and lowered her voice. "You have no right to work upon people and make them your friends, if you mean, when you have made them your friends, to go away without a word for ever so long. I have missed you very much."

"I wanted you to miss me," he replied.

"Yes, I thought so. But it wasn't fair," she said, gently. "You see, I have been quite fair with you. If you had gone away at once, if you had left me alone, when I said 'no' to you two years ago, then I should have no right to complain. I should have no right to call you back. But it's different now and you willed that it should be different. You stayed by me. Whenever I turned, there were you at my side. You taught me to count on you, as I count on no one else. Yes, that's true. Well, then, you have lost the right to turn your back now, just when it pleases you."

"It wasn't because it pleased me."

"No. I admit that," she agreed. "It was to make an experiment on me, but the experiment was made at my expense. For, after all, you enjoyed yourself," she added, with a laugh.

Warrisden joined in the laugh.

"It's quite true," he said. "I did." Then his voice dropped to the same serious tone in which she had spoken. "Why not say the experiment succeeded? Couldn't you say that?"

Pamela shook her head.

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"No. I can give you no more now than I gave you a year ago, two years ago, and that is not enough. Oh, I know," she continued hurriedly as she saw that he was about to interrupt. "Lots of women are content to begin with friendship. How they can puzzles me. But I know they do begin with nothing more than that and very often it works out very well. The friendship becomes more than friendship. But I can't begin that way. I would if I could. But I can't."

She leaned back in her chair and sat for a while with her hands upon her knees in an attitude extraordinarily still. The jingle of harness in the Square rose to Warrisden's ears, the clamor of the town came muffled from the noisy streets. He looked upwards to the tender blue of a summer sky where the stars shone like silver; and he leaned back disheartened. He had returned to London and

"Do you see that light?" he asked, "in the window on the second floor?"

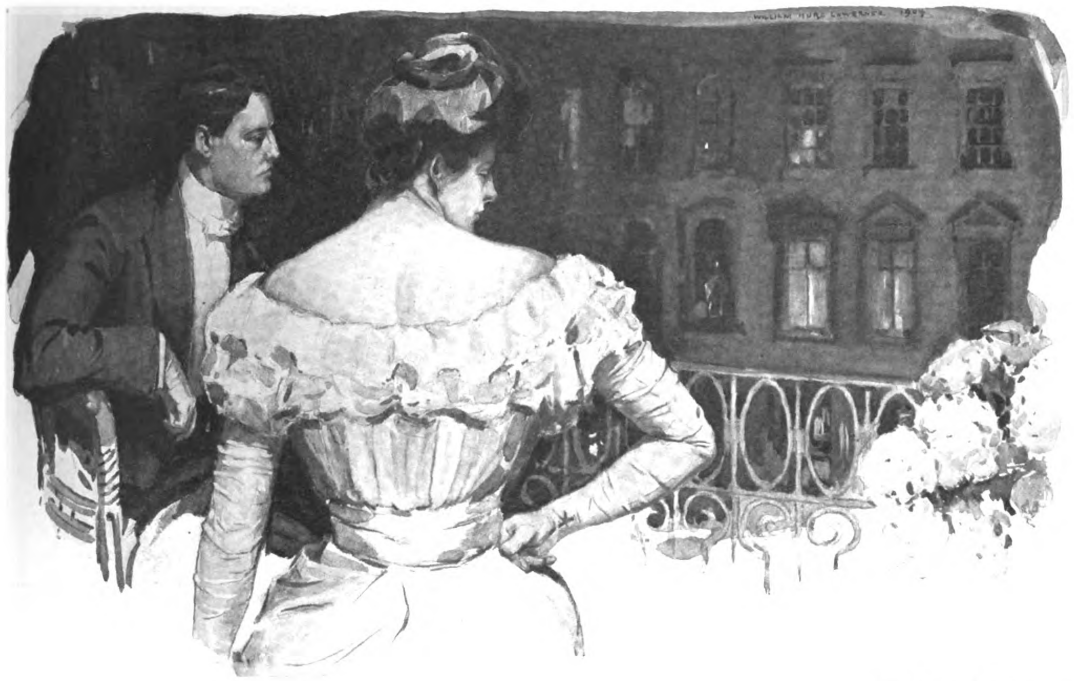
"Yes."

He took out his watch and noticed the time. It was just a quarter to twelve. He laughed softly to himself and said:

"Wait a moment!"

He watched the house for a few minutes without saying a word. Pamela with a smile at his eagerness watched too. In a little while they saw the door open and a man and a woman both in evening dress appear upon the steps. Warrisden laughed again.

"Wait," he said, as if he expected Pamela to interrupt. "You'll see they won't whistle up a cab. They'll walk beyond the house and take one quietly. Very likely they'll look up at the lighted room-window on the second floor as though they were schoolboys



Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence

"That house has always puzzled me," he said

nothing was changed. There was the same busy life vociferous in its streets, and this girl still sat in the midst of it with the same lassitude and quiescence. She seemed to be waiting, not at all for something new to happen, but for the things which were happening to cease, waiting with the indifference of the very old. And she was quite young.

"So nothing has changed for you during these months," he said, deeply disappointed.

She turned her face quietly to him and smiled. "No," she answered, "there has been no new road for me from Quetta to Siestan. I still look on."

"And you still prefer old men to young ones?" he cried in a real exasperation.

"They talk more of things, and less of persons," she explained.

That was not right either. She ought to be interested in persons. Warrisden rose abruptly from his chair. He was completely baffled. Pamela was like the sleeping Princess in the fairy tale, she lay girt about with an impassable thicket of thorns. She was in a worse case indeed, for the Princess in the story might have slept on till the end of time, a thing of beauty. But was that possible for Pamela, he asked himself? Let her go on in her indifference, and she might dwindle and grow narrow, her soul would be starved and all the good of her be lost. Somehow a way must be forced through the thicket, somehow she must be wakened. But he seemed no nearer to finding that way than he had been two years ago and she was no nearer to her wakening.

"No, there has been no change," he said, and as he spoke his eye was caught by a bright light which suddenly flamed up in the window of a dark house upon his right. The house had perplexed him more than once. It took so little part in the life of the Square, it so consistently effaced itself from the gayeties of the people who lived about. Its balconies were never banked with flowers, no visitors mounted its steps; and even in the daytime it had a look of mystery. It may have been that some dim analogy between that house and the question which so baffled him, arrested Warrisden's attention. It may have been merely that he was by nature curious and observant. But he leaned forward upon the balcony-rail.

who had escaped from their dormitories and were afraid of being caught by the master. There, do you see?"

For as he spoke the man and the woman stopped and looked up. Had they heard Warrisden's voice and obeyed his directions they could not have more completely fulfilled his prediction. They had the very air of truants. Apparently they were reassured. They walked along the pavement until they were well past the house. Then they signalled to a passing hansom. The cab-driver did not see them, yet they did not call out, nor did the man whistle. They waited until another approached and they beckoned to that. Warrisden watched the whole scene with the keenest interest. As the two people got into the cab he laughed again and turned back to Pamela.

"Well?" she said, with a little laugh of amusement, and the quiet monosyllable falling as it were with a cold splash upon his enjoyment of the little scene suddenly brought him back to the question which was always latent in his mind. How was Pamela to be awakened?

"That house has always puzzled me," he said. "I used to have rooms overlooking this Square, high up, over there," and he pointed to the eastern side of the Square towards Berkeley Street, "and what we have seen to-night used to take place every night, and at the same hour. The light went up in the room on the second floor, and the truants crept out. Guess where they go to! The Savoy. They go and sit there among the lights and the music for half an hour, then they come back to the dark house. They live in the most curious isolation with the most curious regularity. There are three of them altogether, an old man—it is his light I suppose which went up on the second floor—and those two. I know who they are. The old man is Sir John Stretton."

"Oh!" said Pamela, with interest.

"And the two people we saw are his son and his son's wife. I have never met them. In fact no one meets them. I don't know any one who ever knows them."

"Yes you do," said Pamela, "I know them." And in her knowledge, although Warrisden did not know it, lay the answer to the problem which so perplexed him.

To be Continued.

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Miss Virginia Earl as "Sergeant Kitty"

Miss Virginia Earl is shown in the rôle of "Sergeant Kitty," in the comic opera of that name by Messrs. Sloane and Burnside. The story of the play concerns the efforts of a young soldier to escape the consequences of a wager in disposing of his rich uncle, by palming his wife off as the bride of a brother officer with whom "Kitty" is in love. The ensuing tangle furnishes the comedy of the piece



Mr. Forbes Robertson as "Hamlet"

Mr. Robertson will appear in his most successful part, "Hamlet," in the production of Shakespeare's play to be given at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, on March 7. Mr. Robertson has recently been appearing on tour in this country in George Fleming's dramatization of Kipling's novel, "The Light that Failed," which ran at the Knickerbocker Theatre during the early winter



"The Yankee Consul"

"The Yankee Consul," the new comic opera by Henry M. Blossom, Jr., and Alfred C. Robyn, was produced this week at the Broadway Theatre. The scene is laid in San Domingo. "Dona Teresa Ribera," a wealthy widow, has a daughter and a niece, "Bonita" and "Papinta." The governor is in love with "Bonita"; "Leopoldo," captain of the troops and a friend of the insurgents, is in love with "Papinta." The governor has arranged to give an elaborate ball, but as he has no funds in the treasury, is at a loss to know what to do. "Leopoldo" is planning to surrender the town to the insurgents. The governor begs "Bonita" to marry him, for he knows that, with her money, he can pay off the troops and prevent the revolution. "Leopoldo" attempts to have the governor arrested, but "Bonita" appeals to "Lieutenant-Commander Morrell," in charge of the United States Marines, and begs the naval officer to prevent the governor's arrest, as, if the arrest is made, there will be no ball. The climax of Act I. brings the American marines in a clash with the insurgents. In the second act the governor patches up a truce with "Leopoldo," and orders the lieutenant-commander arrested. The lieutenant is led away to a dungeon. "Papinta" agrees to elope with "Leopoldo," but is caught in the act by "Abijah Booze," "the Yankee Consul," who has learned of the arrest of "Morrell." He makes "Papinta" promise to have "Leopoldo" release the American officer. Meanwhile the Vice-President succeeds in overthrowing the republic. In the end, the complications are pleasantly solved

IN THE DRAMATIC WORLD

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MME. AÏNO ACKTÉ AS "ELISABETH"

Madame Ackté, the new soprano engaged by Mr. Conried for the Metropolitan Opera Company, made her New York début last week as "Marguerite" in "Faust." She was born at Helsingfors, in Finland, and received her early training at the Paris Conservatoire, where she won several prizes. Later she sang at the Opéra, making her début as "Marguerite." Madame Ackté has sung also "Juliette" in "Roméo et Juliette," "Elsa" in "Lohengrin," "Elisabeth" in "Tannhäuser," "Eva" in "Die Meistersinger," and "Nedda" in "I Pagliacci." She has been decorated by King Oscar of Sweden, and while in Paris received the honorary nominations of Officier de l'Académie and Officier de l'Instruction Publique

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Correspondence

WHY NOT A UNION OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES?

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS, *January 19, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—When I read such articles as that in the WEEKLY of recent date on "Moral Indifferentism" and such sermons as that delivered a few weeks ago on "Religion and the Common Schools," by the Rev. Dr. McLeod, of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, New York, I wonder, as I have often done before, and as many others have, why some effort is not made to unite all the many Christian denominations and do away with this thing of disputes between what are now known as different branches of the same church. Of course, some will say that such a thing is impossible. Maybe it is, but, in my opinion, there is no plausible reason for it being so. Simply because one denomination interprets a certain passage of Scripture to mean one thing and another interprets it as meaning something slightly different is no reason why the two should be as strangers to each other. If both believe in the truths of the Old Bible and adhere to the religion of Jesus Christ, there is no reason why they should not unite in one grand body. Among all the members of all the Christian denominations now in existence, I will venture to assert, no two persons will be found who will exactly agree on all the interpretations of scriptural passages the one or the other may make. They will differ, at least slightly, on many things. Therefore, should each man start a church organization of his own? Should he deny church fellowship to the other, and be so egotistic and untair as to have no respect for the other man's opinions? Certainly not! Yet, have not the many church denominations of to-day been organized because of such practice of opinion? Undoubtedly they have! But let us put an end to such feelings and come together. Let something in the nature of a convention of all the churches be called, representatives from each body be sent, and a compromise and a union be effected among all Christ-believing people. Each man, though a member of a church in which there are a million members, can have his own private opinions on the minor matters as well as if he were one of a body of ten.

The effect and the benefit of such a union as I have herein suggested cannot be overestimated. It would be a *far more* economical way of spreading the gospel. In many small cities where there are now ten churches, each with a seating capacity of a thousand and with a regular average attendance of about one hundred each, one church a little larger could be made to suffice. In larger cities the attendance in proportion to the seating capacity of the churches is about the same, and a similar grouping could be made. This would save very much in the way of running expenses and for building purposes, which would enable the hiring of better ministers in many places and the erection of churches elsewhere, and for missionary work. In addition to the benefit in the way of economy, greater enthusiasm in the church would prevail, and a better example of Christianity would be put forth to unbelievers and the heathens in foreign lands. And to thinking people, and men especially, to see all who worship Christ kneeling at the same altar would appeal much more forcibly than ten sermons from as many different pulpits on why they *should* attend church services. It would not seem to them, then, that there are so many different roads to heaven. To see ten small armies of men, each flying the same banner, on the same field of battle, all after the same enemy and without any association with one another, or no concerted plan of action, would certainly be disgusting. It would look like the rankest of foolishness. Yet, in the action of the different churches, the observing man sees a portrayal of the same *thing*. If it be a war 'twixt Christ and Satan, why not make it such pure and simple, and not a sort of a many cornered skirmish? Then ministers would not have to occupy so much of their time in talking on "moral indifferentism" and could talk with better effect on "religion and the common schools."

I am, sir, CHARLES ALMA BYERS.

THE PAUPER LABOR OF EUROPE

February 1, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It is quite possible to believe that our oratorical politicians keep certain exploded fallacies before the public to secure the opportunity to display both eloquence and patriotism. The facts that refute the fallacies may be easy to obtain, may even be used on other occasions by the same men in bland unconsciousness of their meaning, but still every now and then a thoughtful reader is made mad by the repeated assertion of that which he knows to be untrue.

I am not a party politician, simply a student of political economy in its application to the proper performance of a voter's duty, and as such have taken some trouble to find out the facts that relate to the cost of production in this country and in Europe, and no annoyance can be greater than to be urged to support one set of politicians because forsooth they stand between the American workman and the competition of worse-paid men across the sea.

The cost of labor in this country is but seventeen per cent. of the total cost of production, so I am informed by the Hon. C. Wright, and this percentage I believe to be lower than that of any country on earth. The wages here are higher, but the machinery, methods, are so much better that the European rival is beaten out of the field in nearly all the articles that are produced in quantities sufficient to provoke competition. Then, if to the cost of labor abroad we add the cost of freight, commissions, insurance, it is as certain as any fact can be in this uncertain world, that the policy of high protection should be defended upon some other ground than the wholly disinterested regard for the workman's interest. Most certainly a duty that is from three to six times as much as the whole wage the workman receives cannot be framed entirely in his interest.

It would be a great blessing to this whole continent if we could raise a native Carlyle who would kill the cant that seems natural to our political and financial leaders, and show us how to bury worn-out pretentions of philanthropy in a very deep grave.

I am, sir, MAGEE PRATT.

WHAT IS THE DEMOCRACY TO DO?

WACO, TEXAS, *February 5, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have just read, and with considerable interest, your remarks under the head, "What Is the Democracy To Do?" It should go without saying that the Democracy will address itself to the important consideration of restoring the government to its constitutional functions. The first thing on the programme would be a tariff for revenue only. The next thing would be equal laws for every foot of territory over which the flag floats. The trust evil is generally recognized, but it is very doubtful if it can be cured by restrictive legislation. A lowering of the tariff wall would probably rid us of the trusts.

Mr. Roosevelt affords the Democracy the opportunity which it should be quick to take advantage of. He seems to have small regard for constitutional restraints. "My will is law," says Emperor William, and President Theodore seems to be of the same pattern. In an article in the *Youth's Companion*, written while he was Vice President, Mr. Roosevelt spoke of the President of the United States as a ruler. That assumption characterizes his every performance. How very different was the conception of Horatio Seymour, as outlined in an article in the *North American Review*. The radicalism of Roosevelt is in striking contrast to the conservatism of Cleveland, and this can be pressed home on the American people with telling effect by a sane Democracy.

I am, sir, GEORGE C. ROBINSON.

SOAP

ST. LOUIS, *February 6, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Of course you can say, with Byron,

> What is writ, is writ.
> Wish it would be worthier."

Or. . . . To the contrary, you might be willing to listen to reason and to repair the wrong you did. I refer to the item in yours of February 6 on *Soap*.

It is bad enough when one hears the argument, "I read it in the papers." Your paper, taking a somewhat exalted position [mind your coat of arms], gives a peculiar stamp of reliability and veracity to the contents of your columns. That is why most of us like HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Truth and fiction, and most of the last-named variety, is mixed in your "Soap" information. *Sapindus* is not at all so especially noteworthy. Neither are the plants new to science, as the average reader might feel inclined to think. There are about 600 species of the family where the plant quoted belong to, and all of them contain more or less of this substance what you erroneously call soap.

You bring about further delusions when you state, A natural soap can be obtained from the fruit.

And to impress your readers that you know what soap is, you continue,—alkali is absent.

Allow me to call your attention to the fact that good soap—and you advocated: the soap from *Sapindus utilis* is in many respects superior to the "ordinary" commercial product—always contains free alkali.

It would not wash the greasy spots out of your clothing, neither would it give you that agreeable sensation of being clean, after using it, if it did not. A natural soap does not exist. Soap is an artificial product, does not grow on trees. The consummation of soap is a guide for civilization. As Liebig and the German Emperor after him once said, "Seife ist die Hauptsache." Romans nor Greeks did know soap. Neither do savages use it at the present day. You are making soap when you shake linseed-oil with lime-water (an excellent remedy, by the way, for burns and scalds), or when you boil the drippings, the leakings, the washings of wood-ashes with fat. It is better to leave the making of hard soap to a soap manufacturer.

The Sapindus plants do not contain "soap," but saponin, an active principle appearing in white crystalline needles, when isolated, known to chemists under the collective name of "a glucoside."

It is found in the soapwort (*Saponaria officinalis*); in the soapwood (*Quillaia Saponaria*); is not as harmless a substance as one might think from its soapy name; does not clean clothes any more than water will do; *foams when shaken with water;* das ist der Pudels Kern. Beer, soda-water, and other beverages, to which the appearance of "body," of "richness," is given, which are wanted with foam owe this sometimes to saponin.

So you see, Mr. Editor, "Sapindus" contains quite a different thing from "Soap."

I am, sir,

J. B. NAGELVOORT.

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To Safeguard Life

While radium, phototherapy, and other agencies are being used experimentally for the cure of cancer, its origin and development are being studied with the hope of increasing knowledge of the disease and of finding an effective cure. In Great Britain much work is being done under the direction of the Cancer Research Fund of the Royal College of Physicians of London, and the Royal College of Surgeons of England. During the last year the investigators maintained by this fund have been endeavoring to ascertain facts in connection with the distribution of the disease among various animals, and for that purpose have examined and experimented with malignant tumors in many vertebrates. They have found that a large number of animals are affected by cancer, and that in them the disease is substantially the same as in man, involving the same processes and changes. These malignant growths occur in animals under varying conditions of habitat, food, general life, etc., and the experiments do not yet show that there is difference in susceptibility in the case of different animals or of different parts of the body. The object of the experimenters was to find some exceedingly favorable conditions under which the disease developed, so that they could turn their attention towards checking it and thus get a clue to the best preventive methods. The knowledge of the various circumstances attending malignant growths has been increased, but the workers are no nearer a method of cure.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

THE INFANT
takes first to human milk; that failing, the mother turns at once to cow's milk as the best substitute. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is a cow's milk scientifically adapted to the human infant. Stood first for forty-five years.—[*Adv.*]

Telephone Service lightens the cares of house-keeping, saves time, and prevents worry. Low rates. New York Telephone Company, 15 Dey Street, 111 West 38th Street.—[*Adv.*]

As a dinner wine, Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is unexcelled. It is pure, delicious and wholesome.—[*Adv.*]

Good health is real wealth—Abbott's Angostura Bitters is a veritable fortune to the weak.—[*Adv.*]

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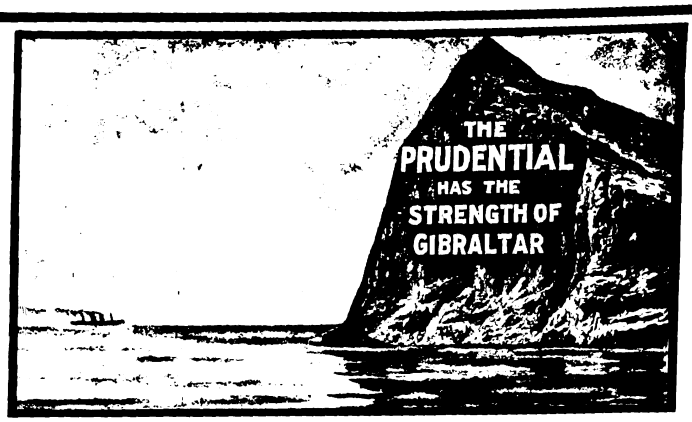
A man near Fort Gay, W. Va., made an entire failure in getting strength from the kind of food he ate, and not knowing that the trouble was with the food, kept on losing health until the doctors gave him up to die.

It was supposed to be consumption, because he was wasting away steadily, and slowly dying. His minister called from time to time, and one day brought along a package of Grape-Nuts, thinking from what he knew of the famous food that perhaps it might help him. The sick man took to it at once, and from that day began to get well. In writing, he says:

"I walked to town to-day, 3 miles. Have gained over 40 pounds in about 2 months, and my neighbors don't know what to say. I frequently am told it was as if I am raised from the dead. Everybody here knows of my case; you can tell people to write to the Postmaster or Rev. L. D. Bryan. I will make a sworn statement that Grape-Nuts saved my life." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

This is another illustration that where all other food fails one can be brought back to health and strength on Grape-Nuts. "There's a reason."

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Dr. Lavendar's People

By MARGARET DELAND
Author of "Old Chester Tales," etc.

Mrs. Margaret Deland's recent book of stories concerning Dr. Lavendar and the other dwellers of Old Chester seems to have awakened the interest in these characters created by the publication of "Old Chester Tales." "It will be a lump of pure delight to those who have aforetime known and loved Old Chester," says the New York *Daily News*. The Chicago *Tribune* thinks that "the author has done on a small scale what Balzac, Zola, and others have done on a larger scale." The illustrations by Lucius Hitchcock are in close sympathy with the spirit of the text.

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A Revolution in Electric Railroading

By Louis Bell, Ph.D.

WITHIN the past few months steps have been taken in the improvement of electric railway methods that promise great things for the future of the art. So long as the use of the electric motor in traction was confined to tramway work over distances of but a few miles no especial difficulties were encountered in delivering sufficient power to the cars. With the coming of long suburban and interurban lines, circumstances were altered, and while the long systems have been successfully operated it has been at the cost of large investments and great loss of power. The motor almost universally used on electric railways has been a direct-current machine—*i. e.*, one operated by electric current flowing steadily in one direction—and worked at very moderate electrical pressure—about 500 volts, in electrical parlance. The reason for this moderate pressure has been mainly the difficulty of building first-class motors of the necessary size for greater pressures, much on the same principle that it is hard to build a steam-engine which will work well with steam at a thousand pounds per square inch. Now the low-pressure motor is an admirable machine in itself, but to keep it supplied with power at a long distance from the source is a troublesome problem. In the first place, the conductors have to be big, just as the steam-pipe for a very low-pressure engine must be big, and in the second place, if the electrical pressure is low a larger current is required to produce the same power, and the large current is difficult to draw from the trolley-wire without damaging both the wire and the trolley.

Consequently, of late years, to meet the rapidly increasing cost of the conducting system and the loss of power which inevitably followed an attempt to economize on conductors and to secure the delivery of adequate power at the motors, engineers have made flank movements upon the difficulties. The first was by generating and transmitting the power as alternating current—*i. e.*, current periodically reversed in direction, say fifty times a second—at high pressure. Then at certain points along the line this current was delivered to a transformer, which, acting somewhat after the purpose of a reducing valve, and with great efficiency, delivered the power as alternating current of moderate pressure and large volume. But in order to use this in the ordinary motors it had again to be changed to direct current, this time in a rotating machine almost exactly like an ordinary dynamo and quite as costly. After all this was done the current was delivered to the ordinary 500-volt trolley-wire, or to a third rail, the ample surface of which gave a good chance for taking off current. These various transmutations of the current and the apparatus to accomplish them, involve large expense and very considerable loss, and while the third rail answers well on elevated roads, the leakage from it is likely to be severe in cross-country work, so that the whole system needed improvement very badly.

If the alternating current could be used directly in the motors, and delivered to the trolley-wire at fairly high pressure the case would be much bettered, but heretofore alternating motors have involved some very undesirable features. Very recently, however, the problem has been solved at least in part. The common railway motor is "series-wound"—that is, the current traverses the windings of the big magnet that forms the bulk of the machine and then goes on through the rotating armature that is geared to the wheels.

Such a motor does not reverse its direction of rotation when the direction of the current through it as a whole is reversed, but only when the relative direction through the magnet and armature is changed. So several inventors have recently planned this series-wound motor so that it will run *smoothly* on when the direction of the current through the whole is reversed *even* fifty times a second. The principle of the motor rests unchanged, and the extensive improvements have been in detail, merely to enable the alternating current to be used efficiently. Such a motor needs no complicated system for receiving its power, which can be generated as high pressure alternating current, and sent, if need be, directly into the trolley-wire, or along the line, and reduced in pressure for the trolley-wire by transformers mounted on the poles along the track. In the former case, as in long railway lines, the transformer would be carried on the *locomotive*, and the current being taken off by the trolley at very high pressure, an ordinary overhead wire would supply very large power without trouble. On entering the outskirts of a city the motor could take its current directly *from* the trolley-wire at low pressure, or, as it still retains the properties of an ordinary series-wound railway motor, can be made to pass upon an ordinary trolley system and operate with the customary direct current. The possession of such a motor confers upon electric traction a facility and flexibility of rare value, especially in solving the problems of ordinary railroading over long distances. These alternating railway motors, *differing in some particulars, but having similarly valuable properties*, have now been developed by at least four makers, and are awaiting trial upon a large scale. They are probably yet far from perfect, and may require much working over to obviate sparking and other minor difficulties, but they give rare promise of usefulness, certainly in some fields where improvements have been badly needed, perhaps even in the large general work of replacing the steam-locomotive on long railway lines.

International Aspects of the War

By Albert Bushnell Hart, LL.D.

FROM Eastern Asia comes again the

> Terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
> Telling the battle is on once more:

and from end to end of the three continents of Asia, Europe, and America spread interest, sympathy with one or the other belligerent, and a note of expectancy unusual even in war. For the whole world knows that though the struggle for the moment is between Russia and Japan, the underlying stake is the future of China, and that is a question which is neither Asiatic nor European, but must be settled through world diplomacy and by world powers.

Upon this contest the people of the United States look with an absolutely new feeling of personal interest. When on May 1, 1898, Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, and thereby practically annihilated the Spanish power in the East Indies, the United States became a partner in the future concerns of Asia. Only 350 miles separate the northernmost of the Philippine Islands from the mainland of China. The rise of a new factor in Eastern affairs was made clear when in 1900 a detachment of American troops marched to Peking side by side with the contingents of England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, and Japan; and still more after the Boxer rebellion was over, when the consummate diplomacy of John Hay pointed out that the "open-door" policy was the only solution of the Chinese question.

The participants in that inward march are significant; leaving out of account the Belgians (?) and the Italians, whose interest in the matter was very small, and neglecting France for the moment, the troops of six nations participated in this campaign, and they are the six nations in whose hands lie the future destinies of mankind. The United States, Great Britain, Germany, and Russia are the four western powers of the world; China and Japan are the two eastern powers. France and Austria, in the long run, will have no more influence in the political development of Asia than Persia and Siam in the destinies of Europe; and unless new German or Anglo-Saxon powers spring up in Africa or Australia, the number of dominant nations is already made up. Of these six, two are engaged in hostilities at this moment, three of the others look on with uneasiness, and one of them, China, with dread apprehension.

For, though for the moment the object of the two powers at war is to destroy each others' fleets and to take or defend Port Arthur or Tai-lien-wan, though they contend for influence in Korea and influence in Manchuria, the ultimate object of this war is to influence the future of China. Let no man be deceived about the Flowery Kingdom. Every thoughtful traveller or resident in China recognizes immense elements of strength and of race coherence. It is true that news circulates slowly, that the southern provinces lose no sleep when the northern provinces are invaded, that the government is clumsy, involved, weak, and preposterously wrong-headed, but no people on earth have such a homogeneous population, such universal customs, such an unquestioned religious system, such pride of race and ancestry, such determination not to be pulled apart. The Chinaman is inert, a poor soldier, has the worst-officered army in the world, but the campaign of 1900 showed that under good leadership, the Chinaman is a good marcher, an obedient soldier, and a reckless fighter.

The underlying belief that the Chinese, if not China, may be made a militant power probably lies at the bottom of the idea of dividing China. What seems easier than to lop off Manchuria for the Russians, the Yalu for the Japanese, Shantung for the Germans, the upper valley of the Yangtse-Kiang for the French, and the rich coast provinces for the British? But dividing China is like dividing a pond by putting down nets; you may keep the fish from swimming freely about, but, after all, it is one water, and the moment a hole is made in the net it is again one shoal of fish. One hundred and thirty-two years have passed since first the division of Poland, and the Poles are still a people; and if they were four hundred millions, instead of four millions, would still be a government in spite of all their neighbors.

This conviction of the physical impossibility of tearing China into fragments immensely strengthens the insistence of the United States that China shall not be nominally divided into spheres of commercial influence, that in all parts of the empire there shall be equal privileges of trade and of intercourse; and here comes in the great solicitude of the administration over the present war.

A glance at the map will show that it is impossible for Japan and Russia to collide on land without endangering China. The Russians are at present the most expansive people in the world; their vast country, though situated on two seas, is remote from the great thoroughfares. For centuries they strove to push their way westward along the Baltic; for centuries they have sought to take Constantinople, and thus reach the Mediterranean. Beaten

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ilroadi

ck from both points by western Europe, ey have at last turned eastward, and in century and a half of steady progress ve forced their way to the Pacific, by izing the northern part of the Amur Val- y and the coast to Vladivostok, where they ped to find a Pacific port. That port is t only subject to ice; it is not upon the en sea; the road to the Pacific is through raits flanked by the Japanese on the one le and Korea on the other. Hence the sperate efforts of Russia to gain access to e Yellow Sea through the Chinese province Manchuria, which reaches from the Amur the Gulf of Pechili; the railroad route to adivostok leads through that province, and a comparatively short spur Port Arthur reached. To the Russian mind, the future Siberia, central Asia, and Russia itself pends upon the holding of that port as addition to the less favorably situated adivostok. It is very much such a case the annexation by the United States of lifornia, after we had obtained a hold on Pacific coast through the acquisition of State of Oregon.

The difficulty of this process is that it ctically involves the military occupation Manchuria. The Siberian Railroad is a at natural highway, which, with its minus, cannot be left, according to Rus- n ideas, without protection by troops, and own experience in Panama has shown w difficult it is to hold a railroad with- holding the country through which it is.

But Port Arthur is situated very near cing, the capital of China; and the United tes has taken the bold and irrevocable p of closing a commercial treaty with ina, under which Manchuria is included, l of despatching consuls to Mukden and er places occupied or likely to be occu- d by Russian forces. The strain here is same as in the Balkan provinces, nom- lly a part of the Turkish Empire, and eiving consuls accredited to Turkey, al- ugh that power really has little author- over them.

War

he situation in Japan is one of the mira- of the world's history. Fifty years ago eudal monarchy in its customs, its wars, l its arts, and very like the Europe of enturies ago, Japan has become a mod- world power. The just ambition of the anese is to control Korea, which bounds ir great interior sea to the westward, and ch extends north almost to the port of divostok.

n overpeopled and intensely ambitious ntry, Japan must either enlarge or de- e. The published statements of the two l foreign offices show very clearly that Japanese demanded a free hand in Korea, ountry desperately misgoverned, which ld clearly profit by Japanese occupation; that the Russians, though inclined to ede a part of Korea, would not consent he fortification of the straits, which are r principal outlet from Vladivostok to open sea, and would give no guarantee inst the eventual annexation of Man- ria. By a turn, therefore, which was a part of the original contention between two parties, Japan has come to stand the integrity of China, including Man- ria.

apan in the late Chinese war took Port hur, but was compelled to give it up by western powers. A second time Japan esieging the same port, but if she takes he is pledged not to hold it for her although if Russia takes Korea or a of it, she is under no such obliga- A Japanese control of Korea does not tself militate against the interest of the tern powers, for at best it would be only apanese *tête-du-pont* on the mainland. object of the Russians is to enlarge ter- rial claims already thought too large, they are fighting as they fought against rles XII. of Sweden and against the s in the Crimean war, for an outlet to sea.

hile this struggle is going on almost ight of Peking, the Chinese Empire lies ressed but inert; and John Hay, whose m to be the greatest American diplomat d be disputed by none save John Quincy ms, directs his efforts towards preserving e in China, which is necessary if there o be peace in Europe and if there is to erenity in the United States.

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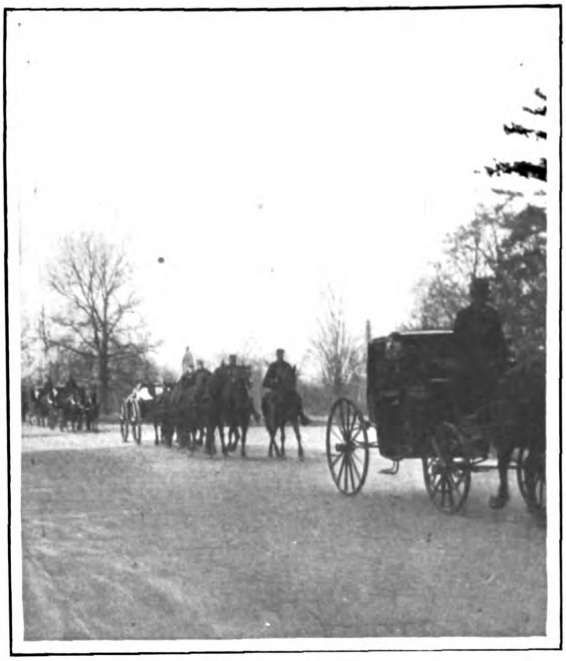
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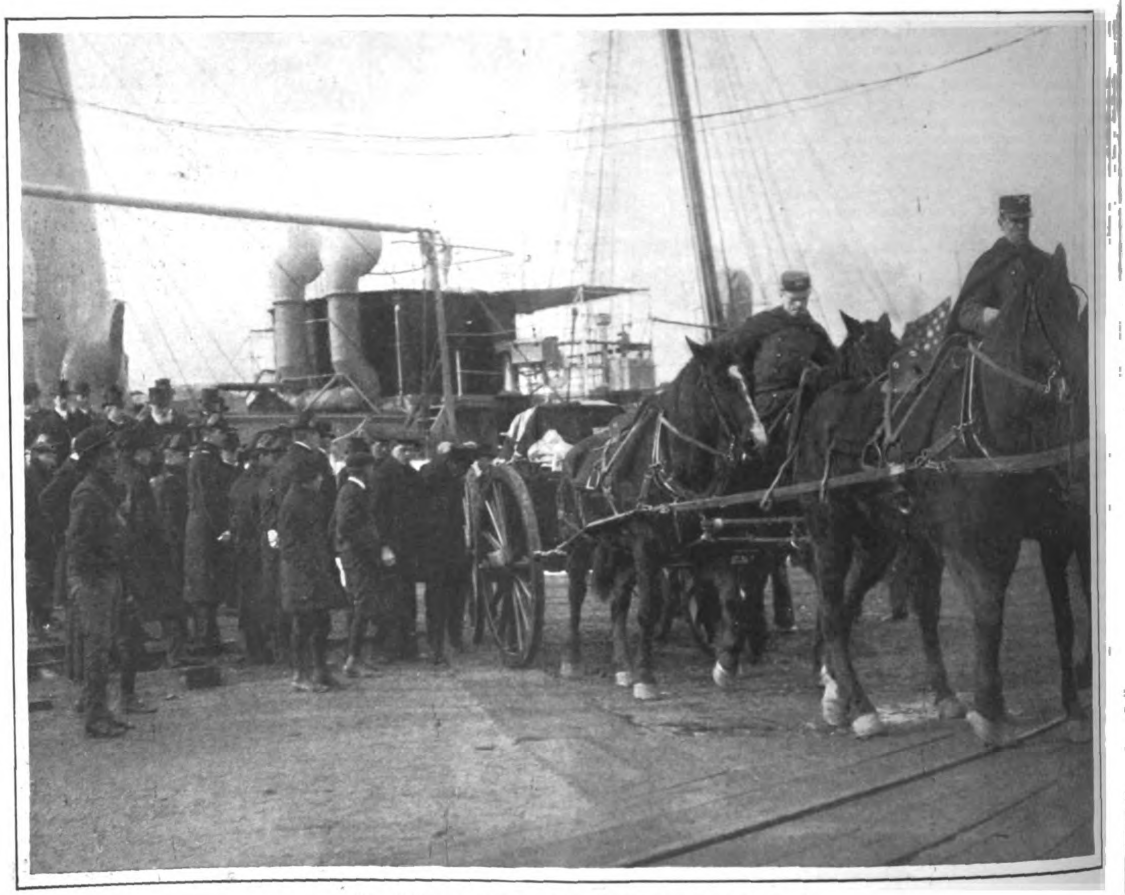
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The Procession in the Grounds of the Smithsonian Institution



Professor Bell and Secretary Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, awaiting the Arrival of the "Dolphin"



The Military Escort at the Arrival of the "Dolphin"

HONORING THE FOUNDER OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

The body of James Smithson, the founder of the Smithsonian Institution, which was brought to America from Genoa on the steamer "Prinzessin Irene," arrived in New York on January 20, and was sent to Washington for reinterment. Smithson, who was a son of the first Duke of Northumberland, lived all his life in Europe. When he died in 1829 he left a fund for the establishment of an institution "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." When the cemetery at Genoa fell into neglect, Professor Alexander Graham Bell suggested that Smithson's remains should be brought to this country and suitably entombed as an honor to the founder of the institution which bears his name

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William Collins Whitney



ıs on New England's soil of Pilgrim stock,
strength of body and of mind excelling,
ısen its chief adviser of the law
this the greatest city of the land,
: well his comrades had the race of life
begun.
left a record unsurpassed before or since.

ster of statecraft, unerring judge of men,
ıder at once and friend of rank and file;
find resource was none more apt,
ıe to command with greater tact;
: for himself, but for his country's cause,
he held
party's standard, guiding its followers
to victory.

public office near the nation's helm,
planned that nation's future triumph on
the seas:
foresight laid the keel of navy new,
ich overcame opposing fleets,
lost a single ship, a feat of arms
rivalled in the annals of our naval wars.

en problems of affairs and enterprise,
ether by local limits circumscribed,
globe-encircling in their scope,
grossed the thoughts of his maturer years,
o in vision was so clear,
o in judgment so sure as he?

ron of art, of music, and of letters,
arter of classic dignity to sport,
er of nature, to all life akin,
sea and shore, by mountain, hill, and
dale.
ere'er he went, with quick companion-
ship,
warm sun of his presence gladdened
all.

et as fir-tree and of noble mien,
e of Greek mould, serene in dignity,
erous, magnanimous, and just,
ughtful for all, of station high or low,
n in action, fearless, frank,
friendship true as steel and pure as gold.

y to country and his fellows done,
e now beyond that mystic bourne
ich trouble, care, and sorrow may not
pass,
leaves his memory, a proud heritage,
name a symbol of what man can be,
greatness, wisdom, and in charity.

W. H. P.

Oysters and Disease

s a result of recent agitation over the
municability of disease by shell-fish ta-
from waters polluted by sewage, there
e been numerous investigations of the
ject by biologists in Europe and the
ted States. The last report of the Brit-
Royal Commission on Sewage Disposal
siders in detail the progress made in re-
investigations, and states that there is
doubt that many cases of typhoid fever,
well as other diseases, are caused by eat-
shell-fish obtained from waters contam-
ed by sewage. So serious was the evil,
he opinion of the commission, that the
satisfactory method of coping with it
to confer on some competent authority
lute jurisdiction over tidal waters from
h were taken shell-fish for human food,
rder that no supplies whatsoever should
erived from polluted waters. The com-
ion also realized that some definite
dard of purity must be established, as
were able to find the *Bacillus coli*, which
nsidered to indicate the presence of hu-
pollution, in nearly all of one thou-
oysters which were examined bacterio-
cally. As many of these specimens came
n waters known to be very pure, it pre-
ed a difficulty which will require further
arch to remove. It has, however, been
onstrated that shell-fish should not be
n, stored, or fattened in water to which
possible pollution may come. The same
stion was also studied at the Woods
l Laboratory of the United States Fish
mission last summer, but the results,
ch are believed to be most interesting,
e not as yet been published.

Experiences of a Huntsman

By Reginald Gourlay

No "lover of the wind and open sky" can resist the subtile, fascinating charm which is to be found in that manly and delightful pursuit called "marsh shooting."

The clear, pure air, the vast open spaces, the broad expanse of mingled land and water extending to the horizon, with, perchance, the steel-blue line of a vast lake to bound the prospect,

> The clear water spaces fringed with rushes gray,
> With lines of wild-fowl passing far away,

and, above all, the teeming animal life to be found by the sportsman in those "large solitudes"—make "marsh shooting" peculiarly fascinating to the real sportsman who likes to work for his game and to shoot it fairly.

And the shooting of the traverser of the marshes is as fair as shooting of any kind can be. All his birds are killed singly on the wing, and have a fair chance for their lives; his game is the agile Wilson snipe, which he cuts down honorably at thirty-five yards as he zigzags off like a piece of gray-colored forked lightning over the marsh-grass and tussocks. Or he follows the wild and wary golden plover over vast flats of mingled green and gray—sand and marsh-grass; or he lures the yellow-leg or telltale plover by crafty imitation of its note. If he gets ducks—and very frequently he gets many, and of many different sorts—he brings them down like an honest sportsman as they rise quacking loudly from some solitary pool, or as they whistle over the place where he lies hidden in some clump of tall spear-grass or bulrushes, instead of murdering them five or six at a time as they hover, bunched together, over his decoys, or, still worse, sitting down among them.

Great as is the fascination of the "mixed bag" which every sportsman is liable to acquire in the marshes, there is one game-bird who is pre-eminently *the* game-bird of these vast waste places. That bird is the Wilson snipe *(Gallinago wilsonii)*. This dashing and crafty game-bird of the marshlands enjoys, among other claims to distinction, the honor of being the most widely distributed game-bird in the whole world. His range is greater even than that of the wild-goose, and he is found in every quarter of the globe. Even in the great Island Continent of Australia, which is in itself a feat; for the snipe there is absolutely identical with the snipe of Europe or America, and is about the only bird or animal in Australia quite similar in every respect to those of other lands.

He is found in Africa's burning clime, and far up within the arctic circle in North America. The favorite pursuits of the British subaltern in India are "snipe and tiger shooting," while in the Western States of America, and especially in Canada, his vast numbers and the ease with which many of his resorts may be reached render him an object of more attention to the sportsman than is altogether safe or agreeable to himself. There is no more healthful or fascinating pursuit than marsh shooting. The great wide prospects, the wonderful blending of colors, from the greens, grays, reds, and brick browns of the autumn reeds and grasses to the alternate indigo, blue, or slate and amber-clouded sky, with the silver line of some great lake bounding the whole vast expanse of blended land and water, make the scenery that the sportsman is surrounded by while following the Wilson snipe to his chosen haunts most poetic, and quite unforgettable by any man who has some of the artist in his temperament—as all true sportsmen have. Then there is the abundant wild-animal life of these vast lonely spaces, the opportunity of making that thing dear to the sportsman's soul—"a mixed bag."

I have shot in one day, in a great marsh of this kind in Canada, black duck, squaw duck, green-winged teal, Wilson snipe, robin-snipe, the greater and lesser telltale (yellow-leg plover), ring-necked and golden plover—surely a bag "mixed" enough to content any one. But the Wilson snipe is *the* bird which one goes chiefly in search of when one



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dons long water-proof boots, and seeks the great marshes

Where o'er the long gray wolds at night the autumn airs blow cool
On the sword-grass, and the spear-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

The Wilson snipe is a most interesting study to the philosophical sportsman, presenting in his intellectual characteristics the same queer mixtures of craftiness and imbecility as are found in those of his near relation, the woodcock. Like the woodcock, too, he is a "Jekyll and Hyde" sort of bird as regards his flight, having at least two—sometimes three or four—distinct methods of flying at different parts of the shooting season. Both birds are the most difficult of game-birds to kill, at some times in the year, and quite easy, comparatively speaking, at others. And, curious to say, these times are the direct antipodes of each other. The woodcock is a comparatively easy bird to shoot early in the season, when he has just finished moulting and is languid with the heat, and is a very different proposition three months later, when he whizzes off through the leafless boughs with the bullet-like flight of ruffed grouse, and an aptitude for dodging, besides, which belongs to himself exclusively. The snipe, on the other hand, is a very hard bird to hit early in the season, when he is thin and light. Then he is alert, rises wild, and practises the well-known three zigzag twists or twirls, which have so often caused the crack shot "to waste his lead upon the desert air." Late in the season, when he is fat and lazy, he generally leaves out these elusive twists altogether, and goes off as straight as a crow—and not much faster—becoming quite an easy bird to bag, perhaps the easiest of all marsh game-birds. I am inclined to think, however, from a somewhat intimate acquaintance with both birds, that the Wilson snipe is superior, to a certain extent, to the woodcock, intellectually speaking. A woodcock, when flushed, will nearly always leave the dense cover where his real safety is and go to the edges of thickets and outlying clumps, where he is shot with comparative ease. A snipe generally goes further into the depths of the marsh every time he is flushed.

The Wilson snipe, however, has one very idiotic trick, which has been fatal to many of his long-billed race, and which the stupidest woodcock would scorn. Many sportsmen besides myself must have flushed a snipe, missed him with both barrels (such things *do* happen), and then stood and watched him making the straightest possible line towards the distant horizon, till he became a mere speck against the gray sky. Then all at once, without apparent rhyme or reason, he will waver in his flight, alter his course completely, and after seeking various opposite points of the compass, draw rapidly nearer and nearer, till finally, with the swift perpendicular descent peculiar to this bird, he will drop like a rocket-stick, coming down within fifty yards of the place where he was first fired at. I never could understand why the Wilson snipe performs this singularly idiotic piece of self-sacrifice, but I have seen him do it scores of times. Various species of plover, especially the golden and yellow-leg plover, will return again and again to the place where any wounded comrades have been left fluttering. It is quite easy, though, to understand why the poor birds do this, and it seems unfair, not to say cruel, of the sportsman to take advantage of their affection for each other. The beautiful upland plover, however, is superior to any weakness of that sort, and is—all things considered—the hardest to approach of any game-bird that flies, with the exception, perhaps, of the wild-goose.

A word should be said as to the best kind of dog for snipe and general marsh-land shooting. In my opinion setters and pointers, beautiful and sagacious dogs as they are, appear at their very worst in a marsh—are out of place there, in short.

The ideal dog for marsh shooting is a well-broken and courageous retriever or Irish water-spaniel. It may be set down as an absolute axiom in this kind of shooting "that the dog can hardly hunt too near the gun," and should be educated to understand that his principal business is to *retriere* the game.

Progress of Sci

Iron Ore in Afr

In addition to the gold and d of Africa, iron promises to be industry, as the first blast-fur been erected near Pretoria, o the railway, and is located of iron deposits and in close coal-supplies. The furnace, w a weekly capacity of 500 tons to be followed by rolling-mills converting plant. The natur attending this enterprise seer as, in addition to iron ore and plenty of limestone, which is r process of smelting, in the The ore is of the hematite a variety, and runs 58 to 62 pe tallic iron. A survey above cross-cutting indicate that th 62,000,000 tons of iron in sig also manganese ore in Africa, ploitation of the various min ful there should be import changes. Africa requires fro America machinery, rails, etc. be constructed from native ma quate manufactures were deve

The Saltness of the I

What makes the Dead Sea tion that has been discussed and the most recent explanati vanced by William Ackroyd, v the most important cause th transportation of salt from t nean Sea. Previously it has that the saltness of this hi water was due to the soil and it is now thought, would n furnish the amount required. Dead Sea was once a part of which had been cut off by Palestine and concentrated b a hypothesis which is not supp According to Ackroyd's theo blowing from the Mediterrane rain charged with salt. In p is stated that the proportion bromin is the same in the De is in the Mediterranean.

Wireless Telegraphy

The announcement recently Italian legation at Peking vided with a wireless teleg which enables direct commu maintained between the lega sels of the Italian fleet in calls attention to the recent d application of this means of which would have been great at the time of the siege of t Peking in 1900. Thus the I will be able to communicate at Taku and Tientsin witho the lines of the Chinese govern even reach them while cruis northern part of the China S wireless telegraphy for su work, as well as in military a tions, seems capable of cons sion, especially in semi-civil where the capital is distant fr

Change of Color ir

An interesting study of the to change their color was ca Woods Holl Biological Labor mer. Changing color at wil of certain mammals, and it in the fishes under observatio ble when changes of surroun were made. The fish selected ment were common green kil water minnows (*Fundulus* which ordinarily in daylig gray color. This in the da most black, as was demonstr the fish in a dark-lined di were placed in a porcelain b it would become much paler. illumination was the same. was at the control of the strated by severing the spi which had undergone the o in a normal manner. In th terior part remained absolu light affecting the fish's eyes responsible for the color chan not occur after cutting the fishes whose changes had bee

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Progress in Iron Ore

In addition to ... of Africa, ... industry, ... been erected ... the railway, ... of iron deposits ... coal-supplies. ... a weekly ... to be following ... converting ... attending ... as, in addition ... plenty of ... process of ... The ore is of ... variety, and ... tallic iron. ... cross-cutting ... 62,000,000 ... also manganese ... ploitation of ... ful there ... changes. ... America ... be ... quate ...

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Music

Weingartner

AFTER the masterful Colonne, the mathematical Kogel, the rhapsodic Henry Wood, the Philharmonic Society put forward at its sixth concert, on the evening of February 13, the eminent Felix Weingartner, of Munich, one of Germany's most admired "bâton prima donnas," as the fourth of the imported conductors whom it has engaged for its present season. The precise epithet for Mr. Weingartner does not readily suggest itself. His artistic personality is curiously divided, curiously unsusceptible of characterization. He is reticent, yet consummately dramatic. He knows the remoter excellences of repose, of a determined emotional continence; yet he is superbly compelling. His beat has a military severity and preciseness, yet it has an electric compulsion: Weingartner is, in brief, a conductor of astonishing individuality, finesse, and authority.

The occasion of his first American appearance also revealed Mr. Weingartner as a composer—although it was not strictly a revelation, for the identical tone-poem which he played with the Philharmonic, "Das Gefilde der Seligen," after the painting by Böcklin, was performed six years ago under Mr. Damrosch's direction. It is a work of poetic temper, of which the essential mood is admirably sustained; and it is exquisitely scored. But is there no contemporary German musician, one grows weary of wondering, who can write without reuttering the inspirations of Wagner—always, of course, excepting the amazing Strauss?

A Concert of American Music

How shall we treat the American composer in the matter of performing his works? Shall we pat him encouragingly on the back, arrange special concerts as occasions for bringing forward his music, and generally treat him as a deserving object of public charity? Or shall we treat him simply as a creative artist whose productions are to be regarded precisely as we regard the productions of European composers, and exploited according as they are admirable or desirable in themselves?

Mr. Heinrich Conried, if he gives any of his valuable time to the consideration of such trifling questions as the promotion of our national art, must have wondered a little concerning these matters after his "American Composers" concert last week at the Opera House. It was an amiable idea to arrange an occasion especially for the purpose of bringing forward works by our native composers, but it may be doubted whether the principle involved is a commendable one; and to the method in which the scheme was realized one must take unqualified exception. American music is not benefited by segregating it, by assuming toward it the condescending pose of the patron. Our composers are in no need of such benevolences. But if the thing must have been done, at least Mr. Conried—or Mr. Mottl, if he was responsible—should obviously have made some effort to exploit the best that is being done in American music, in place of much that was set before us last week as being, presumably, representative. Was it worth while to make an event of performing such music as Mr. P. T. Miersch's "Norse Legend," or Mr. Henry K. Hadley's "Oriental Suite," or Mrs. Beach's "June," or Mr. C. B. Hawley's banal song, "Mollie's Eyes"? These things are well enough in their way, but they are neither representative nor important. One wished for more music of the sort that Miss Gertrude Normand-Smith has achieved in her song, "Solstice Night"—which is by no means in her best vein. There are others of her songs which might have been brought forward in evidence of her distinguished and charming talent. An exception should be made, also, of Mr. Sydney Homer's song, "Prospice," which is sincere and finely felt, and of the aria, "Afar on the Plains of the Figris," from Mr. Chadwick's "Judith"; for these seemed of genuine consequence. As for the rest, one could not but feel that its selection was undertaken in a spirit of contemptuous indifference to the possibilities of American music.

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COMMENT

THE texts of the Japanese and Russian replies to Mr. Hay's note, which were officially published on February 23, will, of course, be closely scrutinized. Before noting these responses we ought to recall the precise terms in which Mr. Hay's proposal was couched. He said, it will be remembered, not a word about Korea, but suggested that, in the course of the military operations which had begun between Russia and Japan, the neutrality of China, and in all practicable ways her *administrative entity*, should be respected by both parties. In its answer, dated February 13, the Tokyo government also made no allusion to Korea, but declared itself prepared to respect the neutrality and administrative entity of China, outside the regions occupied by Russia, as long as Russia, making a similar engagement, should, in good faith, fulfil the terms and conditions of such engagement. On February 19 the St. Petersburg government, refraining, in its turn, from any reference to Korea, signified a readiness to adhere to an understanding with other powers for the purpose of safeguarding the neutrality of the Chinese Empire on certain conditions, namely, first, China herself must strictly observe all the duties of a neutral. Secondly, the Tokyo government must loyally observe not only the engagement now specifically entered into with the powers, but also the principles generally recognized by the law of nations. Thirdly, that neutralization should in no case be extended to Manchuria, the territory which, by the force of events, may serve as the field of military operations.

Our State Department chose to accept the Russian note as embodying assent to its proposal, and, as such, has made it known to the neutral powers. It is clear, however, that from the omissions and conditions certain deductions must be drawn. First, both Korea and Manchuria are regarded by the belligerents as destined to be the prizes of victory. Secondly, each belligerent will arrogate for itself the right to determine whether neutrality has been observed by the other belligerent and by China; and if, in its judgment, the duties of a neutral have not been complied with, it will reserve to itself entire liberty of action. We should further notice that the St. Petersburg government already protests that at Chemulpo and Port Arthur, on February 8 and 9, Japan violated the principles of international law. The inference seems to be that Russia, should she prove successful, would not consider herself bound by her assent to Mr. Hay's proposal, but would hold that the conditions specified by her had been violated by Japan. It is also probable that a pretext could easily be found by Russia in the depredations committed by Chinese marauders in Manchuria for maintaining that China had failed to observe the promised neutrality. We do not, therefore, put much faith in the efficacy of the precautions taken by Secretary Hay.

We direct attention in another column to ex-President Cleveland's stirring appeal to the Democracy. We would note here the reception which the call has met with on the part of representatives of divers sections of the party. With reference to Mr. Cleveland's modest statement that he speaks only as one of the "rank and file," Mr. Bryan has flippantly remarked that he would admit that the ex-President was "rank," but would not accept him as belonging to the "file." Evil communications corrupt good manners. Such a comment on a man who has been twice elected to the Chief Magistracy sounds strangely from one who has himself been twice the nominee of a great party for the same high office. It is no secret that Mr. Bryan, although he has as yet made no public avowal of the fact, looking forward apparently to descending on the Democratic national convention like a god out of a machine, has been prevailed upon to dwarf his own personality by becoming a Hearst boomer. Only in this way can we account for the ostensible success of the Hearst canvass, which at first seemed certain to be drowned in laughter, in Mississippi, Kentucky, Iowa, and several other States.

That the Hearst-Bryan combination can manage to control a third of the Democratic national convention seems to us still incredible, however. Should its followers fail to secure a third of the delegates, or should the convention decide to abolish the two-thirds rule as having lost its usefulness, we have but little doubt that the wish of New York, if pronounced with unanimity and emphasis, would determine the choice of a candidate. It is indisputable that Mr. Cleveland's eloquent utterance has confirmed the conviction of Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, that the New York delegation should demand the nomination of the ex-President. A fervent hope that such a demand will be made is said to have been expressed in an interview with Mr. Murphy by a number of editors of influential Southern newspapers. It is a melancholy fact that at such a juncture Colonel Henry Watterson, the editor of the Louisville *Courier Journal*, should decline to take any definite position and should announce his retirement from active politics. On Saturday, February 20, he declared that he would not raise a hand against the Kentucky Governor's plan to send a Bryan-Hearst delegation to the Democratic national convention. If the Democrats are to lose a third national election through Mr. Bryan's agency, Colonel Watterson would let Mr. Bryan and his friends bear the whole responsibility. We concur in his final assertion that if the Democratic party has not within itself saving grace enough to avoid suicide, no individual or newspaper effort will avail to save it.

On Saturday, February 20—three days before the date fixed by the United States Senate for a vote on the ratification of the canal treaty—the constitutional government of the new Republic of Panama became operative with the inauguration of Dr. Amador as President. It will have been noted that the four cabinet seats are equally divided between the Liberals and the Conservatives. The division, of course, is the outcome of a compromise, proofs of which are said to pervade the text of the Constitution. Although Panama's organic law has not yet been published, we have learned that the Liberals, who formed a majority of the constitutional convention, refused to give the Catholic Church the preponderant position assigned to it by Colombia's reactionary Constitution of 1886. In Colombia, for the last eighteen years, Catholicism has been recognized as the established Church, and the bishops and clergy have been paid by the state. The utmost concession that the Liberal members of the Panama constitutional convention would consent to make was a perfunctory acknowledgment that Catholicism is the prevailing religion on the isthmus—which, for the moment, it undoubtedly is—but not on that account would they impose upon the state responsibility for the support of ecclesiastics. Priests, nevertheless, may be intrusted with educational or charitable functions, and in that event they will be paid. Passing to matters purely secular, we observe that Dr. Amador's cabinet does not include a Minister of War or a Minister of Marine. Such officials, of course, would have been superfluous, since our Federal government guarantees the Republic of Panama from foreign aggression and from domestic insurrection. The young com-

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monwealth will need neither an army nor a navy; for the maintenance of order policemen will suffice. Under the circumstances, the natives of the isthmus will be at liberty to devote most of their national revenue to the creation of facilities for communication and transportation throughout their territory, and to the development of their mineral and agricultural resources. Few persons realize the extent to which the Isthmus of Panama remains as unexplored to-day as it was when Balboa crossed it to catch the first glimpse of the Pacific.

The reported death of the Empress Regent Tsi An, at the age of seventy, has directed attention to the extraordinary career of a woman who for more than forty years has been the ruling spirit of the Chinese Empire, although for more than four thousand years the native prejudice against the exercise of authority by the female sex had been but twice overcome. Had she been a descendant of Confucius, or of the Ming dynasty, which preceded the present reigning family, or a high-born Manchu, her rise to autocratic power would have been more intelligible. As a matter of fact, she began life under grave disabilities, being of humble origin, though her parents are said to have been Manchus. Adopted by a Manchu family of considerable means, she was trained in the accomplishments which the Chinese prize in women, but her intellect owed nothing to the influence of an invigorative education. She got her opportunity when she became one of the concubines of the Emperor Hien Fung, who reigned from 1850 to 1861. She had no son by him, but, strange to say, she commended herself so strongly to the Empress Dowager, the mother of Tung Che, the next sovereign, that during his long minority the two women ruled conjointly as Empresses of the East and of the West. On Tung Che's death, they raised to the throne his infant cousin, who still ostensibly reigns under the name of Kwang Su. Since the death of her feminine coregent in 1881, Tsi An has been the real mistress of China, except during a brief interval, when Kwang Su, having attained his majority, was permitted temporarily to rule, and showed an inclination to reorganize the Chinese system of education on Western principles. The innovation was quickly stopped by a palace revolution, and during the last few years Kwang Su has been merely a figurehead, the Empress Tsi An having been recognized not only by all Chinese officials, but also by all the treaty powers, as Regent.

Opinions differ as to the extent to which she was implicated in the Boxer uprising against foreigners and in the attack on the legations at Peking. It is doubtful whether the truth will be known before the overthrow of the present Manchu dynasty, for only then will native traditions permit the publication of the veracious history which it is one of the functions of the Chinese censors to compile. Meanwhile, if we keep in view the difficulties, foreign and domestic, with which she has had to grapple, and also the length of time during which she has maintained ascendency, we must recognize that her experience has not been parallelled by any of her sex. Relatively restricted geographically was the sphere of the more or less legendary Semiramis in Assyria, or that of Hatasu or Cleopatra in Egypt, or that of Zenobia at Palmyra, or that of Elizabeth of England. The only women who can be compared with Tsi An as regards the obstacles overcome or the range and duration of their authority are the Empress Theodora of Constantinople and Catharine II. of Russia. Tsi An differed from both of her analogues in that she twice saw her capital occupied by a foreign force and yet lived to reassume the attributes of sovereignty.

Scarcely had Senator Hanna died when the leadership of the Republican party in Ohio became the subject of discussion. Reports from the State were for a time conflicting with regard to the coming distribution of political power. We were first informed that Governor Herrick, Senator Foraker, and Mr. George P. Cox, the Cincinnati "boss," had formed a combination, the outcome of which would be to make Governor Herrick the successor of Mr. Hanna in the United States Senate for both the short and the long terms, on the understanding that he should not attempt to interfere with Senator Foraker's control of the Federal patronage. As the result of Mr. Herrick's election to the United States Senate would be the assumption of the Governorship by the present Lieutenant-Governor, who is one of Mr. Foraker's friends, it was obvious that the latter would be powerfully strengthened in the State, as well as in the nation. It seems to have been far from plain to Mr. George P. Cox what would be reserved for him in such a partition, and, accordingly, a day or two later, we learned that an entirely new coalition had been formed. Now it is understood that the Hanna organization will be maintained intact, and that Senator Foraker will be kept in the position which he has held for several years—the position, namely, of leader of a small minority of the Republican party in Ohio. Mr. Herrick will discharge the functions of Governor until the end of his term, and General Charles F. Dick, now a member of the House of Representatives from Ohio, will be made a United States Senator for both the short and the long terms left vacant by Mr. Hanna. Meanwhile, Mr. Cox is to be recognized as the leader of the Republican party and sole dispenser of State patronage in Ohio, and if Mr. Foraker shall fail to defer to his wishes as regards Federal patronage also, he may find it difficult to secure a reelection to the Senate when his term expires four years hence. So far, however, as Mr. Roosevelt is concerned, it matters not whether the Hanna or the Foraker element is dominant in the Republican organization of Ohio. One of the last letters penned by Senator Hanna was addressed to Governor Herrick, and conveyed an earnest request that a unanimous delegation should be sent from Ohio in favor of the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for the Presidency.

It begins to look as if, during the life of the Fifty-eighth Congress, the desires of Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory for Statehood would, in one way or another, be gratified. There will then be no such thing as a Territory between Canada on the north and Mexico on the south. Of our outlying possessions, Alaska and Hawaii are Territories, properly so called, because legally constituted. Not yet has Porto Rico acquired the rights of a Territory in the statutory meaning of the word; although, by a vote of the House of Representatives, the validity of which has been questioned, the Representative of Porto Rico has been clothed with the privileges of a Territorial Delegate—that is to say, he is permitted to speak, but not to vote. The admission of the Philippines to similar privileges is not yet even mooted by spokesmen of the party in power. As to the solution of the Statehood problem, with which Congress has been for some time occupied, it is understood that Arizona and New Mexico, which, by the census of 1900, had collectively a population of a little more than 318,000, will have to renounce their individual aspirations and accept admission as a single State. Politically, it is believed that the State will be Republican, but it is not expected to take part in the next Presidential election. Oklahoma also, though in 1900 it had a larger population than Arizona and New Mexico put together, will have to give up the hope of entering the Union as a separate State. Apparently it will have to acquiesce in fusion with Indian Territory; the State thus formed will have about a million inhabitants. Although, however, a bill to this effect may be passed during the present session of Congress, it will not become operative until the process of transforming the tribal ownership of land into individual ownership shall have been completed in Indian Territory, and until also allotments of public land for school purposes shall have been made. It seems to be taken for granted that the State made up of Oklahoma and Indian Territory will, as regards political leaning, be Democratic.

There is ample ground for the disappointment felt by friends of international peace at the decision rendered by The Hague Court of Arbitration in the matter of the claims against Venezuela, as regards the specific question whether the blockading powers should have a preference over those creditors who forbore to apply force to a feeble debtor. It is obvious that had the tribunal declined to give the three blockading powers a preference, it would have signally discouraged recourse to coercion. As it is, the two Russian members and the Austrian member, constituting the court, have concurred in declaring that the adjusted claims of the blockading powers—Great Britain, Germany, and Italy—must first be paid from the money assigned by Venezuela for the purpose, namely, thirty per cent. of the customs revenue of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, before any part of the fund

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can be allotted to the adjusted claims of the nonblockading powers. We cannot help thinking that the decision, whilst it will, of course, be accepted by all parties without any official protest, will not increase the confidence reposed by the friends of peace in The Hague Court of Arbitration. We doubt whether another important case will be referred to the tribunal for many a year to come. It may be that, on technical grounds, the judgment is unassailable, but we are sorry to renounce the hope that the tribunal would be governed by the broad principles of equity and humanity which it was created to uphold. From a merely pecuniary point of view, the defeated litigants lose but little. It is calculated that the assessed claims of Great Britain, and Germany—the claim of Italy is relatively small—will have been paid in about two years from the signing of the protocols, which took place in February, 1903. Within some five years thereafter, the assessed claims of the nonblockading powers will also have been liquidated. It was not, in truth, a pecuniary question, however, that was litigated at The Hague. The question was whether, in the twentieth century, enlightened public opinion, represented in the permanent court of arbitration, would tolerate the substitution of brute force for negotiation in the collection of ordinary debts. It should be remembered that the greater part of the claims of the blockading powers were based, not on a demand of reparation for injuries to person or property, but on debts arising out of contract, to which the maxim *caveat emptor* ought to apply.

Mr. Frederick W. Seward, formerly Assistant Secretary of State, narrated at some length last week to a correspondent of the New York *Times*, the story of Russia's friendly attitude towards the Union at the time of the civil war. It is a well-known story and fit to be kept green in the public memory. Mr. Seward's rehearsal of it is timely. When the ruling class in England hoped to see the American republic divided, the ruling class in Russia hoped to see it hold together. Russia would join the powers in no movement that her statesmen felt to be hostile or embarrassing to Mr. Lincoln's administration. At a critical time she sent a fleet to our shores. It lingered for months in our ports. It was then believed, and is still believed, that the intention was to put it at the service of our government if certain apprehended interference came from Europe. When it came to the sale and purchase of Alaska, that was a transaction between friends, and so conducted. Russia has seen her interest in promoting the aspirations of this country. That her motives have been political rather than sentimental makes no difference. However mixed her motives may have been it ought not to be forgotten for a moment that she has been our friend when friends were scarce and friendship meant something.

We don't think any good turn Russia ever did this country by word, or thought or deed has been forgotten for an instant. The Russian newspapers seem to think that American sentiment is all for Japan, and that we are ready to rejoice at Russia's discomfiture. Japan is our good friend, and has been ever since she came out into Western society. There is much about her cause that is bound to appeal to us. We have important trade interests in the East, and our reasonable solicitude about them may conflict at times with some of Russia's purposes. We don't like Russian Jew-baiting, and our Jews resent it bitterly. The Russian bureaucracy does not strike us favorably. We are not the ally, nor the blind friend of any nation on earth. But as to being hostile to Russia, forgetful of past friendship, ready to rejoice at her discomfiture—we are not. And Russians who know, must be aware of it. The United States is the friend of both contestants in the Eastern war. Its attitude is of the watchful and prayerful kind bred of a desire to minimize the damage to both contestants, to limit destruction and death, and to bring its good offices to any juncture where they will be helpful. We cannot forget that we were the earliest friend of Japan among the Western nations. No more can we forget how constant a friend Russia has been to us.

The situation in the Balkans grows worse from day to day. Not only is there a threat of impending trouble between Turkey and Bulgaria, with the practical certainty of an uprising in Monastir and Kossovo; but there is already practically a state of war in northern Albania, in the regions west of Uskub. Shemsi Pasha, with the Turkish regulars, has succeeded in inflicting a severe check on the Albanian insurgents; but, from what we know of these fierce and implacable mountaineers, this will stimulate rather than lessen their martial ardor. It is to some degree reassuring that the representatives of both Servia and Bulgaria have made declarations in an extremely pacific sense; but there seems some reason to believe that Turkey has decided on war. In the eyes of the Sultan, Bulgaria is a vassal, a troublesome and recalcitrant vassal, who most unjustifiably robbed him of Eastern Rumelia in 1885; and he will let slip no opportunity to recover and subdue not only Rumelia, but also Bulgaria itself. The suggestion has been made, with some show of authority, that Russia will promise to let the Sultan have his own way in Bulgaria, in return for permission to the Black Sea fleet of seven battle-ships to pass through the Bosporus and the Dardanelles. One hesitates before a suggestion so pregnant with evil, and so flatly in contradiction with Russia's pro-Christian and pro-Slavonic policy in the Balkans for centuries. Yet Russia is in a position of dire necessity, as a result of Admiral Togo's first attack on Port Arthur, and she may be forced to counsels of desperation. It is just possible that she may have made such sacrifices to Germany, and Austria, as will, in her belief, safeguard the Balkan Slavs, even if her own restraining hand is withdrawn. But even so, it is impossible to contemplate without horror the probable fate of the women and children of Macedonia, if left to the tender mercy of the Sultan's Asiatic hordes.

Should Russia's Black Sea fleet succeed in passing the Dardanelles, it is probable that England would find herself forced to contest its further passage, opposing it to her Mediterranean fleet. In plain words, the liberation of the Black Sea fleet would mean war with England, and therefore a general European war. England stands in close treaty relations with Turkey, and is pledged to uphold Turkish authority against Russia, in certain defined matters, and, among others, in this very matter of the Dardanelles. This treaty engagement has recently been strengthened by positive declarations from Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, and it is as likely as anything can be, that England would fight at this stage of the proceedings, rather than await further developments. Russia evidently foresees this, and has gone so far as to mobilize the Turkestan and Transcaucasian armies: the armies destined for the invasion of India. In the state of Russian feeling towards England at this moment, such a move would be welcomed by the whole people, and there is no denying the fact that England's position in India would be grave in the extreme. We may be sure that the victory of Port Arthur has been eagerly discussed in the bazars of Calcutta and Bombay, of Allahabad and Peshawur, not as a defeat for Russia, but as a victory for Asiatics over Europeans; and the little flame of national aspiration thus kindled may be fanned into a conflagration, which will presently spread to three hundred millions. Timid in subjection, India's millions are brave with the fanaticism of religious frenzy, once they are inflamed; and those who know what the Mutiny meant, in 1857, will look with hardly less dread to the possibilities offered by India, than to the fate awaiting the women and children of Macedonia. There are women and children, of English blood, in India, who might envy the lot of the Macedonian victims. Afghanistan may also see in the present situation just such an opportunity as the Sultan does. The wild mountaineers beyond the Kaibar pass are well armed, and of desperate valor. Nor is their attachment to England to be counted on, if their interest makes the other way. If they made common cause with a Russian invader, they would claim the Punjab and Kashmir as the spoils of war, and England has no bribe of equal value to offer them.

Vegetarians who are interested in the spread of their convictions about the proper nourishment of the human body will doubtless approve the new method of feeding college undergraduates which is on trial this year by the Harvard Dining Association, which uses Memorial Hall in Cambridge. The association does not furnish the cheapest board the Harvard undergraduate can get: there are two eating clubs that are less expensive; but it tries to keep the price of food as low as it can. Until this year it supplied meals on the "American plan" for a price per week that was determined by its

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Mr. Cleveland Speaks

We do not think that we exaggerate when we say that the utterance of no American citizen—we do not except Mr. Roosevelt—would be so eagerly heard, and so seriously considered, as will be the appeal addressed by ex-President Cleveland to his fellow Democrats through the *Saturday Evening Post*. The extraordinary effect of this appeal is due mainly to the man from whom it comes, but partly also to the fact that it was uttered at the psychological moment. The author of the appeal is the only man, with the exception of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, who has thrice been nominated for the office of Chief Magistrate by the section of his fellow citizens that were first described as Democratic-Republicans, but are now known as Democrats. Like the predecessors that we have named, Mr. Cleveland was once beaten, and was twice triumphant. He alone since the civil war has evinced the ability to place the Democratic party in control of the nation. It is not surprising, therefore, that every thoughtful word of a man who has spoken but seldom since his retirement from public life should be welcomed and treasured by that large section of his countrymen who see in him the one commander who, for upwards of a generation, has borne their standard to victory. We add that the message, weighty and inspiring in itself, could hardly have been more timely. The hour is at hand when State conventions will assemble for the purpose of naming delegates to the Democratic national convention, which will meet at St. Louis on July 6. It is incredible that the choice of delegates will not be materially affected by Mr. Cleveland's stirring appeal.

Perhaps, instinctively foreseeing Mr. Bryan's criticism that the ex-President's demand for an assertion of time-honored principles came too late, Mr. Cleveland begins his article by reminding his readers that more than three years ago, or immediately after the catastrophic defeat of the Bryanized Democracy in 1900, he pleaded, through the *Saturday Evening Post*, for a better recognition by the organization of the rank and file of the party, who were, he insisted, still undismayed by defeat, still stanch in their devotion to the traditional conception of Democracy, and still eager to fight for the supremacy of the party under trusted leadership. Mr. Cleveland reminded the readers of that former article, which Mr. Bryan seems to have forgotten, that therein the ex-President claimed no higher position in party councils than a place among the rank and file; but, writing after a second Democratic rout, and invited by a fatuous persistence in a new and strange party programme, he attempted to describe the disposition of those who had to bear the brunt of Democratic battle in the following words: "Our fighting forces will respond but listlessly and falteringly if summoned to a third defeat in a strange cause; but if they hear the rallying call of true Democracy, they will gather for battle with old-time Democratic enthusiasm and courage."

Mr. Cleveland proceeds to point out that, since that former appeal to his fellow Democrats was penned, remarkable changes have occurred, changes full of encouragement to the Democratic party, and of inspiration to the conscientious discharge of Democratic duty. In other words, he is one of those convinced that there is an opportunity for Democratic success in the coming Presidential election. Although the belief is welcome, he does not think the wish father to the thought. The belief is built, he says, on an unshaken and abiding trust in the patriotism, the intelligence, and the ultimately clarified foresight of his fellow countrymen. This trust will not permit him, he continues, to overlook the meaning of the daily increasing signs of restlessness among our people, a restlessness due to the startling and flippant abandonment by the party in power of our national maxims and traditions, its disregard of our national moral restraints, its inconsiderate tendency to set aside national good faith, its willingness to break away from safe and accustomed moorings, and its contemptuous neglect of our national mission. In Mr. Cleveland's judgment, these conditions, together with the administration's broken pledges and forgotten promises of reform, not only explain the popular distrust and fear prevailing throughout the land, but suggest that, amid such ominous political weather, not a few of our fellow citizens who may have acted hitherto with the Republican party, but who thoughtfully and constantly love our free institutions, will be not unmindful of the safety and tranquillity that may be offered by a patriotic and conservative Democracy.

But what does an opportunity amount to? The Democracy had one in 1880, and threw it away. It had another in 1888, and let itself be robbed of it. It might have had a third in 1900 had not the worthless vote of the delegate from Hawaii turned the scale in committee for the reassertion of the Chicago platform. Opportunities are the pitfalls of fools. Mr. Cleveland does not fail to warn his fellow Democrats that opportunity is only distantly related to actual accomplishment; that, of itself, unaided and alone, it warrants no expectation of attaining successful results. For Democrats all over the Union, and especially in the Southern States, which have most at stake, the vital question to ponder is whether wise, unselfish, and patriotic effort shall reap fruit from the present opportunity. Mr. Cleveland seems to hope and believe that they will not let the occasion slip; that they will awake betimes to the perception that victory can only be gained by a sincere and honest offer of reasonable and practicable measures promotive of public security and prosperity, and by truthful pledges of intelligent and conscientious political service—all predicated on the unadulterated creed of genuine and safe Democracy.

Is the programme vague? Mr. Cleveland makes it definite. He reminds his readers that Democracy loves equality of benefits under our chosen institutions, and hates the bestowal of special privileges upon the few at the expense of the many. Consequently, he would have his party's message to the people demand tariff reform; and he points out that the demand is emphasized by a situation which reveals to all men the shelter and aid afforded by existing tariff laws to huge business combinations that menace the sturdiness with which our citizenship once was characterized, by closing against the individual the door of independent industrial enterprise. Mr. Cleveland next directs attention to a truth that lately we have lost sight of, the truth, namely, that money exacted by taxation from the people ostensibly for the support of their Federal government is held in trust for that specific purpose, and that its needless and reckless appropriation, even on the pretext of a legitimate furtherance of public ends, is spoliation, bald and flagrant.

Turning, next, to the Republican policy in the matter of the Philippines, Mr. Cleveland, outlining what he thinks ought to be the message of the Democracy to the American people, insists that, in sincere and consistent compliance with the spirit and profession of our interposition in behalf of Cuba, the beneficent designs carried out by us in the case of that island should be extended also to the lands which, as an incident of that interference, have come under our control; that the people of the Philippines should be aided in the establishment of a government of their own; and that, when this is accomplished, our interference in their domestic affairs should cease.

In his remarkable contribution to the *Saturday Evening Post* the ex-President does not profess to have recapitulated all the topics that should find a place in the message formulated by the St. Louis convention, but only to mention some of those that, in any event, ought not to be omitted. The topics touched by him are such as involve an appeal to the moral sense of all our fellow countrymen, and to their love of the elevating and ennobling qualities of American institutions. The appeal may be unheeded. If the rising wave of sordidness is to be allowed to drown our moral sense, and if the people's attachment to our free institutions is only such as has its origin in present or anticipated selfish advantage, Democracy may as well renounce the hope of dislodging the Republican party from the control of our Federal government. Not yet will Mr. Cleveland, however, renounce the hope. He believes that the importance of the present crisis will be recognized, and that the American people, conscious of danger, will respond to the rallying cry of true Democracy if they are made sure that peace and safety lie in that direction. How will they gain that assurance? A platform is made up of promises. Who shall vouch for their fulfilment? The nominee must be himself a platform. Mr. Cleveland well says that, at a time like this, the Democratic party cannot, with prudence or honor, undertake the battle of the people, except under a leader who not only represents its best traditions and purposes, but who fully realizes what is meant by the tremendous issues of the conflict.

The Nebraskans and Mr. Rockefeller

Chancellor E. Benjamin Andrews, of the University of Nebraska, is a Baptist. It is second nature for college presidents to want money for their institutions. When they are Baptists it is second nature for them to ask Mr. J. E. Rockefeller to give it to them. Dr. Andrews did so. Mr. Rockefeller said he would give two-thirds of $100,000 if the people of Nebraska would give the balance. Most of that balance has been subscribed, but there is a great outcry in Nebraska about accepting Mr. Rockefeller's money.

The Nebraskans had better take all of Mr. Rockefeller's money that they can get. It is excellent money. If they think he has too much, they should not neglect to relieve him of what they can.

If they think he has been rapacious, they should encourage him in liberality. If they think his gains are ill gotten, they may at least assist in making his disbursements beneficial.

It seems wise to regard Mr. Rockefeller, not as a fellow human creature, but as a mental force, the exercise of which in trade under conditions which have prevailed in this country during the last thirty years has been attended with highly interesting and instructive results. It seems no more expedient to reject his offerings than to throw back into the sea parcels of wreckage cast up after a great storm. Reject nothing, Nebraskans! Fetch ashore all you can. The sea, at once destructive and bountiful, is a part of nature. So is Mr. Rockefeller.

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PROGRESS OF THE WAR

A brief summary of the events which led to the present Eastern crisis, and an account of the progress of the war, day by day, based upon official letters and despatches from the Far East

THE events leading to the war in the Far East are, briefly, as follows: On the 12th of August, 1903, the Japanese government proposed to Russia, through its representative at St. Petersburg, the following basis of an agreement for arriving at a friendly adjustment of the interests of both in Korea, Manchuria, and the Far East:

1.—A mutual agreement to respect the independence and territorial integrity of the Chinese and Korean empires.

2.—A mutual engagement to maintain the principle of an equal opportunity for the commercial industry of all nations with the natives of those countries.

3.—A reciprocal recognition of Japan's preponderating interests in Korea, and of Russia's special interests in railway enterprises in Manchuria, and a mutual recognition of the rights of Japan and Russia to take measures necessary for the protection of the above-mentioned interests in so far as such measures should not violate the principle enunciated in Article 1.

4.—The recognition by Russia of the exclusive rights of Japan to give advice and assistance to Korea in the interest of reform and good government.

5.—The engagement on the part of Russia not to impede the eventual extension of the Korean railway into southern Manchuria, so as to connect with eastern China and the Shanghai-Kwan-New-chwang lines.

On the 3d of October the Russian government sent a reply in which it declined to consider proposals respecting the sovereignty and territorial integrity of China, stipulated the maintenance of the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China, and requested that Japan declare Manchuria and its littoral as being entirely outside of her sphere and interest. Russia recognized Japan's right to despatch troops to Korea when necessary for the protection of her interests there, but refused to allow Japan to use any portion of Korean territory for strategical purposes. She proposed the establishment of a neutral zone in Korean territory north of the thirty-ninth parallel.

The gist of the reply of the Japanese government to these proposals was that as she had important commercial interests in Manchuria, with hopes of *their future* development, she could not recognize Manchuria as being entirely outside her sphere of interest. With regard to the neutral zone, Japan proposed that if one were to be established it should be on both sides of the boundary-line between Manchuria and Korea, with an equal width of about 100 miles. After discussing these points repeatedly at Tokyo, the Japanese government presented its definite reply, embodying these points, on the 30th of October. On the 11th of December Russia submitted her answer, suppressing the clauses relating to Manchuria, so that the proposed convention would apply entirely to Korea, and maintaining her original demand in regard to the non-employment of Korean territory for strategical purposes and insisting again upon a neutral zone.

These points were discussed on both sides without result. The last note from Russia was received at Tokyo on the 6th of January. It stipulated "the recognition by Japan of Manchuria and its littoral as outside her sphere of interest," but agreed, "within the limits of that province, not to impede Japan or any other power in the employment of rights and privileges acquired by them under existing treaties with China exclusive of the establishment of a settlement." The clauses regarding a neutral zone in Korean territory and the non-employment of Korean territory for strategical purposes were still insisted upon by Russia. These conditions Japan felt unable to fulfil. Further negotiations were undertaken by Japan, but no reply was received from Russia. A reply, however, was written, and was in the hands of the Russian minister at Tokyo for delivery to the Japanese government on the same day that Japan, by recalling her staff from St. Petersburg, broke off diplomatic relations.

This recall, followed by the withdrawal of M. Kurino, the Japanese minister, from St. Petersburg, was virtually a declaration of war, although no act of hostility occurred for forty-eight hours.

February 6.—In reply, Count Lamsdorff, the Russian Foreign Minister, acting under instructions from his government, sent the following circular telegram to Russian representatives abroad:

"His Imperial Majesty has been pleased to order that the Russian minister at Tokyo, with the whole staff of the imperial mission, shall leave the capital of Japan without delay."

The attitude taken by the Russian government in these proceedings was that the entire responsibility of the declaration of hostilities lay with Japan, since the reply to Japan's note with regard to a diplomatic settlement of questions in dispute was already in the hands of Baron de Rosen, the Russian minister at Tokyo, for delivery to the Japanese Foreign Minister when diplomatic relations were severed by Japan.

February 7.—Japan, after waiting forty-eight hours following the withdrawal of her diplomatic representatives from Russia, sent her war-ships to sea with orders to attack the Russian flag wherever it was found.

February 8.—According to the official accounts received by Baron Hayashi, the Japanese minister in London, the first naval engagement of the war took place off Chemulpo, Korea. The Japanese squadron escorting transports met the Russian gunboat *Korietz* as the latter was coming out of port. The *Korietz* fired on the Japanese torpedo-boats; the latter despatched two torpedoes without effect, and the *Korietz* returned to her anchorage in the port.

February 9.—Early in the morning Admiral Uriu, commanding the Japanese squadron, formally called on the Russian war-ships *Variag* and *Korietz* to leave Chemulpo before noon. The two Russian vessels left port at about 11.30 A.M., and a battle ensued. After about an hour's engagement the Russian war-ships sought refuge among the islands. Towards night the Russian cruiser *Variag* sank, and the following day the *Korietz* was also reported to have been sunk, blown up by her crew. Forty-nine men were reported to have been killed on the *Variag*.

Shortly after midnight on the morning of February 9 the Japanese made a torpedo attack upon the Russian war-ships lying off Port Arthur. Later, about ten o'clock in the morning, an attack was made by the Japanese fleet off Port Arthur. In the attacking fleet were sixteen Japanese war-ships, and in the opposing Russian fleet were five battle-ships, five first and second class cruisers, and fifteen torpedo-boats. The coast batteries at Port Arthur took part in the battle also. As a result of this battle and the torpedo attack during the night the following Russian war-ships were injured: Battle-ships *Czarevitch* and *Retvisan*, and cruisers *Pallada*, *Diana*, *Askold*, and *Novik*.

In Admiral Togo's report to the government at Tokyo of the attack on Port Arthur, it is said that two Russian battle-ships and one cruiser were damaged by torpedoes, that no Japanese ships were seriously damaged, and that the Japanese loss in men was four killed and fifty-four wounded. The Russian loss in men, according to the official statement of Viceroy Alexieff, was: of the squadron, five officers wounded, fourteen men killed, and sixty-four wounded; of the forts, one man killed, one seriously wounded, and five slightly wounded.

February 10.—The Czar issued a Supreme Manifest, in which he said:

"Without advising us of the fact that the breach of such relations would *in itself* mean an opening of warlike operations, the Japanese government gave orders to its torpedo-boats to suddenly attack our squadron standing in the outer harbor of the fortress of Port Arthur. Upon receiving reports from the Viceroy in the Far East about this we immediately commanded him to answer the Japanese challenge with armed force."

February 11.—The Russian torpedo transport *Yenesei* was sunk by accidentally striking a mine in the harbor at Port Arthur. It is officially reported that as a result of this accident the captain, three other officers, and ninety-one men were killed.

According to a despatch to the London *Times* from Tokyo, it is reported that, since the beginning of the war, at least five Russian commercial steamers—the *Ekaterinatosla*ff, *Mukden*, *Russia*, *Argun*, and *Alexander*—have been captured by Japan in Korean and adjacent waters. In addition, a despatch to the *Daily Mail* from Tokyo says that the Russian whalers *Chorige*, *Nocolai*, *Alexander*, and *Michael*, captured by the Japanese, have arrived at Sasebo.

February 13.—In order to preserve the neutrality of China, Secretary Hay to-day issued the following statement through the State Department:

"After some preliminary exchange of views between this government and the governments of other powers interested in Chinese matters, the department on February 10 sent the following instruction to the American representatives in St. Petersburg, Tokyo, and Peking:

"You will express to the Minister for Foreign Affairs the earnest desire of the government of the United States that in the course of the military operations which have begun between Russia and Japan the neutrality of China, and in all practicable ways her administrative entity, shall be respected by both parties, and that the area of hostilities shall be localized and limited as much as possible, so that undue excitement and disturbance of the Chinese people may be prevented, and the least possible loss to the commerce and peaceful intercourse of the world may be occasioned.

JOHN HAY."

At the same time this government informed all the powers signatory of the protocol at Peking of its action, and requested similar action on their part.

By February 19 responses favorable to Secretary Hay's proposition had been received from all the powers, Japan accepting the plan to respect China's neutrality in case it is respected by Russia. Russia, in answering the note, stipulated that the neutrality of the Chinese Empire is to be respected, with the reservation that Manchuria shall not be regarded as excluded from the field of hostilities or as embraced within the administrative entity of China.

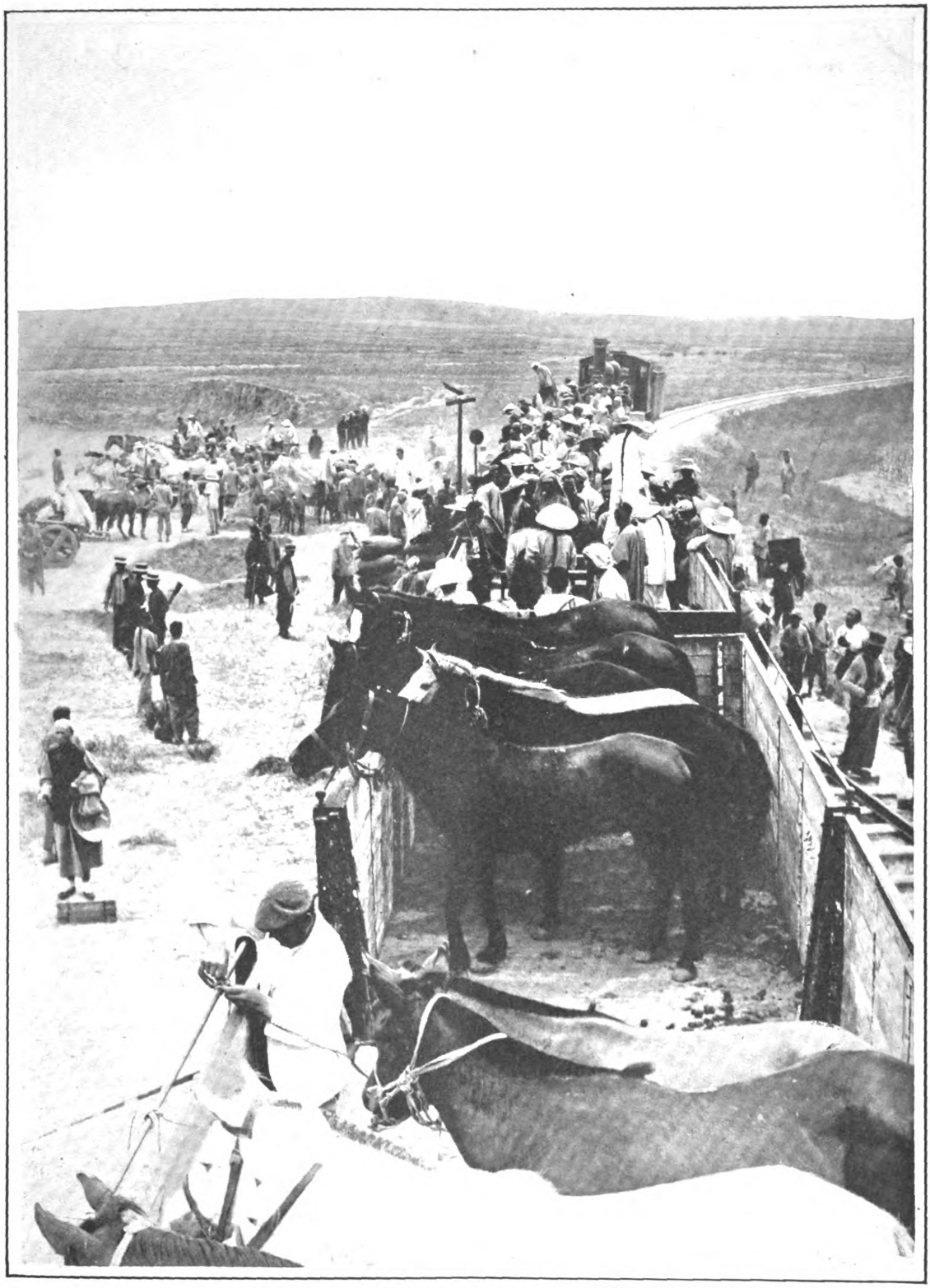
February 13.—The Russian cruiser *Boyarin* was blown up in the same manner as the *Yenesei*, by accidentally striking a mine.

February 17.—An official communication from Viceroy Alexieff says that a Japanese merchant steamer, the *Nagonoura Maru*, was destroyed off the northwestern coast of Japan by the Vladivostok squadron, and that forty-one of her crew were captured.

February 24.—It is reported from St. Petersburg that Count Lamsdorff, the Foreign Minister, has issued to her foreign representatives a circular protesting against Japan's violation of Korean neutrality in occupying, contrary to her promise, a country whose independence is recognized by all the powers.

February 25.—A report from Viceroy Alexieff states that an unsuccessful attempt was made by the Japanese to bottle up the Russian fleet at Port Arthur by sinking steamers in the channel. The report says that four Japanese steamers were disabled, and that one of the four escorting torpedo-boats was sunk.

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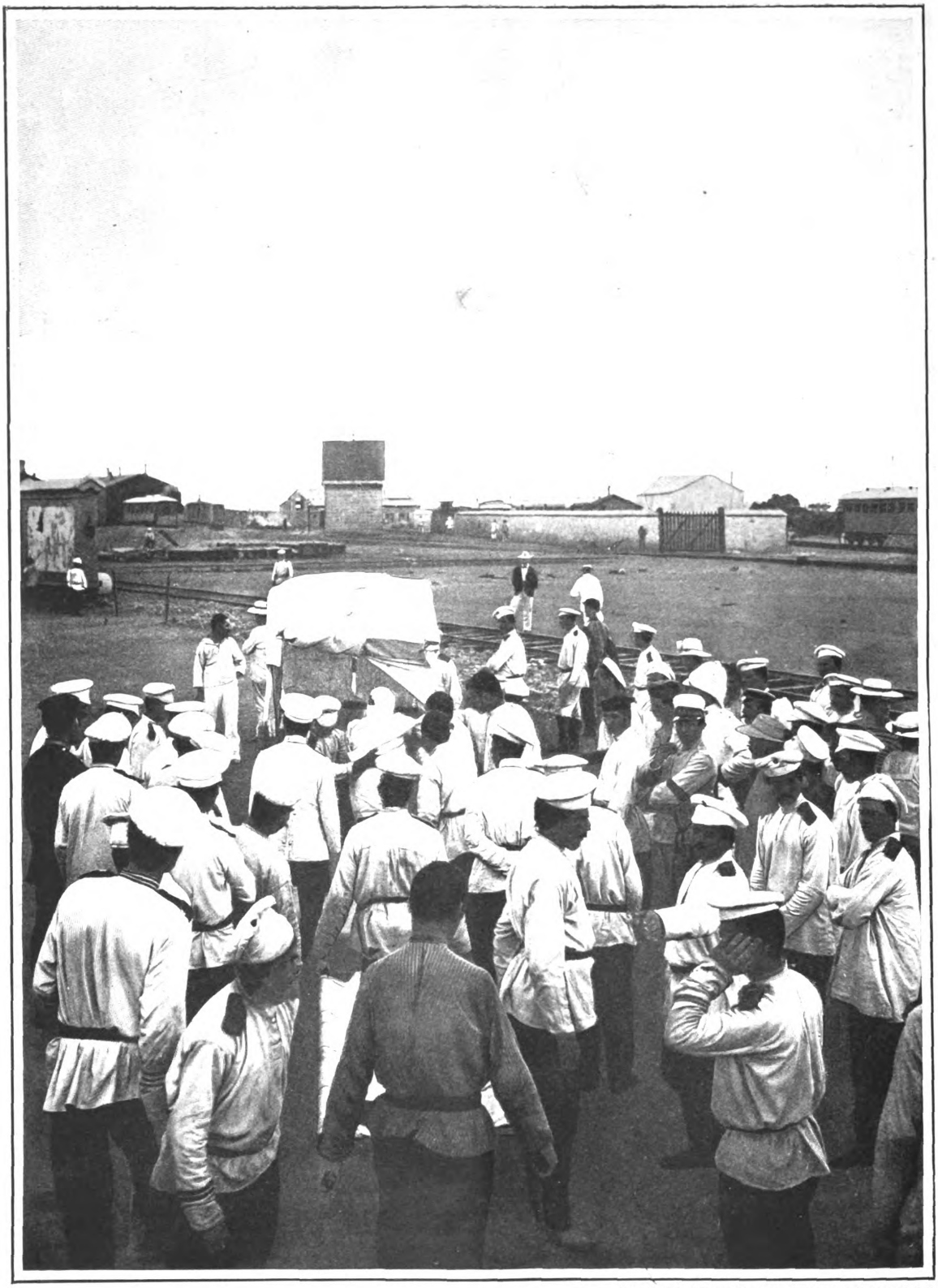


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RUSSIAN TROOP-HORSES ARRIVING AT NEWCHWANG, MANCHURIA, OVER THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILROAD

The photograph shows a train on the Trans-Siberian Railroad filled with troop-horses and third-class passengers. It is over this road that Russia, under very formidable difficulties, is transporting troops and munitions of war to the front

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RUSSIANS ATTENDING TO THEIR WOUNDED IN THE FIELD

It is estimated that there are at present at the scene of war in the Far East between two and three thousand nurses and physicians connected with the work of the Red Cross Society. Count Orloff Davkdoff, a philanthropist and intimate friend of the late Czar Alexander III., is said to have given $500,000 to the Red Cross Society for hospital and medical use at the front. Of this sum, $200,000 is to be devoted to the establishment of a school for children made orphans by the war

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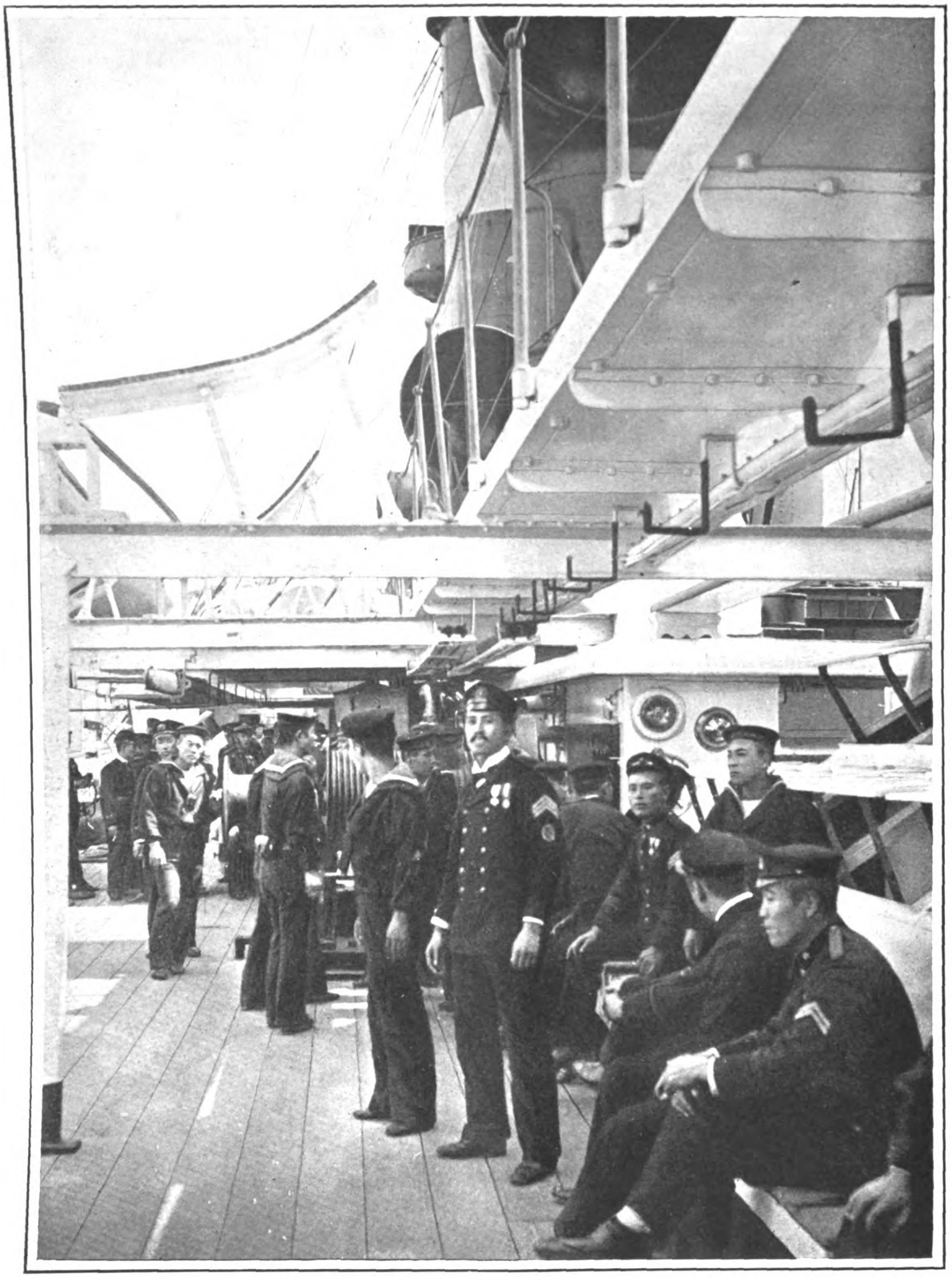


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CHEMULPO HARBOR, WHERE THE TWO RUSSIAN WAR-SHIPS, "VARIAG" AND "KORIETZ," WERE SUNK

Chemulpo is the port of Seoul, the capital of Korea, and is an important strategical point in the contest between Japan and Russia. It was off Chemulpo that the Russian war-ships "Variag" and "Korietz" were sunk by the Japanese squadron

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OFFICERS AND CREW OF JAPAN'S ARMORED CRUISER "ASAMA"

The "Asama" took an active part in the first naval engagement of the war with Russia, which resulted in the disabling of seven of the Czar's war-ships. A description of the "Asama" and her equipment was given in the "Weekly" of February 20

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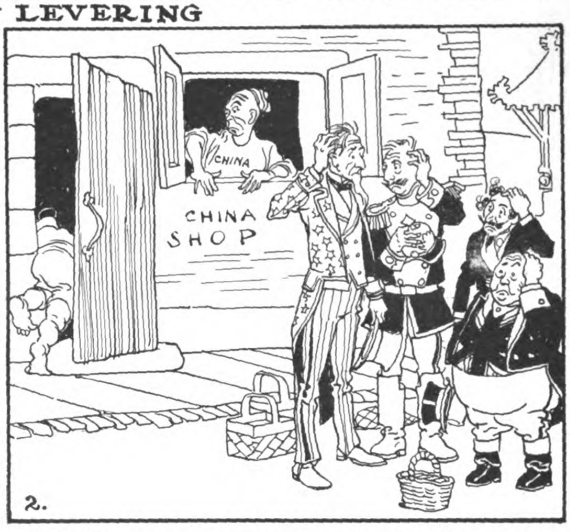
A STORY OF THE CHINA SHOP

An Artist's View Of The Complications In The Far East

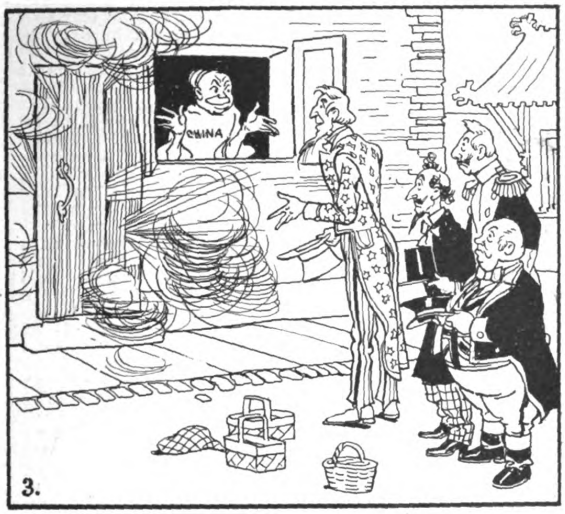
By ALBERT LEVERING



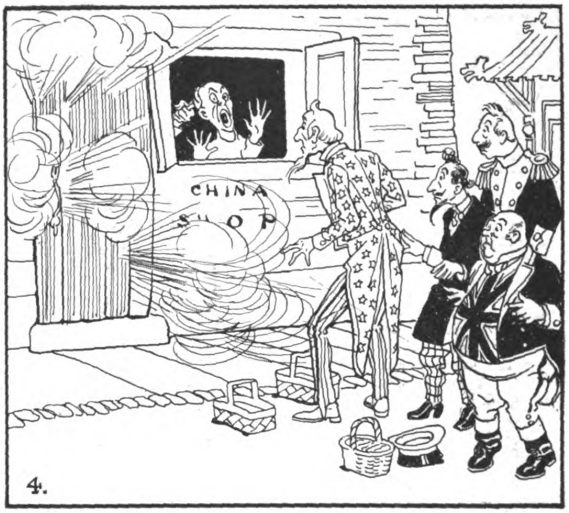
Uncle Sam. "Seems ter be a little trouble at the store to-day, boys."



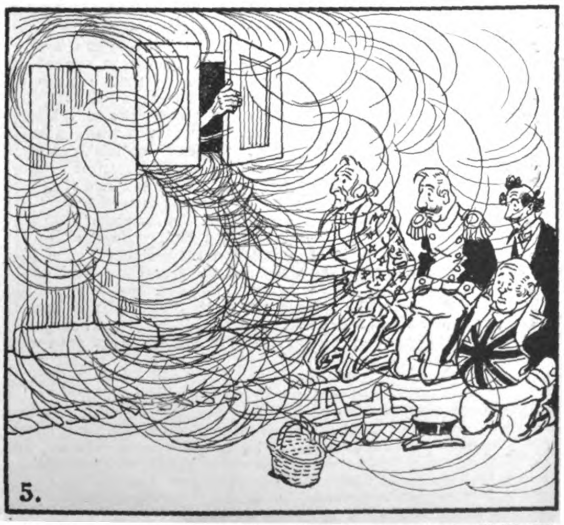
Uncle Sam (to France, Germany, and England). "There he goes inside, boys; guess we'd better stay out fer a while."



Uncle Sam (to China). "Be careful you don't get mixed up in it."



China. "Hellup!"
Uncle Sam. "Jinkys! they've pulled him inside too. Don't git too near, boys."



Uncle Sam. "Never mind, boys. Don't go any nearer. We'll just wait a few days."



The Kaiser, et al. "Dot looks to usses like ve vait. Uncle Sammy was right, yes?"

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Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

I HOPE that Mr. A. E. W. Mason, whose new novel, *The Truants*, began in the last number of the WEEKLY, is not going to allow himself to be side-tracked by politics. A recent skit on the idiosyncratic tendencies of well-known authors in *Punch* makes Mr. Mason say: "No novelist can really do his work properly unless he is an M.P. That should be the distinction for which novelists should strive. For my next book, which is to be called *Godiva of the Hustings*, I must have Parliamentary experience." I see that Mr. Mason has been recently adopted as a Liberal candidate for Coventry, and has been making speeches to the electors. At a recent meeting held under the auspices of the Coventry Liberal Association, he was supported by Mr. Augustine Birrell and Mr. J. M. Barrie, who are very good friends of the novelist. Mr. Mason is one of the most promising of the younger novelists in England, and came into prominence little more than a year ago with *The Four Feathers*, which, with the late Mr. Merriman's novel, *The Vultures*, was everywhere in England pronounced to be the strongest work of fiction of that year. Of the half-dozen novels he has written, *The Four Feathers* and *Miranda of the Balcony* are the best known. It will be remembered that Mrs. Fiske presented a dramatization of the latter during the season of 1901-02, but few are aware of the fact that the author himself made an adaptation of his second novel, *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, which had a brief performance in London, and was tried in this country, but without success. Mr. Mason had some experience as an actor in his early years, and has always had a hankering for the stage, which may one day result in his becoming a full-fledged dramatist. Outside of fiction his pursuits so far have been more serious-minded, having been secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury, an active agent in the Church Defence Institution, and an earnest political worker. His present campaign is being directed against Mr. Chamberlain's policy, and in favor of the reform of the Education Act. "The true and proper remedy," he is reported as saying, "for many of the disadvantages under which England labors at the present time lies in a system of education which should be hampered by no sectarian tests, and in legislation of a social kind." This is now the burning question of the hour in England. Mr. Mason is a thoughtful and impressive speaker; he is still under forty; so that if he should gain a Parliamentary footing, the lure of Westminster may inevitably draw him, as it has drawn so many English men of letters, into the arena of politics, and the voice that promised to charm us in literature be hushed and silenced. We hope for a better fortune for Mr. Mason. Meanwhile, we have *The Truants* as a present delight.



Katherine Cecil Thurston
Author of "The Masquerader," now appearing in serial form

We have many writers of fiction with us nowadays, some novelists, but few story-tellers; and it is the story-teller who makes the best serialist. The inventive faculty which makes the story-writer must not be confounded with the higher imaginative gifts which make the novelist. It is by his wonderful ingenuity of mind to weave plots and spin the fabric of a tale that Conan Doyle fascinates his readers in the Sherlock Holmes stories, but it is by virtue of his imaginative power of creating character that he brought the great detective into being, and placed him among the memorable figures of fiction. That great story-teller, Charles Reade, was so convinced of this scientific fact that in his work on copyright he maintained that the inventor in fiction was entitled to a patent on his original ideas like any other ingenious craftsman who invented a new thing. I have been led into this train of thought after reading the opening instalments of *The Masquerader*, the serial of the year in HARPER'S BAZAR. Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston's first novel, *The Circle*, published a year ago, figured among the most remarkable novels by a new writer in the fiction of 1903. The characterization was fine and true, and the feeling for life and atmosphere vivid and intense, but, more than this, there was evident the gift of the story-teller. In *The Masquerader* this gift is even more apparent. I should not wonder if it turned out to be the best serial of the year. As a rule, I do not care to read a novel serially, and there are very few that once having started I care to finish in that form. Of recent exceptions, I can remember only two that compelled my interest to the end, namely, *To Have and to Hold* and *Lady Rose's Daughter*. But I venture to state that no one who reads the opening pages of *The Masquerader* will want to miss the succeeding chapters of that story. The situation involved may be a rare one in human experience, but it is not improbable, and it is fraught with dramatic possibilities of which so ingenious a story-teller as Mrs. Thurston may be trusted to make the most dexterous use. When the novel comes to be published in book form I anticipate a wide popularity for it, for there is nothing in print the reader is so grateful for as a thrilling story that engages his most ardent interest. It is the magic carpet of modern life.

Mrs. Thurston was born in Cork, and has lived a quiet and uneventful life in her home in the south of Ireland until recently, when she left the shores of Erin for the English metropolis. Always extremely fond of reading, she had never thought of writing herself until it was suggested by her husband. Since her marriage three years ago to Mr. Ernest C. Thurston, who is a dramatist, she has worked more or less continuously with the pen, and besides *The Circle* and *The Masquerader*, she has written a number of short stories within that time which have appeared in the English and American magazines. Although her home is now in London, she counts it one of her greatest pleasures to spend part of each year in her own country, and it was in the quaint and primitive village of Ardmore, on the south coast of Ireland, that the greater part of *The Masquerader* was written during the summer months of last year.

Speaking of the story-teller as an inventor, I notice that science and romance met in genial companionship at a recent dinner of the New Vagabond Club in London, when Sir William and Lady Ramsay were the guests of the evening. In proposing the toast of "The Visitors," Mr. Frankfort Moore made a felicitous speech, whose radiant and effervescent wit may perhaps be attributed to the "radioactivity" of the distinguished guest. Mr. Moore said that romancers and poets had at all times been the progenitors of the most valuable scientific discoveries. It was Shakespeare who suggested through the mouth of Ariel the electric telegraph, if not the telephone. It was Tennyson who invented the air-ship of Santos-Dumont. He did not know who invented Marconigrams, but he was aware of a poem called "The Message," which referred to the transmission of a despatch by wireless telegraphy with most successful results. Jules Verne invented the submarine boat and a dozen other things, and Mr. Wells discovered the man in the moon. As a matter of fact, it had taken science all its time to keep pace with the suggestions of romancers. Several years ago he made a character in one of his books invent a meat lozenge enabling one to dine in three minutes and in three mouthfuls. Before a year had passed an American chemist had put such a lozenge on the market, but he went further. It was not three minutes, three mouthfuls for him. It was one man, one mouthful, one meal, one minute. This went to prove that without the man of romance the man of science would never have existed. If now and then novelists felt a pang of jealousy in seeing how the man of science was working in their field and had reaped from it a far richer crop than ever they had done, they quickly regained their self-respect by the thought that he was their offspring, and they were proud of him. In Sir William Ramsay they welcomed the truest exponent of the methods of the man of science, observation, and imagination. The recent discoveries and investigations of Sir William Ramsay formed such a series of steps forward as had never been surpassed in the whole range of scientific research. After years of good work in many fields, argon was revealed to him; then came helium and uranium, and subsequently the very source and fount of light itself—radium. Sir William noted certain irregularities in the spectrum of some gases, and he became suspicious. One observation led to another, until argon could not hide himself any longer, and the moment he was arrested he turned King's evidence, and Sir William was able to secure the whole band. Sherlock Holmes was a fool compared to Sir William Ramsay. But, knowing what one did of scientific methods, he was not surprised to hear that the character of Holmes had been suggested to Conan Doyle by a professor of Edinburgh University.

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The House of Commons

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *February 17, 1904.*

THERE are times when even for a journalist omniscience becomes difficult. Such a time is the present in England. Nothing is certain in the political situation except its uncertainties. The session has begun, but nobody knows how it will end. I found the lobbies on the opening day a hive of conjectures, forecasts, surmises. The King's speech solved none of the questions that really touched men's minds. It did not even mention them. A bill for restricting the powers of the licensing magistrates to refuse new licenses and do away with old ones on the ground of public interests—in effect, another surrender of the government to the brewers; a bill for excluding criminal and destitute immigrants; various bills for amending existing acts—what was there in all this to interest an assembly agitated and engrossed with the fiscal question? Nothing whatever. It did not take the House ten minutes to get clear of these minor matters and come to close grips with the real and dominating topic. As the session began so in all probability it will continue. By the side of the great and engrossing issue everything else will seem tame, perfunctory, unactual. You must pardon the enthusiasm with which honorable members are girding themselves for the fray. It is a new arena to them. America has had thirty years' full and exciting experience of it, and may smile at the eager freshness with which England takes the plunge. With us it is a novelty. In time we may weary of it, but that time is not yet. At present we are all excited and stimulated and whirling specific and ad valorem duties and theories of foreign exchange like so many blackthorns at Donnybrook.

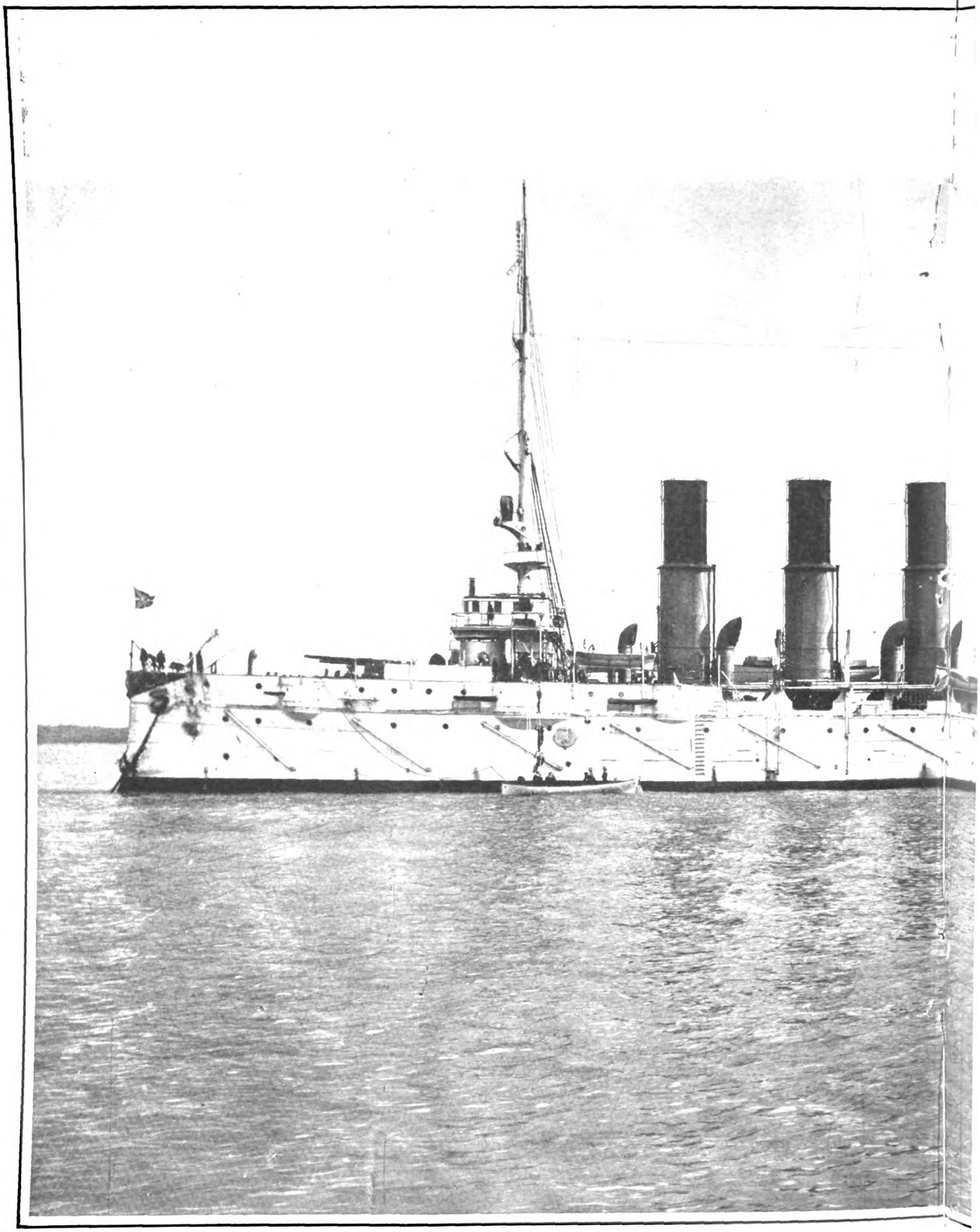
Moreover, to add to the sporting possibilities of the situation, there is the utter confusion of parties. Chamberlain may or may not revolutionize the English fiscal system; it is clear already that he has revolutionized English politics. But how far the breach extends is still a matter of speculation. We know that the Opposition is again a jubilant and united party. We do not know how many of the Ministerialists are prepared to secede. We do not know which side the Irish are going to take. We do not know whether the Balfourian policy of retaliation will be able to hold its own or must merge itself in the wholesale protection to which Mr. Chamberlain has committed himself. Such divisions, such perplexities would make even a session of Congress lively; but they make a session of Parliament ten times more so. For here the serried rows face one another in parallel lines; the retort is flung full in the face. We have too that spectacle which never fails to intoxicate the House—the spectacle of men rising to oppose the policy of the party to which they belong, heard with chilling silence by those who sit around them, received with redoubled applause from their quondam opponents. Nothing in Parliamentary life is so dramatic as such a sight as that, and for weeks and months, possibly for years, it is to be our almost daily treat. Again, Parliament is not merely the maker of laws; it is also the unmaker of governments; and herein lies the secret of its debating vitality. There is now the chance, a better one by far than any that has offered itself for nearly ten years, that by skilful leading, by persistent and resolute attack, the Opposition may so reduce the government majority as to compel it to resign. We have, therefore, all the elements of an enthralling session—a vast and pregnant issue offering unlimited openings, an Opposition full of fight and ardor, a government strong in numbers, but divided in counsels, and captained by one of the most brilliant debaters in Parliamentary annals, an unknown number of "bolters," an equally unknown number of supporters of the government who have made up their minds not to seek reelection, and whose loyalty, therefore, is not likely to be unquestioning—everything, in short, that can make the House of Commons the centre of national interest.

And what sort of an assembly is the House of Commons? How is it composed, what are its characteristics, how far does it really represent the country? There are in the House of Commons 670 members, in the American House of Representatives 357 members (in the Fifty-seventh Congress), and in the French Chamber of Deputies 584 members. It is interesting to see how the members of these legislatures are apportioned among the trades and professions. Agricultural interests are represented in the House of Commons by about 140 members; in the Chamber of Deputies by 70; in the House of Representatives (according to Mr. S. J. Barrows's article in the *North American Review* for November, 1903) "by ten farmers and seven others who combined farming with some other occupation." The law claims 236 Representatives in the American Lower House, 139 in the French, and 129 in the British. Mr. Barrows puts the number of Congressmen engaged in mercantile pursuits at 63; the number of Deputies who come under the heading of industry or commerce—that is, who are either manufacturers or merchants, is also 63; while the number of M.P.'s is 113. Journalism, under which term I include newspaper proprietors and authors, accounts for 59 members in the French Chamber, about 10 in the American Congress, and 44 in the House of Commons. The army and navy are practically unrepresented in the French Lower House, claiming only 6 members; Mr. Barrows states that 69 Congressmen have served in the army, but of these very few, if any, are professional soldiers; in the House of Commons 59 members have held commissions in the services. Physicians, surgeons, and pharmaceutical chemists play a far larger part in the public life of France than of England or America; 53 of them are to be found among the French Deputies, not more than 8 among the English M.P.'s, and only 1 in the American House of Representatives. Another class which by comparison predominates in the French Chamber is the official class, which number 95; in the House of Commons the civil service, including diplomacy, is represented by only 14 members, while in the American House of Representatives, so far as I can find out, it is not represented at all. In the House of Commons there are 28 members connected with the coal and iron trades, either as working miners or as masters and employers; there are 8 engineers; 4 contractors; 23 directors of companies; 17 brewers and distillers; 19 bankers; perhaps 15 secretaries or salaried representatives of various trade-unions; 9 professors or schoolteachers; 11 connected with the Stock Exchange; 3 hotel proprietors; 1 bookseller; 2 architects; 2 millers; 3 commission agents; 1 printer; 1 pilot; and 7 who are returned as "independent."

These figures, of course, do not supply an absolute criterion; no figures do. They are subject to a hundred deductions and qualifications, and may be made to square no doubt with a hundred theories. But I think that whatever one reads into them, there is one fact which cannot but be inferred, and that is that the House of Commons is far more representative of England than is the Chamber of Deputies of France or the House of Representatives of the United States. Agriculture, industry, and commerce, which together form the basis of national prosperity, find themselves far better represented in the English Lower House than in either the American or the French. Nearly five-sevenths of the American House of Representatives is made up of lawyers; solicitors, attorneys, and barristers *plus* the "liberal professions" account for nearly half the number of French Deputies; while in the English House of Commons the law, journalism, and teachers and medical men constitute only a little over a quarter of the total membership. I do not know that this fact of the superior representative quality of the English House of Commons counts for as much as it should; I do not know that legislation in England is any wiser than in France or America, or that the interests of the country are any better looked after, or that Parliament reaches a higher standard of practicality than the Chamber of Deputies or the House of Representatives. Still, it is an undeniable fact that under the English system the various interests, trades, professions, and occupations of the country are more adequately represented in the *personnel* of the national legislature than in any other land.

There are three other characteristics that differentiate the House of Commons from the French and American legislatures. First, it is a body with a far higher social standing; secondly, it is better educated; thirdly, it is much wealthier. Nothing amazes Englishmen who visit Washington so much as to find that in the polished, agreeable, and distinctive society that graces and is graced by the national capital, Congressmen have no part—even less part than a French Deputy in the Parisian world. In England an M.P., unless he be an Irishman, is at once a man of social position not only in the provinces, but also in London. He has, at any rate, the *entrée*, and it depends entirely on himself whether or no he converts it into a permanent foothold. Then, again, a very large percentage of members are 'varsity men. They have received, or most of them have received, the best education that England can offer, and they carry its stamp through life. And finally an immense majority of them are rich men. It has been said that there is nowhere where a poor man feels so out of place as in the House of Commons. That does not prevent poor men from being elected to Parliament or from being received and welcomed there on a footing of the most perfect equality. The Labor members are all poor men; most of them, in fact, are supported by the societies they represent; and I have never heard even the most hardened Tory object to them on that account. All the same, it remains a fact that for a man whose means are not well above the average the pleasures of Parliamentary life scarcely exist, and its drudgery and vexations are infinitely multiplied; he is in the House but not of it, and all that makes it so clubable and enjoyable and lends to the accessories of existence within its precincts so delightful a flavor, passes him by. These attributes of wealth, education, and social standing show themselves particularly in the bearing and appearance of the members. Taking it all round, the House of Commons is the best-dressed assembly in the world. It has an air of good breeding, of men accustomed to drawing-rooms and good society. The general deportment comes up to a fairly high average. You see honorable members wearing their hats in the House and the sight offends; but that is not a point of manners, but a custom with a picturesque history at the back of it. You sometimes, too, see honorable members asleep, and you often hear unmannerly interruptions from the Irish and Tory benches. On the other hand, you never see an English M.P., as I have often seen an American Congressman, enjoying the luxury of a "dry smoke" and relieving himself by profuse spitting. The House, too, is much more punctilious than Congress on the small points of order. Whenever a member violates them he is instantly hauled up, not merely by the Speaker, but by his fellow members, to many of whom it is part of the spice of life to pounce upon offenders. As for the oratorical standard of the House it is difficult to speak with precision. The late Empress of Austria used to say that she saw more good and more bad riding in the English Shires than anywhere else in the world. Much the same sort of criticism might be passed on Parliamentary eloquence. Some of it is exceedingly good, better, I think, than anything one is likely to hear in Congress; but much of it is atrocious. On the whole, in this, as in so many other spheres of Anglo-American comparatives, I should be inclined to say that while the House of Commons best is better than the Congressional best, the House of Commons average is below the Congressional average.

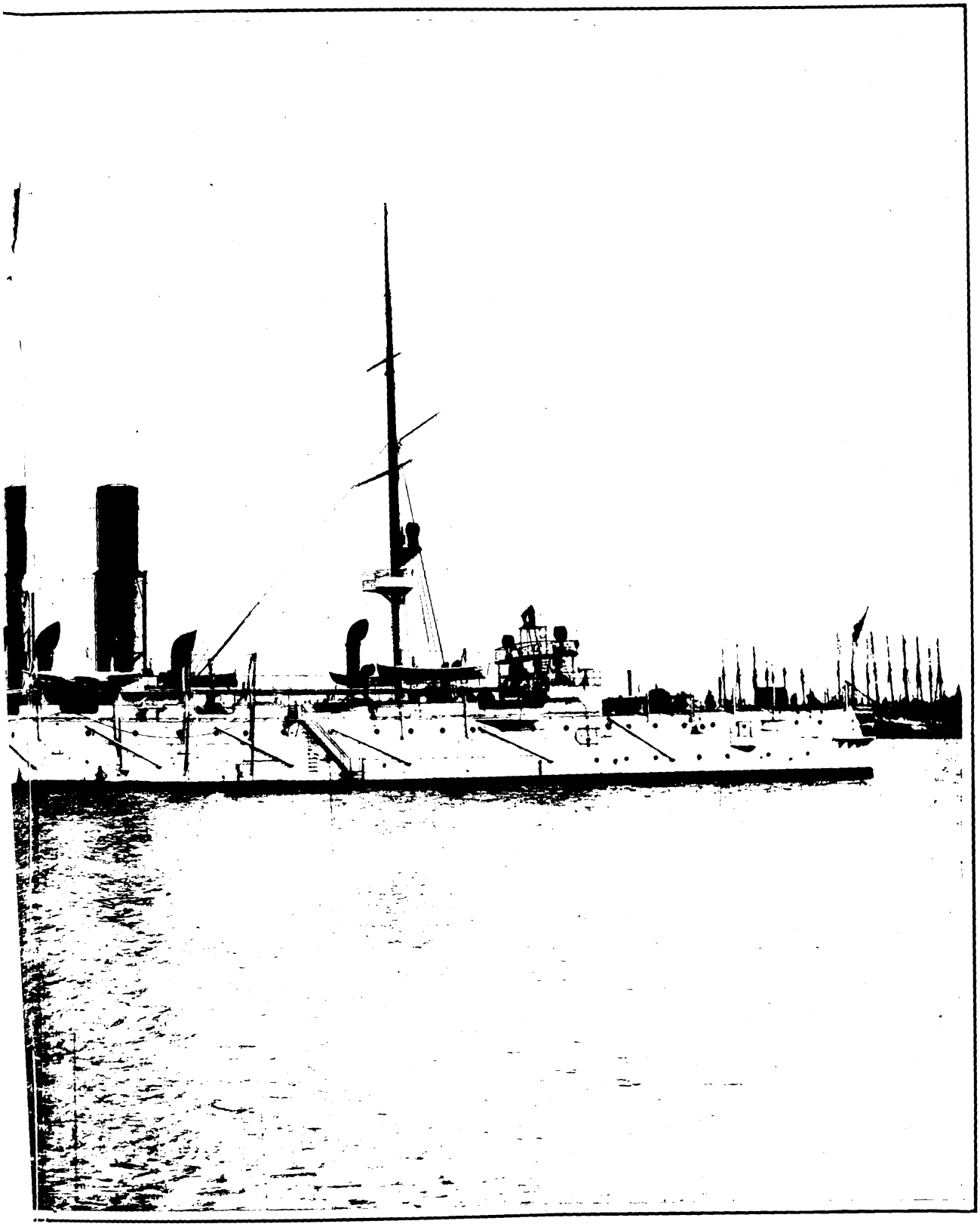
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RUSSIA'S PROTECTED CRUISER, THE "VARIAG,"

The "Variag" was sunk off Chemulpo, Korea, on February 9, by the Japanese fleet under command of Admiral Togo. She was a protected cruiser, with a tonnage of 6900. She

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G," SUNK BY THE JAPANESE OFF CHEMULPO

command of Vice-Admiral Uriu. Forty-nine men are reported to have been lost. The "Variag"
500. She was launched at Philadelphia in 1899

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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

CHAPTER III

THE TRUANTS

WARRISDEN turned quickly to Pamela.

"You never mentioned them."

"No," she replied, with a smile. "But there's no mystery about my silence. I simply haven't mentioned them because for two years I have lost sight of them altogether. I used to meet them about, and I have been to their house."

"There?" said Warrisden, with a nod towards the lightest window.

"No; but to the house Millie and Mr. Stretton had in Deanery Street. They gave that up two years ago when old Lady Stretton died. I thought they had gone to live in the country."

"And all the while they have been living here," exclaimed Warrisden. He had spoken truthfully of himself. The events, and the people with whom he came, however slightly, into contact always had interested and amused him. It was his pleasure to fit his observations together until he had constructed a little biography in his mind of each person with whom he was acquainted. And there was never an incident of any interest within his notice but he sought the reason for it and kept an eye open for its consequence.

"Don't you see how strange the story is?" he went on. "They give up their house upon Lady Stretton's death, and they come to live here with Sir John. That's natural enough. Sir John's an old man. But they live in such seclusion that even their friends think they have retired into the country."

"Yes, it is strange," Pamela admitted. And she added, "I was Millie Stretton's bridesmaid."

Upon Warrisden's request she told him what she knew of the couple who lived in the dark house and played truant. Millie Stretton was the daughter of a judge in Ceylon, who, when Millie had reached the age of seventeen, had married a second time. The stepmother had lacked discretion; from the very first she had claimed to exercise a complete and undisputed authority; she had been at no pains to secure the affections of her stepdaughter. And very little trouble would have been needed. For Millie was naturally affectionate. A girl without any great depth of feeling, she responded easily to a show of kindness. She found it neither difficult to make intimate friends nor hard to lose them. She was of the imitative type, besides. She took her thoughts and even her language from those who at the moment were by her side. Thus her stepmother had the easiest of tasks, but she did not possess the necessary tact. She demanded obedience, and in return offered tolerance. The household at Colombo, therefore, became for Millie a roofstead rather than a home, and a year after this marriage she betook herself and the few thousands of pounds which her mother had bequeathed her to London. The ostensible reason for her departure was the invitation of Mrs. Charles Rawson, a friend of her mother's. But Millie had made up her mind that a return to Ceylon was not to be endured. Somehow she would manage to make a home for herself in England.

She found her path at once made easy. She was pretty, with the prettiness of a child; she gave no trouble, she was fresh, she dressed a drawing-room gracefully, she fitted neatly into her surroundings, she picked up immediately the ways of thought and the jargon of her new companions. In a word, with the remarkable receptivity which was hers, she was very quickly at home in Mrs. Rawson's house. She became a favorite no less for her modest friendliness than on account of her looks. Mrs. Rawson, who was nearing middle age, but whose love of amusements was not assuaged, rejoiced to have so attractive a companion to take about with her. Millie, for her part, was very glad to be so taken about. She had fallen from the obscure clouds into a bright and wonderful world.

It was at this time that Pamela Mardale first met Millicent Strettor, or rather, one should say, Millicent Rundell, since Rundell was at that time her name. They became friends, although, so far as character was concerned, they had little in common. It may have been that the difference between them was the actual cause of their friendship. Certainly, Millie came rather to lean upon her friend, admired her strength, made her the repository of her confidences, and if she received no confidences in return, she was content to believe that there were none to make. It was at this time, too, that Millie fell in with Lady Stretton.

Lady Stretton, a tall old woman with the head of a grenadier, had the characteristic of Sir Anthony Absolute. There was no one so good-tempered so long as she had her own way; and she generally had it.

"Lady Stretton saw that Millie was easily led," Pamela continued. "She thought, for that reason, she would be a suitable wife for Tony, her son, who was then a subaltern in the Coldstreams. So she did all she could to throw them together. She invited Millie up to her house in Scotland, the house Lady Millingham now has, and Mr. Stretton fell in love. He was evidently very fond of Millie, and Millie, on her side, liked him quite as much as any one else. They were married. Lady Stretton hired them the house I told you of, and took a great deal of trouble to see that they were comfortable. You see, they were toys for her. There, that's all I know. Are you satisfied?"

She leaned back in her chair, smiling at Warrisden's serious face.

"And what about the old man, Sir John Stretton?" he asked.

"I never met him," replied Pamela. "He never went out to parties, and I never went to that house."

As she concluded the sentence, a man came on to the balcony and approached them. Pamela rose at once from her chair, and, with a sudden movement of jealousy, Warrisden swung round and faced the newcomer. The newcomer was a man well past the middle age, stout of build, and with a heavy care-worn face with no pleasure in it at all. He was the man who had been with Pamela when Warrisden had arrived. Warrisden turned back to the girl with a smile of relief.

"You are engaged?"

"Yes, for this dance, to Mr. Mudge," and she indicated the man who was waiting. "But we shall meet again—at Newmarket, at all events. Perhaps in Scotland, too."

She held out her hand to Warrisden, and as he took it her voice dropped to a plea.

"Please don't go away again without telling me first, without talking it over, so that I may know where you are from month to month. Please promise!"

Warrisden promised, and went away from the house with her prayer echoing in his ears. The very sound of her voice was audible to him, and he never doubted the sincerity of its appeal. But if she set such store on what she had, why was she content with just that and nothing more, he asked himself! Why did she not claim a little more and give a little more in return? Why did she come to a halt at friendship, a mere turnpike on the great road, instead of passing through the gate and going on down the appointed way? He did not know that she passed the turnpike once, and that if she refused to venture on that path again, it was because, knowing herself, she dared not.

In the narrows of Berkeley Street, Warrisden was shaken out of these reflections. A hansom jingled past him, and by the light of the lamp which hung at the back within it, he caught a glimpse of the truants. They were driving home to the dark house in the Square, and they sat side by side silent and with troubled faces. Warrisden's thoughts went back to what Pamela had told him that night. She had told him the half, but not the perplexing, interesting half of their history. That, indeed, Pamela could not tell, for she did not know Sir John Stretton, and the old man's warped and churlish character alone explained it.

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It was by his doing that the truants gave up their cheery little house in Deanery Street and came to live in Berkeley Square. The old man was a miser, who, during his wife's existence, had not been allowed to gratify his instincts. He made all the more ample amends after she had died. The fine allowance on which the young couple had managed to keep a pair of horses and a little brougham was stripped from them.

"Why should I live alone?" said the old man. "I am old, Tony, and I need some attention. The house is big, much too big for me, and the servants are eating their heads off for the want of something to do." There were, indeed, more servants than were needed. Servants were the single luxury Sir John allowed himself. Their liveries were faded, they themselves were insolent and untidy, but they were there, in the great bare dining-room at dinner-time, in the hall when Sir John came home of an afternoon. For the old man went out each day as the clock struck three; he came back each evening at half past six. He went out alone, he returned alone, and he never went to his club. He took an omnibus from the corner of Berkeley Street and journeyed eastwards as far as Ludgate Hill. There he took a drink in the refreshment bar, and coming out, struck northwards into Holborn, where he turned westwards, and, walking as far as the inn at the corner of the Tottenham Court Road, stepped for an hour into the private bar. Thence he took another omnibus, and finally reached home, where his footmen received him solemnly in the hall. To this home he brought Tony and his wife.

"There, choose your own rooms, Tony," he said, magnanimously. "What's that? Money? But what for? You'll have it soon enough."

Tony Stretton suggested that it was hardly possible for any man, however careful, to retain a commission in the Coldstreams without an allowance. Sir John, a tall, thin man, with a high bald forehead and a prim Puritanical face, looked at his son with a righteous severity.

"A very expensive regiment. Leave it, Tony! And live quietly at home. Look after your father, my boy, and you won't need money," and he stalked up-stairs, leaving Tony aghast in the hall. Tony had to sit down and think it over before he could quite realize the fate which had overtaken him. Here he was twenty-six years old, brought up to spend what he wanted and to ask for more when that was ended, and he was to live quietly on nothing at all. He had no longer any profession; he was not clever enough to enter upon a new one without some sort of start, and, in addition, he had a wife. His wife, it was true, had a few thousands; they had remained untouched ever since their marriage, and Tony shrank from touching them now. He sat on one of the hall chairs, twisting his mustache and staring with his blank blue eyes at the opposite wall. What in the world was he to do? Old Sir John was quite aware of those few thousands. They might just as well be used now, he thought, and save him expense. Tony could pay them back after his father was dead. Such was Sir John's plan, and Tony had to fall in with it. The horses and the brougham, and all the furniture, the prints, the pictures, and the mirrors which had decked out so gayly the little house in Deanery Street went to the hammer. Tony paid off his debts, and found himself with a hundred pounds in hand at the end; and when that was gone he was forced to come to his wife.

"Of course," said she, "we'll share what I have, Tony."

"Yes, but we must go carefully," he replied. "Heaven knows how long we will have to drag on like this."

So the money question was settled, but that was in reality the least of their troubles. Sir John, for the first time in his life, was master in fact as well as in name. He had been no match for his wife, but he was more than a match for his son. He was the fifth baronet of his name, and yet there was no landed property. He was rich and all the money was safely tucked away in the public funds, and he could bequeath it as he willed. He was in a position to put the screw on Tony and his wife, and he did not let the opportunity slip. The love of authority grew upon him. He became exacting and portentously severe. In his black, long shabby coat, with his long thin figure and his narrow face, he had the look of a cold, self-righteous fanatic. You would have believed that he was mortifying his son for the sake of his son's soul, unless perchance you had peeped into that private bar in the Tottenham Court Road and had seen him drinking gloomily alone. He laid down rules to which the unfortunate couple must needs conform. They had to dine with him every night, and to sit with him every evening until he went to bed. It followed that they lost sight of their friends, and every month isolated them more completely. The mere humiliation of the position in which they stood caused them to shrink more and more into their privacy. When they walked out in the afternoon they kept away from the Park; when they played truant in the evening, at the Savoy, they chose a little table in an obscure corner. This was the real history of the truants with whose fortunes those of Warrisden and Pamela were to be so closely intermingled. For that life in the dark house was not to last. Even as Warrisden passed them in Berkeley Street, Tony Stretton was saying over and over again in his inactive mind:

"It can't go on! It can't go on!"

CHAPTER IV

TONY STRETTON MAKES A PROPOSAL

REGULAR as Warrisden had declared the lives of the truants to be, on the night following the dance at Lady Millingham's there came a break in the monotony of their habits. For once, in a way, they did not leave the house in their search for light and color as soon as they were free. They stayed on in their own sitting-room. But it seemed that they had nothing to speak about. Millie Stretton sat at the table, staring at the wall in front of her, moody and despairing. Tony Stretton leaned against the embrasure of the window, now and then glancing remorsefully at his wife, now and then looking angrily up to the ceiling, where the heavy footsteps of a man treading up and down the room above sounded measured and unceasing.

Tony lifted a corner of the blind and looked out.

"There's a party next door," he said; "there was another at Lady Millingham's last night. You should have been at both, Millie, and you were at neither. Upon my word, it's rough."

He dropped the blind and came over to her side. He knew quite well what parties and entertainments meant to her. She loved them, and it seemed to him natural and right that she should. Light, admiration, laughter and gayety, and fine frocks—these things she was born to enjoy, and he himself had in the old days taken a great pride in watching her enjoyment. But it was not merely the feeling that she had been stripped of what was her due through him which troubled him to-night. Other and deeper thoughts were vaguely stirring in his mind.

"We have quarrelled again to-night, Millie," he continued, remorsefully. "Here we are cooped up together with just ourselves to rely upon to pull through these bad years, and we have quarrelled again."

Millie shrugged her shoulders.

"How did it begin?" he asked. "Upon my word, I don't remember. Oh yes, I—" and Millie interrupted him.

"What does it matter, Tony, how the quarrel began. It did begin and another will begin to-morrow. We can't help ourselves, and you have given the reason. Here we are cooped up by ourselves with nothing else to do."

Tony pulled thoughtfully at his mustache.

"And we swore off quarrelling, too. When was that?"

"Yesterday."

"Yesterday!" exclaimed Tony, with a start of surprise. "By George! so it was. Only yesterday."

Millie looked up at him, and the trouble upon his face brought a smile to hers. She laid a hand upon his arm.

"It's no use swearing off, Tony," she said. "We are both of us living all the time in a state of exasperation. I just—tingle with it, there's no other word. And the least smallest thing which goes wrong sets us quarrelling. I don't think either of us is to blame. The house alone gets on our nerves, doesn't it? These great empty, silent, dingy rooms with their tarnished furniture. Oh! they are horrible! I wander through them sometimes, and it always seems to me that a long time ago people lived here who suddenly felt one morning that they couldn't stand it for a single moment longer, and ran out and locked the street door behind them, and I have almost done it myself. The very sunlight comes through the windows timidly, as if it knew it had no right here at all."

She leaned back in her chair, looking at Tony with eyes that were hopeless and almost haggard. As Tony listened to her outburst the remorse deepened on his face.

"If I could have foreseen all this, I would have spared you it, Millie," he said. "I would, upon my word." He drew up a chair to the table, and sitting down, said in a more cheerful voice, "Let's talk it over, and see if we can't find a remedy."

Millie shook her head.

"We talked it over yesterday."

"Yes, so we did."

"And quarrelled an hour after we had talked it over."

"We did that, too," Tony agreed, despondently. His little spark of hopefulness was put out, and he sat in silence. His wife, too, did not speak, and in a little while it occurred to him that the silence was more complete than it had been a few minutes ago. It seemed that a noise had ceased, and a noise which, unnoticed before, had become noticeable by its cessation. He looked up to the ceiling. The heavy footsteps no longer dragged upon the floor overhead. Tony sprang up.

"Then he is in bed," he exclaimed. "Shall we go out?"

"Not to-night," replied Millie.

He could make no proposal that night which was welcomed, and as he walked over to the mantelshelf and filled his pipe, there was something in his attitude and bearing which showed to Millie that the quick rebuff had hurt.

"I can't pretend to-night, Tony, and that's the truth," she added, in a kinder voice. "For, after all, I do only pretend nowadays that I find the Savoy amusing."

Tony turned slowly round with the lighted match in his hand and stared at his wife. He was a man slow in thought, and, when his thoughts compelled expression, laborious in words. The deeper thoughts, which had begun of late to take shape in his mind, stirred again at her words.

"You have owned it," he said.

"It had been pretence with you too, then?" she asked, looking up in surprise.

Tony puffed at his pipe.

"Of late, yes," he replied. "Perhaps chiefly since I saw that you were pretending."

He came back to her side and looked for a long time steadily at her while he thought. It was a surprise to Millie that he had noticed her pretence, as much of a surprise as that he had been pretending too. For she knew him to be at once slow to notice any change in others and quick to betray it in himself. But she was not aware how wide a place she filled in all his thoughts, partly because her own nature, with its facile emotions, made her unable to conceive a devotion which was engrossing, and partly because Tony himself had no aptitude for expressing it, and, indeed, would have shrunk from its expression had the aptitude been his. But she did fill that wide place. Very slowly he had begun to

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watch her, very slowly and dimly certain convictions were taking shape, very gradually he was drawing nearer and nearer to a knowledge that a great risk must be taken and a great sacrifice made partly by him, partly, too, by her. Some part of his trouble he now spoke to her.

"It wasn't pretence a year ago, Millie," he said, wistfully. "That's what bothers me. We enjoyed slipping away quietly when the house was quiet, and snatching some of the light, some of the laughter the others have any time they want it. It made up for the days; it was fun then, Millie, wasn't it? Upon my word, I believe we enjoyed our life, yes, even this life, a year ago. Do you remember how we used to drive home laughing over what we had seen, talking about the few people we had spoken to? It wasn't until we had turned the latch-key in the door and crept into the hall—"

"And passed the library door," Millie interrupted, with a little shiver.

Tony Stretton stopped for a moment. Then he resumed in a lower voice: "Yes, it wasn't until we had passed the library door that the gloom settled down again. But now the fun's all over, at the latest when the lights go down in the supper-room, and often before we have got them at all. We were happy last year," and he shook her affectionately by the arm. "That's what bothers me."

His wife responded to the gentleness of his voice and action.

"*Never mind*, Tony," she said. "Some day we shall look back on all of it, this house and the empty rooms and the quarrels"—she hesitated for a second—"yes, and the library door — we shall look back on it all and laugh."

"Shall we?" said Tony, suddenly. His face was most serious, his voice most doubtful.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Millie. Then she added, reassuringly: "It must end sometime. Oh yes, it can't last forever."

"No," replied Tony, "but it can last just long enough."

"Long enough for what?"

"*Long* enough to spoil both our lives altogether."

He was speaking with a manner which was quite strange to her. There was a certainty in his voice, there was a gravity too. He had ceased to leave the remedy of their plight to time and chance, since through two years time and chance had failed them. He had been seriously thinking, and as the result of thought he had come to definite conclusions. Millie understood that there was much more behind the words he had spoken and that he meant to say that much more to her that night. She was suddenly aware that she was face to face with issues momentous to both of them. She began to be a little afraid. She looked at Tony almost as if he were a stranger.

"Tony," she said, faintly, in deprecation.

"We must face it, Millie," he went on, steadily. "This life of ours here in this house will come to an end, of course, but how will it leave us, you and me? Soured, embittered, quarrelsome, or no longer quarrelsome, but just indifferent to each other, bored by each other?" He was speaking very slowly, choosing each word with difficulty.

"Oh no," Millie protested.

"It may be even worse than that. Suppose we passed beyond indifference to dislike—yes, active dislike. We are both of us young, we can both reasonably look forward to long lives, long lives of active dislike. There might, too, be contempt on your side."

Millie stared at her husband. "Contempt?" she said, echoing his words in surprise.

"Yes. Here you are most unhappy and I take it sitting down. Contempt might come from that."

"But what else can you do?" she said.

"Ah," said Tony, as though he had been waiting for that question couched in just those words. "Ask yourself that question often enough and contempt will come."

This idea of contempt was a new one to Millie, and very likely her husband was indiscreet in suggesting its possibility. But he was not thinking at all of the unwisdom of his words. His thoughts were set on saving the cherished intimacy of their life from the ruin which he saw was likely to overtake it. He spoke out frankly, not counting the risk. Millie, for her part, was not in the mood to estimate the truth of what he said, although it remained in her memory. She was rather confused by the new aspect which her husband wore. She foresaw that he was working towards the disclosure of a plan; and the plan would involve changes, great changes, very likely a step altogether into the dark. And she hesitated.

"We sha'n't alter, Tony," she said. "You can be sure of me, can't you?"

"But we are altering," he replied. "Already the alteration has begun. Did we quarrel a year ago as we do now? We enjoyed those evenings when we played truant a year ago"; and then he indulged in a yet greater indiscretion than any which he had yet allowed himself to utter. But he was by nature simple and completely honest. What occurred to him, that he spoke without reserve, and the larger it loomed in his thoughts the more strenuous was its utterance upon his lips. He took a seat at the table by her side.

"I know we are changing. I take myself, and I expect it is the same with you. I am—it is difficult to express it—I am deadening. I am getting insensible to the things which not very long ago moved me very much. I once had a friend who fell ill of a slow paralysis which crept up his limbs little by little, and he hardly noticed its advance. I think that's happening with me. I am losing the associations—that's the word I want—the associations which made one's recollections valuable and gave a color to one's life. For instance, you sang a *song* last night, Millie, one of those coon songs of yours, do you remember? You sang it once in Scot-



Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence

He spoke out frankly, not counting the risk

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land on a summer's night. I was outside on the lawn, and past the islands across the water, which was dark and still. I saw the lights in Oban Bay. I thought I would never hear that song again without seeing those lights in my mind, far away across the water, clustered together like the lights of a distant town. Well, last night all those associations were somehow dead. I remembered all right, but without any sort of feeling, that that song was a landmark in one's life. It was merely you singing a song, or rather, it was merely some one singing a song."

It was a labored speech, and Tony was very glad to have got it over.

"I am very sorry," replied Millie, in a low voice. She did not show him her face, and he had no notion whatever that his words could hardly have failed to hurt. He was too intent upon convincing her, and too anxious to put his belief before her with unmistakable clearness, to reflect in what spirit she might receive the words. That her first thought would be, "He no longer cares," never occurred to him at all, and cheerfully misunderstanding her acquiescence, he went on:

"You see, that's bad. It mustn't go on, Millie. Let's keep what we've got. At all costs, let us keep that!"

"You mean we must go away?" said Millie, and Tony Stretton did not answer. He rose from his chair and walked back to the fireplace and knocked the ashes from his pipe. Millie was accustomed to long intervals between her questions and his replies, but she was on the alert now. Something in his movements and his attitude showed her that he was not thinking of what answer he should make. He was already sure upon that point. Only the particular answer he found difficult to speak. She guessed it on the instant and stood up erect, in alarm.

"You mean that you must go away and that I must remain?"

Tony turned round to her and nodded his head.

"Alone! Here?" she exclaimed, looking round her with a shiver.

"For a little while. Until I have made a home for you to come to. Only till then, Millie. It needn't be so very long."

"It will seem ages," she cried, "however short it is. Tony, it's impossible."

The tedious days stretched before her in an endless and monotonous succession. The great rooms would be yet more silent and more empty than they were; there would be a chill throughout all the house; the old man's exactions would become yet more oppressive, since there would be only one to bear them. She thought of the long dull evenings in the faded drawing-room. They were bad enough now, those long evenings during which she read the evening paper aloud and Sir John slept, yet not so soundly but that he woke the instant her voice stopped and bade her continue. What would they be if Tony were gone, if there were no hour or so at the end when they were free to play truant if they willed? What she had said was true. She had been pretending to enjoy their hour of truancy, but she would miss it, none the less. And in the midst of these thoughts she heard Tony's voice:

"It sounds selfish, I know, but it isn't, really. You see, I sha'n't enjoy myself. I have not been brought up to know anything well or to do anything well—anything, I mean, really useful. I'll have a pretty hard time, too." And then he described to her what he thought of doing. He proposed to go out to one of the colonies, spend some months on a farm as a hand, and when he had learned enough of the methods, and had saved a little money, to get hold of a small farm to which he could ask her to come. It was a pretty and a simple scheme and it ignored the great difficulties in the way, such as his ignorance and his lack of capital. But he believed in it sincerely, and every word in his short and broken sentences proved his belief. He had his way that night with Millicent. She was capable of a quick fervor, though the fervor might as quickly flicker out. She saw that the sacrifice was really upon his side, for upon him would be the unaccustomed burden of labor, and the labor would be strange and difficult. She rose to his height since he was with her and speaking to her with all the conviction of his soul.

"Well then, go," she cried. "I'll wait here, Tony, till you send for me."

And when she passed the library door that night she did not even shrink.

To be Continued.

An Interview with the Russian Ambassador

By A. McK. Griggs

THE loss of the great cruiser *Variag*, a modern first-class ship of the Russian navy, in the naval action off Chemulpo, is of more than ordinary interest in this country, for the ship was last seen in American waters.

She was at anchor in Hampton Roads for several days after leaving the yards of her builders, the William Cramp Ship and Engine Building Company, at Philadelphia, on her maiden voyage.

She came to Hampton Roads for the dual purpose of filling her bunkers with coal preparatory to her long voyage across the Atlantic to join the fleets of the Czar, and also to be inspected by the Russian ambassador at Washington, who, with the entire embassy staff, came to Old Point Comfort for the purpose of formally accepting the ship from her builders.

The *Variag* attracted the greatest attention as she lay at anchor midway between Old Point Comfort and Sewall's Point, and although the weather was extremely cold, hundreds of Norfolk and Portsmouth people made pilgrimages down the river to see the big Russian.

The *Variag's* lines were pleasing and her armor protection looked strong enough. One feature of the arrangement of her batteries excited considerable adverse comment among those competent to judge, however. The gun-shields were inadequate to protect the gunners from an enfilading small-arms fire, and guns and gunners were exposed terribly to artillery fire.

Those who saw the ship when she was here, without discounting the Japanese victory over her, are inclined to believe that this unfortunate arrangement of her battery probably resulted in the dismounting of all her heavy guns and the slaughter of their crews, leaving the ship unable to reply to the gun-fire of her adversaries. In this condition she was probably bound to surrender.

It was the writer's duty to interview Count Cassini, the ambassador of the Czar to this country, on the occasion of his inspection of the *Variag*. Accompanied by his daughter, the Countess Marguerite Cassini, the secretaries of embassy, and the military and naval attachés, all resplendent in their uniforms, the military attaché wearing perhaps the first Cossack regimentals ever seen in America, outside of Washington, the ambassador came aboard the *Variag* in a launch flying the imperial ensign.

The count was not reserved. He was frankly open and above board. He dwelt long on the Trans-Siberian Railway, and expressed the earnest desire that the Americans should build a line up to Bering Strait to connect with a spur of the Russian road. "Think of it," he exclaimed, enthusiastically, "through cars between Washington and Paris and St. Petersburg, five months in the year. Ice-breaking steamers could cross the strait, I believe, even for a longer time than this each year. Oh, I do hope it will come soon, for I am such a poor sailor." In view of his recent discharge of the functions of a high admiralty officer, this was rather laughable. But the count cracked many jokes at his own expense. He said he had served as minister to the court of China so long that he really was not sure half the time, when he was trying to speak English, whether he was getting Chinese mixed up with his Russian or not. "You see, I really cannot quite avoid my native tongue," he said, and truly he could not.

All this occurred in March of the year 1902, almost two years ago, and yet the nations even then were wondering how soon Japan and Russia must clash. Count Cassini knew this, and shrewd diplomat that he is, versed in all the ins and outs of his profession, trained for it and keenly alive to the message of every straw which shows which way the wind blows, so far as the sentiment of other nations toward his own is concerned, he realized even then that the sentiment of the American people was not for Russia.

He dwelt impressively upon the aid and comfort that the great empire whose representative he is, has ever been ready and willing to extend to the great republic of the west. He said that Russian friendship for America was not of the self-seeking kind, that commercial interests would dissipate, but that it was grounded on the high esteem and admiration his nation had for the achievements and the indomitable courage of the American people. By every subtle art known to the accomplished diplomat, the ambassador sought to win the hearts of the people of this country in that little interview. He almost plead the cause of his country, and repelled with scorn and indignation the idea that the Russian people were not loyal to their government. "Lies, lies, all lies," he thundered, when shown despatches stating that the Czar was living in deadly daily peril and that his office had been encased in steel.

Asked where the *Variag* would go after she crossed the Atlantic, he did not hesitate to tell that she would immediately proceed to join the Asiatic squadron. He would not discuss the relative strength of the Russian and Japanese fleets in the Orient, but said that Russia feared nothing ashore or afloat.

"My nation is a peace-loving nation. She has set herself to the tremendous work of developing her internal resources. We want no wars of conquest, nor do we want wars of any kind," the ambassador said in his broken English. "Still, we are ever vigilant and prepared. Nations, like men, have secret enemies, and these may and often do cause unnecessary strife and bloodshed. Russia seeks no conflict with any nation, but she can and will repel any invasion of her rights." There was an outline of Russian policy made two years ago!

"Diplomacy and commercialism are, in this age, so intimately connected as to be well-nigh inseparable," said Count Cassini. "The ambassador is an international commercial agent in many ways. With us, this is of very great importance, for we have mines to develop, railways to build, vast agricultural districts to open up, factories to start, and a thousand and one things to do to enable us to achieve that destiny which God Almighty mapped out for us, and which will make the mighty Russian Empire the happiest and most prosperous land upon which the sun shines."

In words he did not actually predict war with Japan. He merely sounded a note of defiance. And the earnestness with which he bespoke the friendship of America showed how much his people desire it. "We know not whither strife and combat may lead us in these days," he said. "The Czar is a most earnest advocate of peace and he is wise. God grant that the day will come when all the nations will go forward in amity and love, and enrich their people and make them happy. But so long as wars must be fought, so long as men are ready to die for principle and it is necessary for them to do so, then nations must be prepared. Russia is always prepared to defend her honor."

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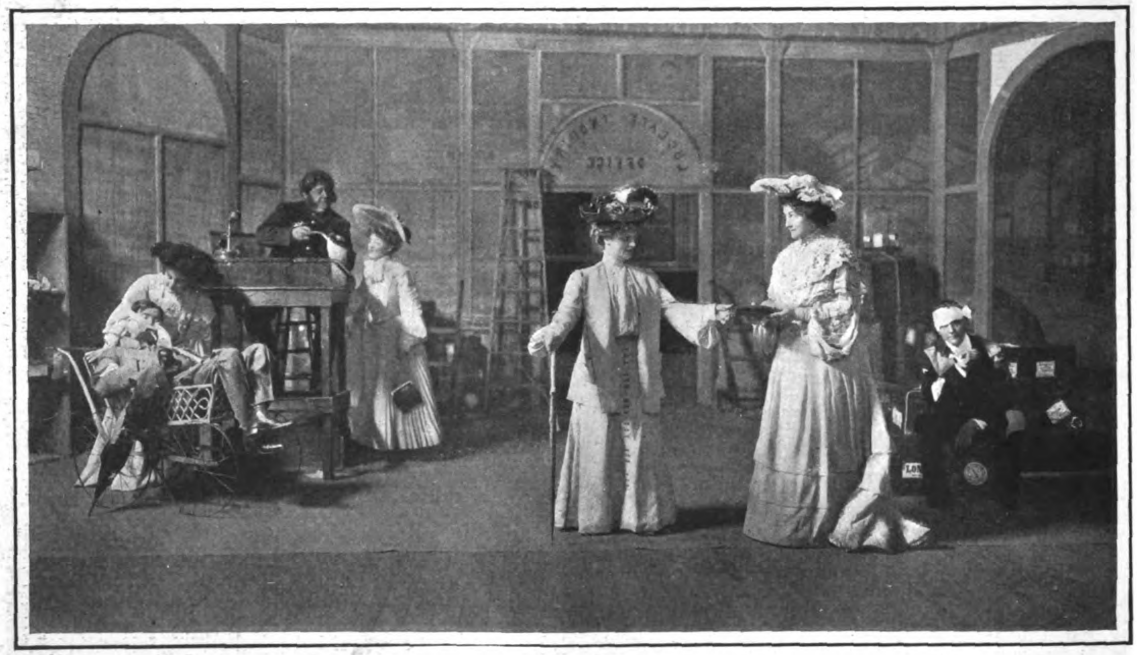
Miss Olive Fremstad as "Sieglinde"

Miss Fremstad, one of the singers new to the Metropolitan this season, is shown in the photograph as "Sieglinde" in Wagner's "Walküre." She has also been heard here, for the first time, in the rôles of "Brangäne" in "Tristan und Isolde," "Venus" in "Tannhäuser," and "Santuzza" in "Cavalleria Rusticana"



Mr. Otis Skinner as "Petruchio"

Mr. Skinner is associated with Miss Rehan in the classic revivals which they are giving this season. They closed last week at the Harlem Opera House, and are now going on tour among the larger Eastern cities. Mr. Skinner is playing "Petruchio" in "The Taming of the Shrew," "Shylock," and "Sir Charles Surface"



"Glittering Gloria"

"Glittering Gloria," a comedy with music by Hugh Morton and Bernard Rolt, was produced at Daly's Theatre on February 15. The plot of the piece centres about the purchase of a diamond necklace for "Gloria," of the Utopia Theatre, London. The intending purchaser of the necklace is "Mr. Jack James," a young married man, whose wife discovers his purpose from reading a letter which he had blotted too plainly on his writing-pad. "Mrs. Jack" proceeds to the jeweller's shop to confront her husband, and with her goes her friend, "Miss Dorothy Kenworthy." At the jeweller's shop they discover not only the guilty "Mr. James," but his friend "Archie Toddleby," the fiancé of "Dorothy," who has tried to anticipate "Jack" in the purchase of the gift for the popular "Gloria." In their confusion the husband and fiancé are forced to invent an imaginary "Mr. Milliken" as a scapegoat. They explain that he had intended to buy the necklace, and that their scheme had been to forestall him in securing it, and then to sell it to him at an advanced price. When they are required to produce a counterfeit for the hypothetical "Milliken" in order to satisfy the suspicions of the women, their troubles begin, and various farcical scenes arise out of their dilemma. In the end, matters are satisfactorily patched up

THE STAGE IN NEW YORK

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MME. EMMA CALVÉ

Madame Calvé reappeared at the Metropolitan Opera House on February 1 after an absence of one season. Her last New York appearances were in the winter of 1901–2, the season during which she created in America the part of "Messaline," in Isidore de Lara's music-drama of that name. Madame Calvé has been heard this season as "Carmen," as "Santuzza" in "Cavalleria Rusticana," and as "Marguerite" in a scene from Boïto's "Mefistofele." The plan of the management to present her in Maillart's "Les Dragons de Villars" and as the "Countess" in "The Marriage of Figaro," has been abandoned

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Correspondence

MUSIC FOR THE BLIND

NEW YORK, *February 14, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Will you give room in your columns for a plan which might bring joy to many people whose lives are singularly devoid of pleasure?

In the struggle for existence the blind are at such a disadvantage, in spite of the financial help which they sometimes receive from the city, that many of the most intellectual cannot afford any of the artistic delights which mean so much more to them than to other people.

The practicability and benefit of furnishing the best musical and dramatic entertainment free to them has been proved by its success for many years in Europe, on the Continent, and in England. Shall this country remain any longer in this particular behind the Old World, or will our city set the example for other towns in caring for the happiness of its sightless citizens?

As we are credibly informed that managers can often know well in advance that their houses will not be "sold out," we ask the philanthropic directors of opera, concerts, and the managers of standard theatres to give, whenever possible, some unsold tickets to the blind. Will subscribers, when they cannot use their tickets, devote them to the same purpose?

The office of the Musical Art Society, 362 Fifth Avenue, has been kindly offered as a central bureau for the distribution of these tickets. They will be given out, under the direction of this committee, to a carefully compiled official list of the industrious and deserving blind living in their own homes, and to other qualified persons. Further information may be had from "The Committee for Tickets for the Blind," 362 Fifth Avenue.

This committee appeals to the public and to public-spirited managers and directors to cooperate in the carrying out of an idea, the usefulness and feasibility of which are heartily recognized by those whose work here has been for years among the blind, and the success of which would add to the enjoyment of this appreciative part of the community.

Committee:

MRS. SETH LOW,
MRS. HENRY DRAPER,
MRS. RICHARD IRVIN,
MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER,
MRS. W. P. HAMILTON,
MISS SCHURZ,
MISS BLODGET,
MISS LAURA J. POST,
MISS CALLENDER,
MISS WINIFRED HOLT.

"CONVENTIONALITY"

ONTARIO, CANADA, *February 10, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Conventionality will soon, so far as this earth is concerned, join justice and the dodo. Many years ago conventionality was not infrequently synonymous with duty and a host of other so-called good qualities. It implied a certain courteous respect for the feelings of others, with an increased self-respect on our own part. It particularly manifested itself in social amenities, more especially referring to the female inhabiters of this terraqueous globe. The earthly incarnation of this idea was Mrs. Grundy—sometimes couched under the illusive title of "they," sometimes designated by the felicitous "people say"—in French (a more cultured if less intelligible expression) "on dit."

If any young lady showed too great a desire for the cigarette (the attraction of the moth to the lamp), conventionality banned that member, and she became socially excommunicated. In fact, practically all the present qualities for which we admire women so enthusiastically, were, under the absurd régime of conventionality, stigmatized as the reverse.

That boldness of manner which fascinates so much was called (unjustly) brazen-faced effrontery. That vivacious and sparkling conversation on all subjects or persons, principally the latter, which arouses our respectful envy, was censured by Mrs. Grundy as parrot-like loquacity and the vaporings of malice.

With inherent logic and skilful deduction modern woman has dissected, divided, and finally annihilated that mythical and indefinite code by which Mrs. Grundy wrongfully sought to check the exuberance of her genius. It was instantly discovered that the followers of conventionality were profoundly uninteresting and wofully tedious. The records of their lives were seldom illumined by the chaste halo of flirtation, and the travellers in this barren desert never reached the oasis of divorce. Moreover, they boasted old-fashioned notions about propriety and modesty, qualities regarded nowadays as virtually criminal.

To be conventional is to allow the divine gift of reason to lie dormant. All authority must be primarily questioned and subsequently dismissed unless sanctioned by our own private views.

Conventionality is, however, in our opinion, a necessary check to the blundering impetuosity of Jones, or to the uncultured barbarisms of Brown. But for the enlightened—that is, ourselves, such artificial restrictions are superfluous. We have, as Ibsen's heroine in the *Pillar of Society*, an innate perception of the eternal verities, and are a convention unto ourselves. In pronouncing such judgment, we separate ourselves from the vulgar herd who cannot boast such lofty pretensions. Such views coming from them would be preposterous.

The quality of being natural is diametrically opposed to conventionality. This quality eradicates all thoughts of principle, suggesting the picture of a man floating deliciously down life's stream untrammelled by legal or other hindrances. The burglar is therefore natural. But burgling is unutterably conventional.

I am, sir, R. L. LESLIE.

THE COMING RACE

LOWELL, MASS., *February 12, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The number of marriages for the week ending February 6, as reported, was, American and Protestant couples, three; those of the Catholic faith, mostly Irish, seventeen.

The number of births for the month of January, as reported, were of American and Protestant parents, eleven; of parents who are Catholics and principally Irish and French, ninety-five.

These reports are for the city of Lowell, Massachusetts, and are about the usual ratio.

Question. In twenty-five years from now who will be the people?

I am, sir, A. J. ELLISON.

AN INVITATION FROM GEORGIA

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, *February 3, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—For twenty-five years I have read the WEEKLY in different parts of the world. It is but natural, then, that I should be interested in everything that appears in its columns.

Your "communications" on the "Negro Problem" interest me very much, and I have long wished to contribute my mite, but time forbids. In reading the article "Uncle Sam not a Bully," in your issue of January 30, I could not resist the temptation of writing you. There is an adage, "Evil be to him who evil thinks." One much cruder says, "It takes a thief to catch a thief." So one who is a "bully" imagines every man to be as he.

A great deal of the friction between the whites and blacks in this section is due to the bullying of the former towards the latter. Knowing full well that there is no law affecting the negro which a white man is bound to respect, the dominant race as a rule inflicts upon him brutal indignities. I do not refer to negroes accused of crime, but to the better class, to the law-abiding and orderly.

The whites of the South would not dare to treat innocent and well-behaved negroes as barbarously as they do if the latter were their equal in *strength*. Any white person (child or adult) can as a rule "bully" the most inoffensive negroes, fully aware of the fact that they will either be lightly punished or escape punishment altogether, which latter is the *rule*. Do you doubt it? Leave your office in New York and come to Chatham County; kill any negro you wish, the most worthless or the most industrious and well behaved, you will never be hurt, despite the fact that the negro did you naught, and that the murder was most cold-blooded and atrocious. Do you doubt it? Come, and see.

I am, sir, MELVILLE CANCRYNE.

[Our spring engagements are such as to make it impracticable to embrace our correspondent's hospitable proposal.—EDITOR.]

ABNORMAL BEHAVIOR OF BIRDS

KNOXVILLE, TENN., *February 8, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Having read with interest, in the last WEEKLY, Mr. Chambers's experiences with "The Abnormal" in the behavior of birds, I should like to call his attention to the singular behavior of the Greek pheasant, as observed by the learned gentleman who wrote the scholia on *The Birds* of Aristophanes.

In endeavoring to ascertain the nature of the action—ekperdikisai, *play the partridge* (*Aves*, 768)—the scholiast asserts: The partridge, when any one pursues it, throws itself on its back and covers itself with bits of dry stuff which it takes up in its feet.

Personally, I was much astonished to learn that any game bird acts like that, and I have searched all the bird books I can find, besides inquiring of all the sportsmen I know, to learn if the scholiast was orthodox in his ornithology, but to no avail. Mr. Chambers seems to be a very cosmopolitan sportsman; perhaps he has shot partridges in Greece. If so, he ought to be able to say whether the scholiast was lying, or whether, which is quite possible, that is the sort of behavior one should look for from a bird in a country where the natives talk Greek. The latter conjecture gains plausibility from the fact that two English editors of the comedy in question quote the scholiast's remark without comment.

I am, sir, HERMAN SPENCER.

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About the World's Fair

SOME random facts about the St. Louis Fair, which may prove interesting to intending visitors this summer, have recently been compiled:

The approximate cost of the exposition is stated as $50,000,000. France, Germany, Mexico, England, China, Japan, and Brazil are planning to spend over $500,000 each on exhibits. The dimensions and cost of important buildings follow: The United States government building, 250 by 800 feet, $450,000; the Palace of Mines and Metallurgy, 525 by 750 feet, $498,000; the Palace of Agriculture, 546 by 1660 feet, 23 acres, $529,940; the Palace of Varied Industries, 525 by 1200 feet, $604,000; the Palace of Manufactures, 525 by 1200 feet, $719,399; the Palace of Transportation, 525 by 1300 feet, $696,000; the Palace of Horticulture, 400 by 800 feet, $228,000; the Palace of Machinery, 525 by 1000 feet, $496,597; the Palace of Education, 525 by 750 feet, $319,999; the Palace of Liberal Arts, 525 by 750 feet, $475,000; the Palace of Electricity, 525 by 750 feet, $399,940; the Anthropology Building, 263 by 113 feet, $115,000. Over fifty foreign governments are planning to make elaborate displays. There will be a Philippine exhibit, costing $1,000,000, and covering forty acres. The Fair grounds will comprise 1240 acres, and there will be thirty-five miles of asphalt and gravel roadways.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

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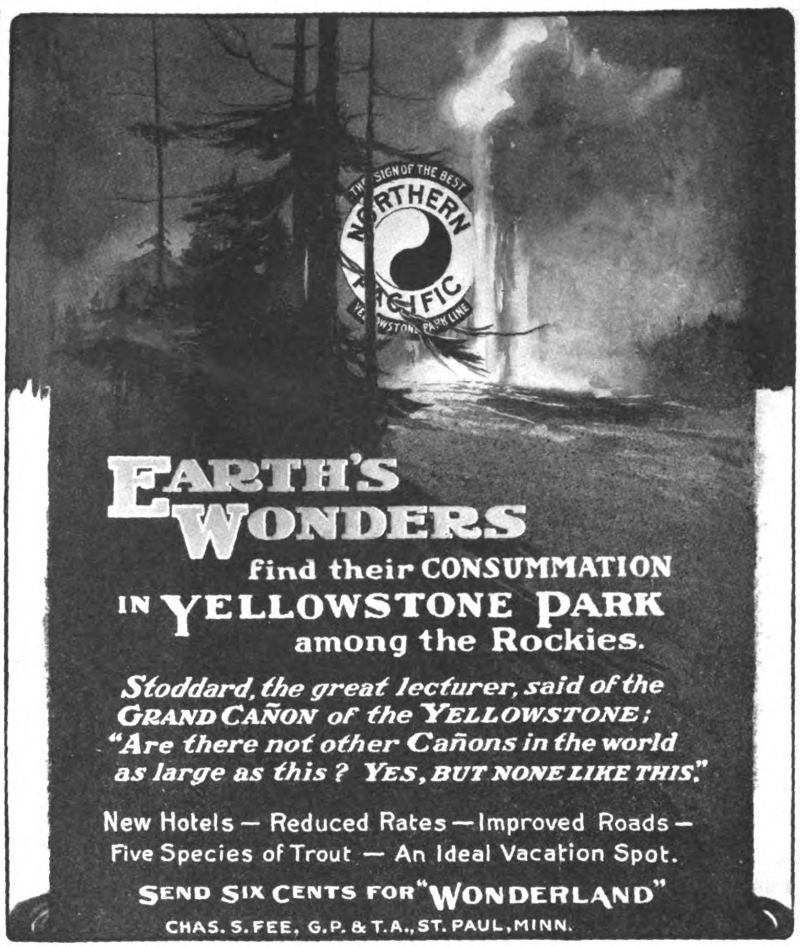
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POACHERS

By Robert W. Chambers



Drawn by Sydney Adamson

THE very word poacher has an exotic if not a mediæval sound; yet our own law-breakers, two-footed and four-footed, come under the head; for if they do not always poach on private domain—that is, on preserves, of which there are comparatively few in this country—they none the less rob the public by crafty practices on public property. Except in private, State, or national preserves, the wild game and fish of this country may be lawfully taken at certain periods in a manner prescribed and regulated by laws enacted by the several States' legislatures.

Those law-breakers who take game in the close season, or in the open season using methods forbidden by law, are public plunderers, and are enemies of all law-abiding citizens. Every fish, every bird, every animal, taken by them illegally is a theft from public property. In our country poachers are divided into two great classes—conscious and unconscious law-breakers. The first includes men, the second animals, birds, and fishes who destroy game. I have known a number of poachers in my life. Before I knew any I thought that a poacher was a poor man who, carried away by an unconquerable passion for the chase and a love for a life in the woods, trespassed on the property of the rich.

Poachers, in reality, are the meanest class of men alive—meaner than sneak thieves. In my experience, not one in fifty cares anything for the sport of fishing or shooting. They poach because they find it an easy way to sustain themselves in a shiftless life. They almost invariably market what game they procure, and they procure it in the easiest way possible, by snaring, and shooting only when they are obliged to, but never wasting a penny's worth of powder. Some men poach out of pure cussedness, the majority for the sake of making a few dirty dollars, and the minority because their passion for hunting and fishing is beyond their ability to subdue. These latter are generally found in Europe, and they are usually peasants living near some preserve; although I have known of a few cases in this country where, there being no sport except on preserved land, the "honest" poacher, as I call him, took the risk of trespassing to satisfy his passion for the chase.

One example of this I recall. A simple fellow, born and raised on the west branch of a famous trout stream, saw, year by year, wealthy people buy up the fishing rights until no spot was left for him to fish in, unless, like Simple Simon, he made use of his mother's pail. He loved fishing for its own sake, and the keepers who patrolled the river found it almost impossible to keep him off. So they tried to catch him, but for a long time they couldn't do that, either. Finally, one evening three patrolling guards caught him at it. And the poacher threw the three keepers into the river, and went home. I believe it was settled later by the owners of the stream giving the yokel a position as keeper, which permitted him to hang about the stream and take a certain number of fish every week. And I heard that he was an excellent keeper, and never abused the confidence placed in him.

This is one of the few examples that I know of where a man poached from love of the sport alone. In that same county lies a very beautiful little lake, which swarms with splendid trout, and whose owner is troubled by poachers. From constant fishing in that lake I came to know the trout and to distinguish these speckled lake fish from fish taken out of the neighboring streams and rivers. One morning while driving, a ragged fellow hailed me and asked if I wished to buy some fine trout. At the first glance I saw that his trout had been taken from the lake. That poacher used to creep through the woods at night and fish in the lake with a gang-hook loaded with worms. He sold his trout at half a dollar a pound, and the money kept him in rum and tobacco. One night, however, the keeper's shotgun went off, and there was a yell from somebody whose trousers seat had been suddenly ventilated with bird-shot.

A favorite method of trout thieves is to take a sack or bag, weight it with stones, and place it, mouth up-stream, in the narrowest part of the brook. Then one of the rascals comes down-stream, wading, poking under the banks with a stick, and scaring the trout, who rush down-stream into the sack. This sort of thing, varied now and then by exploding dynamite under water and gathering the dead or stunned fish which float, has cleaned out some of our public trout waters. In other words, these thieves have robbed the public, and have sold the proceeds of the robbery for their own benefit. The game laws are not nearly stringent enough. Fines never deter such rascals from attempting to reimburse themselves. Imprisonment at hard labor is the only antidote.

In Europe trout-poachers have the reputation of catching trout with their bare hands. The process, in Ireland, is called "tickling." I could scarcely believe that this thing was done—that the most timid and wary of fish could be caught by the naked hands. Reading of one fellow sent to jail for "tickling" trout, I was curious enough to try the process myself in the presence of an angler as witness. I found it the simplest thing in the world, as far as the "tickling" was concerned. The difficulty appeared to lie in approaching the trout. But I found that this could be done almost every time by quiet adroit manœuvring; and I shall never forget the astonished face of my friend when I lifted from a pool a plump trout, and held him in the palm of my hand, just on the surface of the water. Half a dozen times I lifted the same trout, tickling him gently on the belly and sides. He appeared to like it, lying over against my hand like a cat who courts rubbing. I found that I could do almost anything with the trout, carrying them in my hand for a few moments before returning them to the water.

A particularly mean method of poaching in vogue in this country is to set a line, hung with a dozen baited hooks, across a stream. This same method is used to catch wild ducks—particularly the beautiful wood-duck. Poachers who do this merit the whipping-post. Set lines, floating lines, and bob-buoys are other illegal machines used constantly by poachers in this State.

Every species of net is also employed; and the game-wardens destroy quantities every year, according to the reports from the Fish and Game Commission. The Fish and Game Commission works hard, and does its work well in this State, yet there are regions that are the natural home of fish and game where every day for weeks at a time—nay, months—the law is violated. Trout under the legal limit are taken, set lines and set poles can be seen at any time; grouse and woodcock are shot out of season; deer are hounded; ducks are killed while breeding, and the young ducks shot long before the season opens; and three or four poachers who shoot for the market conspire to ship their birds for the sake of the dirty money that the dirty business brings them. The chances are that the State will offer some of them hospitality before very long.

Poaching as a fine art is practised to a lamentable extent in our country. A heavy flat stone in a thicket, a trip-stick, a bait of winter grapes or beechnuts, or a leaf of lettuce has brought many a fine grouse, hare, and cotton-tail to market. These traps are placed in the most inaccessible thickets, and the path leading to them is a blind one, "lined" by the poacher, who breaks a twig here and there to show him the way in the future. I have followed thickets so "lined," and destroyed half a dozen traps in a day, taking from them partridges and hares, and even squirrels. Sometimes rabbits and grouse walk into the deadfalls that boys set for woodchucks and skunks. A few months since, while grouse-shooting on a hillside, I came on a deadfall in which lay a fine big gray and white house cat, dead as a door nail.

In Europe the partridge is a lazy little fellow, preferring to

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Athletics for Spanish War Veterans

VETERANS of the Spanish war have formed an organization similar to the Grand Army of the Republic, and composed of those who were honorably discharged or mustered out after the war. The State of New York Spanish War Veterans, of which General Eugene Griffen is corps commander, comprises about thirty-five commands, and nearly 5000 enrolled members. The commands in the vicinity of New York city, numbering about twenty, have arranged to hold a military athletic tournament in the armory of the Twenty-second Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., on the 5th of March, the proceeds of which are to go to the treasuries of the corps and commands who take part.

The project has aroused considerable interest. The free use of the armory has been secured, and the services of all who are concerned in the tournament, with the exception of the professional starters, handicappers, etc., will be given without charge.

President Roosevelt has furnished funds for the purchase of a prize, and cups have been donated by Admiral Dewey, Hon. Elihu Root, General Robert Shaw Oliver, General George L. Gillespie, General William Crozier, Colonel John Jacob Astor, Hon. George B. McClellan, Hon. William Randolph Hearst, and Senators Depew, Platt, Proctor, Alger, and Lodge. The events will include the usual running races, shot-putting contests, bicycle races, three-legged races, wall-scaling contests, and a tug of war. Admiral Dewey's prize, a handsome silver cup, will be awarded to the military organization scoring the greatest number of points in the specified events open only to Spanish war veterans and members of the Military Athletic League.

In order that the tournament may be held under the auspices and with the sanction of the Amateur Athletic Union, it has been necessary for the commands to organize the Spanish War Veteran's Athletic Association, and the tournament will be held in the name of that association.

Senatorial Repartee

REPRESENTATIVE J. ADAM BEDE, of Minnesota, whose initial bow as an orator in the House won him instant recognition as a prince of raconteurs, and John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee, who poses as the Adonis of the Lower House, were boasting of their respective political parties. "Jadam" Bede, as he has been nicknamed, is a rock-ribbed Republican, while John Wesley is a young exponent of Democratic principles.

"What," asked Gaines of Bede, "did you do with the Mayor of one of your great cities in Minnesota? Is he in for twenty-five years or for life?"

Every Democrat within hearing laughed at this sally.

"He's not in yet," retorted Bede, "and I hope he is innocent. He was recently a Democrat, and had been a Republican only for six months when convicted."

"That shows what a good man does when he gets into bad company," persisted Gaines.

"Fact is," replied Bede, smilingly, "we hadn't had time to reform him."

N-Rays from Plants

BOTANISTS have recently been investigating the N-rays, and we are told that they are emitted from plants, as well as from nerves and muscles, and that the fluorescent screen will glow when brought near to the plant, especially the leaves and the roots, where the effect is more pronounced than in the case of the flower. N-rays are emitted from such plants as onions and mushrooms, so that they do not seem to depend upon the presence of chlorophyll or green coloring matter, their intensity being apparently due to the activity and condition of the vegetable protoplasm. This was shown by the fact that the N-rays were produced from germinated seedlings and not from those which had not germinated, while their emission was stopped entirely on using chloroform to suspend the vital activity of the plant.



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(Continued from page 368.)

walk rather than fly. A flock of these birds, passing from field to field, will walk along a hedge until they find an opening, rather than take the trouble to fly over the hedge. This habit is taken advantage of by poachers, who stop up all gaps in a hedge, except those just large enough to admit a partridge. Over these a slip-noose of thin wire or waxed silk or horsehair is spread, attached to a bent twig. When a partridge attempts to squeeze through, the trip-stick does the work, the bent twig flies up, the noose tightens, and there hangs a little dead partridge for the poacher. I have destroyed many such nooses in an afternoon, and confiscated many a dead partridge.

To hark back for a moment to the finny victims of poachers: One of this gentry informed me that he had a new method for taking fish; that it was not his own invention, but that it was known to a few select law-breakers, who employed it with great success. The method was this: a big glass globe containing shiners and *gold-fish* was lowered into a pool or lake. Fish were attracted and excited by seeing these toothsome small fry swimming about, and after a while a line hung with baited gang-hooks was lowered. He said that a heavy catch was certain, particularly at night, when they rubbed the globe with phosphorus, or employed a small incandescent electric light.

This is modern poaching with a vengeance, and I, for one, have no doubt of the murderous effect of an illuminated bait. Once I tried an artificial fly tied with phosphorescent body, and have seen what it does at night. The law should forbid its use, and place it in the same category as fyke-nets, gang-hooks, and spears. As for the globe of fish and the phosphorus, I confess I should be willing to try it as an experiment, not to continue if it proves as deadly as I can easily imagine it might.

Once, in this State, while fishing a favorite pool, I noticed a flat piece of wood floating near the opposite bank. My attention was first attracted to it because it did not float off down-stream, .d yet I could not see where it was stranded, for the water was ten or twelve feet deep there. The piece of wood was about two feet long and perhaps six inches wide, with a depth of half an inch. Presently, as it bobbed up and down, I saw a cord hanging from it. Briefly, the stick of wood proved to be a float, anchored on bottom. From the float hung half a dozen lines fitted with baited gang-hooks. There was nothing on the hooks except the bait. But what interested me particularly was that, at intervals along the anchor-line, were tied bits of spongy rotten wood, greenish in color. And I racked my brains to try to discover what part these rotten bits of wood played in this poacher's infernal machine.

After a while it came to me in an inspiration; and that night I proved it; for every one of those bits of rotten wood glowed like phosphorus in the dark. That poacher, whoever he was, might have made a good living at an honest trade. I suppose it did not take him very long to fashion a duplicate of the machine which I confiscated. By the way, although trout take a so-called "luminous fly" at night, I never knew a trout to take a fire-fly, either by day or by night. They may take them freely enough; I do not know; but I personally never heard of their doing it.

Everybody has read of the man who took off his breeches, tied up the legs at the ankles, and used them as a scoop-net for fishing. As a matter of fact, I know of such a case occurring, for I saw it myself in time to put an end to that method of trout-fishing.



Drawn by Sydney Adamson

"Threw the three keepers into the river"

Decent folk need have no sympathy for poachers when caught,—I mean human poachers. For the two-footed feathered poachers, for the four-footed furry poachers, I have the greatest sympathy. Yet it is sometimes necessary to send them to a happier hunting-ground. I remember a fine brood of fourteen grouse that lived in a willow thicket near me. Without disturbing them unduly I visited them every few days. After a while I noticed that their number was steadily diminishing. Watch as I might, it was impossible for a long while to discover the cause of this until, one day, I came upon the brood, now numbering only six. An enormous yellow cat was stalking them; so intent was she on one fascinated bird that she did not hear me. The poor bird appeared to be hypnotized; the cat, belly flat on the ground, tail switching, crawled nearer and nearer. Then I broke the spell; the willows echoed with the whirring thunder of rising birds, and the robber cat was routed.

Mink play the mischief with trout; weasels and foxes do damage among the grouse. Fortunately, a hen grouse on her nest exhales no scent, otherwise the foxes would have long since exterminated the last ruffed grouse. Skunks have their share in the murderous work; Cooper's hawk and the great horned owl are demons at it. But from all I can find out I do not believe that the big barred owl does much damage to game. Duck-hawks are too rare with us to count; but it is safe to shoot Cooper's hawk every time, for he is a villain too deeply dyed to be entitled to mercy.

On the whole, however, I am inclined to share with bird and beast a right to poach, and not to shoot them.

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The Passing of the Fire-Engine

THE recent completion of a powerful pumping-plant and a system of independent high-pressure fire-mains in the city of Philadelphia to take the place of horse or motor-driven steam fire-engines is noteworthy as indicating the tendency toward centralization in modern mechanical engineering practice. While it may be too much to say that it marks the beginning of the disappearance of the fire-engine in large cities, nevertheless, it seems quite clear that such a plant can furnish more effective protection to a given area, and that, aside from its initial cost, it is less expensive to maintain. The advantage to the citizens is shown by the fact that for the district in Philadelphia protected by the new plant insurance rates have been decreased fifteen cents per $100, and with the increased efficiency of the system a further decrease of ten cents is promised.

The New System

In outline the new pumping system may be described briefly as follows: It consists of a number of powerful pumps driven by gas-engines and located in a single building 72 by 140 feet, and using an independent and never-failing supply of water derived from the Delaware River. This is distributed under high pressure through a network of specially constructed mains, aggregating some nine miles in length, over the selected territory which includes about 425 acres. The hose is attached directly to hydrants of a special pattern, and it is possible to send four streams to the top of the highest skyscraper in Philadelphia. The plant is said to take the place of more than forty fire-engines, and the pressure furnished and consequent efficiency is far beyond that of ordinary fire-engines.

How the Scheme Works

As soon as an alarm is turned in, the necessary communication is established with the pumping stations, and the engines are started and are in operation practically at once. It was for this reason that gas-engines were selected to drive the pumps in preference to steam, as they can remain at rest without any particular attention, and can be at once started to full capacity, whereas with steam-engines a certain amount of steam would have to be maintained constantly, and there would be delay in getting to full working capacity. The gas for the Philadelphia station is derived from the city illuminating gas-mains, while the electricity producing the igniting spark is derived from the city lighting system, a storage battery, or a generator driven by a small gas-engine, provision thus being made against the failure of any one of these sources of current.

Protection for Sky-scrapers

When ultimately completed, the plant will contain ten 11½ by 12 inch vertical pumps, each of which will deliver 1200 gallons a minute against a pressure of 300 pounds to the square inch. Each pump is driven by a 280 horse-power triple-cylinder gas-engine, and there are two smaller pumps, 6¼ by 12 inches. The mains are arranged at the river-front, so that the pumps of the fire-boats may be connected, and increased pressure thus obtained. In fact, this plan has been used in several instances previous to the completion of the station. With the increasing congestion of buildings in large cities and the erection of structures of extreme height, it seems perfectly clear that a central pumping-plant can furnish more efficient service than portable engines, especially where there is lake, river, or harbor water to draw upon. While the outlay for the independent mains is large, nevertheless the increase in protection more than compensates, while with gas or electric driven pumps water under high pressure can be delivered almost instantaneously on receiving the alarm. Despite picturesqueness and skilful operation, it seems as if the horse fire-engine for large and crowded cities must eventually give way to the more efficient and economical central station, though the horse and other apparatus must still be retained and transported to the scene of fire with the present celerity.



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Progress of Science

A New Tunnelling-Machine

THE rapid increase in the number of underground railway enterprises has brought into existence improved methods of tunnelling, and one of the most recent of these is a combined electrically driven and hydraulic machine now in use in England. It is designed for tunnelling in fairly soft ground, such as is encountered in London, and consists of a shield with a cutting edge which is forced forward into the earth or clay. This part of the machine does not involve any new principle, as shields of one form or other have been used for many years in soft-ground tunnelling, but the combination with it of a mechanical excavator operated by electricity is a novel feature which contributes to its efficiency. This consists of a cutterhead and buckets, which are revolved by a 50 horse-power electric motor, and just clear the cutting edge of the shield. In operation, the shield, which is cylindrical in form, is forced forward by hydraulic rams, its edge cutting into the ground. The cutterhead and buckets are then rotated, and the material which is loosened by the cutting tools on the head is collected by the buckets and delivered at the top centre of the shield, whence it is discharged into a shute leading to a conveyor belt at the tail end of the shield, and carried back into the completed portion of the excavation for final removal. In London clay it has proved a distinct success, and the occasional boulders encountered are broken by the cutting tools and passed along to the delivery belt. It can be employed where the ground to be penetrated is sufficiently soft to admit of using a shield. In these cases cast-iron circular rings form the walls of the tunnel and are put in position just as soon as the material is excavated. These tunnels are usually at considerable distance beneath the surface, and are quite different from the open cut or rock excavation encountered on the subway work in New York city.

Artificial Diamonds

The manufacture of artificial diamonds by the aid of the electric furnace has been one of the goals of electrochemists since Moissan began his important experiments involving the production of high temperatures. This distinguished scientist, it will be remembered, was able to crystallize carbon and to obtain true diamonds, but they were of microscopic size, and attempts to produce larger crystals were fruitless. Recent experiments with the same purpose have been carried on in Germany by Ludwig, and while they did not result in diamonds of commercial size, nevertheless they confirmed Moissan's theory that the carbon crystals known as diamonds are the result of extreme temperature, great pressure, and sudden cooling. Where Moissan employed carbon dissolved in iron which was fused by the electric arc and was at the same time under high pressure, Ludwig used carbon alone, employing a bomb into which carbon electrodes were sealed, and which contained hydrogen, to produce the necessary pressure. This was possible, as hydrogen at high temperatures does not combine with carbon, and so enabled pressures as great as 1200 to 3000 atmospheres to be obtained. It was found that when a certain pressure and temperature were reached the carbon electrodes ceased to conduct, and it was then supposed that the carbon was assuming a crystalline form. On cooling the apparatus and permitting the gas to escape, a few minute crystals were found in the mass, though the number was considerably increased by sudden cooling with water. These minute particles of carbon had a crystalline and semi-transparent appearance, but were not found in sufficient quantities to warrant the prosecution of the method for commercial purposes. As regards the manufacture of artificial diamonds, it seems demonstrated that at present the scientists are unable to reproduce the conditions of temperature, pressure, and sudden cooling which must have acted on carbon to form the diamonds in the earth crust, but the cause of the phenomena having been demonstrated, subsequent electrometallurgists may be able to produce these forces with sufficient intensity to achieve the desired result.

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Music

Richard Strauss: An Estimate

RICHARD STRAUSS, the most eminent of living composers, and by many considered the paramount figure in post-Wagnerian music, has come to America to appear in person at numerous public performances of his own works. During the course of his festival concerts in New York, which began last week, we shall hear all but one of the seven tone-poems on which his great fame chiefly rests: The early "Don Juan," the "Tod und Verklärung" of what may be called his middle period, the later "Till



Richard Strauss
Who is visiting America on an important concert tour

Eulenspiegel," and the epoch-making and characteristic works of his artistic maturity —"Zarathustra," "Don Quixote," and "Ein Heldenleben." It is promised that we shall also hear the first performance anywhere of his most recent composition: a "Sinfonia Domestica," which is said, in apparent seriousness, to represent phases of Herr Strauss's domestic arrangements.

What, in brief, are the signal characteristics of this composer who, before his fortieth year, had disturbed the currents of modern music as they had not been disturbed since the stormy period of the Wagner crisis? Are we to recognize in Richard Strauss an irresponsible musical anarchist, a crack-brained iconoclast, an outrageous disturber of the musical peace? Or is he a prophet bearing messages of great moment, a liberator, a genius of a new and unparalleled order? Or is he, finally, as Mr. Vernon Blackburn, with manful temerity, has lately declared, "simply the expression of childlike thought in music"; one whom it is absurd to think of "as a complete musician"? For ourselves, we can only declare our matured conviction that Strauss is the most important, the most potential composer since Wagner, and the greatest humanist, saving none, in music. His "Don Quixote"—a more representative work than any he has yet achieved —has a depth and tenderness of comedy, a ripe and enlightened humanity, a vigor and truth of characterization, which are nothing less than Shakespearean. And in those works of larger implication—in "Tod und Verklärung" and "Zarathustra," he has sounded vast spaces, has uttered, with unexampled conviction and impressiveness, aspirations and imaginings of overpowering significance: and he has touched, more than once, the margin of the sublime. As for his consummate technical equipment, his necromantic musicianship, nothing need here be said: for this, at least, he has compelled unstinted recognition. For a proper acknowledgment of the essential elements of his genius he will probably, like many another before him, have to wait with what serenity he can command.

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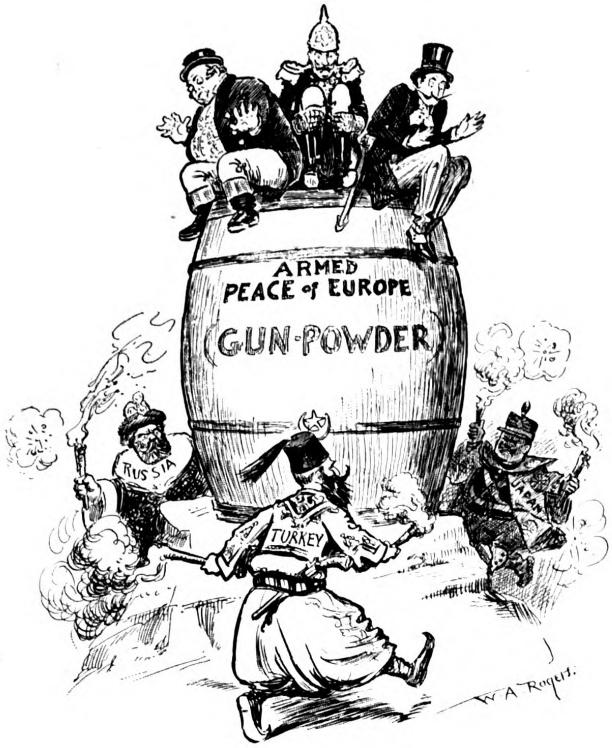
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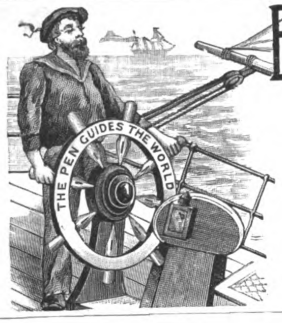
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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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"BEWARE OF ENTANGLING ALLIANCES."—George Washington

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COMMENT

THE nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for the Presidency by the Republicans being now absolutely certain, public attention is concentrated on the selection of his Democratic competitor. It begins to look as if the lunatics in the Democratic party would muster a sufficient number of delegates to the St. Louis convention to thwart the will of the majority under the two-thirds rule. If the Democratic national convention would, immediately after its organization, abolish that rule, it is probable that the conservative element of the party would be able not only to frame the platform, but also to name the candidates. It is high time, therefore, that Democrats who desire the triumph of their principles should recognize the expediency of abandoning a custom which, under existing circumstances, would be more honored in the breach than in the observance. By those who are conversant with the history of the two-thirds rule since the formulation of it in 1832, it is well known that at no time did the regulation confer any benefit upon the Southern States by which it was prescribed, while on three occasions it wrought them a grievous injury. In 1832 it was superfluous, because there was no opposition inside of the Democratic party to the renomination of Andrew Jackson. In 1836 and 1840 Martin Van Buren had practically no competitor in the Democratic camp. In 1852 and 1856 the South gained nothing, and lost nothing, by the enforcement of the two-thirds rule.

In 1844, had the majority of the national convention been permitted to carry out their wishes and to nominate Martin Van Buren, it is almost certain that the Democratic nominee would have secured more electoral votes than did James K. Polk; and it is probable that the Mexican war, with all of the resultant political troubles, would never have taken place. In 1848, had it been known that the two-thirds rule would be abolished, the friends of Van Buren would have made a second and successful effort to bring about his nomination; the Barnburner revolt in the State of New York would have been averted, and the Whig candidate for the Presidency would have been defeated. In 1860, had Stephen A. Douglas, to whom a majority of the delegates were devoted, been nominated by the Democratic convention at Charleston, it is evident from the votes cast in the following November that he would have been elected. But, as Lincoln had predicted, the position which Douglas was forced to take in the Illinois canvass for a seat in the United States Senate cost him the support of the extreme pro-slavery wing of the Democratic party, the wing which, in its unwillingness to accept the "Little Giant" for leader, committed political suicide by seceding from the Charleston convention, and coercing its section into the adoption of a course that led straight to the destruction of the domestic institution which it wished to protect. A curse to the South when it was mighty, the two-thirds rule emasculates the influence which Southern Democrats, if united, might still wield in a national convention.

There is no doubt that the movement in favor of nominating ex-President Cleveland for the Presidency is gaining ground among the Democrats in the Borough of Manhattan. An outburst of pro-Cleveland sentiment on the part of a district organization has been followed by the announcement that a mass-meeting will soon be held at which speeches will be made by Mr. John G. Carlisle, Mr. Charles Fairchild, and other men conspicuously associated with the Cleveland administrations. That, if the ex-President will permit it, the New Jersey delegation will present his name to the Democratic national convention may be taken for granted. On February 29, however, a Wall Street news bureau asserted, on what is alleged to be first-hand authority, that Mr. Cleveland's determination not to be a candidate was unalterable. It added that Mr. Cleveland had but slight expectation of the Democratic party nominating what might be called a decent candidate for the Presidency. It is scarcely to be expected that the national convention will nominate one of Mr. Cleveland's lieutenants, if their chief, who is far more widely known, and who would run incomparably better, declines to serve. We observe that a poll of the Democratic State Committee of Georgia, which took place at Atlanta on February 29, resulted as follows: For "a sound, conservative candidate," 15; for Cleveland, 6; for Gorman, 5; for Parker, 4; for Hearst, 3; for anybody except Hearst, 3. We note, by the way, that, on February 29, Mr. Hearst's New York newspaper, the *American*, published an alleged interview with Mr. Herman Ridder, the editor of the *Staats Zeitung*, to the effect that Hearst would be acceptable to him, though not on a silver platform. The assertion was promptly repudiated by Mr. Ridder. What the last-named gentleman said was this: That he favored the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, and under no circumstances would support a silverite candidate for President. He declares that he refused to say a word concerning the Hearst boom. The same policy of silence on that subject is observed by Mr. Charles F. Murphy, who adheres to the conviction which he has repeatedly expressed that if the Democratic party desires to elect its candidate, and is not deliberately riding for a fall, it will select Mr. Cleveland.

It begins to look as if Mr. William R. Hearst's candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency may have to be taken seriously. The fact that he is not a frequent or eloquent speaker, and has seldom, if ever, been heard on the floor of the House of Representatives, or on the stump, is not the fatal obstruction to his eligibility which some persons imagine it to be. Thomas Jefferson was no orator: his influence was acquired exclusively by the pen. In the eyes of many hundreds of thousands of naïve and credulous readers, Mr. Hearst is the author of every editorial article that appears in every issue of his numerous newspapers. It follows that, from their point of view, he seems to be a good deal of a man, measuring quite up to the standard set by such Presidents as Polk, Johnson, and Arthur. As the presumable writer, and as, certainly, the responsible indorser, of every word printed over his signature, he is indisputably a more important figure on the public stage than was Mr. William J. Bryan a week before the latter secured a nomination for the Presidency at the hands of the Democratic national convention of 1896. Although Mr. Bryan has, thus far, declined to avow himself a supporter of Mr. Hearst's, it is significant that only in States and Territories where the Bryanites are strong has the Hearst boom been launched successfully.

There is no reason to believe that Mr. Hearst will get a single delegate from the city or State of New York, although he represents a metropolitan district in Congress. On the other hand, he seems likely to have the delegates from New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Hawaii, and Porto Rico. It would not be surprising should he have some support from California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, and Colorado. Some delegations also seem assured to him from the Middle West, and the South: we refer to those of Mississippi, of Iowa, and of Kentucky. A vigorous effort is making to gain for him some delegates from Massachusetts, and other New England States. On the

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whole, it is needful for prudent Democrats to confront the possibility that the Bryan-Hearst combination may control a little more than a third of the members of the Democratic national convention. The fact should be accepted as conclusive proof of the need of abolishing the two-thirds rule. No doubt the nomination of Mr. Hearst is as impossible this year as would be that of Mr. Bryan. If nominated, Mr. Hearst would poll even fewer votes than were cast for the Democratic nominee in 1900. Still he and his next friend, the editor of the *Commoner*, may exercise a pernicious influence on the framing of a platform and the selection of a candidate at St. Louis.

Since the recent meeting of the Republican State Committee of New York, the deposition of Senator Platt from the leadership of his party in that State is no longer open to question. Governor Odell is now the "boss," and will remain so during the rest of his term of office, which expires, however, with the current year. There seems to be no doubt that he can secure the chairmanship of the next Republican State Committee if he desires it; or can obtain a third nomination for the Governorship. Which of those honors he will choose depends on the determination of a preliminary question, whether, namely, he will be invited to succeed the late Senator Hanna in the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. We scarcely think that sincere and well-informed friends of Mr. Roosevelt would permit the last-named position to be offered to the present Governor of New York. The efficiency of his campaign methods was not demonstrated by the fact that in 1902 he was reelected by a plurality of less than nine thousand, although the municipal administration of New York city was in the hands of an ally, Mayor Low. Under Mayor McClellan all the power of the municipal administration will be used against the Republican candidates for the Presidency and the Governorship.

The total eclipse of Mr. Platt bodes ill to the fortunes of his colleague in the Senate, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew. What Mr. Odell's intention is with regard to the Senatorship is not yet definitely known. It was at one time reported that he had promised the seat now occupied by Mr. Depew to ex-Governor Frank Black, who, undoubtedly, is one of the ablest and most eloquent men in the Republican party. According to another rumor, Mr. Odell is hesitating between Governor Black and a certain eminent financier. It now looks as if Mr. Odell would dominate the Republican members of the next New York Legislature, but it is possible that they will not constitute a majority. If the Democrats in a lucid moment should nominate a conservative and trusted man for the Presidency, it is possible that they might gain control of both branches of the New York Legislature. In that event the whole vast structure of hopes and plans which Mr. Odell has reared on his assumed ability to manipulate the huge canal fund would be levelled to the ground, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wrack behind."

The Secretary of Commerce and Labor has made public the report of the special commission appointed by the President last September, to examine the conditions existing at the Ellis Island Immigration Station, New York. Inasmuch as the chairman of the committee was Mr. Arthur von Briesen, there is no reason to suppose that the conclusions were warped by any bias against the New York *Staats Zeitung*, the newspaper by which the charges of mismanagement were originally made. The commission, which seems to have made a careful investigation, reports that most of the charges are unfounded. It dismisses, for example, as unsupported by any evidence, the accusation that there has been a deportation of large numbers of immigrants who should have been allowed to land. Repelled also, as unsustained by proof, is the charge that uncleanly conditions exist in and about the buildings at Ellis Island. As a matter of fact, the buildings and appointments were found to be exceptionally clean, though there was a doubt as to whether blankets were sufficiently disinfected.

The commission also dismissed as unwarranted the charge that women and children and others who are detained at Ellis Island, or in the hospitals thereof, are required to do menial work. On the whole, the commission reports that the testimony is conclusive that immigrants are treated not unkindly, but, on the contrary, with every possible consideration, so far as the inadequate facilities at Ellis Island permit. They are well fed, fairly well housed, and, when ill, are cared for in hospitals—all without expense to themselves. If permitted to land, the permission releases the immigrant instantly from the direct control of the Ellis Island authorities. If, however, friends or relatives, who will act in the capacity of special protectors, are expected to call for him, he is supplied gratuitously with food and clothing until their arrival. The obvious purpose of such temporary detention is to protect immigrants from falling into evil hands. Far from discovering any proof of a general animus against immigrants on the part of the Commissioner of Immigration, the commission declares Commissioner Williams entitled to the highest commendation for the zeal, intelligence, and humanity evinced by him in administering the affairs of the Ellis Island station.

On Monday, February 29, the *Age-Herald* of Birmingham, Alabama, published an interesting letter, in which Booker T. Washington directed attention to the fact that, within the preceding fortnight, three members of his race, one of whom was a woman, had been burned at the stake. Not one of the three victims was charged with a crime even remotely connected with the abuse of a white woman. They were simply accused of murder. He went on to appeal to white men at the South to take firm ground against barbarities that would be certain in the end to prove more degrading to the people who inflict them than to the sufferers. It is true also, as he says, that if the law is systematically disregarded when a negro is concerned, it is only a question of time when the law will be disregarded also when a white man is accused. That the appeal to the good feeling and good sense of Southern whites will not be made in vain was attested on the preceding day—Sunday, February 28—when Governor Vardaman, who has been looked upon as exceptionally hostile to the colored race, saved at Batesville, Mississippi, a negro from a mob that had threatened to burn him at the stake. The offence of which the colored man was accused had nothing to do with the "new negro crime." He had been arrested on February 27 for the murder of a white engine-driver, and the sheriff, knowing that he would be powerless to save the negro's life, had telegraphed to Governor Vardaman for assistance. Leaving Jackson, the State capital, at 10 P.M., the Governor, attended by some sixty soldiers, travelled all night, and reached Batesville about daybreak, just in time to deprive the mob of their prospective victim. It is significant that the Governor's train was well-nigh wrecked by an engine-driver who is known to have been in sympathy with the mob. We need not say that the course pursued by Governor Vardaman reflects the highest credit upon him personally, and on his State. There is not even the shadow of an excuse for burnings in Mississippi, if it be true that, since the new Constitution has been operative, there have been no examples of the new negro crime in that commonwealth.

A curious colloquy took place in the House of Representatives on February 29 between Representative Gilbert of Kentucky, a Democrat, and Representative Scott of Kansas, a Republican. The former was discussing the "freedom and equality" plank of the Republican national platform, and remarked that the American people got an exhibition of the Republican notion of freedom and equality when a certain colored man named Booker Washington lunched with President Roosevelt at the White House. Mr. Scott asked Mr. Gilbert what he would say if a Democratic President should invite a negro to his table. To Mr. Gilbert's declaration that such an incident would be impossible, Mr. Scott rejoined that during the first administration of Mr. Cleveland a negro from Kansas was introduced to the President, and was by him invited to sit at the same table at luncheon, an invitation which was accepted. The negro was C. H. J. Taylor, who afterwards held the office of Register of Deeds for the District of Columbia, as Frederick Douglass had held it before him. The only comment that Mr. Cochran of Missouri could manage to make on the fact cited by Mr. Scott was that the incident proved Grover Cleveland to have been a good Republican. We long since recalled in these columns the invitation given by Mr. Cleveland to the negro Taylor, and pointed out that an act of courtesy which was entirely devoid of political importance twenty years ago had become invested with grave significance

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to the constitutional changes which, with the approval of many Northern men, had been made in several Southern States; changes justified in the eyes of their authors and endorsers by the belief that the assumption of social and political equality between the races which lay at the root of the Reconstruction legislation has, or should have, no foundation in fact. Scarcely anybody dreamed of complaining in 1885 because a Democratic negro, the prospective occupant of the office of Register of Deeds, had been treated with the same conventional politeness to which his Republican predecessor, Frederick Douglass, had been long accustomed. Other times, other usages. What was immaterial two decades ago might be a serious blunder to-day.

We have read with interest some comments on "Peonage in the South," which appeared on February 24 in the *Age-Herald* of Birmingham, Alabama. This trustworthy newspaper informs us that, while it has no desire to defend peonage, yet, as a matter of fact, it knows that ninety per cent. of the persons charged with the crime in the County of Tallapoosa were guiltless of deliberately violating the law. It seems to have been generally believed in Tallapoosa County not only by the whites, but by the blacks, that a well-to-do citizen who took a negro out of jail by paying his fine, and allowed him to work out the indebtedness, was doing the so-called peon an act of kindness. It is said that at every term of court negroes would call upon white acquaintances to help them out of trouble, for the reason that they preferred to work for white farmers rather than go to the chain-gang. As white farmers, on their part, saw a profit in the transaction, the practice gradually spread. Obviously the custom of permitting negroes to work out alone might lend itself to abuses, and some cases of cruelty having been disclosed, the courts put an end to the practice. According to the *Age-Herald*, the stopping of peonage has caused discontent among negroes, as well as among some whites, but the leading men of the communities concerned heartily approve of the reform. They cheerfully bear the temporary inconvenience due to a scarcity of labor, in order to relieve from odium the counties in which they live.

It is settled that the Panama Canal is to be completed by the government of the United States. Before a single spade is put in the soil of the isthmus, however, adequate measures should be taken for the enforcement of sanitary regulations. It would be a national disgrace if the mortality of the laborers should recall the appalling loss of life incurred by the builders of the Panama Railroad; and, again, by the employees of the Lesseps Canal Company. A failure on the part of our government to provide sufficient precautions against pestilence will be inexcusable, because it is forewarned. Surgeon J. C. Perry has just submitted a report on the existing sanitary conditions of the isthmus to Surgeon-General Wyman of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service. Let us note first what he says about the canal strip, ten miles wide and forty-seven miles long, which already has a population of about 15,000 persons, and which, presently, will have two or three times as many inhabitants. After pointing out that the denizens of this belt are almost exclusively negroes and Chinese, Surgeon Perry says that all the villages are extremely filthy. There is not even a pretence of sanitary regulations or restrictions. There are no sewers, and there is no supply of water, except that furnished by rain or obtained from small springs or streams. Offal or waste matter is simply thrown into the streets or left on the ground, in close proximity to hovels, thence to be removed by buzzards, or hogs, or the torrential rains.

Under the circumstances, we are not surprised to hear that all types of malarial fever are encountered in the canal strip, or that tuberculosis, rheumatism, and beri-beri are common. So much for the canal belt itself. If now we turn to its terminals, Colon and Panama, we learn that the island on which the former town is situated is a coral formation, the surface of which is only a few feet above the sea-level. The houses, except those occupied by railway officials, are, for the most part, built in a swamp, which is covered with water during the rainy season. Not only then, but sometimes also during the dry season, water stands in stagnant pools beneath two-thirds of the buildings. Colon's supply of drinking-water is derived exclusively from rain collected in cisterns, or from reservoirs on Monkey Hill, close to which reservoirs are houses occupied by negro families that wash their soiled clothing in the water. For scavengers Colon relies on buzzards and dogs. It is true that yellow fever is not so frequent in the town as it is at Panama, yet three fatal cases of the malady occurred last year among the better class of the white population. Surgeon Perry, for his part, has no doubt that Colon can be made a healthy tropical city. For competent sanitary engineers the task would be by no means impracticable. The proof of this assertion is that the section of the town occupied by the Panama Railroad Company is kept clean and dry, and is equipped with a modern sewerage system. What is needed is to fill in the swampy part of the island, to destroy most of the huts now occupied by negroes, and to require new houses to be built on sanitary principles.

Canada is by no means a unit on Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal scheme. It is becoming evident that, while the preferential tariff with England is warmly endorsed by the more Conservative element in the Dominion, it has many opponents among the Liberals, who object in principle to imperialism, as likely to lead Canada into militarism, and who seek rather to make Canada a sovereign state in everything but name, and not an appanage of the mother country. A powerful address in this sense was delivered the other day by Professor Adam Shortt, of the University of Kingston, Ontario, before the Canadian Club. Professor Shortt described Mr. Chamberlain as a kind of William J. Bryan—honest, enthusiastic, but unable to see the whole circle, and taking no thought of either past or future. Mr. Chamberlain makes the wildest statements, and pledges his honor on all kinds of future events which no mortal can foresee. He raises so many disputable points that he can only be answered by a hailstorm of statistics. His plan, in Professor Shortt's view, is not really good for Canada. It is a positive detriment to Canada to proclaim that Manitoba and the Territories can never be prosperous until England grants a preferential tariff. Moreover, the differences in the price of wheat are so considerable in different parts of Canada that a preferential duty would tend to favor certain localities at the expense of others; no uniform benefit could be assured.

Professor Shortt went on to liken the preferential proposal to a business of the same family, an arrangement made on sentimental rather than economic grounds, that invariably leads to trouble, for the reason that each party desires to do more for the other than he really can. He also proceeded to say that if Canada was going to build up the empire by furnishing a preferential market for British manufactures, there would be disappointment, and likewise if Britain tried to build up the empire by giving a preference to Canadian wheat, there would be disappointment. He declared that Canadians should rather pay attention to the great natural resources at their own doors. It was, doubtless, a sense of this growing opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme which recently led the Ottawa *Citizen* to say that Great Britain might decide to adopt protection, Mr. Chamberlain might successfully formulate a scheme of interimperial tariff preference, but before the great project reached finality its fate would have to be decided in a political battle fought in the constituencies of Canada. In that fight all so-called sentimental forces of loyalty and patriotism would be arrayed against the tremendous temptation of material advantage by which the wealth and cunning of the United States would endeavor to induce the Dominion to accept continental reciprocity in lieu of the British scheme. Canada, declared the *Citizen*, could not be awakened too soon to the fact that she would be called on to undergo a strain that would test her allegiance to the utmost.

It is a satisfaction that John Turner, the English anarchist, is to have a hearing in April before the United States Supreme Court. Meanwhile he is released from Ellis Island, where he has been locked up for four months, and can fill his lecture engagements in Canada. Turner is personally a mild and orderly man, but he is a theoretical anarchist like Krapotkin, and does not believe in organized government. He is a fluent preacher of the theories he affects. How violent his utterances may sometimes be we do not know, but he enjoys the right of free speech in England, where he goes and comes at his will

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and spouts unmolested. He was arrested here by the Ellis Island authorities, while making an address on labor-unions at the Lenox Lyceum. The arrest was made under the law for the exclusion of anarchists which was passed after the assassination of President McKinley. The law aims to keep out dangerous persons who might commit, or incite, political murders. Commissioner Williams and his associates thought the law applied to Turner. A good many other persons thought it didn't, and held that if it did it was bad law, and contrary to the constitutional prohibition of the abridgment of free speech. The whole subject is highly important. Turner has got his case before the Supreme Court, at the cost of four months' imprisonment. He could have been deported at once if he had consented. As the result of this inconvenience which he has voluntarily sustained, we shall get an interpretation of the new law from our highest court.

On February 29 the Republicans of the Twenty-fifth Congressional District of New York renominated Lucius N. Littauer for Congress, and named him and State Senator Brackett as delegates to the Republican national convention. The convention, at the instance, doubtless, of Messrs. Brackett and Littauer, declined to instruct for Roosevelt, or even to endorse his administration. This action, or want of action, is interpreted to mean that Mr. Littauer and the President are no longer in the same political boat. Since that is the case, it is obviously Littauer who has disembarked, for the boat still swims and makes excellent progress, and the President is still in it. Mr. Littauer expressed "feelings of deepest gratitude" to his constituents for standing by him in recent troubles, resulting, as he expressed it, from a malicious attack of enemies who "sought to make a clean and honest business transaction a violation of law." He would have done better to avoid making it so evident that he does not include the President, Mr. Root, or Attorney-General Knox among those to whom he has reason to feel grateful. They did no more, and no less, in his case than their official obligations compelled; to have done otherwise would have been neglect of duty. It does not help Mr. Littauer's case to make this public admission that he and his old friend Roosevelt are out.

It is a very stirring story that Samuel Hopkins Adams tells in *McClure's Magazine* about Caleb Powers and Kentucky. Mr. Adams is a well-known newspaper man in New York. He knows how to tell a story. He is the son of a minister and the grandson of a minister, and was well grounded in veracity in early life. He is a conscientious as well as a graphic narrator, and his story is undoubtedly as accurate as he could make it. Caleb Powers was the Republican Secretary of State in Kentucky, a member of the administration of Governor Taylor, which was turned out of office by William Goebel's Legislature. He has been in jail in Louisville or Frankfort for four years, and is now under sentence of death for the murder of William Goebel. All newspaper readers will recall the shooting of Goebel, but in most minds the details of the case have probably grown faint. We have read that Governor Taylor ran away from Kentucky and had not dared to return, because if he did he would be tried for Goebel's murder. He has said that he could not get a fair trial in Kentucky if he went back there, and we have believed him. The Governor of Indiana has refused to extradite him from that State. How well warranted that refusal was is made clear by Mr. Adams's narrative of the case of Caleb Powers. Powers has been three times tried for the murder of Goebel, and has been convicted each time. Twice he has been sentenced to imprisonment for life. As the result of the third trial he was sentenced to be hanged. The first and second trials were upset by the Kentucky Court of Appeals. On the third that court has not yet passed. If it fails to interfere, Mr. Adams says that effort will be made to bring the case before the United States Supreme Court, and if that fails, Powers will be hanged, unless the Democratic Governor of Kentucky commutes his sentence.

The way Mr. Adams puts it is that if the higher courts fail Powers, "nothing but the intervention of a Democratic Governor stands between the State of Kentucky and the onus of a legal lynching." For Mr. Adams has no doubt at all that Powers is innocent, and no one who reads his story can doubt that at least Powers has been improperly convicted. The chief witness against him on his first trial was proved to be a perjurer, and indicted for perjury, but released on bail ($200), and promptly ran away. Juries in all three trials were practically packed. The judge in the first two trials was a bitter and outspoken partisan; the judge in the third trial was not much better. The chief evidence in the third trial was a confession obtained by physical torture and terror from a witness, Henry Youtsey, who is himself suspected of being the man who shot Goebel. Mr. Adams declares that the state of feeling between Republicans and Democrats in Kentucky over the Goebel murder is such that it is impossible that any one indicted for a share in that murder can have a fair trial. As to the Powers case, he says that the animosities engendered by it have brought about scores of fatal quarrels. Business partnerships have been dissolved by it, churches broken up, old friendships withered, families disunited. Ladies who sent food to Powers in Frankfort jail had their gardens ruined and their domestic pets poisoned; the barns of folks who "talked too much" caught fire; the Governor's wife was ostracized in Frankfort. One side is as bitter as the other, but the Democrats have the official power. It is an extraordinary story, and would be impossible if we did not remember how very close Kentucky came to civil war after Goebel was shot.

This story will be widely read, and the country will follow the Powers case with quickened interest after reading it. The state of things in Kentucky as Mr. Adams describes them helps the observer to understand how it has happened that Kentucky Democrats have declared for Hearst and Bryan, and that Colonel Henry Watterson no longer cares to take an active part in public affairs. Bryan was a strong and constant backer of Goebel, and Goebel aimed at nothing less than a dictatorship in Kentucky. Any State that has civilizing influences to spare should try to find a market for them in the Blue-Grass country.

The conditions of intermarriage between Catholics and Protestants have lately come under discussion in some of the newspapers, and the stipulations precedent which are wont to be made by the Roman Catholic Church have been set forth with some minuteness. The Church, through its representative, usually stipulates that the marriage shall be indissoluble except by death, that the Catholic contracting party shall at all times be allowed the free exercise of the Catholic religion, that all children of either sex born of the contemplated union shall be brought up Roman Catholics, and that no other ceremony than that performed by the Catholic priest shall take place. There is usually no objection to any of these stipulations except the one that concerns the children. Where one of the prospective parents is a Protestant, the demand that *all* the children shall be brought up Catholics seems somewhat grasping. Yet this demand is always made under threat that unless it is complied with the Church will not countenance the marriage, nor suffer a priest to perform the ceremony. What is not generally known is that when the persons about to marry are agreed not to concede this stipulation about the children, and abide stoutly by that conclusion, the Church through its priest will sometimes marry them without it. When threat, injunction, and entreaty have failed, and it is plainly a question whether a priest or some one else shall perform the ceremony, the priest sometimes does it. Half a loaf is better than no bread even to the Catholic Church, but the effort to get the whole loaf is always urgent, and persistent up to the very last. A very few Protestants succeed in keeping their half-loaf in such cases, but only when their prospective Catholic spouses are ready at a pinch to change their Church rather than abandon the marriage.

President Eliot of Harvard says in his annual report that of all sports that which has been conducted at Cambridge with the least intelligence and success is football—except from a pecuniary point of view. The trouble with football is that it has been Rockefellered. The end has been lost sight of in a too sedulous cultivation of means. The idea of sport has been lost out of it. Everything has been sacrificed to "success," with the result that success itself has been sacrificed. There is no joy in Harvard football; no light, no sweetness; no real success; nothing but bitter competition and a profit of about $60,000 a year.

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The War and its International Aspects

At the hour when we write, the progress of the war in the Far East indicates that the Japanese are not only destined to remain preponderant at sea, but are also likely to prove successful in the earlier military operations. Events have shown that Russia was unprepared for the contest, and that her Foreign Office should have spared no effort to avert it for at least a year or two to come, instead of provoking it by the unsatisfactory reply to Japan's latest note embodying demands which had been frankly described as constituting an irreducible minimum. We can only explain the blunder committed by the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs on the assumption that gross ignorance prevailed in court circles at St. Petersburg concerning two vital questions, namely: first, the state of public feeling among intelligent Japanese and the adequacy of Japan's preparations, military and naval, for war; and, secondly, the frightful extent to which every department of Russia's military and naval organizations in the Far East had been honeycombed and paralyzed by fraud. Keeping in mind the shameful peculations of the bureaucracy during the Crimean war and during Russia's last war with Turkey, we have no doubt that money enough had been drawn from the treasury to place in or near Manchuria from two to three times as many soldiers as are actually there. We have no doubt, either, that money had been furnished, and was supposed to have been expended, in sufficient quantities to provide the ordnance, arms, ammunition, and food-supplies that would be required by an army of three hundred thousand men for at least two years to come. We now have reason to believe that, outside of the railway guards, who cannot leave their stations for an hour, even in time of peace, there were not a hundred thousand Russian soldiers between Lake Baikal on the west and Vladivostok and Port Arthur on the east and south at the outbreak of the war, and that, even for so inadequate a force, the supplies already forwarded would be exhausted in three months. Once more has the Russian colossus proved to have feet of clay. Of what avail are the ostensible vast resources of the Russian Empire if, owing to the ingrained and all-pervasive corruption of the bureaucracy and the military system, they never can be turned to account in the right place and at the proper moment?

As might have been expected, the Russian navy has not escaped the sapping influence of the decomposition to which the Russian army has been long subjected. The present contest, it should be remembered, has offered the first opportunity of testing what Russian war-ships and their personnel are made of since the battle of Navarino; for, during the Crimean war, it would have been madness for the Russian squadrons to confront the fleets of their British and French opponents. That the result of the test has been deplorable must be admitted by those who are disposed to sympathize with Russia. When the Japanese made their night attack upon Port Arthur, on February 8-9, almost all of the Russian naval officers seem to have been amusing themselves on shore. During many subsequent naval engagements the Russian gunners seem to have exhibited no efficiency, if we may judge from the slightness of the damage known to have been inflicted on Japan's war-ships. How ill provided is Port Arthur in respect of food-supplies, may be guessed from the fact that all civilians were long since expelled from the fortress. That Russia has no local military force equal to the defence of the Liao-tung peninsula is evident from General Stoessel's address to the Port Arthur garrison, in which he warns them that he expects to be forthwith besieged by land as well as by sea. Had the huge number of troops for which the St. Petersburg exchequer paid been really forwarded to Manchuria, a hundred thousand soldiers might be at this hour protecting the Liao-tung peninsula.

What is true of Port Arthur is true also of Vladivostok and of the Yalu River, which forms the boundary between Korea and a part of Manchuria occupied by Russia. At each of these three points Russia could and should have had, and had paid for having, a military force so large that Japan, even though preponderant at sea, could not have hoped to compete with it until many months should have elapsed. As things are, it seems probable that even on land the Japanese will prove superior in numbers at the points of collision. The blunder committed in provoking hostilities without adequate preparations at or near the theatre of war is scarcely retrievable by an army operating five or six thousand miles from its base, and dependent exclusively for reenforcements and supplies on a single-track and ill-built railway.

The awful humiliation to which Russia will be subjected should she be decisively beaten by an Oriental power which she has affected to despise will, unquestionably, prompt her to seek revenge. Sooner than assent on her knees to any terms that the Japanese victor might see fit to impose, she would accept her share of a world-wide disaster and see all the great naval powers involved in the Far-Eastern conflict. Should she, therefore, be beaten on land, as she has been already beaten at sea, she is likely to spare no effort to gain the active aid of France and Germany. Both of the last-named powers cooperated, it will be remembered, with Russia in 1895 to extort from Japan a retrocession to China of the Liao-tung peninsula, a retrocession quickly followed by a long lease of the coveted tongue of land to Russia. At that time, however, France and Germany had obtained from the British Foreign Office assurances that Lord Rosebery, then Premier, would not uphold Japan in a refusal of their demand. The situation at the present time is, obviously, very different. A treaty exists between England and Japan, which binds the former party to assist the latter in the event of Russia's securing support from a first-rate European power. Now, although France, Germany, and Russia might have ventured to confront Great Britain on the ocean in 1895, when Russia ranked as the third naval power on earth, while Japan's strength at sea was looked upon as a negligible quantity, it is obvious that the case to-day is materially altered. France and Germany have already built, or are building, sixty-one battle-ships, against a British total of sixty-three battle-ships. In respect of armored cruisers, Great Britain is very much superior to both France and Germany united. Moreover, Great Britain at this juncture would not be fighting alone, for she would have the cooperation of the active and victorious navy of Japan. On the other hand, France and Germany could derive no assistance for the moment from Russia's depleted and discredited fleet. In a word, no naval expert would dispute the preponderance on the ocean, under existing circumstances, of a British-Japanese coalition to a belated combination of Russia, France, and Germany. We hardly need add that if the navy of the United States were cast into the scale on the side of the British and Japanese allies the war-vessels of France and Germany would be sunk, captured, or driven from the sea.

We assume, therefore, that only with extreme reluctance would France or Germany now enter upon a struggle which, on Russia's part, has been so grievously mismanaged, and from which neither of the first-named powers could hope for anything but maritime disaster. Neither M. Combes, the French Premier, nor M. Delcasse, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, makes any secret of his personal unwillingness to be swept into the Far-Eastern vortex. So intimate, however, are the financial, political, and sentimental relations of France to Russia that a popular upheaval might at any moment subvert the existing cabinet and substitute a ministry committed to the immediate succor of the Czar. The money lent by France to Russia during the last decade is variously computed at from one billion, four hundred million dollars, to two billion dollars. The bankers through whom that stupendous sum was lent would do almost anything to avert a suspension of interest. We know how grave an effect was produced on French national sympathies during our war with Spain by the relatively insignificant loans that had been made in Paris to the Madrid government. It is, moreover, only fair to say that the apprehensions of an uneasy creditor do not constitute the sole basis of French sympathy for the Czar. But for the friendship of the Russian sovereign, France would have stood for many years, and would now be standing, in helpless and hopeless isolation, at the mercy of the Triple Alliance. Every decent Frenchman is keenly alive to the knowledge that to the Czar is due the rehabilitation of his country in its own eyes and in the eyes of the world. For France to evince ingratitude to Russia would be at once base and shortsighted; and for that reason we find it difficult to believe that she would turn her back upon the Czar if a demand for her assistance should be imperatively made. It is true that on February 29 the Combes government was upheld by a majority of 77 in the Chamber of Deputies in its refusal to discuss the whole question of the Russian-Japanese war, but there were some ominous incidents in the course of the debate. M. Firman Faure, a Nationalist member, assailing bitterly M. Pelletan, the Minister of Marine, and M. Doumer, formerly Governor-General of Indo-China and now president of the Budget Commission, threatening to undertake an independent investigation of the present condition of the navy. M. Doumer, who is one of the most outspoken and influential sympathizers with Russia in the French Chamber, is known to be the author of the article published recently in the *Figaro*, which revealed for the first time Russia's offer to join with France in a war against England at the time of the Fashoda affair.

It is, in a word, on Paris that the eyes of onlookers who desire to see the war localized should be fixed; for there may be witnessed at any moment an outburst of pro-Russian sentiment that will drive not only France, but England, and, eventually, half of Europe, into the Far-Eastern contest.

The Isle of Pines

The United States Senate has failed to confirm within the prescribed time the treaty concluded last July, by which the Isle of Pines was ceded to the Republic of Cuba. The agreement, therefore, is no longer binding, and we still retain the claim, which may be based on the wording of the Treaty of Paris. Our government has no intention, however, of enforcing such a claim, and it follows that a new treaty, not open to any objections that might be

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fairly urged to the former document, should be negotiated without delay.

There is no doubt that, geographically, the Isle of Pines is as much a part of Cuba as Long Island is a part of the United States. Moreover, under the Spanish *régime*, the Isle of Pines was always treated as a part of Cuba's administrative entity. During our military occupation of Cuba, the Isle of Pines continued to be so treated, and when, in 1902, the Pearl of the Antilles was formally transferred to the independent constitutional government created by her people, the Isle of Pines was left under her jurisdiction. Having thus practically renounced any right of ownership or right of occupation, all that remained for us to do was to remove any possible cloud that the Treaty of Paris might seem to have cast upon Cuba's title, by embodying in a treaty the equivalent of a quit-claim deed. That is what our State Department undertook to do by the document signed last July.

It seems, however, that during the period intervening between January 1, 1899, and May, 1902, a considerable number of American citizens acquired land in the Isle of Pines, and invested money there in various ways, relying on unofficial assurances alleged to have been given by certain influential persons at Washington that the island would remain permanently a part of the United States. It might be contended that to such American investors the legal maxim *caveat emptor* applies. The alleged assurances were worthless on their face, for, as we have said, the Isle of Pines has never for a moment, from January 1, 1899, up to the present hour, been treated by us as a separate political or administrative entity. We presume, however, that nobody would desire to see American citizens subjected to pecuniary losses on merely technical grounds. We have no doubt that both the Cuban government and our State Department will afford them all the protection to which they are equitably entitled. It is obvious, however, that American investors cannot reasonably demand that the United States shall, by annexing the island, give to their investments the immense increment of value to which they may have looked forward. If it be true that lands in the Isle of Pines command lower prices to-day than they did three or four years ago, that is a risk which the buyers saw fit to run when they made purchases of real estate on the strength of unofficial assurances, given by nobody knows whom. It would be absurd for them to expect to receive from our government or from the Cuban government a pecuniary indemnity for the losses that may have been incurred in their speculations. What both governments can do, however, and doubtless will do, is to take adequate precautions in the new treaty to safeguard American residents from unfair discrimination in the matter of taxation or civil rights on the part of Cuba's legislative or administrative authorities. It may be also that some equitable concessions will be secured in the matter of public schools, and of the language in which instruction shall be given to the children of American settlers.

We have no doubt that all legitimate interests of American residents in the Isle of Pines will be conserved in the new instrument to be framed by Secretary Hay with the Cuban Minister for Foreign Affairs. If, however, there lurks anywhere a hope that our government will tarnish the hitherto stainless record of our treatment of Cuba, by an attempt to rob her of the Isle of Pines, such a discreditable hope should be renounced forthwith and forever.

It might be well for our State Department, before repeating the attempt to settle by treaty the future ownership of the Isle of Pines, to refer to arbitration the question whether the island, as a matter of fact, belongs to Cuba or to the United States under the terms of the treaty of peace concluded between our government and Spain at Paris in 1898. If the decision of the arbitrators should be that the Isle of Pines is a part of our national territory, it is obvious that we could not cede it by treaty. The alienation of it would have to be authorized by Congress. If, on the other hand, arbitrators should say that the island belongs to Cuba, the Havana government needs no confirmation of its title by a covenant on our part equivalent to a quit-claim deed. We ourselves have never believed it to have been the intention of any members of the peace commission of 1898 to assign to the Isle of Pines a political status differing in any particular from that given to Cuba.

The Paradox of Santo Domingo

INHABITANTS of that very beautiful, very fertile island which, among the Greater Antilles, is second in size only to Cuba, have always been exceedingly turbulent because their territory has always been exceedingly mountainous. They are politically disunited—not occasionally, but as their chronic misfortune—because those natural features which are the very type of permanence, the impassable mountain barriers, scatter the people among small communities in isolated areas. They are abnormally prone to revolutions, like the Colombians, not owing to any personal characteristics that differentiate them from the inhabitants of the somewhat more peaceful southern republics, but because Santo Domingo, more than all the other Latin-American countries excepting Colombia, has from the beginning been afflicted by that kind of topography which forbids the widely scattered political groups ever to draw near to each other socially and commercially, thus developing identical interests.

Now, although the cause of the trouble is found in the extreme rugosity of the island—the island itself being, in fact, nothing but the culmination of the Antillean continental uplift that formed eastern Central America as well—no careful student of West-Indian history will conclude that the deplorable effect must be accepted hopelessly, as though it were an immutable condition. On the contrary, it is just as certainly possible to do away with the effect as it is certainly impossible to remove the cause: a paradoxical statement which must stand at the beginning of any sound policy that may be framed in the United States, in Santo Domingo and Haiti, or in Europe, for the redemption of the island; otherwise, all efforts will be made in vain. Our war-ships may be sent there, to "strike sure and hard," as a recent despatch from Washington says, "with the purpose of putting an end once and for all to the present condition of affairs"; but the recorded experience of more than a century proves that the lesson will not be learned, and that the result of the proposed expedition will be limited to increasing the present wretchedness of a few coast towns. Our gunners and our marines might be better employed. Is it not worth while to remember that upon no other portion of the New World have highly civilized powers in the past tried more earnestly to impress by force of arms the lesson of respect for the rights of other nations; and that the forces of those polite foreign powers gave over the attempt as futile only after prolonged exertions and bitter suffering inflicted and sustained? Long ago France, Spain, and England, "once for all," learned by experience what we, surely, may learn by a little exact and dispassionate study. San Domingoans and Haitians do not especially need the lessons that our navy or army could teach. Neither do they especially require missionaries or schoolmasters: since the religious and secular instruction already provided for them is not without merit. But as an indispensable preliminary to all genuine progress, a complete system of highways and railways must be built.

We do not suggest in this any visionary or impracticable scheme. England constructed such a system of inland communications in mountainous Jamaica, and the negroes and half-breeds of Jamaica have been well-behaved during a long, severely trying period of financial distress that the smaller island has passed through since the price of sugar began to decline. The experiment has, therefore, been made elsewhere, under similar conditions, and the results are satisfactory: that is, good order has been maintained with ease in Jamaica, despite its mountains and its mixed, chiefly black, population. As we are dealing at present with the elements of the subject, the question of a protectorate, a colonial government, or any kind of foreign control in Santo Domingo should be excluded. The people of the little eastern and western republics there may or may not be able to gain facilities for communication without losing their independence: if there were good roads through the central desert that now holds them apart, the two nations would coalesce, and foreigners who should furnish capital for building roads of all kinds would hold a perilous claim. The certainties are these: Civil and electrical engineers can do more than the best army and navy in this field, by accepting the rough prohibition of the mountains as a challenge to their skill. The pacific course in this grave matter is confessedly difficult, and no whit spectacular; but we may save time and trouble if we realize now that the way of the engineers is the *only* way; that the infliction of an unmitigated punishment, with which no reasonable hope of correction and amendment can be associated would be an un-American proceeding.

The Political Outlook in England

MR. BALFOUR is counting the days which yet remain to the most hapless ministry in recent British history. His former ally and supporter, Mr. Redmond, has declared, in the most positive terms, that his party will vote against the Conservative government at every division, as a matter of principle, until home rule is granted to Ireland. This robs Mr. Balfour of his last hope, and he has the mortification of seeing empty places all along the Conservative benches, formerly tenanted by enthusiastic supporters of his government, who are now so depressed by his vacillating policy that they will not even come down to the House to vote, and have, in many cases, openly declared that they will not again stand for Parliament in the Tory interest.

Mr. Balfour's nominal majority of over a hundred votes dwindled, at the critical moment of Mr. Morley's fiscal vote, to fifty, and this after unheard-of efforts had been made by the Tory whips, who literally seized the recalcitrants and compelled them to come in. At later divisions, when the occasion was less spectacular,

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the Conservative majority dwindled to a score. Collapse is now only a matter of days, and it is quite possible that Mr. Balfour will give up in despair, rather than wait for the sands to dwindle utterly away in the hour-glass of failure.

Lord Spencer will be asked to form the next ministry, in the event, which is practically certain, of a Liberal victory. The Liberals, and especially those who, like Earl Spencer, were close personal friends of Mr. Gladstone, are far from sharing the Russophobia which possessed Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, and, to a less degree, Mr. Balfour. It is a main article in their creed that Russia has for generations stood for humanity and civilization in the Balkans against the brutalities of the Turks. Even now the echo of Gladstone's splendid campaign against the Bulgarian atrocities rings in their ears, and every Liberal who will hold office under Lord Spencer, or who will vote for him in either House, is convinced that to the Russophobia policy of Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury is due the misery of Macedonia to-day, while to the intervention of Russia is due whatever mitigates that misery, and renders the lot of the Slavs of Kossovo, Monasty, and Salonica a little less atrocious. It only requires a week's war in the Balkans, with the amenities which the Turks will assuredly introduce into it, to arouse once more in England that enthusiasm which answered Mr. Gladstone's appeals.

It is plain that this will react on England's attitude towards Japan. Moreover, all England is at last awaking to the peril which menaces India. The mobilization of the army of Turkestan has avowedly no other purpose than an invasion of India, and Russian military men are talking openly of a descent upon the plains of the Indus and Ganges. The declaration of Arnold Foster, the other day, in the House of Commons, that India would have the preference when the new rifles and artillery are distributed to the British army, is significant in this connection. The fact that Lord Kitchener was not recalled from India, to take command at the renovated War Office, is another equally important indication.

When Lord Spencer comes to power, therefore, and brings the Gladstonian tradition once more into the ascendant, he will find England in a much more conciliatory mood than at the beginning of the Russo-Japanese war, and his efforts to keep England out of the contest will be supported by the majority of Englishmen.

The future domestic policy of the next Liberal government is expected to include a measure of home rule. It is an open secret that the recent defection of Mr. Redmond and the Irish Nationalists from their temporary allegiance to Mr. Balfour is due to the failure of the Tories to provide for the long-desired Irish Catholic university at Dublin; it is a secret hardly less open that this Tory decision is due to the firm stand of Mr. Arnold Forster, the new Secretary for War, who declared to his constituents, when seeking reelection, on taking office, that he would resign immediately if the Catholic university scheme was put forward. Hence the defection of the Irish members and the vastly increased chance of early defeat for Mr. Balfour. Lord Spencer, therefore, will probably come to an understanding with Mr. Redmond, as to the inclusion of the Catholic university scheme in the Liberal programme. Lord Spencer is a convinced home-ruler, convinced in spite of all his prejudices, and in face of his terrible experience when his friend Lord Frederick Cavendish was assassinated almost within hail of the viceregal lodge, by the Invincibles. Immediately after that murder, Lord Spencer and Mr. Gladstone applied to Ireland the severest measures of repression and coercion; and it was the daily observation of their working that finally and irresistibly brought Lord Spencer round to home rule.

The prevailing opinion, of course, is that the Liberals could never carry home rule through the Lords, and would therefore be defeated, and thus open the way for Mr. Balfour's return to power. But this is by no means certain. It must be remembered that Mr. Gladstone was able to pass through the House of Lords his quite revolutionary disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland, a Church which was the symbol of English dominance and the supremacy of the English crown; Mr. Gladstone also passed his various land acts through the Upper House, although that body is almost exclusively composed of landlords, saturated with the feeling of caste. Now that Mr. Wyndham has practically settled the land question in a sense very favorable to the Irish landlords, the most prominent members of whose order sit in the House of Lords, that august body may very well waive its antipathy to home rule, even when proposed by a Liberal government, when the proposer of the measure is an aristocrat of such pronounced quality, and so true to his caste, as Lord Spencer.

Mr. Morley will have a decisive voice in shaping the new Liberal platform, and it seems certain that he will advocate a large programme of national technical education, affirming that this is the real way to meet German competition; this will be a blow, first, to the tariff schemes and artificial expedients of Mr. Chamberlain, and will, secondly, be a most popular rival to the unhappy scheme for reviving and extending denominational education in England; a scheme which has done as much as anything to bring about the dwindling of Mr. Balfour's majority, and the general and widespread dissatisfaction with the khaki government. Here we have a reminder that much remains to be done in South Africa, in the sense of conciliation of the Boer leaders, and here Mr. Gladstone's followers will have a congenial field. The spirit which moved the great Liberal Premier to make peace with the Boers, immediately after the disaster of Majuba Hill, will find much to do in healing the wounds of the Transvaal and the Free-Staters, and undoing the mischief worked by the dictatorial temper of Lord Milner. Here, again, the real way to strengthen the empire lies in a direction opposite to that pointed out by the former Secretary for the Colonies.

Lent

It would be difficult to find a religious system of thought which makes no provision for a season of self-denial as a means to moral culture.

It is an old axiom of the Amazulus that "the stuffed body cannot see spiritual things." It is platonic philosophy as well as modern common sense that a man who devotes himself to his appetites and his ambitions will have mortal thoughts; will be fenced in by such ideas as can be contained in a limited time and space. A man who nourishes a disinterested love of wisdom and pursuit of truth cannot fail to have immortal and divine ideas.

The Parsees had five set fasts in the year. Confucianism provided for one great fast and several minor ones. The Brahmans confined the severe fasts to their own caste, requiring only minor observances of the laity. The Jews were commanded to "afflict their souls" on the tenth day of the seventh month, while the priest made an atonement for the sins of the Children of Israel. The command, as is usual with the Jews, was definite and obligatory, and was followed by a threat, "Whatsoever soul shall not be afflicted in that same day, he shall be cut off from among his people." In the New Testament the question of obligatory fasting is again raised. When the Pharisees asked Jesus why His disciples did not fast, He answered, "Can ye make the children of the bride-chamber fast while the bridegroom is still with them?" and, again, he pointed out that they were equally dissatisfied with John, who came fasting, and the Son of Man, who came eating and drinking. On the whole, the New Testament seems to have recognized the use of fasting without approving of it as enforced and obligatory, lest thereby it become dead and lose its primal significance and object, which is, of course, to exalt a higher faculty by subduing and controlling a lower.

The definite observance of Lent as a season for fasting and penance in the early Church was not fixed until after Tertullian, and its tendency from that time on to the time of the Reformation was to grow constantly more rigid and strict. The English Church clung to almost all the Catholic observances, moderating only in the direction of individual liberty and choice. Some of the Protestant sects did away entirely with any observance of the season, on the high moral ground that all life ought to be a Lent and every Sunday an Easter; the only flaw in this conception being that it takes too little account of the frailty of human nature. Presbyterianism proclaims fasts from time to time, when special blessings are being prayed for, thereby admitting the fundamental principle of asceticism that we renounce one thing to attain another.

Every man *is* more or less an ascetic. He sacrifices one thing to get another, even if it is only on the plane of expending labor to buy food and clothing; he sacrifices inertia and ease for civilization and prolonged living. He carries the same principle further when he works not only for himself, but for the welfare of his family and fellow citizen. Every man who has any ideal of any sort begins by cutting off something that is incompatible with its attainment. Asceticism is, in this sense, merely a disciplined effort to gain an end. In the case of the Lenten observance, the fasting is a physical self-denial that prepares the mind for the spiritual joy of Easter. It is a truism that joy is great in proportion as it has absorbed pain. It is, in its essence, a contrast, a reaction. So by renunciation we attain a twofold end; we strengthen a habit of self-control by giving up something in itself harmless, and we prepare ourselves for joy by a self-imposed season of solemnity.

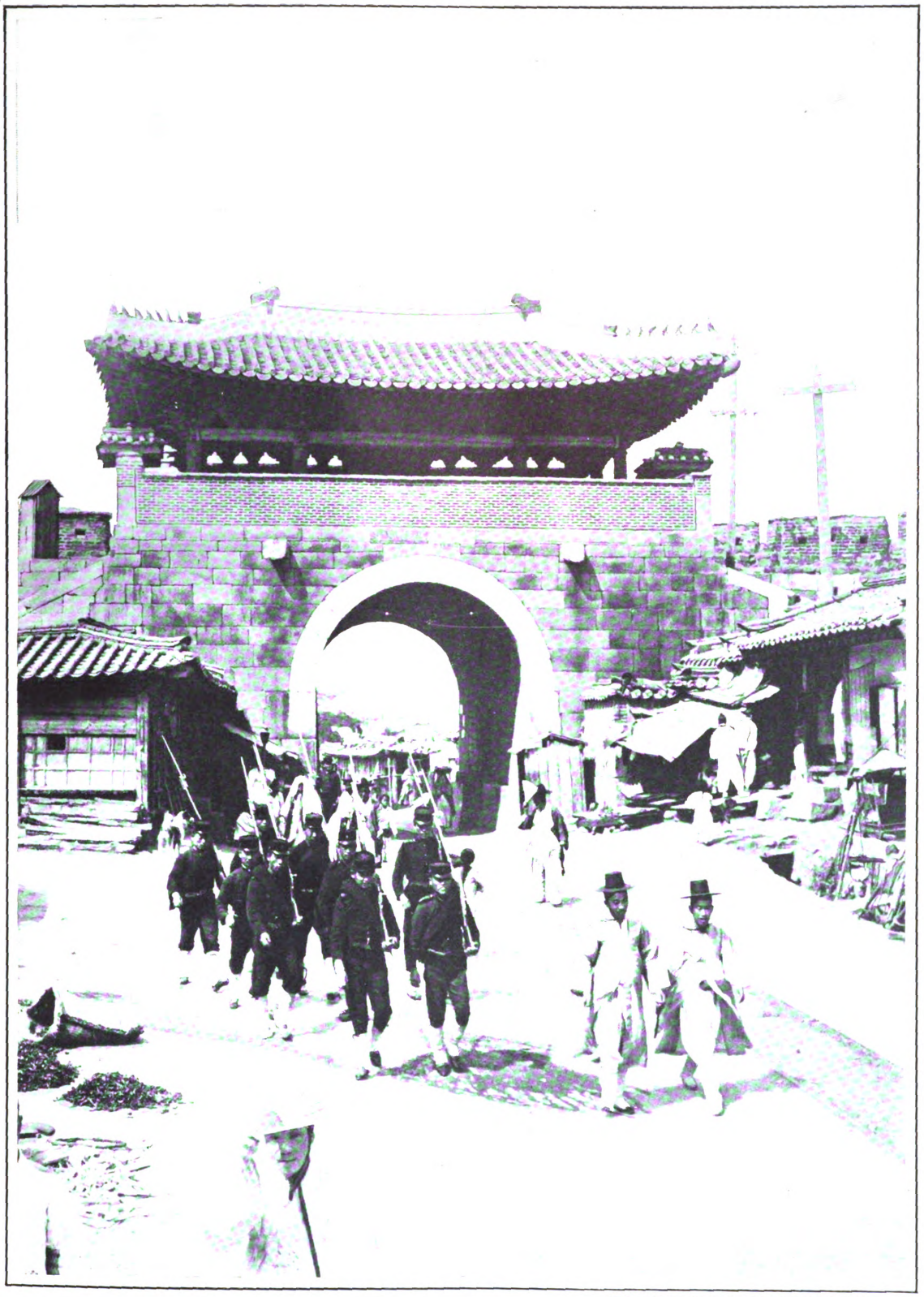
That there is something essentially beneficial in this season of fast one is led to believe by the continuous spread of the observance as well as by the fact that it is, apparently, an innate instinct. More and more society finds refuge from itself in a season of enforced quiet. It is a season variously used by various temperaments to various ends, as all religious symbolism will be to the last of time. There are those to whom it is a rest after excitement; those to whom it is a season of physical recuperation after indulgence. Those to whom the religious life and its symbolism, pointing beyond a narrow concreteness, is the only gleam in an existence of gloomy sordidness.

More and more, in the present day, do those who can seek quiet and shelter in religious retreats and break the usual routine by a season of self-denial and self-forgetfulness in religious recollection.

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A DETACHMENT OF JAPANESE TROOPS ENTERING THE CITY OF SEOUL, THE CAPITAL OF KOREA

Seoul, the Korean capital, is occupied by the Japanese forces. Despatches report the Korean Emperor and government as being completely under Japanese control, and Tokugawa, the Japanese Viceroy, is said to be quartered in the Imperial palace

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PROGRESS OF THE WAR

An account of the progress of the war, day by day, based upon official letters and despatches from the Far East

February 25.—Official reports received by the London *Times* regarding the recent attacks by the Japanese at Port Arthur, show that the following different operations took place:

On the morning of February 24, at 2 o'clock, four torpedo-boat destroyers approached Port Arthur and made an attack on one of the Russian ships, with what effects is not known.

An hour and a half later five steamers, loaded with stone and explosives, invited the fire of the Russians and were sunk.

The report of the third operation tells of the rescue of the crews of these steamers, under the protection of Japanese guns.

On the night of February 24, Japanese destroyers searched Talien-wan, Pigeon Bay, and Port Arthur, discharging torpedoes, with unknown results.

On the morning of February 25, the main Japanese squadron bombarded Port Arthur at long range.

The report also states that one of two Russian destroyers that were sighted was forced aground at Pigeon Bay and destroyed.

On the morning of February 25 the entire squadron, proceeding to Port Arthur, observed the *Bayan*, *Novik*, and *Askold* outside, which retreated into the harbor under the long-range attack of the Japanese, thus proving that the channel was unobstructed. The Japanese then shelled the vessels in the harbor, with successful results. Flames were seen, and one of the Russian destroyers was sunk. The Japanese ships escaped without injury.

Word was received on this day, through Minister Allen at Seoul, of an important treaty which had been consummated between Japan and Korea, by which the independence and integrity of the latter are guaranteed—an indication that the two countries have come to a complete understanding, and that Korea is not concerned over the "acts of violence" which Russia alleges to have been "committed by the Japanese government with respect to Korea." The text of the protocol, which was signed at Seoul on February 23 by M. Hayashi, the Japanese minister, and Major-General Yet Chi Yang, the Korean Minister of Foreign Affairs, is as follows:

"First, for the purpose of maintaining a permanent and solid friendship between Japan and Korea and firmly establishing peace in the Far East, the government of Korea shall place full confidence in the government of Japan, and adopt the advice of the latter regarding the improvement of the administration.

"Second, the government of Japan shall in a spirit of firm friendship insure the safety and repose of the imperial house of Korea.

"Third, the government of Japan definitely guarantees the independence and territorial integrity of the Korean Empire.

"Fourth, in case of the welfare of the imperial house of Korea or the territorial integrity of Korea being endangered by the aggression of a third power or internal disturbance, the government of Japan shall immediately take all necessary measures, such as the circumstances require, and in this action the government of Korea shall give full facilities to promote the action of the Japanese government. The latter may for the attainment of the above object occupy, when the circumstances require it, such places as it is necessary from a strategic point of view.

"Fifth, the governments of both countries shall not in the future, without mutual consent, conclude with a third power such an arrangement as may be contrary to the principles of the present protocol.

"Sixth, the details in connection with the present protocol shall be arranged as the circumstances require between the representative of Japan and the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Korea."

Word was received to-day of a proclamation issued by Admiral Alexieff, the Russian Viceroy, to the Manchurians, in which he virtually insists that they give their aid to the Russians. The proclamation states, first, that "war having commenced between Russia and Japan, I, imperially appointed by the great Russian government the high official in charge of the Far East, have determined upon six regulations, which all must tremblingly obey."

The proclamation says:

"*First.*—While peaceful negotiations were proceeding between Russia and Japan, the Japanese, harboring unexpected thoughts, made a treacherous, covert attack on our fleet.

"Forced by circumstances of so great difficulty, it is incumbent on us to offer desperate resistance to protect Chinese territory from invasion and to prevent the Japanese from passing over it to devastate the Russian boundary.

"*Second.*—On this occasion the interests of Russia and China are indissolubly allied, and on the principle of the mutual connection between the cart prop and the cart, the duty of China should be to join in attacking the destroyers and invaders.

"But China has announced to me her resolve to be neutral and to look on with her hands in her sleeves. Accordingly, I command every official in Manchuria not only not to hinder our troops, whether on the march on in garrison, from purchasing whatever provisions are necessary, but also to render every possible assistance to them.

"*Third.*—All the inhabitants of Manchuria, gentry, agriculturists, workmen, and merchants, must continue their vocations as usual. When the Russian troops enter your neighborhood you must treat them with confidence, and they will not ill-treat you, but will accord you extra protection.

"*Fourth.*—I hold all the virtuous citizens residing in the neighborhood of the Manchurian railroads and telegraph and telephone wires responsible for their protection. The official headsmen and village elders must unanimously devise means to prevent damage. For this we shall be grateful.

"Should attempts at destruction be made, not only the offenders will be severely punished, but you, the officials and people who witnessed the attempts, will be held responsible.

"*Fifth.*—The Chunchuses, the red-bearded brigands—the curse of Manchuria—the Russian army desires to exterminate them. Be not afraid of their vengeance, but learn in which thicket desperadoes are assembling, and give information, that they may be utterly destroyed.

"Anybody privily harboring desperadoes or concealing their hiding-places will be punished as if he were a desperado himself.

"*Sixth.*—I earnestly trust that the people will extend their unanimous confidence to the Russian army. If the officials or people treat with enmity the Russian army, the Russian government will assuredly exterminate those persons, showing no mercy.

"When the time comes the Russian government will devise a suitable policy to protect its interests."

A despatch from Seoul, made public to-day, reports that a Japanese force, consisting of 10,000 men, have landed at Chemulpo; that they have fortified Ping-Yang, and are sending scouting parties toward the Yalu River. News of this date regarding the activity of the Russians reports part of their forces as concentrating at Possiet Bay, to the south of Vladivostok, and from there sending scouting parties into Hang-yen-do, Song-ching, and Wensan. A reconnaissance in the direction of An-ju, made by Russians from the north of the Yalu, figures in the despatches for this day.

Later despatches report an important move on the part of the Japanese—the landing of a force at Possiet Bay, indicating the intention of an attack on Vladivostok, which is a little over seventy miles distant from Possiet Bay. The Japanese are also reported to have begun operations against Hunchin (forty miles to the west of Possiet Bay, on the left bank of the Tumen River), and against Kirin (a large town about 220 miles inland, to the west of Possiet Bay).

In another despatch, under date of February 26, Viceroy Alexieff said: "Maps of Port Arthur and Port Adams and a chart of the Yellow Sea were discovered aboard the enemy's vessels which were sunk in the night attack of February 24. Conducting-wires and electric batteries were found on the vessel which caught fire. The wires were cut by port miners. The fire has been extinguished."

General Pflug was reported to-day as saying that the officer commanding at Vladivostok announced that eleven Japanese ships were seen to the southward of that port on the morning of February 24.

A report from Seoul, received to-day, says that Russians, proceeding on the ground that Korea had become an ally of Japan, made an attack on the Koreans in the neighborhood of Wiju, killed some and others put to flight.

Later advices report that Russian and Japanese troops have had a skirmish near Ping-Yang, Korea, both sides claiming the victory.

Another action at Port Arthur took place at 1 o'clock on the morning of February 26. Several Japanese torpedo-boats were sighted with their sails set for the purpose of disguising their character. The battleship *Retvisan* and the shore batteries opened fire on them, and continued firing until daybreak without any visible result. After daybreak a Japanese squadron, apparently convoying transports, was sighted. At 11.15 this squadron came nearer, and an engagement which lasted forty minutes ensued. There was no damage, and few shells fell in Port Arthur.

February 27.—A telegram from General Alexieff, embodying a history of the attack of February 25 on the forts at Port Arthur, and addressed to the Czar, was also given out on this date. It is believed to have been sent from Mukden, under date of February 25, and contained the following details: "A squadron of the enemy's vessels, numbering sixteen, approached the fortress at about 11 o'clock this morning and opened a bombardment on the cruisers *Askold*, *Bayan*, and *Novik*, which were in the outer harbor, and also on the fortress. The firing continued for half an hour. Then our cruisers went into the harbor. The enemy fired for several minutes on one of our batteries, and then began to leave. They stopped within sight of the fort, but out of range of fire. At this time four of the enemy's cruisers detached themselves from the squadron and proceeded to Pigeon Bay, where they quickly opened fire on our torpedo-boats that were cruising there. They directed also a strong cannonade against the shore. The commandant consequently sent troops to Pigeon Bay. The firing there lasted for thirty minutes, but no landing was made. The Japanese cruisers then departed. Suitable measures have been taken to oppose a possible effort on the part of the enemy to creep up by sea. Our losses this day were one man wounded at the battery."

February 29.—A despatch from St. Petersburg states that Russia has announced her official rules of war. According to one of the provisions, the following are some of the articles that will be regarded as contraband of war: (*a*) Every kind of small arms and guns, complete or in separate parts, and armor; (*b*) shells and bullets; (*c*) powder, explosives, or materials for purposes of explosion; (*d*) everything appertaining to artillery, engineering, and troop trains; (*e*) material for equipment and clothing of troops; (*f*) ships bound for the enemy's ports, even if sailing under a neutral commercial flag, if their construction and internal arrangements or any other indication makes it apparent that they have been built for warlike purposes.

March 1.—For two hours yesterday morning the Japanese squadron bombarded Port Arthur, injuring the *Askold* and *Novik*, and again damaging the *Retvisan*. The Japanese fleet is reported to have escaped injury.

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Russia and Japan in Korea

By William Elliot Griffis, D.D., L.H.D.

Author of "The Mikado's Empire," "Corea: The Hermit Nation," etc

ON the 27th of November, 1883, I saw my first Korean at the Victoria Hotel, New York. I had read, studied, and dreamed of the hermits who always seemed to me to dress in night clothes and keep their heads in horse-hair. It was a new sensation to salute the men from the Great Land of Morning Calm. Their names were Min Yong Ik, So Kwang Pom, and Pien Su. As the two latter gentlemen, with Lieutenant Foulk, U.S.N., could talk Japanese, we conversed with comfort. We talked of the British evacuation of New York, the centennial celebration of which had been celebrated two days before. We joked about the time to come when there would be "Evacuation Day" in Korea, when neither Chinese nor Japanese should own or mortgage the peninsula, and when great Cho-sen should be as free from either as is the United States from Great Britain. They asked much about George Washington. After an evening spent over the map of their country, Min Yong Ik got out his package of ginseng, without which no Korean gentleman ever travels at home or abroad, which formed the chief source of revenue in Korea, and which, from New York and Massachusetts, was the first article of commerce between the United States and China. He presented me with specimens of the root, which in the Chinese world is a catholicon.

A few days later these members of the royal embassy, which had come to America to ratify the treaty negotiated by our commodore, R. W. Schufeldt, U.S.N., and who had had audience of President Arthur in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, left for home by way of Europe and the Suez Canal, in the U.S.S. *Trenton*. Of the eleven persons in this special mission, six went home opposed to, and five in favor of, opening the long hermit kingdom to foreign civilization.

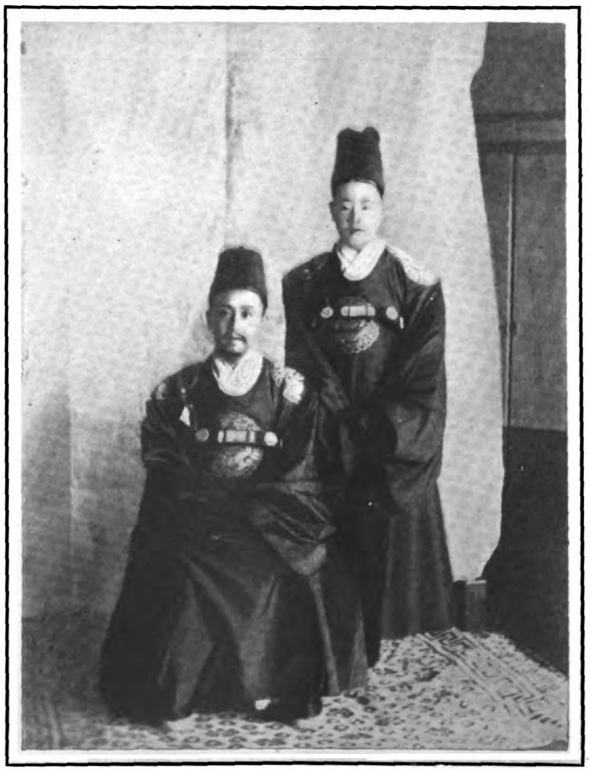
To-day, along with our gallant ship of Samoan memories, most of these men have disappeared from view. Min Yong Ik survived his many wounds from the assassins of December 4, 1884. So Kwang Pom, after bloody plots and turmoils, became first cabinet minister, then refugee, and poverty-stricken man among us for years. He returned after the expulsion of the Chinese by the Japanese in 1894, to be again cabinet minister in Seoul, and envoy in Washington, reaching it just in time to hear of a new revolution, and to step out from the legation as a private person to die a few weeks afterward. Kim Ok Kiun and Prince Pak, friends and companions of these Liberals, have also floated and sunk with the revolutions, one suffering assassination and becoming an immediate cause of the war in 1894-5.

When, in June, 1884, the Korean Liberals, who had seen the world or fractions of it, got together, they determined to "introduce modern civilization," as they thought the Japanese young men had done in 1868 by seizing the Mikado's person in Kioto, and reconstructing Japan in his name. A man of Occidental ideas would say, "To hatch the egg takes time and warmth." These Koreans proposed to reduce the hours and increase the heat. On the evening of December 4, 1884, Kim and his fellows succeeded in seizing the palace by fraudulently making use of the Japanese legation guard, and issued edicts in the King's name. They sent for the old royal ministers, and had their heads struck off as these entered the palace gates; but, after the battle between six-score Japanese deer-hunters and fifteen hundred Chinese infantry, the Japanese were driven out of Seoul, and the Korean Liberals fled for their lives. For the second time, the whole Japanese community, diplomatic, civil, and military, was expelled by the mob. The egg, despite the fire, had not hatched. The Korean method of moving a vote of censure failed for lack of a majority vote.

For nine years among the foreign legations of Tokyo, Kim Ok Kiun was looked on as an "international nuisance." In April, 1894, lured by the double forgery of a telegram and a bank draft, he went to Shanghai and was there promptly murdered. The corpse was sent to Chemulpo by the Chinese government in a man-of-war (afterwards captured by the Japanese), and quickly converted into carrion, which was exposed on the public highways of Korea. Then followed the war, with its one respectable land battle at Ping-Yang on Korean soil, the skirmishes in Manchuria, and the great naval triumphs. Under Japanese auspices, and led by one of the Mikado's ablest advisers, the reform of Korea was begun. A man of stainless honesty, as was Count Inouye, in Seoul, seemed like the proverbial white lotus springing out of the black mud. Of government, in the sense which that word connotes to Western ears, there was little in the peninsula, where political society had an agglomeration of feudal elements, rather than a monarchical system with a real head. So far from the old feudal clans having been extinguished, and their leaders reduced to a level with the gentry and nobility, they are still existent, and the ancient feuds intensely powerful. For a long time to come, the passionate instincts of clanship will supply the ruling motives rather than those nobler incentives which is only to come through time and education.

Life in Seoul since the critical year of 1886, when the searchlight of world publicity struck into the Korean cavern, is, as doubtless for centuries before, a story of plots and counterplots, bloody and brutal. The main question with native politicians is as to which vulture shall have the most spoil. So long, however, as Count Inouye was present, progress was made, and both the Queen, who led a mighty clan and host of hangers-on, and her implacable enemy, the Tai-Wen-Kun, or the King's father, were foiled. The reforms were so far-reaching, so vital, and, alas! so suddenly inaugurated, that only the constant presence of a man like Inouye, backed by all Japan's influence and wisdom, could make them reality. He assured the Queen, who justly feared her father-in-law — a wonderful counterpart of the present Sultan of Turkey—that "the Japanese government would not fail to protect the royal house." Thus allaying her suspicions against the man who had tortured and murdered thousands of Christians, and blown up one of his relatives with gunpowder, Count Inouye left Seoul September 15, 1895, thinking the Augean stable had been cleansed. Never was Hercules more disappointed.

The Queen, ablest woman in Korea, quickly led her clan again into power, and soon had the King and the kingdom under her thumb. Nominally, about seventeen thousand useless government employees and palace servants had been discharged, and her own personal attendants reduced from hundreds to a dozen. Within a few weeks she had summoned back women, eunuchs, servants, and every sort and description of people, of all ages and sexes, who began again the devastation of the treasury. Taking the hint, the Liberal Minister of Home Affairs, Prince Pak, under a guard of Japanese soldiers, fled the capital. It looked as if all Japan had been beaten by a woman.



The Emperor of Korea (seated), and the Crown Prince

Why the Tokyo government should have selected a pride-swollen military officer, still in his boots and spurs, right out of the camp and off the field, and send him to succeed Count Inouye, passes the power of the best well-wisher of Japan to guess. Yet it is now beyond doubt that the awful tragedy of October 8, 1895, was deliberately planned in the Japanese legation in Seoul. To shorten a long story, a motley crowd of native ruffians, mostly the *Kun-ren-tai*, or drilled Korean troops, escorted by Miura's legation guard, and accompanied by a brutal gang of Japanese *sosh*, or assassins, in Korean clothes, and led by the Tai-wen-Kun, moved upon the royal palace at daybreak. Rushing into the Queen's own apartments, a Japanese stabbed her to death, dragged out her body, poured petroleum over the corpse and clothing, and set them on fire. Thus did one of the ablest women in the history of Korea pass away.

Then a new government —Heaven save the mark! —made up of creatures nominated by the Japanese and controlled by the Tai-

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Wen-Kun, issued their edicts, degraded the murdered woman to the level of a servant, began a radical programme of reforms, made the King a puppet and a prisoner, and kept alive for many days the fiction that the Queen was alive. They even went so far as to conduct a mock trial of persons alleged to have been in the affair of October 8, and these judicial men of straw were actually put to death, in the name of justice, December 8. But that which roused the popular wrath and even led the lamblike King to plan a new and counter *coup d'état*, was an edict abolishing the fashion of coiffure in vogue for five hundred years, and compelling the people throughout the country to cut off their top-knots. The King and all his attendants had first to suffer personal indignity and brand of denationalization. Then, at all the city gates policemen with scissors began the task of cutting the top-knots. Tons of hair were sheared off. In vain was a counter attack upon the palace made by loyal Koreans, who hated the Tai-Wen-Kun and the Japanese, on November 27. It failed, and the leaders suffered death with those falsely charged as being in the affair of October 8.

The Tokyo government, on learning that for a second time the Mikado's soldiery had been dishonorably used, recalled Miura, and arrested forty-seven other persons. Incredible to the well-wishers of Japan, the whole gang was acquitted by the local court at Hiroshima on purely technical grounds. Despite the regret and mortification of the Mikado, of his advisers, and of the whole nation, Japanese prestige in Korea was momentarily ruined. In December the Japanese troops evacuated the country. The hundreds of advisers and helpers of the Korean government and leaders in enterprise and reform departed when their contracts expired.

The whole situation was so perfectly clear to all the foreigners in Seoul, namely, that the Japanese government was innocent and had been disgraced by one of its servants, that there was a unanimous request from all the legations, including that of Russia, that Count Inouye should return to Seoul, disarm the Kun-ren-tai, and occupy the palace with the Japanese troops, until the King could secure a loyal guard of his own soldiery. So liable to misconstruction was his plan, that the Tokyo government would not acquiesce, even after amply sufficient consent had been obtained by telegraph from the treaty powers. Though urged by both Great Britain and the new Japanese minister, M. Komura, the invited step was not taken. Honestly Japan declined, yet this gave Russia her opportunity—months, or years, perhaps, before it was expected.

Helped by his women, the King escaped from his "rebel cabinet" and his armed jailers. In one of the ordinary box-chairs of the female palace servants, he and the crown-prince passed the sentinels, without suspicion, before dawn at February 11, 1896. Like a frightened hare, he emerged before the gate of the Russian legation, where he was given entrance. He immediately issued edicts, ordering the heads of his cabinet officers to be struck off. Before night every one of his late ministers were fugitives or were murdered, two of them being frightfully mutilated by the mob in the public streets. Sixty-two Japanese lost their lives in the riot. Then the recession of the tide began again. All roads that led to the capital were full of returning conservatives rejoicing that the "civilization nonsense" was over, and expecting that their hands would soon be deep in the public crib. But revolutions do not go backward. The "cabinet" was abolished, and a "national council" was formed. Many hopeful and healthy reforms, following out those suggested by Count Inouye, were begun, and have since been honestly carried out.

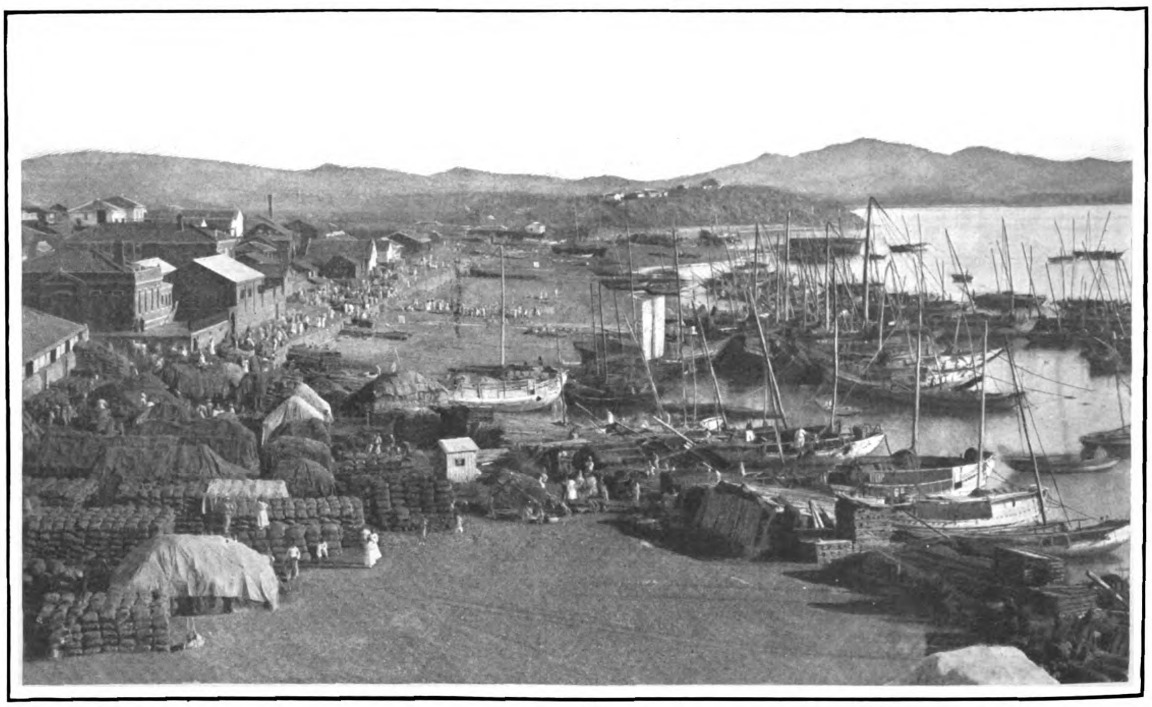
Early in 1897 the American military adviser, General Dye, was set aside and the Russian Colonel Putiata, with three officers and ten drill instructors, arrived in Seoul, to train the native soldiers and to educate, during a two years' course, Korean young men of good families to be officers. The drill and words of command were Russian. Three thousand Berdan rifles were presented by the Czar to the King. The Korean army then consisted of fifty-five hundred men, of whom eight hundred formed the bodyguard of the King, and twelve hundred were in the provinces. The protocol just signed by Japan and Korea "for the purpose of maintaining a permanent and solid friendship" gives to Japan and not to Russia the cooperation of the Korean army.

A possible element of Muscovite strength in the Far East and of influence over the weak peninsulars is seen in Primorsk. Here are over twenty-five thousand Koreans, who have fled northward and crossed the Tunen to find food, employment, hopeful conditions of life, and a new faith that makes life worth living. Many of these are now Russian subjects and members of the Greek Catholic Church. In their neat dwellings, with grain, gardens, and fine cattle, taught by Russian teachers in day schools, the traveller sees in them, instead of the dregs of an oppressed race, a hardy, thrifty, happy peasantry. Whatever be the faults of Sclavism in our eyes, Russian civilization is ages ahead of the Korean product. On the principle of *quid pro quo*, the Czar and his statesmen have tried with varying success to make use of this lever in raising Russian prestige in the peninsula between China and Japan.

Whether the step taken by the King, October 12, 1897, by which, with imposing ceremonies and at the typical Korean hour of 3 A.M., before the altars to Heaven and earth, he was declared Emperor of Dai Han, and assumed the yellow robe and Ming emblem of imperial authority, was encouraged by Russia or not, is unknown. Officially, Korea is now an empire, and the weak monarch at Seoul is by name an Emperor. In contrast to the ancient Three Han, or states in the peninsula, he is now the sole ruler of Great Han or all Korea. The royal red has given way to the dragon yellow.

Because Japan honestly and fairly yielded control of the Korean palace, after having been shamed and humiliated by the conduct of one of her unfaithful servants, she has no idea of letting Korea become a Russian province. Being thrice armed because of her honorable conduct, and because her contention is just, Japan has again in the present crisis given Russia to understand that her claims on the peninsular kingdom are superior.

It is no matter of surprise that British and Japanese are working in harmony to resist, for a little while, at least, the advance of the Northern Bear. With the trade of both nations constantly increasing in the once hermit nation, the agreement of friendship just concluded between Japan and Korea will be to the advantage of both British and Japanese commercial interests in this new and hopeful market.



A View of Chemulpo Harbor, Korea, where the first Naval Engagement of the War took Place

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Russia's Crisis in the East

By Wolf von Schierbrand, Ph.D.

HOW will Russia weather this present storm, and how will she withstand the effects of it?

Russia will be the sufferer in almost equal degree, whether she win or lose.

If she beats Japan with her land forces, Japan will retire from the mainland. Russia cannot follow her to dictate peace in Tokyo, for the Russian navy—this seems quite certain—is unable to cope with the Japanese. Russia being unable to dominate the seas, Japan, the island empire, will be safe within her own dominions. For Japan, therefore, defeat would mean at worst a loss of prestige, a heavy financial drain, and the temporary or permanent loss of the opportunity to commercially exploit Korea or annex it.

If Russia, on the other hand, is defeated by Japan, she must withdraw both from Korea and Manchuria. That would be followed by an enormous loss of prestige for her through the whole of Asiatic Russia and in the frontier states of China, Persia, Afghanistan, and Thibet. Russia's hold on Central Asia would relax, and for decades her ambitious dreams could not be realized.

These would be the main political and military effects in either case. But more important, far more important, to Russia would be the financial consequences. They would, in any event, be disastrous to her beyond computation. Russia is now, as anybody can see who will without bias study her financial and internal conditions, on the very brink of bankruptcy. This war will add enormously to her burden of foreign debt, already scarcely to be borne in its heavy loss by a country which is poor in capital and recuperative energies. It is to be expected that a financial crash will come to Russia in any case at the close of this war, a crash so awful that one stands aghast at the idea of it.

Incidentally this will hurt her creditor nations—France and Germany first, with Holland, Belgium, and England next. Little Belgium alone has 1650 million francs invested in Russian iron and steel works, railroads, factories, etc. It is safe to say that seventy-five per cent. or more of all foreign capital in Russia will be swept away by the indirect or direct outcome of this war.

As to Russia's finances, much misapprehension exists. Since M. de Witte became her financial prophet, in 1893, Russia has contracted a new foreign loan at least once every year. Between 1893 and 1900, 1579 million rubles were added by him to her foreign debt. The latter amounts at present to over 3800 million rubles, requiring annually 152 million rubles gold in interest, while her whole national debt is, according to Witte's last report, 6497 million rubles. Besides that, railroad mortgage bonds are held in Berlin to the amount of 225 million dollars. Between 1892 and 1902 the Russian net-work of railroads was enlarged by Witte at an expense of about $1,100,000,000. The Siberian and the Manchurian railroads alone ate up $750,000,000 of this, all of it representing borrowed capital.

Russia's railroad system has never paid interest, and does not now. Both the Siberian and Manchurian railroads having been built largely with Russian material, are flimsily constructed, and could be duplicated by England or this country at less than half the expense. In illustration of this, I will mention that the pood (thirty-one pounds) of these Russian rails costs the government 2.25 rubles, while English rails of far better quality had been offered at 70 copecks, or less than one-third, and that even then thousands of miles of the Siberian railroad tracks had to be subsequently replaced by rails of heavier and solider quality.

Something over a year ago France, which, as Russia's ally, had made loan after loan, refused to take up another loan. Witte had to place this new loan of $90,000,000 in Germany and Holland, but had to pledge the Chinese war claims as security. At this moment Witte is trying to contract a war loan of $50,000,000. As Russia's credit with France was exhausted even in time of peace, how will she fare now?

To gain an adequate idea of the straits to which Russia is reduced, two main factors must be considered, namely, her agriculture and her industry.

Witte has been given credit for the rise of Russian industry. Wrongly so. Three conditions are necessary for a nation to evolve a sound industry of its own: Capital, an industrially trained body of labor, and a well-developed middle-class, intellectually advanced and financially potent. Russia possessed and possesses not one of these requisites. Her entire industry is an artificial hot-house product. To the extent of two-thirds it has lived on railroad construction since its inception twelve years ago, and the remainder has likewise lived almost exclusively on government orders. With all that, there are but between two and three millions, out of a total population of one hundred and thirty-one millions, industrially employed. Under the abnormal impetus given by Witte the manufactured output rose from 577 to 1816 million rubles in 1897.

Since then, with the lull in railroad activity, has come an industrial depression. Shares of the principal industrial establishments have dropped from over 200 to 20 or 30. Foreign investors, particularly French and Belgian, have lost many hundreds of million dollars, and scores of the largest works have shut up permanently.

How insignificant in numbers and capital are the Russian middle classes is shown by the fact that the budgets of her 709 towns and cities (in Russia proper) amount altogether to but 67 million rubles. This is one-half the budget of Berlin alone, or about one-fourth that of Greater New York. With that, the towns in the interior of Russia steadily decrease. As to public education, the fact speaks for itself that Russia devotes but twenty cents per head to it, or one-half per cent. of her total budget.

Witte has been given much praise for establishing the gold standard for Russia. How did he do it? By forcing Russia's export at the sacrifice of the nation's welfare. Under his instructions the tax collector, early each autumn, has rigorously enforced the payment of taxes, compelling the 100 millions of peasants to sell their product in a low-price market and to purchase foodstuffs in the spring at higher prices or starve. The enormous export of cereals, cattle, etc., thus brought about has annually replenished Russia's gold reserve, ever since Witte established her gold standard in 1897. But this policy has pauperized the Russian peasant to an almost incredible extent, and has made the frequent famines (eight famines since 1882, five of them since 1892) murderous in their consequences.

Witte has revolutionized the sugar industry in Russia: the internal sugar tax yields him 65 millions, but the Russian consumer has to pay to the Russian sugar trust three or four times what Russian sugar brings at export figures. He has made the corn spirits (vodka) production and sale a government monopoly, yielding him from 300 to 400 millions per year. But the Russian peasant, whose sole pleasure is frequent intoxication, has to pay for his vodka four times what it costs.

Agriculture is by all means the most important industrial feature of the country. The curses from which it suffers are: The "mir," which means joint ownership and tax responsibility of the rural communes. This is the greatest root of evil. It kills individual enterprise, discourages diligence and economy in the individual, and makes the rise of the 100 millions of Russian peasants to something like rational human beings impossible. Another great drawback is the large number of holidays. The Russian peasant has between 150 and 170 non-laboring days in the year. Of almost equal importance is the exhaustion of Russia's famous "black-earth belt," comprising some twenty-three provinces, and forming the heart of the empire.

Slovenly and unwise tilling of this soil, once the most fertile in Europe, has impoverished it until at present much of it does not produce the taxes. In 1893 the peasants there were 119 million rubles behind with their taxes; in 1896 the figure was 146; and in 1900, after remitting 52 millions and spending another 207 millions during the famines, the taxes were still 116 millions behind.

In this "black-earth belt" at present twenty-five per cent. of the peasant holdings are without horses or cattle.

The simple truth is the Russian peasant, 100 million of him, is under present conditions slowly starving to death. His average earnings in the central provinces are seventeen and eighteen copecks (eight to nine cents) per day throughout the year; during the busiest harvest time they rise to an average of twenty-seven to thirty-six copecks (thirteen to sixteen cents a day); during the whole winter he and his family earn nothing. His diet consists of meal, flour and grits, cabbage and potatoes; no meat, excepting three times a year. His diet is insufficient, and less than in any civilized country. The hovel he lives in is two and a half yards long and one and one-half yards high, harboring the whole family and whatever cattle he possesses. These data are taken from official sources.

Is it a wonder that the Russian peasant has morally and physically degenerated? That the women are immoral, dreading maternity, and given to a frightful extent to infanticide? That the men are nomads, leaving wives and children for months, often years, trying to earn something in town or in far-away districts? That the recruiting in these central provinces shows progressively physical unfitness for the army? That the health of the women is bad, and that the rate of increase in the population in this "black-earth belt" has dropped to 0.26, against 1½ in the whole empire?

Witte himself, in his report for 1902, estimates the loss to the nation by famine during the preceding five years at $500,000,000. These famines must be considered a regularly recurring feature, owing to the pauperization of the whole peasant class, to the destruction of forests, and to the unwise system of agriculture. Yet nothing has been done, and nothing is planned by the Russian government to cure these frightful conditions; only palliatives have been tried and are proposed. The fiscal ownership of immense tracts, comprising two-fifths of the total area of European Russia, and mismanaged so that they yield but an average of 50 millions per annum, is another grave evil for Russian agriculture.

Enlightened Russians, among whom was Witte himself before he became Minister of Finance, hold that Russia could only recover some degree of prosperity by the abolishment of the "mir" and the establishment on a sound basis of the "zemstvo," that is, provincial and local self-government. It is very likely that after the close of this war Russia will find herself where she was in 1855, after the Crimean war, and that with a complete downbreak of her present purely autocratic government she will be compelled to introduce those two great reforms. Then, despite losses of untold extent, this present war would ultimately prove a blessing in disguise to the vast empire.

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THE JAPANESE METHOD OF EXECUTING PRISONERS OF WAR

The condemned prisoner is made to kneel above the freshly dug grave, and is then beheaded by the military executioner

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The War from an English Standpoint

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *February 24, 1904.*

OF the depth and genuineness of English sympathy with Japan, there can be no doubt. So far as one can judge at a distance of three thousand miles, there seems to be just as little uncertainty about the leanings of American sentiment. The Continent was not more unanimously on the side of the Boers than are England and America on the side of the Japanese. That there is a danger of a kind in this instinctive partiality, that it tends to blind the people on both sides of the Atlantic not only to probabilities but to actualities, is undeniable. The Continent made an egregious mistake in overestimating the result of the opening successes of the Boers. Is there not some risk that we, the English and Americans, may repeat their blunder and conclude too rapidly that the Japanese victories at sea foreshadow the ultimate triumph of the Island Kingdom? When all is said and done, a calm estimate of the chances immensely favors the Russians.

In wealth, numbers, and capacity of equipment the advantages are all on the Russian side. True, they are fighting at an enormous distance from their base, and have to depend on a single, badly laid line of railway, which traverses 1555 miles of unfriendly territory, whose people may conceivably regard the Japanese as liberators. But this obstacle has not prevented them from bringing to bear on the Far East a force whose strength on paper is 3115 officers, 147,479 men, and 266 guns; nor will it, I imagine, prevent them from doubling or trebling that force if necessary. Again, the Russians, like the British, always lose at first. The corruption which does undoubtedly permeate the bureaucracy and the impossibility of getting so gigantic and unwieldy a machine into working order at short notice, make defeats at the outset inevitable, and in a sense self-inflicted. Russia invariably needs time to pull herself together. The Turkish war was a synopsis of all Russian wars—the hasty and imperfect preparations, the run of disasters so swift and complete that Czardom seemed for the time to be toppling over, and then the slow gathering up and concentration of all her resources, the evolution and discovery of the right man—Russia is never without her Todlebens, and at a crisis nothing can keep them down—and the overwhelming and persistent pressure of all that huge empire. It means, therefore, little or nothing that so far the Japanese have substantially triumphed. They have placed themselves in a commanding naval position, and secured their shores from invasion; but they must expel Russia from Manchuria, and Korea before they can claim the final victory. And that is an enterprise compared with which the Crimean war becomes a mere episode.

The Napoleonic invasion of Russia can alone supply a parallel to the difficulties of so prodigious an undertaking. Fundamentally, Russia will be attacked at her strongest point. She excels in defence, and she may well hope and believe that if she can but hold her own the mere weight of metal will suffice to crush her adversary. The valor, extreme fascination, and efficiency of Japan should not make us forget her palpable inferiority in resources. There is no sacrifice, it is true, that her people are not willing to make. We have no experience of the precise amount of taxation they will bear, but no experience is needed. The last yen will be whole-heartedly at the service of the government in a struggle which all Japanese regard as one of life or death. But here she can claim no advantage over her enemy. The Russian people, if and when the government has exhausted its credit, will do as they have done in the past, and respond to every demand that is made upon them.

Again, the argument from necessity is equally balanced. Japan, it is said, cannot afford to see a hostile power permanently encamped on the Korean peninsula. But Russia can as little afford to see herself cut off from the Pacific, the Manchurian railway end in a *cul de sac*, and her hold over China and her position and prestige throughout Asia destroyed. For both powers the contest has its roots in essential and enduring conditions, which is one of the reasons why it had to be fought out, and why, when once begun, it will be fought to a finish. An antagonism so incurable, a diversity of national interests so fundamental, will not be reconciled by anything short of final victory and final defeat. I cannot bring myself to believe that this is a matter to be settled by a few campaigns, by a disaster here or a disaster there, or indeed by anything short of definite and indisputable triumph on one side or the other. In other words, this is a conflict not merely of the present, but of the future too, admitting of no compromise, susceptible to no mediation, and ushering in a struggle that may ring from pole to pole, and the end of which neither this generation nor the next will live to see. Take every possible alternative, and the conclusion seems still the same.

Imagine Japan victorious to the utmost stretch of her hopes, Russia driven from Manchuria, and her power on the Pacific annihilated—there will still remain the railroad to bring up fresh troops and prepare for the renewal of the strife. Or imagine the Japanese forced back into their own territory, and obliged to abandon Korea and the leadership of China—is it conceivable that they would for long submit to so decisive a frustration of their imperial ambitions? Or imagine, once more, Russia triumphant on land, and the Japanese equally triumphant at sea, Manchuria and Korea turned into Russian provinces but their value neutralized, their security endangered, by Japan's command of the sea—is there in such a situation the prospect of finality? It seems to me that this is essentially one of those conflicts where half and half solutions are out of place, where victory to be permanent must be irretrievable, and where in consequence the side with the longest purse, the greatest latent resources, and the command of the largest amount of potential strength, will be the last to be exhausted.

There is a feeling in England and throughout Europe, possibly, too, in the United States, that Japan has an ally in the internal condition of Russia; that the war may raise the popular discontent to the point of revolution; and that Russia may find herself powerless abroad by a stroke of paralysis at home. There is no warrant in history for such a supposition, and next to none in the actual conditions of Russia. That the elements of unrest have of late years multiplied in numbers and activity is true enough. That the amazing experiment which Russia is attempting is proving a failure even in her own eyes; that she cannot continue to educate her people without ultimately being forced into giving them representative government; that an autocracy is incompatible with industrialism; that a society cannot be organized on modern and ruled on mediæval lines—all this one may profoundly believe, and yet deny that it will have any influence on her effectiveness in the field. There were signs that Russia was inexorably tending towards if not an immediate, at any rate a not-far distant convulsion. That such a convulsion is bound to come is, if Western experience goes for anything, as certain as anything can be in the world of politics. But war in all times and under all conditions is an immense safety-valve. While it lasts there seems neither time nor interest nor unemployed energy enough for domestic agitation.

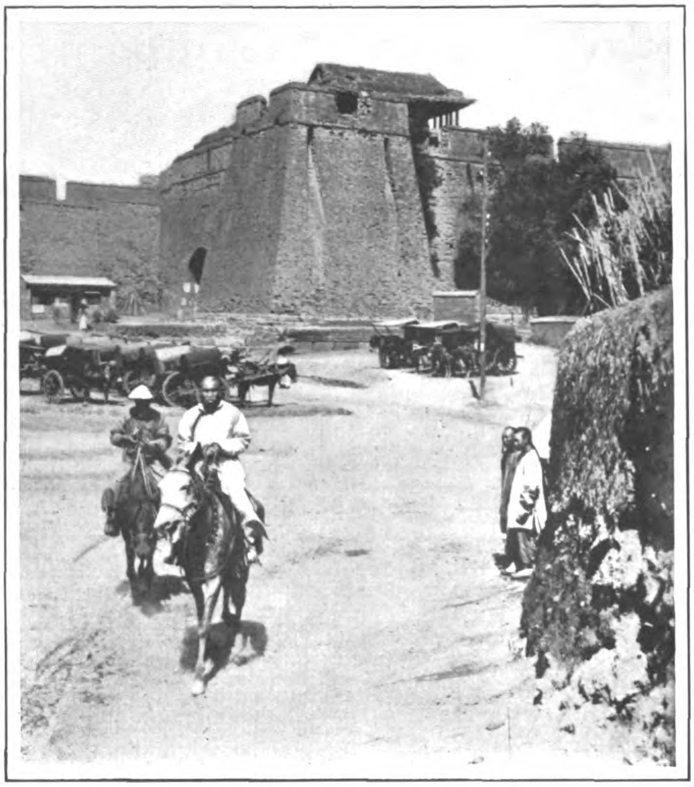
Moreover, the Russians are passionately patriotic. When the Czar has once directly and personally appealed to them, the wish to see holy Russia prevail dominates and absorbs every other emotion. To say that the war on the part of Russia is the war of a bureaucracy, and on the part of Japan of a people, is to say nothing that has any vital bearing on its conduct. It will not make the Russians less terrible in their resoluteness to win at any cost, nor will it diminish by a fraction the extent or eagerness of their sacrifices.

On the contrary, war re-establishes the closeness of contact between the Czar and his people; it brings him out into the relief that in times of peace is usurped by the bureaucracy, and makes him the public and visible symbol of the nation's wishes and ambitions. That the recoil of the war, whether it end in victory or defeat, may be far-reaching, that the forces it has diverted and headed off may return to their old channels with redoubled power, is probable. The Crimean war was an undoubted factor in bringing about the act of emancipation. The Japanese war may prove the precursor to the last great boon it is in the power of Czardom to grant, the boon of representative government. But that will come, if at all, when the war is ended, and not while it is still being waged. The Russian masses, like the masses in all countries, postpone everything to the accomplishment of victory, and there can be no graver miscalculation than to imagine that their discontent will hamper the prosecution of the war.

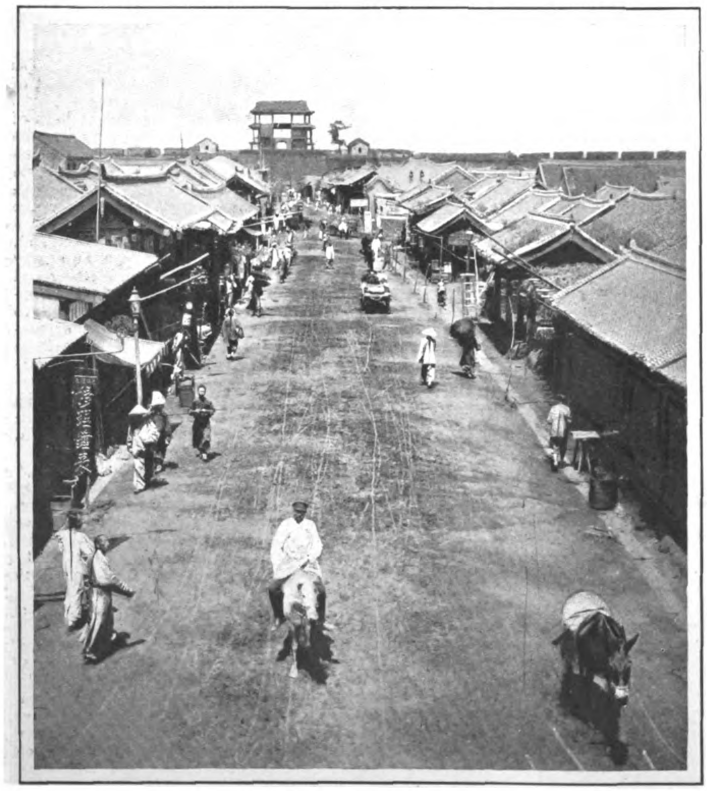
A more serious danger threatens Russia from the Near East. She cannot, with her multitudinous interests, engage in a war that is certain to tax her to the uttermost, without neglecting and uncovering some other points along the line of her political communications. As a rule, one is rightly sceptical of the extent to which the powers will seek to profit by the discomfiture or preoccupation of one of their rivals. The Boer war left Great Britain immensely exposed all over the world, but she fought it out without any loss to her permanent interests. It may be so with Russia. On the other hand, the novelty of finding Russia tied up, the certainty that so long as she is engrossed in the Far East she cannot maintain her position and activities in the Balkans, in Persia, or along the Indian frontier, and the chaotic conditions which at this moment obtain between Bulgaria, Macedonia, and Turkey, open up possibilities at once so grave and so uncertain that they cannot be more than indicated with any profit. To speculate on what Turkey may do, on whether England will assume the place of Russia and join with Austria in preserving peace in the Balkans, on what steps, if any, Germany will feel tempted to take to consolidate her influence at Constantinople, on whether Great Britain will seize the chance to strengthen her position in the Persian Gulf and to prosecute her mission in Tibet, is really a waste of time.

One can do no more than say that in all these quarters there are possibilities, and in some of them probabilities, that the Russo-Japanese war is peculiarly fitted to develop into actualities. And above and beyond them all, is the question whether England and France will be able to preserve their neutrality, whether the former if Japan is defeated, and the latter if Russia is defeated, will not be drawn automatically into the sphere of conflict. Tremendous as are these considerations, and vitally as they affect the future of Russia, they will not distract her for one moment from the immediate task on which she is engaged. Her position in the Far East, and the domination of China, which is bound up with it, is a prize as great as any that she is forced to relinquish or turn her back on for the time being nearer home; and to gain it she will fight as she has never fought before.

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A Bit of the Old Wall, Mukden, where Fighting is likely to occur. A View of the Town from this Wall is shown in another illustration on this Page



Looking North from the Bell-tower in Mukden



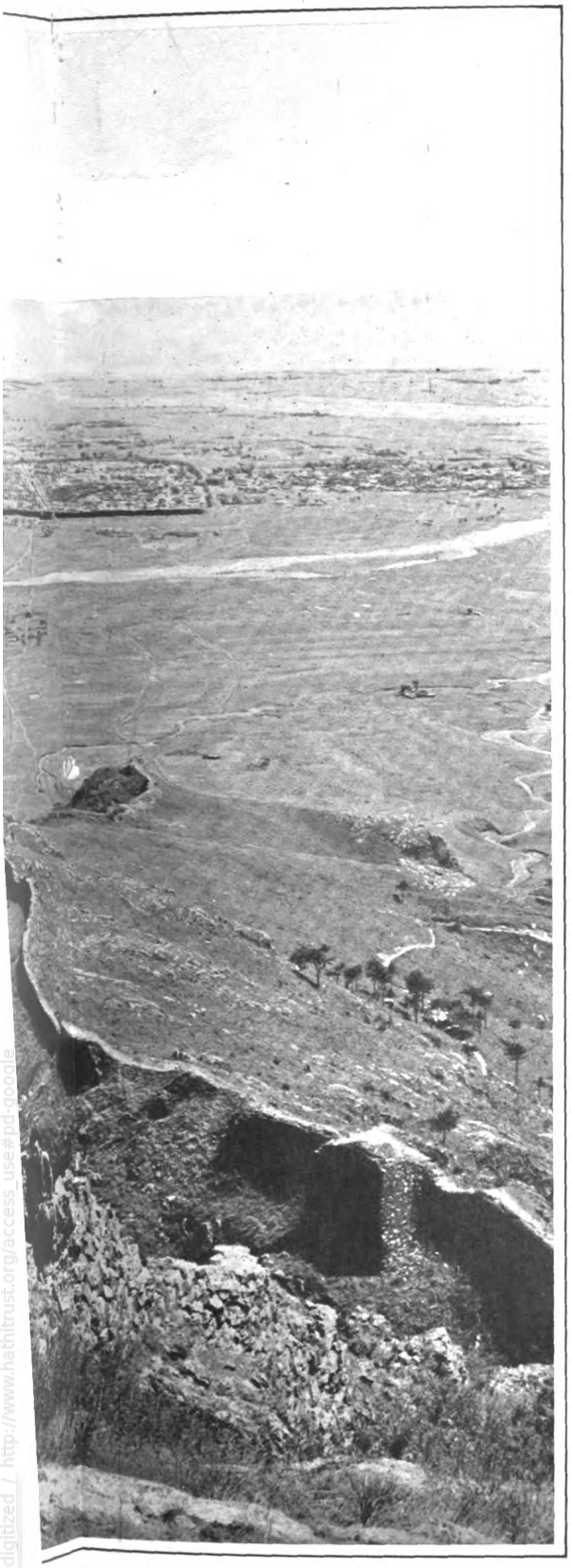
View toward the Liao-tung Gulf, looking over the Town of

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST—PLACES OF

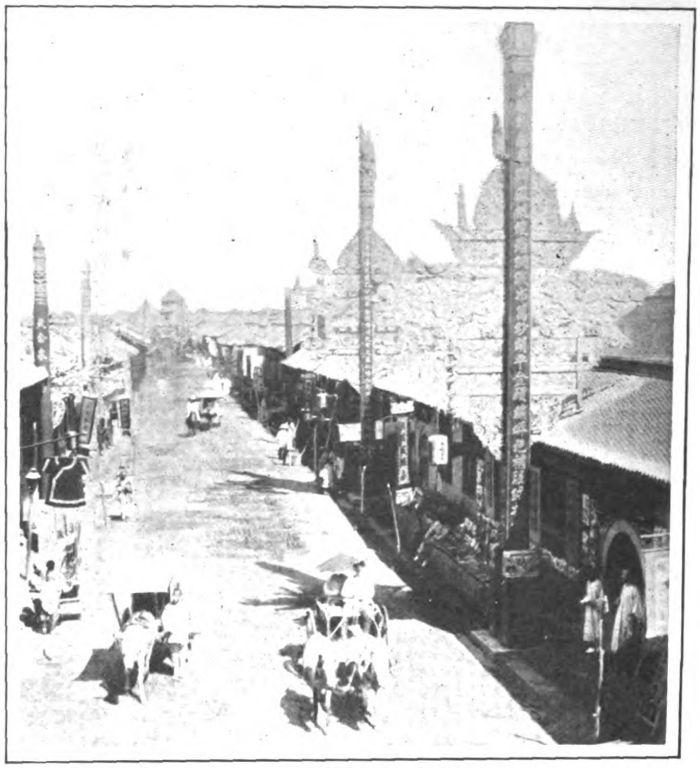
Mukden, an important Manchurian city, is situated close to the line of Russia's Trans-Siberian railway by the old Chinese wall, the ruins of which can be plainly seen in the foreground. A recent rep

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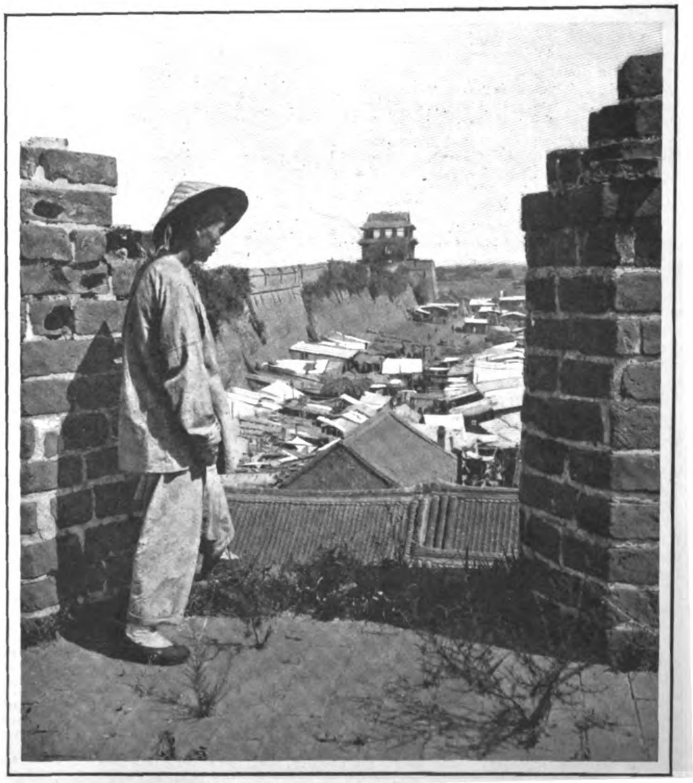
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Shan-hai-kwan, showing how it is Enclosed by the Great Wall



A Scene on the Main Street, Mukden, showing the Character of the Town which is important to Russia as a Base of Supplies



A View of Mukden from an Embrasure in the Wall

S OF INTEREST AT THE SCENE OF ACTION

n railway. Shan-hai-kwan is on the western coast of the Liao-tung Gulf. It is shown in the photograph enclosed ecent report states that skirmishes have taken place at Shan-hai-kwan between Russian and Chinese troops

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Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

"THERE is, after all," says Stevenson, "no house like God's out-of-doors." Never was there a more ardent believer in this truth than Mr. Robert W. Chambers. Summer or winter, whenever he can shoulder a gun or a rod, he calls his dogs, and is off to the woods. Perhaps no living writer, excepting Dr. Van Dyke, has whipped so many rivers on this continent or any other. For some years past his home, during most of the year, has been at the foot of the Adirondacks; he used to spend the winters in Florida, but of late years he prefers New York. His love of nature runs into his work, whether in painting or literature, and he would rather talk to you by the hour about some hunting adventure or out-of-doors sport than of his literary work, though none could be more generous in appreciation of other men's books. Mr. Chambers, his love for the country notwithstanding, is a New-Yorker, and was educated in Paris, where he studied painting under Benjamin Constant. He is still under forty, yet few men to-day can show such a record for versatility. He began his career as an artist, and even yet his study looks as much like that of an artist as of an author. He has contributed numerous articles on miscellaneous subjects to the magazines, and a good deal of fugitive verse. He wrote a drama called "The Witch of Ellangowan" for Ada Rehan, which was played at Daly's Theatre. His novels range over a wide and varied field of insight, actual knowledge and experience and historical research, and are too well known to call for characterization here. In one of his earliest books, *The King in Yellow*, recently reprinted in a new edition, one can discover that the terrible and abnormal, the eccentric and bizarre had a fascination for him at first, but this gradually resolved itself into a saner view of life, while his gift of narrative, vivid and picturesque expression, swift, subtle insight into character have long since given his historical fiction a distinguished place in our literature. Mr. Chambers fairly revels in depicting scenes of stress and strife, and the death-grapple of warring elements, whether in individuals or nations. I know of no one else who could have rivalled the lamented George W. Steevens, who lost his life at Ladysmith during the Boer war. My own opinion is that in Mr. Chambers the novelist, we have lost the greatest of war correspondents.



Photograph by H. S. Redfield

A New Photograph of Robert W. Chambers

Yet one more achievement must be added to the tale of Mr. Chambers's accomplished tasks. His keen sense of humor, especially of the ludicrous, has been turned lately on a certain species of imaginative tales which relate to the occult and wonder-working powers discovered in nature's mysterious garden. This work will be published in the spring. It is the comic side, so to speak, of that eccentricity and bizarrerie which assumed so serious and gruesome an aspect in his earlier stories, but this later experiment in fiction will be found to be much more exhilarating and entertaining. It gives Mr. Chambers another opportunity, too, to take us out-of-doors, where his charm is always at its best. I find, by the way, that I had almost forgotten to mention his successful adventure into juvenile literature a year or so ago with *Outdoorland*, which was followed a few months ago by *Orchardland*. It was inevitable that in time these should find a sequel in *Riverland*, which will be published in the autumn. It is not necessary to call the attention of the readers of the WEEKLY to his articles on hunting and fishing, which began recently in these pages, and will still be continued.

It is seldom that a purely commercial product gains the artistic and literary flavor which accrues to Apollinaris water. The late Sir Walter Besant once said, "This is an age of Apollinaris water," and Dr. Van Dyke, somewhere in one of his books, uses the comparison, "As sparkling as Apollinaris." References to Apollinaris will also be found in *David Harum*, and in the stories of Mr. Howells, Mr. James, Anthony Hope, and others that will doubtless recur to the reader's memory. The most interesting fact, however, is that the picture of the bubbling spring which decorates the label of every bottle of Apollinaris was drawn by Du Maurier—the most widely circulated and least celebrated of all his drawings. The drawing, I should say, was an act of friendship on Du Maurier's part. The original design bears his signature and is now in the possession of the Apollinaris company.

Sir William Ramsay, in acknowledging the toast to him and Lady Ramsay at the New Vagabond Club to which I referred last week, ventured a novel suggestion to writers of fiction, which may appeal to those whose imagination runs to business themes. A novel, he said, might be written on what would happen in the world if gold became, not worthless, but much cheaper than it was now. What would happen to a capitalist who had invested his money in stocks and shares? Would he be ruined, or would he be landed on the summit of prosperity?

The Dickens Society at Bristol lately wrote to Tolstoy for an expression of his opinion on the work of the great English novelist. "I think that Charles Dickens," writes Tolstoy, briefly, "is the greatest novel-writer of the nineteenth century, and that his works, which impressed the true Christian spirit, have done, and will continue to do, a great deal of good to mankind." This is characteristic of Tolstoy the moralist, but not of Tolstoy the critic, and illustrates how easily a great mind can fall into the jargon of commonplace. In the notices of the late George Gissing which his death recently called forth, few of the writers seem to know or fail to appreciate the importance of his volume on Dickens which, nevertheless, is one of the best biographical and critical monographs of the great novelist that has ever been written. Mr. Gissing's latest task was the abridged edition of Foster's *Life of Dickens* which he compressed into one volume.

In a corner of my library there is a number of slender, unpretentious-looking little volumes, which, nevertheless, I count among my most precious treasures. They are volumes of poems by "A. E.," Katherine Tynan Hinkson, W. B. Yeats, John Davidson, Dora Sigerson Shorter, and other Celtic singers. If you object that John Davidson is a Scot, still I say that he has the Celtic blood and fire. Several of these little volumes belong to Dora Sigerson Shorter, and I have just added another volume to the number, which has reached me, entitled *As the Sparks Fly Upward*. It is fully half a dozen years ago since Mr. John Lane first introduced Mrs. Shorter to her American audience in *The Fairy Changeling*. Mrs. Shorter is the daughter of a distinguished Celtic scholar and man of letters, the wife of Mr. Clement Shorter, the editor of the *Sphere* and the *Tatler*, and occupies a foremost place among that brave little band of Celtic poets who keep alive the fires of poesy in their native land. Celtic as Mrs. Shorter is to the core of her nature, one feels the stir of the Viking in the tang of her sterner ballads. There is a crooning and brooding note in her gentler moods, and a lyric joy in the eager abandon of her hours of love and song, "lover's kiss and maiden's laughter"; but it is the fierce, passionate mood I like best, as in "The Storm," which, like so many of her passionate lines, has the sigh and the sob of the harp in its wild chanting lay:

They say it is the wind in midnight skies
  Loud shrieking past the window, that doth make
Each casement shudder with its storm of cries,
  And the barred door with pushing shoulder shake.

Ah, no! ah, no! It is the souls pass by
  Their lot to run from earth to God's high place,
Pursued by each black sin that death let fly
  From their sad flesh, to break them in their chase.

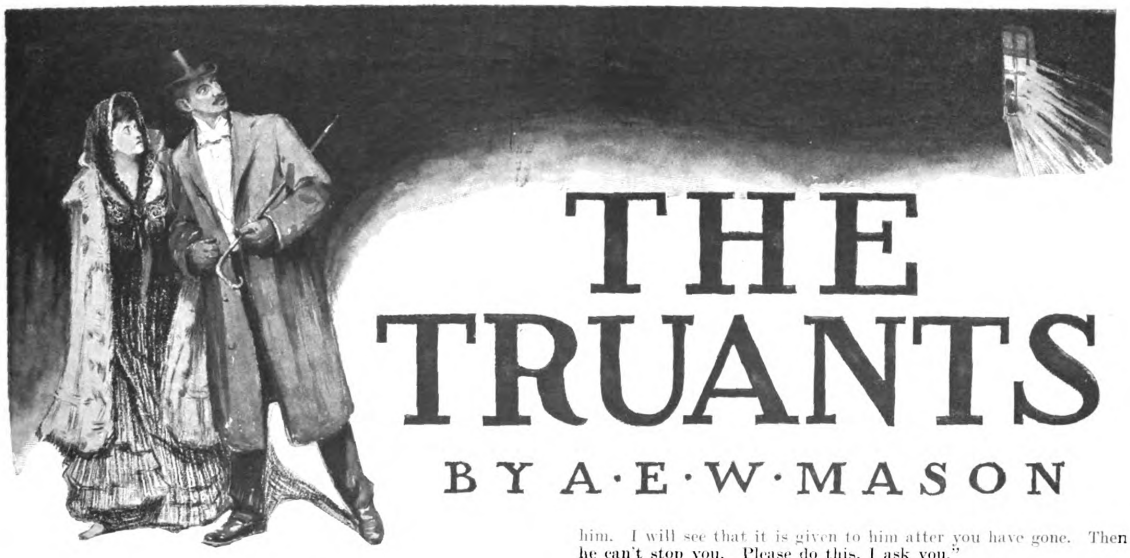
They say it is the rain from leaf to leaf
  Doth slip, and roll into the thirsting ground,
That where the corn is trampled sheaf by sheaf
  The heavy sorrow of the storm is found.

Ah, no! ah, no! It is repentant tears
  By those let fall who make their direful flight,
And drop by drop the anguish of their fears
  Comes down around us all the awful night.

They say that in the lightning-flash, and roar
  Of clashing clouds, the tempest is about;
And draw their chairs the glowing hearth before,
  The casement close to shut the danger out.

Ah, no! The doors of Paradise, they swing
  A moment open for a soul nigh spent,
Then come together till the thunder's ring
  Leaves us half-blinded by God's element.

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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

CHAPTER V

PAMELA'S PROMISE

MILLIE'S enthusiasm for her husband's plan increased each day. The picture which his halting phrases evoked for her, of a little farm very far away under Southern skies charmed her more by reason of its novelty than either she or Tony quite understood. In the evenings of the following week, long after the footsteps overhead had ceased, they sat choosing the site of their house and building it. It was to be the exact opposite of their house of bondage. The windows should look out over rolling country, the simple decorations should be bright of color, and through every cranny the sun should find its way. Millie's hopes indeed easily outran her husband's. She counted the house already built and the door open for her coming. Color and light bathed it in beauty.

"There's my little fortune, Tony," she said, when once or twice he tried to check the leap of her anticipations. "That will provide the capital."

"I knew you would offer it," Tony replied, simply. "Your help will shorten our separation by a good deal. So I'll take half."

"All," cried Millie.

"And what would you do when you wanted a new frock?" asked Tony with a smile.

Millie shrugged her shoulders.

"I shall join you so soon," she said.

It dawned upon Tony that she was making too little of the burden which she would be called upon to bear, the burden of dull lonely months in that great shabby house.

"It will be a little while before I can send for you, Millie," he protested, but she paid no heed to the protest. She fetched her bank-book and added up the figures.

"I have three thousand pounds," she said.

"I'll borrow half," he repeated. "Of course, I am only borrowing. Should things go wrong with me, you are sure to get it back in the end."

They drove down to Millie's bank the next morning and fifteen hundred pounds were transferred to his account.

"Meanwhile," said Tony, as they came out of the door into Pall Mall, "we have not yet settled where our farm is to be. I think I will go and see Chase."

"The man in Stepney Green?" Millie asked.

"Yes. He's the man to help us."

Tony called a cab and drove off. It was late in the afternoon when he returned and he had no opportunity to tell his wife the results of his visit before dinner was announced. Millie was in a fever to hear his news. Never even in this house had an evening seemed so long. Sir John sat upright in his high-backed chair, and as was his custom bade her read aloud the evening paper. But that task was beyond her. She pleaded a headache and escaped. It seemed to her that hours passed before Tony rejoined her. She had come to dread with an intense fear that some hindrance would at any moment stop their plan.

"Well?" she asked, eagerly, when Tony at last came into their sitting-room.

"It's to be horses in Kentucky," answered Tony. "Farming wants more knowledge and a long apprenticeship. But I know a little about horses."

"Splendid!" cried Millie. "You will go soon?"

"In a week. A week is all I need."

Millie was quiet for a little while. Then she asked with an anxious look,

"When do you mean to tell your father?"

"To-morrow."

"Don't," said she. She saw his face cloud, she was well aware of his dislike of secrecies, but she was too much afraid that somehow at the last moment an insuperable obstacle would bar the way. "Don't tell him at all," she went on. "Leave a note for him. I will see that it is given to him after you have gone. Then he can't stop you. Please do this, I ask you."

"How can he stop me?"

"I don't know. But I am afraid that he will. He could threaten to disinherit you; if you disobeyed he might carry out the threat. Give him no opportunity to threaten."

Very reluctantly Tony consented. He had all a man's objections to concealments, she all a woman's liking for them. But she prevailed, and since the moment of separation was very near, they began to retrace their steps through the years of their married life and back beyond them to the days of their first acquaintance. Thus it happened that Millie mentioned the name of Pamela Mardale, and suddenly Tony drew himself upright in his chair.

"Is she in town, I wonder?" He asked rather of himself than of his wife.

"Most likely," Millie replied. "Why?"

"I think I must try to see her before I go," said Tony, thoughtfully, and more than once during the evening he looked with anxiety towards his wife. But in his look there was some perplexity too.

He tried next day. For he borrowed a horse from a friend and rode out into the Row at eleven o'clock. As he passed through the gates of Hyde Park he saw Pamela turning her horse on the edge of the sand. She saw him at the same moment and waited.

"You are a stranger here," she said with a smile, as he joined her.

"Here and everywhere," he replied. "I came out on purpose to find you."

Pamela glanced at Tony, curiously. Only a few days had passed since Warrisden had pointed out the truants from the window of Lady Millingham's house and had speculated upon the seclusion of their lives. The memory of that evening was still fresh in her mind.

"I want to ask you a question."

"Ask it and I'll answer," she replied with earnestness.

"You were Millie's bridesmaid?"

"Yes."

"You saw a good deal of her before we were married?"

"Yes."

They were riding down the Row at a walk under the trees, Pamela wondering to what these questions were to lead, Tony slowly formulating the point which troubled him.

"Before Millie and I were engaged," he went on, "before indeed there was any likelihood of our being engaged, you once said to me something about her."

"I did?"

"Yes. I remembered it last night. And it rather worries me. I should like you to explain what you meant. You said, 'The man who marries her should never leave her. If he goes away shooting big game, he should take her with him. On no account must she be left behind.'"

It was a day cloudless and bright. Over towards the Serpentine the heat filled the air with a soft screen of mist, and at the bottom of the Row the rhododendrons glowed. As Pamela and Tony went forward at a walk the sunlight slanting through the leaves now shone upon their faces and now left them in shade. And when it fell bright upon Pamela it lit up a countenance which was greatly troubled. She did not, however, deny that she had used the words. She did not pretend that she had forgotten their application.

"You remember what I said," she remarked. "It is a long while ago."

"Before that," he explained, "I had begun to notice all that was said of Millie."

"I spoke the words generally, perhaps too carelessly."

"Yet not without a reason." Tony insisted. "That's not your way."

Pamela made no reply for a moment or two. Then she patted her horse's head and said, softly:

"Not without a reason." She admitted his contention frankly. She did more, for she turned in her saddle towards him and, looking straight into his face, said:

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"I was not giving you advice at the time. But had I been, I should have said just those words. I say them again now."

"Why?"

Tony put his question very earnestly. He held Pamela in great respect, believing her clear-sighted beyond her fellows. He was indeed a little timid in her presence as a rule, for she overawed him, though all unconsciously. Nothing of this timidity, however, showed now. "That was what I came out to ask you. Why?"

Again Pamela attempted no evasion.

"I can't tell you," she said, quietly.

"You promised."

"I break the promise."

Tony looked wistfully at his companion. That the perplexing words had been spoken with a definite meaning he had felt sure from the moment when he had remembered them. And her refusal to explain proved to him that the meaning was a very serious one, one indeed which he ought to know and take into account.

"I ask you to explain," he urged, "because I *am* going away and I *am* leaving Millie behind."

Pamela was startled. She turned quickly towards him.

"Must you?" she said, and before he could answer she recovered from her surprise. "Never mind," she continued; "shall we ride on?" and she put her horse to a trot. It was not her business to advise or to interfere. She had said too much already. She meant to remain the looker-on.

Stretton, however, was not upon this occasion to be so easily suppressed. He kept level with her, and as they rode he told her something of the life which Millie and he had led in the big lonely house in Berkeley Square; and in spite of herself, Pamela was interested. She had a sudden wish that Alan Warrisden was riding with them too, so that he might hear his mystery solved. She had a sudden vision of his face, keen as a boy's, as he listened.

"I saw Millie and you a few nights ago. I was at a close-by dance, and I was surprised to see you. I thought you had left London," she said.

"No; I am leaving," Stretton returned, and he went on to describe that idyllic future which Millie and he had allotted to themselves. The summer sunlight was golden in the air about them; already it seemed that new fresh life was beginning. "I shall breed horses in Kentucky. I was recommended to it by an East End parson called Chase, who runs a mission on Stepney Green. I used to keep order in a billiard-room in his mission one night a week, when I was quartered at the Tower. A queer sort of creature, Chase, but his judgment's good, and of course he is always meeting all sorts of people."

"Chase," Pamela repeated, and she retained the name in her memory.

"But he doesn't know Millie," said Stretton, "and you do. And so what you said troubles me very much. If I go away remembering your words and not understanding, I shall go away uneasy. I shall remain uneasy."

"I am sorry," Pamela replied. "I broke a rule of mine in saying what I did, a rule not to interfere. And I see now that I did very wrong in breaking it. I will not break it again. You must forget my words."

There was a quiet decision in her manner which warned Tony that no persuasions would induce her to explain. He gave up his attempt and turned to another subject.

"I have something else to ask—not a question this time but a favor. You could be a very stanch friend, Miss Mardale, if you chose. Millie will be lonely after I have gone. You were a great friend of hers once. Be a friend of hers again."

Pamela hesitated. The promise which he sought on the face of it no doubt looked easy of fulfilment. But Tony Stretton had been right in one conjecture. She had spoken the words which troubled him from a definite reason, and that reason assured her now that this promise might lay upon her a burden and a burden of a heavy kind. And she shrank from all burdens. On the other hand, there was no doubt that she had caused Tony much uneasiness. He would go away on a task which, as she saw very clearly, would be more arduous by far than even he suspected, troubled and perplexed. That could not be helped. But she might lighten the trouble, and make the perplexity less insistent, if she granted the favor which he sought. It seemed churlish to refuse.

"Very well," she said, reluctantly. "I promise."

Already Tony's face showed his relief. She had given her promise reluctantly, but she would keep it now. Of that he felt assured, and bidding her good-by he turned his horse and cantered back.

Pamela rode homewards more slowly. She had proposed to keep clear of entanglements and responsibilities, and behold! the meshes were about her. She had undertaken a trust. In spite of herself she had ceased to be the looker-on.



Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence

"It's all over," she said

CHAPTER VI

NEWS OF TONY

THE promise which Pamela had given was a great relief to Tony; he went about the work of preparing for his departure with an easier mind. It was even in his thoughts when he stood with his wife upon the platform of Euston Station five minutes before his train started for Liverpool.

"She will be a good friend, Millie," he said. "Count on her till I send for you. I think I am right to go, even though I don't understand—"

He checked himself, abruptly. Millie, however, paid heed only to the first clause of his sentence.

"Of course you are right," she said, with a confidence which brought an answering smile to his face.

She watched the red tail-light of the train until it disappeared, and drove home alone to the big dreary house. It seemed ten times more dreary, ten times more silent than ever before. She was really alone now. But her confidence in herself and in Tony was still strong. "I can wait," she said, and the consciousness of her courage rejoiced her. She walked from room to room, and sat for a few moments in each, realizing that the coldness, the dingy look of the furniture, and the empty silence had no longer the power to oppress her. She even hesitated at the library door with her fingers on the key. But it was not until the next day that she unlocked it and threw it open.

For Pamela, mindful of her promise, called in the afternoon. Millicent was still uplifted by her confidence.

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"I can wait quite patiently," she said, and Pamela scrutinized her with some anxiety. For Millicent was speaking feverishly, as though she labored under an excitement. Was her courage the mere effervescence of that excitement, or was it a steady durable thing? Pamela led her friend on to speak of the life which she and Tony had led in the big house, sounding her the while so that she might come upon some answer to that question. And thus it happened that as they came down the stairs together, Millicent again stopped before the library door.

"Look!" she said. "This room always seemed to me typical of the whole house, typical too of the lives we led in it."

She unlocked the door suddenly and flung it open. The floor of the library was below the level of the hall, and a smooth plain of wood sloped down to it very gradually from the threshold.

"There used to be steps here once, but before my time," said Millicent. She went down into the room. Pamela followed her, and understood why those two steps had been removed. Although the book-shelves rose on every wall from floor to ceiling, it was not as a library that this room was used. Heavy black curtains draped it with a barbaric profusion. The centre of the room was clear of furniture, and upon the carpet in that clear space was laid a purple drugget; and on the drugget opposite to one another stood two strong wooden crutches. The room was a mortuary chamber—nothing less. On those two crutches the dead were to lie awaiting burial.

Millie Stretton shook her shoulders with a kind of shiver.

"Oh, how I used to hate this room, hate knowing that it was here, prepared and ready; I used to lie awake and think of it. I used to imagine it more silent than any other of the silent rooms and emptier—emptier because day and night it seemed to claim an inhabitant and to claim it as a right. That was the horrible thing. The room was waiting—waiting for us to be carried down that wooden bridge and laid on the crutches here each in our turn. It became just a symbol of the whole house. For what is the house, Pamela? A place that should have been a place of life and is a place merely expecting death."

Millie Stretton finished her outburst and stood dismayed, as though the shadow of those past days were still about her. The words she had spoken must have seemed exaggerated and even theatrical but for the aspect of her as she spoke them. Her whole frame shuddered, her face had the shrinking look of fear. She recovered herself, however, in a moment.

"But that time's passed," she said. "Tony's gone, and I—I am waiting for life now. I am only a lodger, you see. A month or two and I pack my boxes."

She turned towards the door and stopped. The hall door had just at that moment opened. Pamela heard a man's footsteps sound heavily upon the floor of the hall and then upon the stairs.

"My father-in-law," said Millie.

"This was his doing?" asked Pamela.

"Yes," replied Millie. "It's strange, isn't it? But there's something stranger still."

The footsteps ceased. Millie led the way back to her room.

"When I got home yesterday," she related, "I had Tony's letter announcing his departure taken up to Sir John. I waited for him to send for me. He did not. I am not sure that I expected he would. You see, he has never shown the least interest in us. However, when I went up to my room to dress for dinner I saw that the candles were all lighted in Tony's room next door and his clothes laid out upon the bed. I went in and put the candles out—rather quickly." Her voice shook a little upon those last two words. Pamela nodded her head as though she understood, and Millicent went on after a short pause.

"It troubled me to see them burning. It troubled me very much. And when I came down-stairs I told the footman the candles were not to be lit again, since Tony had gone away. He answered that they had been lit by Sir John's orders. At first I thought that Sir John had not troubled to read the letter at all. I thought that all the more because he never once, either during dinner or afterwards, mentioned Tony's name or seemed to remark his absence. But it was not so. He has given orders that every night the room is to be ready and the candles lit as though Tony were here still, or might walk in at the door at any moment. I suppose that, after all, in a queer way he cares."

Again her voice faltered, and again a question rose up insistent in Pamela's mind. She knew her friend, and it was out of her knowledge that she had spoken long ago in Tony's presence when she had said, "her husband should never leave her." It was evident that Tony's departure had caused his wife great suffering.

Millicent had let that fact escape. Pamela welcomed it, but she asked, "Was that regret a steady and durable thing?"

Pamela left London the next day with her question unanswered, and for two months there was no opportunity for her of discovering an answer. Often during that August and September, on the moors in Scotland, or at her own home in Leicestershire, she would think of Millie Stretton, in the hot and dusty town amongst the houses where the blinds were drawn. She imagined her sitting over against the old stern impassive man at the dinner, or wearily reading to him his newspaper at night. Had the regret dwindled to irritation and the loneliness begotten petulance?

Indeed, those months were dull and wearisome enough for Millicent. No change of significance came in the routine of that monotonous household. Sir John went to his room perhaps a little earlier than had been his wont, his footsteps dragged along the floor for a while longer, and his light burned in the window after the dawn had come. But that was all. For Millicent, however, the weeks passed easily. Each day brought her a day nearer to the sunlit farm fronting the open plain. She marked the weeks off in her diary with a growing relief. For news kept coming from America and the news was good.

Early in October Pamela passed through London on her way to Sussex, and broke her journey that she might see her friend.

"Frances Millingham is writing to you," she said. "She wants you to stay with her. I shall be there too. I hope you will come."

"When?"

"At the beginning of the New-year."

Millicent laughed.

"I shall have left England before then, Tony will have made his way," she said, with a joyous conviction.

"There might be delays," Pamela suggested, and again Millie laughed.

"I have had letters. I am expecting another. It should have come a fortnight since." And she told Pamela what the letters had contained.

At first Tony was a little bewildered by the activity of New York, after his quiescent years. But he had soon made an acquaintance, and the acquaintance had become a friend. The two men determined to go into partnership, a farm in Kentucky was purchased, each man depositing an equal share of the purchase-money.

"Six weeks ago they left New York. Tony said I would not hear from him at once."

And while they were sitting together there came a knock upon the door, and two letters were brought in for Millicent. One she tossed upon the table. With the other in her hand she turned triumphantly to Pamela.

"Do you mind?" she asked. "I have been waiting so long."

"Read it, of couse," said Pamela.

Millie tore the letter open, and at once the light died out of her eyes and the smile vanished from her lips. "From New York," she said, half-way between perplexity and fear. "He writes from New York," and with trembling fingers she turned over the sheets and read the letter through.

Pamela watched her, saw the blood ebb from her cheeks and dejection overspread her face. A great pity welled up in Pamela's heart, not merely for the wife who read, but for the man who had penned that letter—with what difficulty, she wondered, with how much pain! Failure was the message which it carried. Millicent's trembling lips told her that. The village of Roquebrune rose up before her eyes as she gazed out of the window on the London Square. What were the words the schoolmaster had spoken when, stripped of his dreams, he had confessed success was not for him. "We must forget these fine plans. The school at Roquebrune will send no Deputy to Paris." Pamela's eyes grew dim.

She stood looking out of the window for some while, but hearing no movement she at length turned back again. The sheets of the letter had fallen upon the floor, they lay scattered, written over in a round sprawling schoolboy's hand. Millicent sat very still, her face most weary and despairing.

"It's all over," she said. "The friend was a swindler. He left the train at a station on the way and disappeared. Tony went on, but there was no farm. He is back in New York."

"But the man can be found."

"He belongs to a gang. There is little chance, and Tony has no money. He will take no more of mine."

"He is coming home then?" said Pamela.

"No, he means to stay and retrieve his failures."

Pamela said nothing, and Millicent appealed to her. "He will do that, don't you think? Men have started badly before, and have succeeded, and have not taken so very long to succeed."

"No doubt," said Pamela, and she spoke with what hopefulness she could. But she remembered Tony Stretton. Simplicity and good humor were amongst his chief qualities; he was a loyal friend; and he had pluck. Was that enough? On the other hand, he had little knowledge and little experience. The schoolmaster of Roquebrune and Tony Stretton stood side by side in her thoughts. She was not, however, to be put to the task of inventing encouragements. For before she could open her lips again Millicent said, gently:

"Will you mind if I ask to be left alone? Come again as soon as you can. But this afternoon—" Her voice broke so that she could not finish her sentence, and she turned hastily away. However, she recovered her self-control and went down the stairs with Pamela.

"What if you told Sir John?" said Pamela. "It seems that he does, after all, care."

"It would be of no use," said Millicent, shaking her head. "He would only say, 'let him come home,' and Tony will not. Besides, I never see him now."

"Never?" exclaimed Pamela.

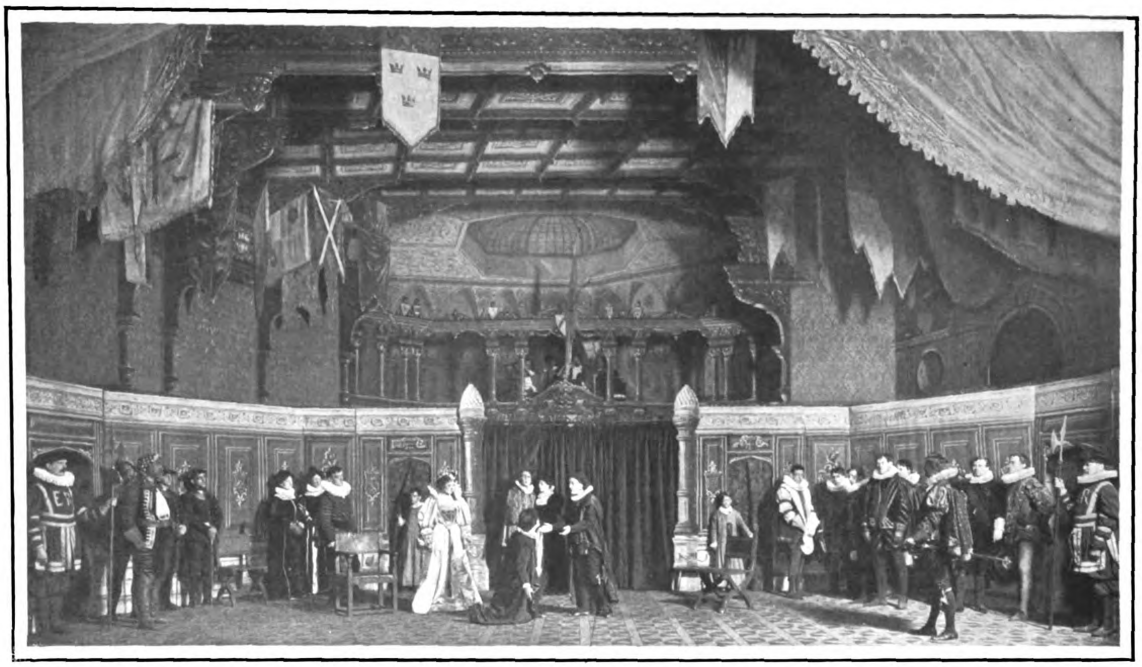
"No, he does not leave his room." She lowered her voice. "I do not believe he ever will leave it again. It's not that he's really ill, his doctor tells me, but he's slowly letting himself go."

Pamela answered absently. Sir John Stretton and his ailments played a small part in her thoughts. It seemed that the library was again to become typical of the house, typical of the life its inhabitants led. Nothing was to happen then. There was to be a mere waiting for things to cease.

But a second letter was lying up-stairs unopened on the table, and that letter, harmless as it appeared, was strangely to influence Millicent Stretton's life. It was many hours afterwards when Millicent opened it, and, compared with the heavy tidings she had by the same post received, it seemed utterly trifling and unimportant. It was no more, indeed, than an invitation from Frances Millingham, of which Pamela had spoken. Pamela forgot it altogether when she heard the news which Tony had sent, but she was to be affected by it too. For she had made a promise to Tony Stretton, and, as he had foreseen, she would at any cost fulfil it.

To be Continued.

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A Scene from "Twelfth Night," as given by Mr. Greet's Players at the Knickerbocker Theatre



"Viola" (Miss Matthison), and "Olivia" (Miss Alys Rees) in "Twelfth Night"

"TWELFTH NIGHT" GIVEN AS IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME

"Twelfth Night," presented in accordance with the customs of Shakespeare's time, was produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre on February 22, under the direction of Mr. Ben Greet. The company was that which has been seen in "Everyman," Miss Edith Wynne Matthison being the "Viola" and Mr. Greet the "Malvolio." The complete text of the play was spoken, with but a single intermission. There were no changes of scene, and neither curtain nor footlights were used. The stage was set to represent the panelled interior of Middle Temple Hall, where "Twelfth Night" was first produced in the year 1601. Instead of the usual theatre orchestra, a choir of musicians was seated upon the stage dressed in characteristic Elizabethan costumes

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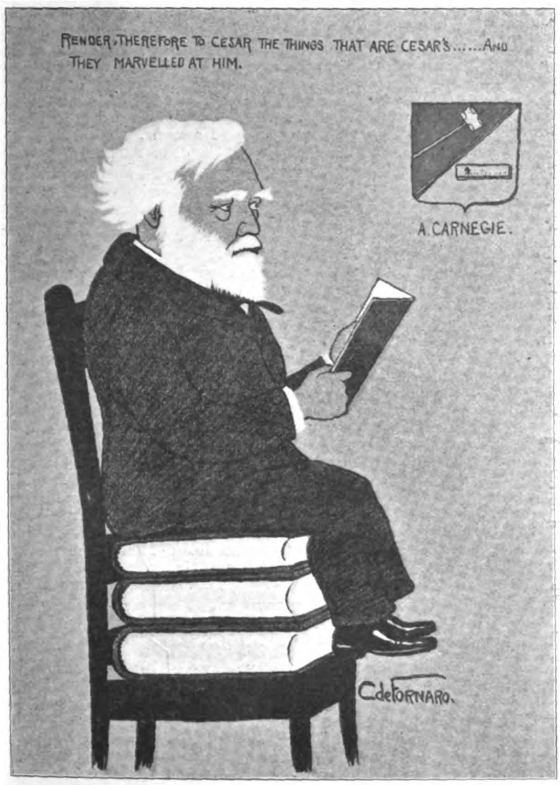
Edmond Rostand
By Sem



Sarah Bernhardt
By Cappiello



Sir Henry Irving
By Max Beerbohm



Andrew Carnegie
By Fornaro



Pietro Mascagni
By Sacchetto

SOME CELEBRITIES IN CARICATURE

Works by more than sixty caricaturists are now on view at an exhibition which was opened this week at the Fifth Avenue Book Shop, New York. Among the artists represented are Max Beerbohm, the English caricaturist; the Italians Sacchetto and Leonetto Cappiello; Sem, the Parisian; and Carlo de Fornaro, the East Indian, most of whose work has appeared in America. The reproductions on this page show characteristic examples of the work of these artists, being caricatures of various well-known people

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Correspondence

EQUALITY AND THE NEGRO

February 25, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The discussion of the negro question in your columns has bristled with pertinent suggestions as to the true solution of the problem, many of them, however, being utterly fallacious, largely because they are based upon observations made through a spy-glass.

The Southern people who are most vitally concerned regard its solution as nothing more than a natural application of negro civilization to his environments in which is involved no theory of freemasonry or intimate association with him. His needs are our own, and we care for them on the basis that his intelligence and menial position deserves.

Negro civilization is practically one hundred years old, with a dull intelligence as a foundation, while our own has been more than a thousand years in crystallizing, and to insist upon social and political equality between a race of admittedly low intelligence, young in civilization, and one that has led the world for centuries is grotesque in its absurdity.

Theorists should let us alone; we know our business; we do not pretend to interfere in the problems of miner slavery in Pennsylvania coal-mines; New York can find its own answer to the question of tenement-house abuses; the negro question is purely local and needs in its answer no suggestion from theoretical spy-glass observers. To those of the race that aspire to social and political equality an invitation has been extended by several States, and we are the first to bid them Godspeed in its acceptance, because we have no use or place for them in our land. We know negro character, a knowledge that is an inherited instinct with Southern people; its vices and virtues have a proper compensation in our association with him. This State, like all others in the Southland, spends hundreds of thousands of dollars upon his public necessities; he has his free schools; free normals; free mechanical instruction; free asylums, and free penal institutions.

The South only asks to be left alone to work out its salvation; too many people put notions in the negro's head and give him the idea that he has the right to rest his feet on the front-porch banisters, and sit side by side with his superiors at the dining-table. They urge that he is equal to the responsibilities of political equality in which we have seen fit to differ with them by poll-tax disfranchisements.

It is only a simple question of a civilization one hundred years old naturally inferior to one which has been the triumph of centuries, and it is only natural that any right-minded well-informed man will resent equality, either social or political, in dealing with the negro question. I am, sir, ROBT. E. GOREE.

NEGROES NOT OUT OF PLACE

NEW YORK, *February 19, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As an admirer and constant reader of your valuable magazine, I hope you will find space in your columns devoted to correspondence for the few remarks I am about to make in answer to Mr. H. M. Rankin to his letter regarding the negro in your issue of February 20. That gentleman, in answer to a previous letter in one of your issues signed Delta Resident, in which he stated he had never seen the negro out of place is criticising him for his broad assertion, and names some of the recent appointments of our President to prove his assertion that the negro has always been out of place since his emancipation. The question I would like to ask Mr. Rankin is does he think that men and women of the negro race that are mentally able to assume the responsibility of any position to which they are appointed are out of place. The negro, as a loyal citizen of this great government, has a right to aspire to any position, municipal or national, within the gift of the Executive of either branch of the government. Probably Mr. Rankin, being a Southerner, has allowed his prejudice to overlook the fact that the negro since his emancipation has demonstrated his ability and his claim to exercise the rights of citizenship conferred upon him by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution by the acquiring of education and the accumulation of vast property interest throughout the Union.

More so than any of the poorer whites constituting the population of his native State, or, in fact, any State south of Mason and Dixon. And why shouldn't a broad-minded President recognize ability and thrift in any citizen of this great republic of which he constitutes the head. If he didn't, I assure you that he would not only be violating his oath of office, but a higher principle—the recognition of loyal citizenship and manhood. But as a young negro I am proud to say that Mr. Rankin is not voicing the sentiments of the loyal citizens of the South in his harangue, who are showing their feelings in this great question by contributing their mite towards the education not only of their former slaves, but towards the illiterate of their own race, and thereby sinking into oblivion this blot on our Western civilization. I am, sir,

CHARLES A. ASTWOOD.

A UNION OF CHURCHES

MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY, *February 25, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Byers, in your issue of February 27, suggesting the advantages of a union of the Christian churches, is very touching, and should appeal to all broad Christian minds. We fear that the ideal is and shall forever be impossible. On the other hand, perhaps no organic unity of Christian churches is needed to realize Christ's ideals. The only thing that is perhaps indispensable for civilization to be in peace with God is to incorporate in human laws the brotherhood spirit preached by Christ. Without that we may really fail to accept Christ as Christ wants to be accepted. I am, sir, JOSE GROS.

ROOSEVELT IN CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO, *February 14, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The writer having stated in a former communication, published in HARPER'S WEEKLY of the 13th inst., that President Roosevelt is not regarded by members of his party in this city and State, universally, as a candidate who can certainly win, it may not be amiss to assign reasons for such belief. This, the writer will undertake to do briefly and categorically.

First.—There are many thousands of Southern-born citizens in California. The majority of these, perhaps, are Republicans. These do not approve of the President's "negro policy." These felt affronted when, upon the occasion of the President's visit to this city last spring, he gave to a negro company of regulars stationed at the Presidio the position of "guard of honor" in the parade made in honor of the President. This incident rankled then, and it has not ceased to rankle in the breasts of all Republicans (to say nothing of Democrats) of Southern birth, sentiment, and sympathies resident in this State.

Second.—Lieutenant-General Miles has many warm friends and admirers as a man and as a soldier among Republicans and Democrats in this State. These heartily disapprove of the discourteous treatment accorded by the President to General Miles, both before and at the time of his retirement.

Third.—Organized working-men, as a cohesive body of voters, are very strong in this State. These do not find encouragement for the cause of trades-unionism in the attitude of the President as defined in and by his "open-shop" policy.

Fourth.—The "Panama policy" of the President does not meet with universal approval among the rank and file of his party in this State. Far from it, some of the most influential Republican papers outside San Francisco have been emphatic and unsparing in criticism and condemnation of such policy. These, to a very considerable extent, influence the opinion of their readers.

For these, and yet other reasons that might be mentioned, the politicians of his party are dubious in their minds as to the availability of the President as a candidate, upon the score of ability to carry California and the election. For it is believed that the same conditions of doubt obtain as to many other States.

It is proper to state, in conclusion, that the writer is a Republican (as was Lincoln) albeit he has not always voted that ticket during the past ten years. I am, sir,

JNO. AUBREY JONES.

THIRSTY PLAYS

NEW YORK, *March 1, 1904*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your admirable paragraph on Bernard Shaw's play, "Candida," which is now attracting the pleased admiration of all feminine New York, you state that the husbands triumphantly borne to this play by far-seeing wives emerge from the performance in the condition of "worms that have passed under a steam-roller." As the wife of one of the aforesaid husbands, permit me to suggest that this statement can only be accepted theoretically. There is a certain rubber-like upspring and buoyancy in the masculine temperament entirely inimical to the weak, energyless, and humble compressibility of the worm. No mere Shaw play, or steam-roller, can alter the average husband's conviction that he's being a pretty good fellow to his wife, all things considered. If his wife likes the play, let her see it, bless her, and no harm done to any one, expresses his average attitude. For himself, it is quite impossible to take seriously these things that attract women—long-haired piano-players, and now these Shaw plays. He excuses himself during the intermission. "Back in a minute, my dear. Thirstiest play I ever went to." I am, sir,

MARGARET BUCKINGHAM.

A CRITICISM ENDORSED

NEW YORK, *February 26, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In HARPER'S WEEKLY of February 27 your music critic, writing about the concert of American music given recently at the Metropolitan Opera House, makes some comments of which I must express my cordial approval. I have always had firm faith in the abilities of our American composers, and have regretted that the concert public has so little opportunity of hearing representative works by them. It did seem, therefore, as your critic says, that at a concert given ostensibly for the purpose of showing what the American composer can do, a more intelligent attempt might have been made to bring forward some of the really excellent music which is being produced by our native writers, instead of such inconsequential works as P. T. Miersch's "Norse Legend," Mr. Hadley's "Oriental Suite," and the trivial songs by C. B. Hawley and Mrs. Beach—which are, as you say, "well enough in their way, but neither representative nor important." I am, sir,

WILBUR J. STANDING.

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What the Women of Japan Are Doing

By Mrs. Sadazuchi Uchida

IT is because of what we call *yamato damashii*, or the Japanese spirit, that I think we will win. This *yamato damashii* is something foreigners cannot understand. It is not only love of country, but love of honor.

The Japanese are small of body but large in spirit. Even the policeman on the street, whose pay is very small, does his duty well because of his *yamato damashii*, and would be insulted if offered a tip.

Because he is full of *yamato damashii* the Japanese soldier marches away to war, singing the songs that already the Japanese poets have written for the war with Russia; nor do the women of Japan shed tears when the men march away, nor even if their husbands and sons and brothers are brought home dead. It is not only an honor and a privilege to fight for Japan, but a greater honor, a greater privilege, to die for Japan. If an only son falls, a mother might weep, not because he has fallen, but because she has no other son to take his place.

An Empress Who Went to War

The women of Japan do not go out and fight to-day as they have done on rare occasions in the past. We had an Empress once who led an army into Korea and fought at the head of her soldiers. And even in the last century, when the Shogun made his last stand against the Mikado, nearly a thousand women and girls belonging to families attached to the Shogun fought behind and upon the castle walls, and many were killed.

It is different now. Only the men go out. But there is much left for the women to do, and there is not a woman in Japan who will shirk her duty. Not only must she take care of the family while the men are away, but she must work for the soldiers. Our Empress herself is the patron of the Japanese Red Cross Society, whose president is always a prince of the royal house. With her own hands the Empress prepares bandages and clothing for the men in the field; and so great was her personal interest in the men who fought in the war with China that at the close of the war she gave an artificial limb to every man who had lost one on the battlefield.

10,000 Women Volunteers

More than ten thousand women have already volunteered to go to the front to act as nurses. I cannot understand why they should be needed at the front, for there are so many men nurses. It is very cold in Manchuria at this time of year, and the Japanese women are not strong, and I should think they would be more hindrance than help in the field; but all who can leave home are anxious to go.

The women who act as nurses must lay aside their kimonos and wear the regular dress of a hospital nurse. Both before and since the war with China the women of Japan have attended the hospital training-schools, where instruction is given by American and European nurses, and there are now no better nurses in the world than those of Japan. Many of these nurses, as well as the women physicians, are widows of generals and other officers who were killed in that war. Others are very young girls, for in Japan the girls marry at from eighteen to twenty, and after they marry they have so much to do to take care of their families that they cannot give the time to study. When war comes along, however, they find time to work for the Red Cross.

No Old Maids

It is a common thing to see at the headquarters established in all the villages women seventy-five and eighty years of age working side by side with girls who have just begun to go to school. And of course there are women of all ages between. We do not have many old maids in Japan, for marriage is regarded as a duty, and as soon as a girl is old enough she is urged by her relatives to marry; but what few old maids there are, are generally either doctors or nurses, and they always volunteer.

Nor are the acts of patriotism and self-sacrifice confined to any one class of women. Even as all class distinction is put aside by the men in the army, which is composed of noblemen, merchants, students, and common laborers, so it is with the women who do their part at home. The Empress, whom I have met and who is a very clever woman, may be seen frequently visiting the military hospitals, often accompanied by a party of

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

INFANTS THRIVE on cow's milk that is not subject to any change of composition. BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK is always the same in all climates and at all seasons. As a general household milk it is superior and is always available.—[*Adv.*]

A WELL-APPOINTED home is scarcely complete without telephone service. Low rates. Efficient service. New York Telephone Company, 15 Dey Street, 111 West 38th Street. —[*Adv.*]

ABSOLUTE purity and highly nutritive—COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE. Made from the pure juice of grapes.—[*Adv.*]

DON'T neglect a Cough. Take PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION in time. By druggists. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

BRACES the nerves, builds up the blood, strengthens every way—Abbott's Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRAND WIFE

The Kind Worth Having

A well-known lady of Carthage, Mo., says: "Although I do not drink tea or coffee myself, I have had a most interesting experience in my family, for about a year ago my husband began to fail in health. He would get so very nervous at times he would have to give up his work and come home. His eyes were failing him, and the doctor became alarmed—was afraid he was going to lose his sight. He also got very yellow in complexion; at times his blood ran cold—from nervous chills, the doctor said.

"In a few days he would return to work, still in that dull, chilly condition. He would drink coffee, coffee, coffee—'for a stimulant,' he would say (as he drank no liquor).

"His condition gradually got worse instead of better, until finally I made up my mind coffee had something to do with it; so I bought a package of Postum without telling him, and made it according to directions. He drank it, and seemed to like it; so I continued to make it, and before the first package was gone he began to get so clear of complexion and feel so well, gaining fast in flesh, he was so delighted he would get weighed every day.

"Finally, he talked so much about it (he had gained 10 pounds in 10 days) I could not keep it a secret any longer, and told him to give Postum the credit. The consequences are there has been no more coffee in the house since (and no doctor either).

"Postum is a delightful drink made according to directions; I have found no better way, as it is a rich golden brown when cream is added.

"I forgot to say husband's eyes are as strong as they ever were, he is well and hearty, does not sit around the stove chilled all the time as he did before." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Coffee poison causes eye trouble in many cases as well as other ails, and is never suspected. A 10 days' trial proves things you will never forget.

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The "Style B" Goerz lens lets light through with the least possible resistance—this is necessary for instantaneous photography. Our new formula for the Goerz Style B has produced a lens which enables the amateur to make pictures under conditions which have heretofore been considered unfavorable. When you buy a camera tell the man you want a Goerz Lens.

Sample Photographs sent on request

C. P. GOERZ,

Room 33, 52 E. Union Square, New York City

RATES TO ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.

Tickets to be Sold at very Low Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, to be held at St. Louis, Mo., from April 30 to December 1, 1904, several forms of excursion tickets to St. Louis will be placed on sale by the Pennsylvania Railroad on April 25, as follows:

Season Tickets, good to return until December 15, 1904, to be sold daily at rate of $38.80 from New York.

Sixty-day excursion tickets, final limit not later than December 15, 1904, to be sold daily at rate of $32.35 from New York.

Fifteen-day excursion tickets to be sold at rate of $26.25 from New York.

Tickets of the forms named above will be sold from other stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad at proportionate rates.

Ten-day special coach excursion tickets will be sold on May 10, and on other dates to be announced later, good going only on special coach trains, or in coaches on designated trains, and good returning in coaches on regular trains, at rate of $20.00 from New York, $18.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates, approximating one cent per mile, from other points.

Excursion Tickets by Variable Routes. Season tickets and sixty-day excursion tickets will be sold via variable routes; that is, going by one direct route and returning via another direct route. Variable route tickets will be sold applying through Chicago in one direction at the same rates as apply for season and sixty-day excursion tickets to St. Louis, going and returning via the direct routes.

On all one-way and round-trip tickets, reading to points beyond St. Louis, a stop-over of ten days will be permitted at St. Louis on payment of a fee of $1.00 and deposit of ticket.



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Anti-dyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer, and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

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A VIEW OF THE SHIPPING AT KOREA'S TREATY PORT, FUSAN

Fusan is a seaport in the southeastern part of Korea, and is open to foreign trade. There is a railroad connecting Fusan with Seoul, the capital, which was built by the Japanese, but it is at present in operation only over a portion of its length

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court ladies; and the society women of Tokyo make quite a point of giving up some luxury, or saving money they might otherwise spend upon new kimonos or fine European gowns, to add to the war fund or contribute to the Red Cross treasury. Even the geishas, who would seem to be too light-hearted to think seriously of anything, give much money and sometimes spend time sewing for the soldiers. As for the peasant women, there are none more loyal in the empire.

A Heroic Mother

Perhaps you have heard the story of the peasant woman who sent her only son to fight for the Emperor in the war with China. She had always worked hard and saved all the money she could earn that her son might have an education, for you know we think much of education in Japan. He had served his term in the army, as all Japanese must who are of certain height and physically strong, and had then begun a business career, when the war broke out.

Although it meant that she must go back to hard work in the fields, the mother bade her boy join the army, and his was one of the first regiments to reach the front.

Every morning at daylight the woman went to the temple near her home to offer prayers to the god of war, not for the safe return of her son, but that he might prove worthy of the honor of fighting for the glory of his ancestors and of Japan.

One morning as she was returning from the shrine of Ojin she met a man who had come to tell her that her boy had been killed in the attack on Port Arthur.

With tearless eyes the mother turned and started in the direction of the shrine. The man, thinking she had not understood, called after her and told her again that her son was dead.

"Yes, I know," said the woman. "I go to thank Ojin for the honor he has conferred upon me. Would that I had another son to send to take his place."

Here again was the *yamato damashii* I tell you of. Are there many women in the world who feel like that? Yet that is the feeling of most of the women, and not only the women, but the men, of Japan. It is what makes of every Japanese a soldier who fights to win. It is what fills every Japanese woman with a passionate longing to do something to help, not only by parting with her loved ones, but by personal sacrifice and, if need be, braving the dangers of death and disease with those who are at the front.

Seeing Thought

WONDERFUL experiments with the N-rays continue to be reported from Paris, and while in some quarters they are received with scepticism, yet the diversity of phenomena is most striking. That they are not heat effects, as is often claimed, the French investigators show by the fact that they are not transmitted by substances that are transparent to heat rays, while in several physiological experiments it was demonstrated that they can be emitted from a body below the temperature of the phosphorescent screen and the surrounding atmosphere. M. Charpentier obtained an increased luminosity of the sensitive screen with rays from a frog at a temperature below that of the laboratory, which was not diminished on heating the screen and then bringing up a cooler body. M. Macé in similar experiments used a living phosphorescent screen prepared from bacteria, and showed that the effects were not due to heat, as the phosphorescence of the screen diminished with a rise in temperature. Most interesting of the physiological experiments with the N-rays have been those where, by means of a phosphorescent screen, the effect of a muscular action such as the movement of the arm was traced to its motor centre in the brain or spinal marrow. It is even claimed that it is possible to gauge the activity of the brain by the intensity of the N-rays emitted as any mental effort acts to increase the luminosity on the screen. In this way we have the strange phenomenon of one being able to "see himself think," and a host of interesting experiments suggested.

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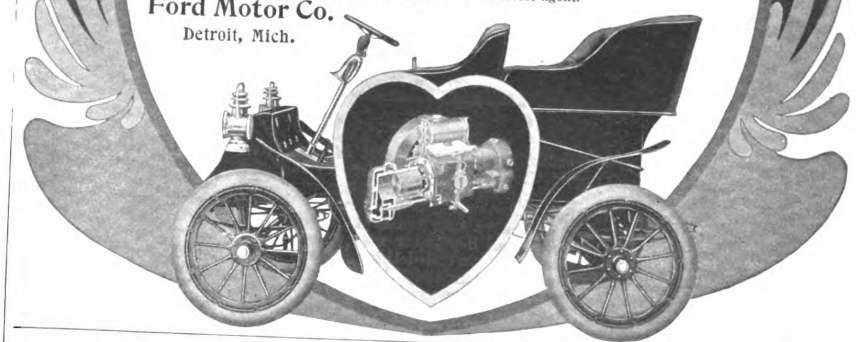
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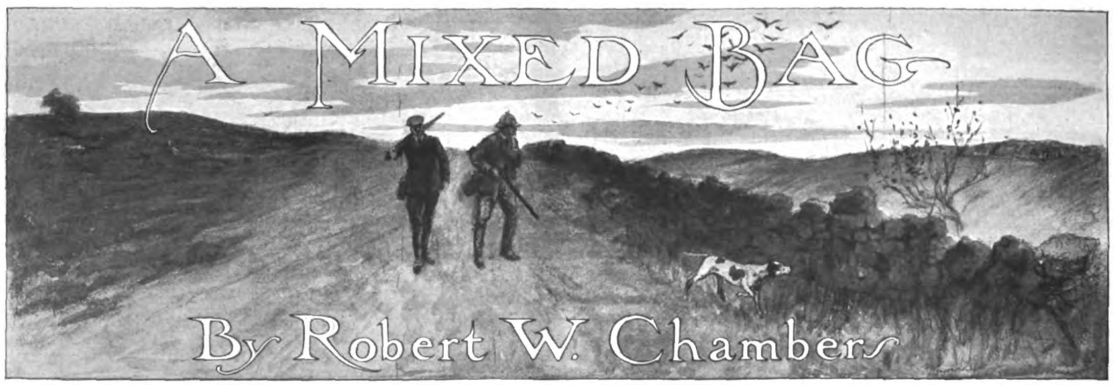
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Drawn by Sydney Adamson

IT proved to be a dreadfully mixed bag. But of that later. A month's strict application to business had left my faculties somewhat benumbed. The ripening vineyards, the winy odor of apples, the browning of brake and bracken, were eloquent signs to an expatriated Yankee that the first of September was at hand. At home the first of September meant dogs afield, the thunderous whir of grouse, autumn-tinted thickets from which twittering woodcock rose. Here in Normandy the first of September certainly meant neither grouse nor woodcock. What it did mean I was not very sure; but I was dolefully persuaded that it meant nothing except work for me.

Now mark what rewards a passionate devotion to duty sometimes brings. Seated at my open window, resolutely absorbing erudition, I heard a hearty and unmistakable voice hail me in English,—the voice of Georges Bonyn. There stood the artist, a big, sunburnt, pleasant-eyed fellow, looking like an Englishman in his tweeds and spats.

"Hello!" I said; "what are you doing down here?"

"Doing? *Ma foi,* who has a better right here? I was born across the river yonder. What are you doing in my country?"

I said I was stupefying myself with draughts from the fount of knowledge.

"Nonsense," he exclaimed, impatiently. "Come for a walk. I've something to suggest."

Desiring nothing better, I, however, declined.

"Oh *you!*" he said, with a shrug. "Let me tell you that it's the men that count who always believe they have leisure to live. Come out for a walk and a talk!"

That philosophy did apply to him. He was never in a hurry; he always had time to be companionable; and how he managed to do the work he did and win government commissions and medals nobody quite comprehended.

"Perhaps," thought I, "Fame and Fortune are hiding just around the turn of the road waiting to waylay me." So I put on my hat, filled my pipe, and went out.

We exchanged a silent grip of the hands. I fell into step beside him, and we sauntered forth into the autumn-tinted landscape. He had been making some sketches down the river, he said; had returned to spend a few days with his mother, across the river, and now was about ready to go back to Paris; but not quite ready.

"To-morrow will be the first of September," he observed.

There was subdued excitement in his voice.

"What of it?" I asked.

"What of it? Cristi! Don't you ever shoot?"

"Don't you dare tempt me! I left my gun in Paris; I'm here for work."

"Pooh! We're going to shoot, to-morrow, you and I."

"Certainly," I said. "Give me time to make a bow and arrow—"

"I've just the gun for you," he continued, serenely; "a Greener, six pounds, twelve gauge. We'll use one dog,—a pointer. It's all settled; Jacques will call you at daylight—"

"Now see here, Georges—"

"I r-r-riffuse to see here. At daylight we embark in my dog-cart. Don't keep me waiting. Have you ever seen me kept waiting? *Bon!* Then you are aware that I am to be dreaded."

"What is there to shoot?" I inquired, sulkily.

"What to shoot? Partridges, *parbleu!* And hares, and pheasants. Let me inform you this is no Tarascon, this country. There's good shooting all around us."

"Where? In the free shooting?"

"Exactly. After to-morrow, if you wish to shoot in the preserve, I can give you letters of introduction. Oh, it's no liberty, I assure you. Permit me,—Colonel d'Exelmans is my uncle. Also, he is what you call a bird. As for me, too much ceremony; too much what you call 'put-up job'! Eh? Damn the beaters! Damn the r-r-ritrivers! *Pour moi, tu sais, j'en ai soupé!* What? After all, there's much of the braconnier in me, thank God! When I can't load my own gun I'll ask for a pension."

"I also prefer free shooting and no favor," said I. "But we're so near Paris here that I should think the country would be overrun with ready-made sportsmen—*à la* Belle Jardinière."

"There'll be some. But it's my own country, and we ought to make a fair mixed bag. By-the-way, we'll stop for your permit at the Mayor's."

"A mixed bag, a mixed bag," I repeated. "There'll be only three ingredients, Georges."

"There'll be more," he said, darkly. "Wait until these ready-made Paris sports arrive with their unbelievable dogs. There are usually five ingredients in a mixed bag down here."

"That's pleasant," I said, sarcastically.

"Yes, very. All I ask is that they don't add a Yankee to that mixed bag and make the sixth ingredient."

We stopped at the Mayor's, where I paid for a permit after we had touched glasses. "A vot' santé, m'sieu! A votre santé, Monsieur le Maire!" And so down the path under stone walls fragrant with late climbing roses, past the limpid green waters of the stream, where a brick-colored punt swung, filled with children at play; and at last to the calm, slow-flowing river. A steam-launch flying the ensign of a yacht club was waiting for Bonyn. I bade him *au revoir,* and walked back to the inn.

No use to attempt work; the damage was done; the old dormant instinct awake and stirring, the blood quickening in every vein. An hour later Jacques arrived with my gun and cartridges and a pair of leather puttees. And so with these I dreamed and smoked and dawdled away the afternoon, until sunset brought dinner, and the new moon brought sleep.

I dreamed that troops were passing, drums beating loudly. After a while the crash of the drums awoke me. Jacques was beating the long roll on my window with his horny knuckles. It was dark; my good little servant came to the door with coffee, toast, and eggs; a horribly chilly bath gave me an appetite. Presently the crunch of wheels in the road warned me; and in another minute we were spinning away down the river road, enveloped in overcoats and the haze from our own breath. The sun was not yet up: a livid light lay over the vineyards; distant reaches of the river were tinted with pink.

"Not a pop of a gun,
Not a beagle's note,"

I paraphrased, teeth chattering.

"Your Bon Marché hunter never saw sunrise," he said. "Look: there's a skin of frost on the bracken. We may yet add three more ingredients to our mixed bag."

"What?"

"A stray snipe, perhaps a woodcock, possibly a coq de bruyère. Who knows? Quiet there, Toto!"

The beautiful big head of the old-fashioned Spanish pointer which had emerged from the robes at our feet was withdrawn. But the dog still quivered, and emitted faint whistling whines.

"Don't be impatient; there's work ahead," said Georges, patting the silky brown and white head. A moment later he drew rein; Jacques sprang to the horse's head, and we climbed stiffly out and stamped the frosty ground. A vast flat plateau stretched away to the south, dark against a sky pulsating, quivering with the tints of dawn. Guns were withdrawn from cases, barrels locked, fore-ends snapped fast, canvas pockets filled with cartridges, the collar removed from the silky neck of Toto.

"Drive out of gunshot," said Georges; "there ought to be a covey close in."

Away spun the dog-cart; Toto at heel danced impatiently. Then a motion of Georges' hand sent him forward like an arrow, wheeling, galloping, nose up, swinging, halting, then off again, cutting up his ground in a way that we read of more often than we see. The silence of the plain was tremendous; our footsteps on the stiffened ploughed ground accentuated the vast stillness.

"The frost checks Toto," whispered Georges. "The sun will remedy that."

Now, all around and above, the luminous sky shimmered like the bottom of a golden bowl; the gray plain brightened. Far away beyond the dog, a dark point zigzagged across the horizon, and the distant wild note of a snipe came faintly over the plain.

"Flushed stark," muttered Georges. "The sun will drive the frost out of the ground into their wings. Mark!"

Another snipe wheeled up, squak! squak! and darted off into the shimmering brightness.

"The dog's standing," I said.

And he was, like a rock. But the unseen covey began running, and Toto crawled on, flanked by us on either side. Suddenly the bunch flushed, and down went four, right and left, tumbling among frozen carrots and beets.

(Continued on page 408.)

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Reunions of the Grant Family

By Will Carleton

It is getting to be more and more an established custom for families to hold reunions in which the different branches and clans meet and talk over the old times, both of themselves and their ancestors.

One of the most interesting of these is the reunion of the Grants, all of whom trace their ancestry to Matthew Grant, who, in 1635, settled down upon the "Windsor meadows," by the side of the Connecticut River, a few miles north of where now stands the city of Hartford.

It is an interesting fact that Thomas Dewey was his near neighbor, and that from those men sprang two of the most celebrated of Americans thus far—General Grant of the army, and Admiral Dewey of the navy.

3000 Grants

Matthew Grant and his wife Priscilla lived and prospered, in a straightforward, sturdy way, and their descendants have done their full share toward multiplying and replenishing the earth; there are now living nearly 3000 of them.

This couple, who never expected fame, in 1637 came to Windsor from Dorchester, Massachusetts, which had for a few years been their home; and their descendants proved to be, for the most part, of the same modest, reliable stuff. Matthew was a surveyor and a keeper of the town and church records, and seems to have been a good all-around man generally. His descendants point out the place where his old house used to stand, and the whole territory about Windsor and East Windsor is still peopled, to some considerable extent, with the same quiet, straightforward race.

From such obscurely heroic beginnings sprang the line that produced the General Grant of Fort Donelson and Appomattox. No American war took place in which it was not represented—the old French war, the Revolution, and the war of 1812, all contained ancestors of Ulysses S. Grant. When the Mexican war came he was himself old enough to take part in it, and to be commended for his bravery. His history since, the world knows almost by heart. Since then, his son, General Frederick D. Grant, has worthily represented the family in our nation's army.

In 1899 the clans made a grand effort to get together and celebrate their past while clearing the way for more achievements in the future. They came flocking from fourteen different States, and gathered on the old meadows at Windsor. The president of the family, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., was unable to be there, but the meeting was, notwithstanding, a great success.

All wore badges, with "clan-buttons" upon them, so that each could see at a glance how nearly related he was to another. It was the first time that any effort had been made to bring the tribes together, since they had dispersed two hundred years before.

An Anecdote of General Grant

These festivities have been kept up every year—sometimes enlivened or honored by the presence of members of the Ulysses S. Grant family. Among these has been Mrs. Cramer, General Grant's youngest sister, who occasionally gives reminiscences of her distinguished brother in his early days, when upon coming home from West Point vacations, he used to make a prisoner of war of his baby sister, shut her up in a closet, and then go about wondering where she was, till her plaintive cries drew immediate release and ignorant protest from the mother. It will be seen from this that the great captain carried with him his grim humor and his disposition to make captures, even in younger days.

The latest reunion of the Grant family, which is now incorporated, was at the Park Avenue Hotel, in New York, on Saturday evening, February 27. A large number were present, both ladies and gentlemen, and "the merry laugh went round," mingled with song and reminiscence, in a way that would have surprised the staid Matthew Grant, of Windsor, and his faithful wife Priscilla, especially as the revellers were celebrating the three hundred and third anniversary of the latter's birth.

Progress of Science

Radio-Tellurium

From Vienna comes news of a radioactive substance of increased intensity, which Professor Marckwald has recently isolated from Joachimsthal pitchblende, and to which he has given the name of radio-tellurium. This body possesses intense radioactivity, and especially great power in ionizing the air in its immediate vicinity, and in discharging Leyden jars without sparking. These effects were obtained from a few hundredths of a milligram of the new substance which in its most active form is not self-luminous. It is obtained with quite as much trouble as radium, and Professor Marckwald was forced to work over two tons of pitchblende in order to obtain less than four milligrams of the substance. The active matter is obtained finally, deposited on a plate of bismuth or copper, which has been immersed in the solution for a number of days. While this deposit is composed almost entirely of ordinary tellurium, nevertheless it carries down with it the minute traces of the substance to which is due the radioactivity, and which can be separated by precipitating the tellurium. The new substance possesses certain properties in common with polonium, and Madame Curie, the discoverer of the latter, has protested against a new name being given to it.

Chief of these points of agreement, is the fact that it emits only the α-rays which do not penetrate, but it differs from polonium in that its activity does not diminish to about one-half in the course of a year, but remains constant. This α radiation, according to Professor Marckwald, is so powerful that the impact of the rays will produce luminescence of a screen of phosphorescent zinc sulphide. These two statements appear to many physicists to be at variance, and they also do not consider that Professor Marckwald has obtained a new substance, though they appreciate the importance of his researches, and are awaiting further descriptions of his work. As certain sources of radium that have hitherto been employed are now threatened to be exhausted, and as the demand for radioactive material for medical and other scientific purposes is constantly increasing, experiments of this kind are attracting more than ordinary attention.

A New Telephone Repeater

The Hewitt mercury vapor lamp has been found to have other uses than as a source of illumination, and it is now to be used as a telephone repeater if practical tests confirm preliminary experiments and the claims made in a patent recently issued. Mr. Hewitt's lamp consists of a glass tube containing the vapor of mercury, supplied from a small amount of this substance at the bottom of the tube. On the passage of an electric current the tube is filled with a brilliant glow, which while not pleasant to the eye, on account of its deficiency in red rays, is nevertheless of wonderful intensity and efficiency, and is useful for many purposes. Mr. Hewitt has discovered that the electrical resistance of the mercurial vapor varies with changes of magnetism in its neighborhood, or in more technical language, the resistance will vary with changes in the magnetic flux. Accordingly, he inserts in a circuit containing the vapor lamp and a source of current at constant potential, a telephone receiver.

Ordinarily there will be no variation in the current, and consequently no sound in the receiver; but if an electro-magnet is connected with a speaking circuit and brought near to the tube, the undulatory current will produce variations in the intensity of the magnetic flux, and the telephone in circuit with the lamp will respond. In this way similar impulses may be transmitted and reproduced, as the column of mercury vapor is said to be very sensitive. An efficient telephone repeater has long been desired, and while mechanical devices have been contrived that have proved successful in the laboratory, few, if any, have survived in actual practice over long lines. The advantage claimed for Mr. Hewitt's invention is its increased sensitiveness, but actual trials over long lines will be required to demonstrate the soundness of these claims.

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(Continued from page 406.)

"The first ingredient," said Georges, taking a fine cock bird from Toto's velvet mouth. "And," he added, "there goes the second ingredient."

Then I saw a curious and ludicrous sight. The sun had risen; the vast plain steamed golden vapor; and through it, apparently galloping across the edge of the world, went a great animal decorated with a pair of enormous ears. It was only a hare, but distance and mirage exaggerated the creature until it appeared like a jackass silhouetted against the horizon. We went on; the silence was broken by the far report of a gun.

"The Bon Marché is at it," observed Georges, grimly.

Presently the marked-down covey was winded. This time they lay snug, and we walked into them and dropped three more straightaway, I missing with my left barrel.

"Assez," observed Georges, though I judged that we had left more than a dozen. But it was good sportsmanship, and I very gladly swung off, prepared for the fresh covey which lay for us like Virginia quail. Out of it we took three, I using two barrels again to bring down a big red partridge,—the kind that some call a "Frenchman." As I stooped to pick up the bird, another flushed from my very feet and started off straight. Taking my time, I was on the point of pulling, when, with a roar, a pheasant blundered up to the right. I know my first barrel missed; at the second, I saw his tail fall slack. But so great was his momentum that he plunged into a thicket as though uninjured, and I turned to Georges, mortified and astonished. He, however, sent the dog in, and, after a few minutes, back trotted Toto with a magnificent cock-pheasant in his mouth, stone-dead.

"Three ingredients for a mixed bag," he said, smiling; "brown partridge, red partridge, and pheasant."

"Mark left!" I cried, and the crack of his gun answered. A hare, jumping up under my very feet, had doubled, dodged, and flashed past behind us. It was Georges's shot; and, "Four ingredients," he said, grinning, as he lifted the great furry creature by the ears and dropped him into his shoulder-sack. The popping of Parisian fowling-pieces now became more frequent. Standing on a bit of rising ground we looked down at a plain below. The plain was dotted with little squares of cover, bushes and young trees bunched into rectangular thickets. Here and there in the distance we saw specks moving, occasionally a smaller four-legged speck madly careering over the ground. These were the Paris Nimrods and their unspeakable dog kind. Standing a moment to survey the land, I caught sight of something running. It was a pheasant, and the next instant three more pheasants ran out of a bit of brush, made a half-circle, and ran into it again.

"Now look out for a hot corner and the Yankee ingredient," said Georges, briskly.

A few minutes later Toto was in the cover and we on either side. Then a shadow fled across our path; a cock-pheasant came sailing into the thicket, and Georges knocked him down with one barrel. Instantly three more pheasants flushed; and, at the same time, from all four corners of that cover, storms of shot swept, knocking the leaves all over us, rattling on our canvas coats and leather leggings. The Paris gentlemen were with us. That was the hottest corner I ever found myself in. Never had I seen such utterly reckless shooting. A rabbit bounced up, and sheets of shot sent me on a jump for the nearest tree. At moments, through the foliage, I caught glimpses of wild-eyed, sport-mad Frenchmen, gesticulating, shouting, bawling for their abominable dogs. Hot, perspiring faces peered from the brush; near-sighted eyes scanned the thicket. I knew that if I moved they'd shoot at me first and deplore the mistake afterward.

Anger replaced fear; I stepped out, gun poised, swearing to pepper the first man who raised gun until I was safe outside that infernal covert. Georges, laughing, led the way, calling in Toto. We had three pheasants and a rabbit. "But no Yankee that time; too peppery for an ingredient in a French mixed bag," he said, and roared with laughter at my fury.

Enraged as I was, I was also glad enough to get free from that bit of wood where maniac Gauls blazed away at everything moving, and the air rang with yaps of rabbit-running beagles and pellet-stricken mongrels. And from that incredible inferno I fled, too upset to add anything to my expressed opinion of the Parisian sport.



Drawn by Sydney Adamson

It was Georges's shot

Luncheon in the dog-cart calmed me. We deposited our game with Jacques, took a few fresh cartridges, emptied our wine-cups, and, pipes alight, swung off into the hill bracken, Toto leading and cautioned to work close. Rabbit after rabbit fell to Georges' gun; I missed two, and got no more chances until a hare ran into a charge of shot fired by me, and doubled up in fine style.

We met two Frenchmen, quiet, gray-eyed, sun-scorched gentlemen, not of the Parisian stripe. They showed us a brace of woodcock, but those were the only woodcock we saw that day. Nor were we able to add a snipe to the ingredients of our mixed bag. However, the unexpected cropped up as usual. A pair of mallards flushed from a cattle-pond in the edge of a thicket, and Georges dropped the drake. Later we struck partridges, but they were already very wild, having no doubt been hammered and pursued down wind by some of the Parisian horde; so we got but one shot and one brace. That monstrous game bird, the heathcock, we saw no sign of. I had never shot one, but Georges had, and said that one or two fell to his gun every year in the free shooting. I might have added to our mixed bag a beautiful roebuck that stood broadside on, watching me as I advanced. But my last deer had been shot; never again was I to draw trigger on that sort of game. To my surprise, when I told Georges, he seemed to understand.

Dusk was purpling the tops of the trees as we came out on the hill above the vineyards and looked down into the valley where the roof of my inn glimmered red. Rooks were flying in the red west; a few leaves fell from the beeches; the scent of burning brush was in the air.

"Well?" inquired Georges, after a long silence.

"You are right," I said. "Only the stupid find no time for leisure. Come to the inn; I have a biscuit and a glass of wine waiting."

"Ça y est," he murmured, shouldering his gun. And we began the descent.

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Music

The Opera Season

MR. HEINRICH CONRIED'S first season of opera at the Metropolitan came to an end on March 5. The record of his accomplishment, in the matter of bare facts, is as follows:

There have been, in all, sixty subscription nights and matinées; this is exclusive of the "Parsifal" performances, the special "Ring" series (now in progress), two private benefit performances, and the thirteen Saturday-night performances at popular prices. In all, there were one hundred and one performances—fifty in Italian, thirty-seven in German, and fourteen in French,—whereby, it may be remarked, it will be seen that Mr. Conried has not been, after all, so superlatively Teutonic in his preferences as was feared. Twenty-seven different operas, or portions of operas, were presented. Of these, twelve were of the Italian repertoire, nine of the German, and four of the French. "La Dame Blanche," belonging, properly, to the French list, was sung in German as "Die Weisse Dame," while "The Magic Flute" was given variously as "Die Zauberflöte" and "Il Flauto Magico," which credits it to both the German and the Italian list. The record of presentations shows eleven performances of "Parsifal," eight of "Aïda," five of "Rigoletto," "Tannhäuser," "Pagliacci," and "Lohengrin," four of "Walküre," "Tosca," "Il Barbiere," "Tristan," "Magic Flute," "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Carmen," "Coppélia," and "Faust"; three of "Bohème," "Traviata," and "Lucia"; two of "Siegfried," the "Mefistofele" prison scene, and "Roméo et Juliette"; and one each of "Fidelio," "Die Weisse Dame," "Nozze di Figaro," "Rheingold," and "Götterdämmerung."

It is, on the surface, an excellent record, and it recalls memories of wholly delightful individual successes—"Parsifal," Caruso, Ternina, and some great "Tristan" performances, the admirable Mottl, the temperamental Vigna, some rich and artistic settings, an intelligent stage-manager (whose activities, however, were sadly hampered), Sembrich, Calvé (with reservations), a charming new ballet: these stand out in the memory as marking achievements of rare and important excellence; there are others, which we need not recall; but these that have been named were of prime consequence. That Mr. Conried succeeded so magnificently with his hazardous "Parsifal" venture; that he let us hear, for the first time, the delectable Caruso and the great master Mottl, and that best of Italian conductors Arturo Vigna; that he gave us several of the finest representations of "Tristan und Isolde" that we have heard in a decade; that many of his new stage furnishings were admirable; that he let us hear again such valuable and familiar friends as Alfred Hertz, Sembrich, Calvé, Gadski, Homer, Van Rooy, Plançon, Scotti, Campanari, Blass, and Reiss; and such welcome newcomers as Olive Fremstad, Edith Walker, Aïno Ackté (an unsatisfactory singer, though a most interesting actress), Klöpfer, and Goritz—for all of these things he deserves and has received abundant praise. But with all due regard for the difficulties of what was, for him, an unfamiliar undertaking, one must take note of shortcomings that were, to say the least, palpable.

Shall we be obliged to tolerate next season, one can imagine impatient subscribers as wondering, such representatives of the important tenor rôles of the French répertoire as Mr. Naval, Mr. Dippel, and the indescribable Mr. Riviere, garnered from the illustrious ranks of Mr. Savage's English Grand Opera Company? Or such "seconds" as Mme. Norelli, late of the same organization, and budding young sopranos borrowed from Mr. Conried's operatic training-school? And shall we have to content ourselves with such a *Tristan*, *Siegfried*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin* as Mr. Krauss? We are indicating deficiencies which Mr. Conried cannot afford to ignore in laying his plans for future seasons. They may be noted here without in the least implying a forgetfulness of the many brilliant and excellent results which have attended his endeavors.

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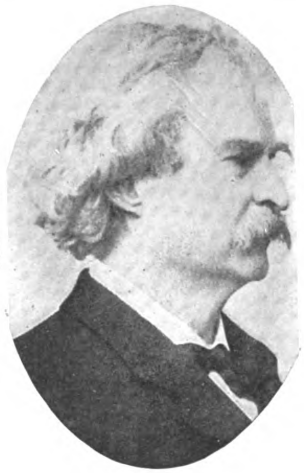
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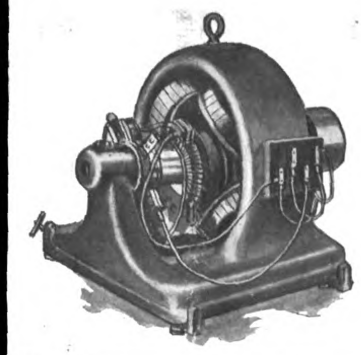
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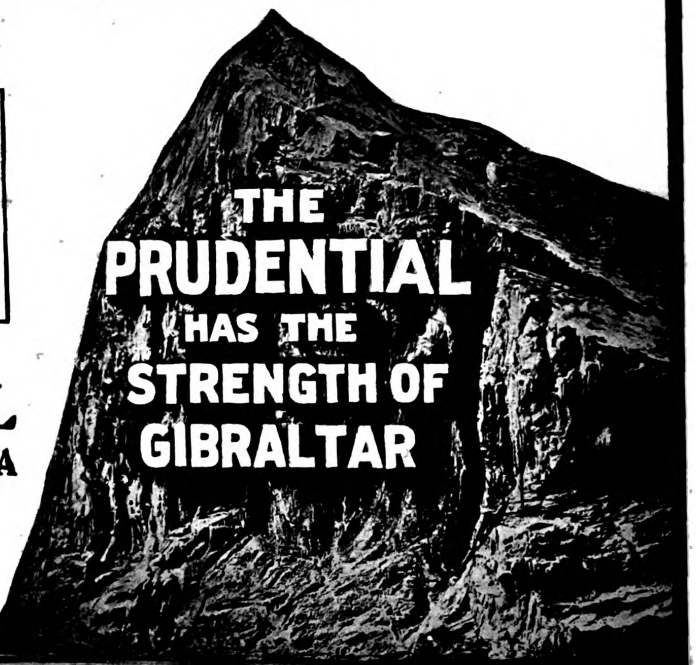
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ALEXEIEFF, VICEROY OF RUSSIA

The reader is referred to an article on page 429 of this issue of the "Weekly," giving an interesting sketch of the personality and career of the Russian Viceroy, Admiral Alexeieff, who is now in command of the Czar's naval forces in the Far East

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COMMENT

Now that Mr. Roosevelt's nomination for the Presidency is accepted as inevitable, Republicans are mainly interested in the selection of a nominee for the Vice-Presidency, and in the appointment of the chairman of the next national committee of their party. There seems to be no longer any doubt that Senator Fairbanks of Indiana will be nominated for Vice-President on the Republican ticket. There never was much doubt about the matter, provided Mr. Fairbanks' reluctance to resign his seat in the United States Senate could be overcome. That he has at last consented to take the second place on the ticket may be inferred from several facts. In the first place, his intimate friends, who would be certain to reflect his personal wishes, now speak of the nomination as assured. In the second place, the Indianapolis *News*, the Senator's home organ, has lately reversed its position with reference to this subject, and now declares that Mr. Fairbanks is in duty bound to bow to the will of his party. Finally, the Indiana State Committee has proclaimed its conviction that the Republican ticket should bear the names of Roosevelt and Fairbanks. Apparently, then, the matter is settled. It follows that the Democratic national convention will have to consider seriously the question whether it would not be expedient to choose a native of Indiana as its candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Experience has shown that State pride is a powerful factor in the Hoosier commonwealth; never since 1872 has the sentiment failed to show its prepotency, except in 1892, when Mr. Cleveland beat General Harrison even in Indiana.

As to the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee, a post the importance of which it is needless to point out, there seems never to have been any ground for the rumor that the place would be offered to Governor Odell of New York. A man less calculated to prove serviceable, except as regards his relations to a single railway magnate, it would be difficult to pick out. If, when running for the Governorship of New York in 1902, he came within a hair's breadth of defeat, Mr. Odell would scarcely be likely to evince more efficiency as the manager of Mr. Roosevelt's canvass. We are told, on what seems to be good authority, that the President's first choice is Senator Quay of Pennsylvania, who conducted successfully, it will be remembered, the Harrison campaign in 1888. It is well known that the state of the Senator's health would not now permit him to undergo the exhausting labors incident to the management of a campaign, but it is alleged that he has been requested to name a substitute. That, so far as we know, is the only basis for the rumor that his colleague, Senator Penrose, will be invited to assume the chairmanship. It is an interesting story that Mr. Roosevelt wishes to commit the charge of the campaign in the West to Mr. J. W. Blythe, general counsel of the Burlington Railway system, and long a conspicuous representative of Mr. James J. Hill. If Mr. Blythe should consent to discharge such a function, the inference would be that the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railway companies have forgiven Mr. Roosevelt for his opposition to their merger.

If Mr. Roosevelt could carry Missouri, the calculations of political mathematicians would, of course, be upset. Those who have not examined the statistics of the past thirty years would say that such an event is impossible. As a matter of fact, in 1872, the Democratic majority over Republicans and Greenbackers combined was less than thirty thousand. In 1876, notwithstanding the impetus of the Tilden wave, the Democratic majority fell short of 55,000. In 1880, the Democratic majority over Republicans and Greenbackers was less than 20,000. In 1884, the Greenbackers had no candidate, yet the Democratic majority in Missouri was only about 21,000. In 1888, the Democratic majority over Republicans, United Labor men, and Prohibitionists put together, was less than 3000. In 1892 the Democratic candidate obtained the electoral votes of the State, but, as regards the popular vote, he was in a minority by upwards of four thousand. In 1896, Mr. Bryan's majority exceeded 56,000, but, four years later, it sank below 28,000. In 1902, the Democratic candidate for Justice of the Supreme Court in Missouri beat the six opposing candidates by about 27,000.

If these figures are examined in connection with the widespread and seemingly irremediable dissensions in the Democratic party of Missouri, Mr. Roosevelt's success in the State must be recognized as a possibility. If Mr. Joseph W. Folk, the District Attorney of St. Louis, who has sent so many machine politicians to jail, is not nominated for the Governorship, it is by no means unlikely that the reform element in the Democratic party will go over to the Republican camp and support Mr. Roosevelt for the Presidency. If, on the other hand, Mr. Folk is named for Governor by the Democratic State convention, as now seems probable, the machine politicians make no secret of their determination to desert their party. Already William Butler, the most conspicuous of the alleged Democratic "boodlers" in St. Louis, who, however, was acquitted by a jury, has openly joined the Republicans. He is credited with enough personal adherents to more than counterbalance the Democratic majority at the latest election. Whether Mr. Roosevelt, as a civil service reformer, would relish a victory due to assistance from such a source may be doubted, but the large tolerance exhibited by the Republican leaders to Mr. Addicks four years ago, indicates that the chairman of the Republican National Committee would not repudiate the votes which William Butler is said to control in Missouri. So true is it that politics makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows.

A good many far-sighted Democrats who desire to nominate a standard-bearer who can lead the party to victory are beginning to recognize the imperative necessity of abolishing the two-thirds rule at the St. Louis convention. For upwards of forty years that traditional regulation has lagged superfluous on the stage. It always ran diametrically counter to the fundamentally Democratic principle that the majority should rule. On what rational ground can two-thirds of the delegates to a national convention be required for the nomination of a candidate who can be elected President by a majority of one electoral vote? To those who hold that principles are of more importance than men, it must long have seemed preposterous that in Democratic conventions, a majority of one would suffice to frame the platform on which the party is to seek the approval of the voters, whereas two-thirds of the delegates have been required to name the nominee who has to stand upon the platform. To those, on the other hand, who think that a candidate's personality may possess a far greater vote-getting power than any formulation of principles, it must often have seemed outrageous that a third plus one of the delegates should have been permitted to set aside the deliberate and earnest choice of the majority. If Southern Democrats deem it desirable to let Mr. Roosevelt be elected President,

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they can render the event almost certain by continuing to tolerate the two-thirds rule, and thus allowing a Bryanized third of the delegates to dictate a candidate doomed to defeat.

As regards the so-called "unit rule," whereby the whole vote of a State is cast for the candidate preferred by a majority of its delegation, we are inclined to take a different position. The unit rule, like the two-thirds rule is a relic of the ante-war epoch, but some reasons may be given for the retention of the former that cannot be pleaded in favor of the latter. The number of the States that are expected to instruct their delegates for Hearst is small, and, even assisted by those States, a majority of whose delegates might be willing to support that candidate, would be unable to muster, if the unit rule is enforced, a third of the national convention. The friends of Mr. Hearst will, therefore, endeavor to secure the repudiation of the unit rule in the New England States, in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, in the hope of gaining a good many scattered delegates from those commonwealths. They have not the faintest hope of securing a majority of the delegation from any one of those States, with the possible exception of Rhode Island. They have much to gain, therefore, and little to lose by the abolition of the unit rule. Forewarned is forearmed. No strategical or tactical expedient to which recourse may honorably be made should be overlooked by those Democratic leaders who are resolved to bring their party back to its old moorings, and to put forward a platform and a candidate that will commend themselves to sane, conservative, and far-sighted citizens. For the unit rule there is something to be said. It stands on an altogether different footing from the two-thirds rule, which ought long ago to have been discarded.

We discuss elsewhere the recent drift of Democratic sentiment with reference to a nominee for the Presidency. We here confine ourselves to pointing out some possible local consequences of the outcome of the meeting of the Democratic State Committee of the empire commonwealth, which was held at Albany, on March 5. The committee decided that the State convention, called for the purpose of choosing delegates-at-large and district delegates to the national convention at St. Louis, should be held at Albany on April 18. There was no controversy about the date, but Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, and ex-Governor Hill, differed with regard to the locality, the former preferring New York city, and the latter the State capital. In the end Mr. Hill's choice was, without opposition, approved, because it turned out that in 1900 the representative of Tammany Hall had agreed that the next State convention convoked for the naming of delegates to a national convention should meet either in Saratoga or in Albany. Upon the exhibition of the agreement, Mr. Murphy yielded, but it had been previously shown by the votes on incidental questions that the Hill members of the committee numbered twenty-six, and the Murphy members, only twenty-three. The proportion would have been reversed, but for the fact that State Senator McCarren and two other committeemen from Brooklyn voted on the Hill side.

There seems to be no doubt that Mr. McCarren's insubordination will provoke a determined effort on Mr. Murphy's part to oust him from the leadership of the Democratic organization in Kings County. It is already announced that Mr. William A. Doyle will hereafter be the dispenser of municipal patronage in the Borough of Brooklyn. As Mr. Littleton, the president of the borough, had shown himself indisposed, so far as the patronage at his disposal is concerned, to heed Mr. McCarren's recommendations, it looks as if the latter might find it difficult to control the primaries, which, on April 15, will choose delegates to the Democratic State convention. Assuming, for the sake of argument, that Mr. McCarren will be able to secure only a small fraction of the Brooklyn delegates, and that, consequently, Mr. Murphy may be able to dominate the State convention in spite of ex-Governor Hill, we would point out that the factional quarrel may have unpleasant consequences at the ballot-box next November. The Brooklyn Democracy is vehemently opposed to the effacement of its individuality by merger in Tammany Hall. If its desire for a measure of political autonomy should be ignored, it might happen that the Democratic nominee for the Presidency would lose the Borough of Brooklyn, and with it, the State of New York. This is a danger which no far-sighted political tactician should overlook. A sober second thought may convince both the leader of Tammany Hall and the leader of the Brooklyn Democratic organization that, if they sincerely desire the triumph of their party in the State and nation, they would do well to establish a *modus vivendi*. A bitter fight at the spring primaries would not augur well for Democratic harmony next autumn.

Many of our readers will note with satisfaction that a story which for a long time has been current in American newspapers, and which, up to March 2, has been uncontradicted, is now shown, on the authority of Mr. Cleveland himself, to be entirely unfounded. We refer to the story that, during his first administration, Mr. Cleveland invited a negro named Taylor, who, at the time was the Register of Deeds in the District of Columbia, to lunch with him, and that Taylor accepted the invitation. In a letter dated Princeton, March 2, Mr. Cleveland denounces the story as "a deliberate fabrication out of whole cloth." We presume that the foundation for the legend was the indubitable fact that Taylor, while Register of Deeds, was, like other officials of the District of Columbia, a visitor at the White House at one or more of the formal receptions that take place every winter. No refreshments are offered at such receptions, and nobody in his senses would draw from the fact that Taylor was not singled out for exclusion on such an occasion, the deduction that Mr. Cleveland believed in the social and political equality of the white and colored races. It would be as reasonable to draw such a deduction from the fact that, as President of the United States, Mr. Cleveland was bound to offer hospitality to the colored Minister from Hayti, who, it may be remembered, was, for a time, by virtue of length of residence, the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, and, as such, was entitled to take precedence over any other diplomatist in Washington.

We doubt whether Senator Gorman and those Democratic colleagues of his who have opposed the naval appropriations bill are strengthening their party's hold upon the public confidence. Besides some other reasonable provisions, the bill proposes to add to our navy during the coming year one battleship and two armored cruisers. That seems but little enough to do in the way of naval expansion, when we bear in mind how the present contest in the Far East has demonstrated the tremendous importance of sea power. On paper our navy is at present not only greatly outclassed by that of England, but it is considerably exceeded by the navies of France, Germany, and even Russia, notwithstanding the recent losses of Russian vessels at Port Arthur and Chemulpo. It is scarcely becoming the sobriety and dignity of United States Senators to proclaim in bombastic vein their indifference to such statistics, and to assert for our war-ships a vast superiority, as regards gunnery and personnel, over those of possible opponents. We do not believe that there is a naval expert on earth who would describe our navy as at present qualified to cope with that of France. Such a duel would be venturesome in the extreme, even if all our war-vessels now built, building, or authorized were in a condition to fight, and were supplemented with the one battle-ship and two armored cruisers which the pending bill provides for. It has been recently acknowledged by the late Mr. Mulhall and other competent statisticians that our country is considerably richer than the United Kingdom, yet the appropriation now desired by our Secretary of the Navy is only about one-half what is asked for this year by the British Admiralty. This, although, when we started nineteen years ago with what was practically no navy at all, England's sea power was universally acknowledged to equal, if it did not surpass, that of any two other maritime nations. It is true that Great Britain has many more transmarine dependencies than have the United States. On the other hand, we have the Panama Canal to defend, and the Monroe Doctrine to uphold throughout the whole of the New World. We have no doubt that the effort of Senator Gorman and some of his Democratic colleagues to arrest the development of our navy will be viewed with gratification in Germany, and also by shrewd Republican politicians. Mr. Gorman himself seems to have misgivings touching the wisdom of his opposition to any further expansion of the navy, for he intimates that he would not like to conduct a Presidential campaign upon that issue.

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The advocates of the expulsion of Mr. Reed Smoot of Utah from his seat in the United States Senate seem not unlikely to effect their purpose. They have changed their ground, however, since the case has been the subject of investigation by the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections. They have renounced the hope of proving that the accused Senator himself is guilty of polygamy. He has but one wife. His opponents have fallen back upon the charge that, as a high official of the Mormon Church, Mr. Smoot must be held to have connived at the violation of the law by fellow members of the hierarchy. Whether or not plural marriages have actually taken place in Utah since 1890, conclusive evidence has been produced to show that Presidents and so-called Apostles have been guilty of polygamous practices; that is to say, they have continued to have children by their plural wives married before the date named. If Mr. Smoot was not willing to connive at such infractions of the law, why, it is asked, did he not denounce them publicly, or signify reprobation by resigning the high office which he held in the Mormon Church? Is he not chargeable with tacit approval of unlawful practices? In other words, a majority of the Committee on Privileges and Elections will ask the United States Senate to declare that no man holding a post of honor and power in the Mormon hierarchy is eligible to a seat in either House of the Federal Legislature. This, although he is admitted to be personally innocent of any violation of a State or Federal law. Is the establishment of such a precedent by the Senate reconcilable with the third section of Article VI. of the Federal Constitution, which provides that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States? How can a Mormon or a Moslem, though he may scrupulously refrain from personally breaking the law of the United States, or of the State in which he may happen to reside, be expected to denounce coreligionists for practices which are sanctioned by the religion which he believes to be inspired by God? There is no doubt that polygamy is sanctioned by the Koran, as well as by the Moslem gospel. Where religious duty and duty to the civil power conflict, as might conceivably be the case in the minds of Roman Catholics, could more be required constitutionally of a Catholic citizen than personal obedience to the law? This is a question the seriousness of which will be recognized by statesmen who have an eye to future contingencies.

It begins to look as if the Building Department of the city of New York would be unable to escape responsibility for the shocking loss of life caused by the collapse of the iron and steel skeleton of the Hotel Darlington. It is evident that responsibility cannot be evaded by attributing the catastrophe to the existence of a quicksand underlying the foundations of the building, for a quicksand had been discovered by the constructors of the adjoining Hotel Patterson, and adequate precautions had been taken to avert danger from that source. Neither can the disaster be imputed to the accidental explosion of a boiler in the basement. It is manifest that, if the boiler had exploded, steam would not have been observed escaping from it for hours after the fall of the structure. Unquestionably, the calamity was due to violations of the building law. It appears, moreover, that, at various times during the preceding seven months, the Building Department was notified by inspectors that the building law was being violated by the constructors of the Hotel Darlington. Why were not the warnings heeded? Why was not the erection of the defective structure stopped? That is a question to which a satisfactory answer will be exacted of Mr. Ahearn, the President of the Borough of Manhattan, because he appoints and can remove at will the Commissioner of Buildings. He has tried to excuse himself, it seems, for his failure to stop the erection of the building by the plea that the hands of the Department are, practically, tied in the matter of timely intervention. He alleges that, after the inspectors had notified the builders of the Hotel Darlington that they were violating the law, the Building Department could do nothing but go into court, in which case if the building had not collapsed, the contractors could have sued the city for damages.

In other words, the blame is put upon the law. As a matter of fact, the law, as it stands, invests the Building Department with ample powers of interposition for the safeguarding of human life. Where, in his judgment, a structure is unsafe or dangerous, the law authorizes the Commissioner of Buildings to serve notice on the contractors requiring the structure to be either made safe or removed. The persons thus notified are required by law to certify immediately to the commissioner their willingness or refusal to obey his order. If they assent, they must begin the securing or removing of the structure by one o'clock of the day following service of the notice. If they refuse, the law makes it the duty of the commissioner to have a survey of the building made within three days by competent persons, and, upon their report that the structure is unsafe, it is made the duty of the Corporation Counsel to bring the matter forthwith into court for trial by jury, whose verdict shall be final, and the court must give the trial precedence over every other business. Moreover, the law expressly provides that no officer of the Building Department acting in good faith shall be liable for damages by reason of a proceeding undertaken to avert a violation of the building law, and the possible disastrous consequences of such violation. So much for the pretext that a city official might be mulcted in damages if a building upon which work was stopped should happen to escape collapse. What Borough President Ahearn will have to explain is why, after being repeatedly notified that the Hotel Darlington structure was unsafe, the Building Department did not apply for an injunction stopping all work upon the edifice.

One of the surprises of the Far-Eastern war is the failure of the fort guns to do more damage to the attacking fleets. It was a matter of faith among the authorities that not even the strongest modern battle-ship could safely attack an effective modern fort, armed with long-range heavy guns. England is at present making a number of long-range fort guns for the defence of her south coast, and it is calculated that these guns will easily be able to throw a twelve or thirteen-inch shell across the Straits of Dover, so that it would not seem to be worth while for France even to take her Channel squadron out of port, much less to attempt to land in the face of such an overwhelming attack. But this is mere theory. The truth is, that, although the weight and range of these guns have been steadily increasing, the human powers which are to use them have not shown, and are not likely to show, a corresponding progress. While a gun can carry a shell across the Straits of Dover, the gunner who could make a hit at twenty miles is yet unborn; neither eyesight nor fineness of hand are equal to the task. Nor would the atmosphere permit it, if they were. Attacks by fleets are made by sea; and the sea is proverbially untrustworthy in the matter of weather. Air-currents, mists, uneven radiation, mirage, and a dozen similar causes deflect the shot and the vision which directs it. Moreover, no one nowadays is likely to attack a fort at close range in broad daylight. The Port Arthur bombardments were nearly all at night, and some of them in snow-storms. It is intelligible that a ship at sea can more or less locate a position on land, such as the Golden Hill above Port Arthur, over a town where there are certain to be some lights at least; but the fort has no lights to guide it in locating the ship, except the momentary flash of the guns, which give hardly any opportunity for aiming. In the case of the Vladivostok bombardment, it seems that the Japanese fleet was too far off to do any damage, and therefore too far off to receive any. It is also likely that the object of that attack was, to draw the Russian fire, in order to locate their forts; the Russians seemed to have divined this, and naturally abstained from firing.

Count von Waldersee's death came as a surprise, though he passed away in the fulness of years. The conspicuous part he played in the Chinese campaign is still so fresh in our memories, that we had come to think of him as a man still in the prime of life, with a possible future. In reality, however, he could already look back to a very full and brilliant career, when he retired from the German War Office, in 1891. He was then in his sixtieth year. His distinguished birth gave him advantages from the outset of his career, and, soon after he received his commission he was made aide-de-camp to Prince Charles of Prussia. He saw service in the struggle of Prussia against Austrian domination, which led up to the campaign of 1866, and the battle of Sadowa. Soon after, he was made military attaché to the German embassy at Paris, and was thus the medium through which the condition of the French army of Napoleon III. was made known to Bismarck

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and von Moltke. When war was declared he was immediately attached to the person of King William of Prussia, with whom he went through the campaign of which Sedan and the siege of Paris are the most stirring memories. During a part of the Franco-Prussian war, von Waldersee was chief-of-staff to the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and greatly distinguished himself as a brain-cell of the army of occupation. The same faculties a few years later brought him the appointment of assistant to von Moltke; and in this position he did a great part of the work which brought the German army to a high state of mechanical efficiency. Conflicting purposes and ambitions made his situation untenable, and he was removed from office in 1891, though the German Emperor continued to show him many personal favors.

At this point, Count von Waldersee's career seemed closed, and he retired to his Hanover estate, and settled down to an old age rich in memories. He had married, shortly after the close of the Franco-Prussian war, the widow of Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, who was a Miss Lee, of New York. His wife saw in von Waldersee the one man fit to take the place of Bismarck, and used the great social influence which her former marriage gave her to work for his success. But other counsels prevailed, and Caprivi got the coveted post. With the Boxer outbreak in China, and the march of the allies to Peking, a chance came to give public recognition to the distinguished German Field-Marshal. He was appointed generalissimo of the forces of the allies, but arrived in China after the relief of Peking, when the uprising was practically at an end. He has been charged with instituting the series of punitive expeditions which have been subjected to the gravest criticism, but his responsibility for these cruelties has been denied.

Questioned by Chairman Burrows in the Smoot inquiry, President Smith of the Mormon Church confessed that he had forty-two children. "Forty-two," he said, "twenty-one boys and twenty-one girls, and I am proud of every one of them." It would be instructive to learn how far this parental pride is reciprocated. How much subdivision will filial piety stand? With how warm a glow does a child's heart respond to the thought that he has a one-forty-second interest in a father? Mr. President Smith's family annals read like the records of a stock farm. By his legal wife he had eleven children. Pressed to disclose how many children had been born to him since the manifesto of 1890, he handed in a list: By Juliana—Edith and Rachel; by Sarah—Aseneth and Jenneta; by Edna—Martha and another; by Alice—Fielding, Jesse, and Andrew; by Mary—Silas, Agnes, James, and maybe Calvin. He wasn't sure about Calvin, but if there is a Calvin, he is proud of him. This incomplete list of thirteen children and five mothers includes less than one-third of this father's progeny. To the theory of the expediency of families like this the Mormon Church still frankly holds, though it professes to respect the letter of the civil law that prohibits them.

What is the controlling sentiment of the people of the United States as to the Philippines? Do they covet those islands? Do they wish them to continue to be an American possession, or would they prefer in due time and with credit to be quit of the responsibility of governing them? A committee has been formed to find out how we feel about this matter. It is called the Philippine Independence Committee, and its purpose is to press upon both the Republican and Democratic parties the policy of adopting resolutions at their coming national conventions, pledging to the people of the Philippines their ultimate national independence upon terms similar to those under which Cuba has become free. The list of the forty-two gentlemen who comprise this committee is impressive. It includes the names of President Schurman of Cornell, President Eliot of Harvard, Judge Gray of Delaware, Mr. C. F. Adams, of Boston, W. H. Baldwin, Jr., Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Howells, R. F. Cutting, Dr. Huntington, Dr. Parkhurst, and Bishop Potter of New York, and of other men of equal influence from many States. It is a very strong committee. It is circulating a petition asking the national conventions to pass resolutions as above described. Its petition is being signed by such men as Cardinal Gibbons, W. H. H. Miller of Indiana, and Francis Lynde Stetson of New York. Here is a highly respectable effort in a thoroughly respectable cause. We believe a considerable majority of the people of the United States would be glad to unload the Philippines in due time on such terms as Cuba got. But it will be argued with earnestness and much force that to promise, now, eventual independence to the Filipinos will work vast injury to the governmental work that is going forward among them. Secretary Taft, whose views about the Philippines we all respect, is pretty sure to say that the Filipinos are not yet fit either to have independence, or the promise of it. If the Republican convention should put into its platform such a plank as this committee wants, President Roosevelt would probably ignore it. He is not likely to be put to that test, but with the Democrats the petitioners will have a better chance. Nor is it unlikely that if Mr. Cleveland were elected on a platform calling for a promise of independence to the Filipinos he would do his best, as far as lay in him, both to have the promise made, and to have it made good.

The bill before the New York Legislature, authorizing the Niagara, Lockport, and Ontario Power Company to take an unlimited amount of water from the Niagara River above the Falls, has no friends except those who are pecuniarily interested in it. According to the Commissioners of the Niagara Park the privileges already granted by New York and Canada promise, when fully developed, to divert from the Falls more than one-third of the entire volume of the Niagara River. The Canadian power companies pay their government a low rental for the water they are permitted to use. We believe the American company now operating pays nothing, and is entitled to take 200,000 horse-power from the Niagara River without paying for it. The Lockport Company, if the bill now pending should be passed, would apparently be entitled to use the rest of the water in the Niagara River on the same profitable terms. If the Falls are not worth preserving as a spectacle, the people of New York State are at least entitled to profit by them as a speculation. Commissioner Pallas got $1500 for the city of New York for the $20,000 defacement he has suffered to disfigure the Public Library fence. The Legislature is invited to outdo him immeasurably in vandalism. If it accedes, it should beat him in thrift also. The water-power of Niagara controlled by New York is roughly estimated to be worth three million dollars a year. What would the Lockport Company be willing to pay for it?

Vermont, having lately extricated herself from the shackles of Prohibition, is making edifying experiments with the liquor trade. There are fourteen counties in the State. Last year, on the rebound from fifty years of restriction, nine of them voted for license. The results, it appears, were not satisfactory to the voters. The rum was bad, or got into the wrong people, or there was too much of it distributed. At any rate, when the license question came up again this spring, only three counties voted license. Perhaps next year the pendulum will swing back a bit, but however that is, it is plain that local option is working well in Vermont, and that the voters take an interest in it, and keep their eyes open and vote according to their judgment. That seems to us better than the state of things under Prohibition, when the larger cities, in which some liquor-selling is inevitable, were obliged to accommodate themselves to rules suited only to villages and the country districts.

South Carolina is credited with 222 homicides during the year 1903. The estimated number of homicides in the United States is about 10,000 a year. The population of the United States is about 76,000,000. The population of South Carolina is about 1,340,000. South Carolina's proper proportion of homicides is therefore about 175. It will be seen that she has seriously exceeded her allowance. The excess is attributed to Tillmanism in her State government. The acquittal of Lieutenant-Governor Tillman for the murder of Gonzales will be recalled. That sort of justice affects statistics.

The story of the embarrassments of the Copley Society of Boston, in connection with the exhibition of the portrait of Mr. Canfield, the card-expert, in the Whistler show, was all a fiction invented for the use of the newspapers of New York. There was no trouble whatever about Canfield's portrait. It has been several times exhibited, though it has never been catalogued as a portrait of Mr. Canfield.

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How Long will the Neutral Powers be Neutral?

It is obvious that, in any discussion of the future attitude of the powers now neutral to the war in the Far East, a distinction must be drawn between the trend of popular sentiment and the position which a sober and wary estimate of national interest may commend to the governments of neutral countries. There are only three or four maritime powers of importance in which the course of their respective governments would probably, or at least conceivably, be shaped by a vehement outburst of public feeling. Those countries are France, the United States, Great Britain, and, perhaps, we should add, Italy; we have named them in the order in which the rulers for the time being would probably succumb to the pressure of popular opinion. We might not ascribe to our Federal government a degree of ductility second only to that which fairly may be imputed to the Executive power in France, but for the fact that the current year will witness a contest for the Presidency. Before attempting to indicate, however, the direction in which public sentiment seems to be tending in the three countries first named, it may be well to mark the position which has been deliberately assumed by their respective governments, and also by the Emperor of Germany. Alike in Paris, in Washington, in London, and in Berlin, neutrality has been formally proclaimed. It does not yet appear that, in practice, the neutrality asserted in theory has been violated. That France was tempted and urged to diverge from a neutral's duty may probably be taken for granted, because the squadron of Russian war-ships under Admiral Wirenius could have reached Far-Eastern waters had it been permitted to obtain supplies of fuel at French coaling-stations. That the permission was refused is evident from the fact that the squadron, having traversed the Red Sea, had to return to the Mediterranean. It is manifest that unless France shall modify the rigor of her compliance with a neutral's obligations in this particular, Russia's Baltic fleet and Black Sea fleet—even if the latter were allowed to pass the Dardanelles—would be practically powerless to reach the scene of naval operations in the Yellow Sea or the Sea of Japan. No more conclusive proof of a resolve to fulfil a neutral's duty could be given by the cabinet over which M. Combes presides, and in which M. Delcassé is the Minister for Foreign Affairs, than is implied in the reluctant renouncement by Admiral Wirenius of his intention to cooperate with his comrades at Port Arthur and Vladivostok. If any supplemental evidence were needed, it is afforded by the readiness with which M. Delcassé assented to Mr. Hay's proposal that China's neutrality and "administrative entity" should be respected, now and hereafter, by neutrals and belligerents alike. If M. Delcassé had personally contemplated eventual cooperation with Russia in the Far East, it is scarcely conceivable that he would have become a party to that self-denying ordinance.

The stability of the Combes cabinet is by no means assured, however. The pro-Russian party, which has a formidable following in the Paris press, and which, at the last important division of the Chamber of Deputies, would have overthrown the ministry, could it have secured thirty-nine additional votes, has singled out, for a primary object of attack, M. Pelletan's administration of the navy, which is regarded as open to grave criticism, not only by many naval experts, in whom their countrymen have confidence, but also by several members of the cabinet itself. M. Pelletan's performances are now the subject of close and by no means sympathetic scrutiny at the hands of a committee of the Chamber, and they may provoke a vote of censure which would cause the immediate displacement of the Combes government by a ministry of which the leading spirit would be M. Doumer, formerly Governor-General of Indo-China, and in which M. Hannotaux would assume the direction of foreign affairs. Now there is no doubt that both M. Doumer and M. Hannotaux believe that France ought to offer her aid to Russia in the Far East, just as Russia tendered her assistance to France when the Fashoda affair seemed likely to embroil the last-named power with England. That such a change of attitude on the part of the French government would be extremely popular in Paris no careful reader of French newspapers can doubt.

Here is where the danger of an immense widening of the area of conflict lies. If France remains neutral, the war will, of course, be localized. Should Russia suffer on land, however, a reverse comparable with that which she has already incurred at sea, her military, as well as her naval prestige, would be threatened with profound, if not permanent, eclipse. Not easily or quickly would she efface the ignominy of defeat, on land as well as on the ocean, at the hands of the Japanese, who, forty years ago, had not emerged from barbarism. If, on the contrary, the area of the conflict were suddenly expanded, the St. Petersburg government might plead that it succumbed to the overwhelming naval superiority of Japan's ally, Great Britain, and thus might manage to preserve its dignity at home and abroad. This is a matter of vital moment to the Czar Nicholas II., if not also to the Romanoff dynasty. There are many indications that the present contest with Japan is intensely unpopular among educated Russians unconnected with the army; and that, should it result in national humiliation, not only the war party, but the whole autocratic system, may be held to a stern account. On the other hand, a war in which England would be looked upon as the principal antagonist, and which would open a vista of conquest in India, would be entered upon with willingness, if not with enthusiasm, by the Russian people. That is why, should the Russian army, like the Russian navy, be beaten in the Far East, the St. Petersburg government may be impelled, by the instinct of self-preservation, to appeal with fervor for French assistance, well knowing that such assistance would inevitably have the effect of bringing England into the field. We are inclined to believe that such an appeal would be successful.

Let us assume, then, for the sake of argument, that France may be ultimately swept by the pro-Russian party into the Far-Eastern vortex, in which event England would be bound by treaty to side with Japan. It is probable that the entrance of their government into the war would be viewed with satisfaction by a majority of the English people, although many Liberals would regret the assumption of further fiscal burdens at this conjuncture. The important question left to be considered is, What would be the attitude of Germany and the United States in the case supposed? The course to be pursued by the German Empire would be exclusively determined by Emperor William II., but it is not easy to forecast the direction in which the mixed operation of self-interest and sympathy would impel him. On the one hand, recalling the age-long and intimate friendship of the Romanoff and Hohenzollern dynasties, he might desire to neutralize the effect that would be produced by French cooperation on the court of St. Petersburg, and this aim he might, to a large extent, attain by offering to become once more a party to the tri-partite compact which was formed in 1895, by which the Mikado was constrained to retrocede to China the Liau-tung peninsula. On the other hand, it will be obvious to the Emperor William II. that should Germany continue, in the case supposed, to observe a strict neutrality, the navies of England and France would seriously weaken one another, and, if the war were prolonged, would leave the naval force of Germany in a position of much greater relative strength than it has ever yet possessed. In the mind of a cool and long-headed sovereign, the latter consideration might prove preponderant, but in the German ruler's temperament there is an impulsive and a chivalric vein that renders it difficult to calculate how he will act under circumstances that appeal to his emotional nature.

One thing, at least, may be averred with confidence, namely, that so long as Germany shall hold herself aloof there is not the slightest danger of any departure on the part of the United States from their traditional avoidance of entanglement in foreign complications. Should the German Empire, however, array its navy and its army on the side of Russia and France—that is to say, should Germany complete the revival of the combination of 1895, which began the partition of China, and which threatened to bar us out of a large part of the Middle Kingdom, our State Department might be strongly tempted to lend support to England and Japan, which are committed to the "open door." Nor is there much doubt that, should events seem to force such a policy upon our Federal government, it would command the approval of that large part of our population—apparently, a majority—that sympathizes with Japan.

The Drift of Democratic Sentiment

Now that the election of delegates to the national convention has begun, it is possible to gather some scattered indications of the direction in which Democratic opinion is tending with reference to the platform and the candidate that should be put forward at St. Louis. We may say at once that of a reassertion of the Kansas City platform there is no possibility. Only a small fraction of the delegates will back Mr. Bryan's demand for a reaffirmance of discarded and exploded doctrines. The editor of the *Commoner* himself admits that the silver issue will play no conspicuous part in the coming campaign, though he would like the party, for the sake of consistency, to adhere to its former position with regard to the free coinage of the white metal at the ratio of 16 to 1. It may also be foreseen that during the canvass now close at hand Democratic speakers will have but little to say about the anti-imperialist averment that the Philippines should be forthwith evacuated. It is likewise manifest that the Democratic party will waste no time in denunciation of the President's isthmian policy, since about half of the Democratic Senators voted to ratify the canal treaty which was the outcome of that policy. That the St. Louis convention will stigmatize what has been called "government by injunction," and propose, by a Constitutional Amendment, to deprive the Federal courts of the time-honored and indispensable power of enjoining summarily acts believed by them to be detrimental to the public welfare, is also out of the question; for only by Bryanites would such a trammelling of the judiciary be desired, and the Bryanites this year will be unable to dictate the programme of the Democratic party. Having recognized distinctly

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enough the planks that will be rejected, it remains for us to ask what positive recommendations the platform is likely to comprise. Some of these have been outlined by Mr. Cleveland in the inspiring appeal which he addressed to the Democracy through the columns of the *Saturday Evening Post*. As the ex-President pointed out, there is ample material for another victory in the platform of 1892, on which the Democracy swept the country, beating both Republicans and Populists, although the latter, now almost extinct, polled not far from 900,000 popular votes, and even managed to secure twenty-two Presidential electors. That was what the Democratic party accomplished when faithful to its traditional ideas: it overthrew the high-tariff Republicans upon the one hand, and the intemperate radicals upon the other. What it performed so easily twelve years ago it may reasonably hope to achieve in 1904, when, in at least two States, the Republicans are rent by factional dissension, and, in some of the States, are dissatisfied with their inevitable candidate, while the Populists have lost even the semblance of a party organization. Speaking subsequently to the publication of Mr. Cleveland's letter, Senator Daniel of Virginia took substantially the same view of the exigencies of the situation. Refraining from any detailed suggestion, he propounded a safe general rule for the formulation of a winning platform. Let the programme to be framed at St. Louis, he said, be made up of demands as to which all Democrats agree, and let it contain not a single plank as to which Democrats differ. It should not be difficult to construct such a platform, which, at the same time, should be neither non-partisan nor colorless. The platform of 1892 was Democratic in every fibre, and while it undoubtedly challenged and secured the support of many moderate and reasonable Republicans, it was particularly obnoxious to Republicans of the high-tariff and Force Bill stripe.

Unquestionably, it is impossible to give too much forethought and discretion to the preparation of the platform on which a great party means to go before the country. Nevertheless, experience has shown that the man who stands upon the platform may play an even more decisive part in a Presidential campaign. Of what avail, indeed, is the blazonry upon the ensign if the arm of its upholder is too weak to bear it to victory? Not only should a party deserve to win by the sanity, the equity, and the wisdom of its proclaimed intentions, but it must command success by the choice of a candidate who personifies confidence and hope, and who, by the purity and elevation of his record, invigorates the public heart and electrifies the public conscience. Among those who have been pushed into the foreground as more or less serious candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, there are some who fall deplorably short of the intellectual and moral stature prescribed for a true leader of men; and, again, there are others less obviously unequal to a commander's rôle. Beginning with a typical representative of the former class, we observe that Mr. Hearst has even a fainter prospect of attaining an influential position in the St. Louis convention than he seemed to have a week ago. It is now less probable than it then appeared to be that he will control the Iowa delegation. On the other hand, it still seems certain that the twenty delegates from Mississippi and the twenty-six delegates from Kentucky will support him, though we can imagine the chagrin with which Mr. John Sharp Williams will ask himself, *sotto voce*, "What am I doing in this galley?" and, although Colonel Henry Watterson, who has reluctantly promised to support Hearst, if nominated, also murmurs under his breath, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Be this as it may, we assume that Mr. Hearst will start with the forty-six delegates of the two States named. Nor do we doubt that to those should be added the twenty delegates of Kansas and the sixteen of Nebraska. That makes eighty-two. It is also possible that Mr. Hearst can also secure the eight delegates from Rhode Island. The six delegates from Nevada are promised to him as well. It is doubtful whether he can carry any other of the States between the Mississippi and the Pacific, though a fight will be made for him in all of them. He has no chance of gaining Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, or Ohio, although, if the unit rule is not enforced, he may obtain a few scattered delegates from those States. In the South, outside of Mississippi and Kentucky, Mr. Hearst's friends are nowhere preponderant, and only in North Carolina, Florida, and Missouri are they formidable. The first choice of the Virginia, as of the Maryland and West Virginia delegates, seems likely to be Mr. Gorman. The South Carolina delegation will be controlled by Senator Tillman, who can hardly be expected to support Mr. Hearst, inasmuch as he is opposed to a reassertion of the Kansas City platform. The delegation from Georgia will undoubtedly favor a conservative candidate. The same may be said of Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas.

On the whole, our conclusion, from the signs visible at the present hour, is that the Hearst-Bryan combination will probably fail to secure a third of the delegates, which would be 332, on the assumption that the convention will number 994. It will fail, in our judgment, even should the unit rule be repudiated, and the failure would be certain and decisive if the unit rule were enforced. Before the convention meets, however, the leaders of the majority will be able to tell with a close approach to exactitude whether a rigorous enforcement of the *unit* rule is indispensable. Should the Hearst-Bryan combination fall considerably short of 300, it might not be absolutely essential to abolish the *two-thirds* rule, but, with an eye to the future, those who have the welfare of the party at heart will do well to discard it once for all. Moreover, it might be possible for the Hearst-Bryan coalition to rally some coadjutors against the favorite of the conservative majority, who could never be prevailed upon to vote for Mr. Hearst.

So far, then, as recent auguries permit us to judge, the conservative Democrats are certain to have a very large majority in the St. Louis convention. If they use the power at their disposal they will be able not only to frame the platform but to assure its acceptance by placing on it a candidate whom the people will elect. To accomplish this result they need only take two preliminary and precautionary measures. The abolition of the two-thirds rule is, as we have often pointed out, imperatively needed. On the other hand, it might happen that the enforcement of the unit rule would prove useful by depriving the Bryanized faction of some scattered delegates.

Race Rivalries in the Balkans

A REPORT comes to us from Berlin and Vienna that the Sultan has refused to consent to the plan of the powers for reforming the police of Macedonia. It was such a refusal to ratify a plan of the powers which led Russia to declare against the Sultan in the spring of 1877, the war which led to the liberation of Servia and Bulgaria and the transference of Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria. Abdul Hamid was then a novice in the art of statecraft, yet the impression made on his mind by the fall of Plevna, the crossing of the Balkans at the Shipka Pass, and the arrival of the Russian army under the walls of Constantinople cannot have faded from his mind. If he takes the present course it is because he believes himself safe for the present, and knows that, if necessary, he can always revise his decision.

Another force now working in his favor is the perennial rivalry between the many Balkan races. It seems evident that, after a period of wavering, the Greeks have openly declared for the Sultan, and will work with him in the three vilayets of Kossovo, Monastyr, and Salonica, as well as in the field of international diplomacy. The view which Greece held concerning the decadence of Turkey had to be revised after the disasters of the late Greco-Turkish war, when the troops of the Sultan effectively occupied Thessaly, and were only prevented by international influence from marching on Athens. It must be remembered that the Sultan of Turkey has three or four times as many Greek subjects as the King of Greece, there being about eight million Hellenes under the rule of the Turks, if we consider Cyprus and Crete still Turkish territory. The cities of Asiatic Turkey, along the shores of the Levant, are full of pushing Greek merchants, and most of the trade and commerce of Constantinople is in the same hands. Greeks, too, are the best educated and most influential element in the vilayets of Macedonia.

Two elements further influence the attitude of the Greeks—a theological quarrel and a political and linguistic ambition. During the palmy days of Ottoman power, before the European nations intervened in the Balkans, the intrigues of Greek ecclesiastics were only equalled by those of Turkish viziers and pashas. Both had the same object: to obtain appointments by bribery, and then to recoup themselves by exaction. De Laveleye has described the Greek Church in Rumania as "a cascade of simony," and the same thing was true all over the Ottoman Empire. In the latest epoch of Balkan history a purely indigenous Slavonic Church came into existence in Bulgaria, and for thirty-four years it has propagated the Slav idea, as against Hellenism hardly less than against Turkish government. This the Greeks cannot forgive. They claim Macedonia as a Greek province, rather in virtue of ancient history than actual conditions; and their culture and ideals are incompatible with those of the Bulgarian and Servian Slavs. For these reasons the Slavs of the Balkans have no more persistent enemies than the Greek communities along the Turkish shore of the Aegean. The knowledge that Russia favors the Slavs, rather than the Greeks, in spite of dynastic alliances, makes the Greeks the opponents of Russian policy, and therefore for this reason also draws them towards the Turks.

The Albanians are a strong element of complication. It must be borne in mind that there are about a quarter of a million Albanians in Greece, and three or four times as many on the Adriatic coast of Turkey, in the vilayets of Scutari and Janina. These Albanians belong either to the Moslem faith, or are Greek or Latin Catholics, the difference of religion separating them more than unity of race binds them together. They have one common characteristic, however—a sturdy independence and a love of liberty, which means, for them, liberty to plunder and loot among the Slavonic villages. They are armed mountaineers, and prolong into the twentieth century the manners and customs of the Scottish borderers and moss-troopers, whose joy and delight in raiding their neighbors form the theme of centuries of ballads. The Albanians

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are perfectly willing to recognize the Sultan so long as that recognition is purely theoretical and does not carry with it a legal obligation to respect the commandments, especially those which forbid to steal and kill. They are, therefore, up in arms at the present moment because the central authority has presumed to interfere in their mountain fastnesses, and they will go on fighting until the Sultan gives in and leaves them to their own devices.

Turks, Greeks, and Albanians have, therefore, their conflicting ambitions; but all make common cause against the Slavs. It would be pleasant to say that the Slavs are, and have always been, united among themselves, but, unfortunately, it would be untrue. On the contrary, there is no rivalry in all the Balkans so keen as that between the two Slav groups of Servians and Bulgarians, and the most recent Balkan war, in 1885, was between these two powers. Its cause was the revolt of Eastern Rumelia from Turkey, and its incorporation, with the consent of Germany, England, and Austria, in the principality of Bulgaria. Servia was so ill-pleased at this aggrandizement of her rival that she promptly declared war against Bulgaria, and marched her armies towards Sofia. The battle of Slivnitza raged for three days before the victory of the Bulgarians was decisive, and they in their turn marched on Belgrade. This bitter hostility between the Servian and Bulgarian Slavs has not diminished with time, and each is wildly apprehensive that the other will acquire Macedonia. The latter was, as we know, assigned to Bulgaria by the San Stefano Treaty, while Milan openly claimed it for Servia, and was even hailed openly as "King of Macedonia," when he rode forth with his army to Slivnitza.

There are, therefore, five distinct and keenly jealous races involved in the Macedonian question—Turks, Greeks, Albanians, Bulgarians, and Servians—and each one of these has international backing. Austria favors the Servians, and intervened to save them from Bulgaria after Slivnitza; Russia inclines to Bulgaria; Italy supports the Albanians, because she hopes to turn the Adriatic into an Italian lake, by absorbing the two Albanian vilayets; England supports Greece, from historic sympathy as well as from practical interest in Cyprus, Crete, and Egypt; and, finally, the Grand Turk is supported by his friend the Kaiser, who at present holds the balance of power. If we keep in mind this many-sided race war, and remember that it is complicated not only by the strife between Moslem and Christian, but also by the rivalry between the Eastern and the Western churches—the Latin and the Oriental rite—and, finally, that the Greek and Bulgarian churches are implacable rivals; if we add the commercial rivalries of the powers, we shall easily understand that the question of the Near East is more easily posed than answered, and we shall see why the Balkan region is viewed with such anxiety by every government in Europe.

Mobility of Condition

PRESIDENT TUCKER of Dartmouth College seldom has to suffer eclipse, but there was especial reasons why the address of ex-Secretary-of-War Root, in Chicago, on Washington's birthday, should have overshadowed the address on the same occasion in which Dr. Tucker answered the question, What has patriotism the right to demand of education? In this address, like President Eliot in his recent Faneuil Hall address, he dwelt on the need of preserving mobility of social development in a democracy if democracy is to be preserved. He urged that patriotism has a right to demand of educators in particular that "they keep not only the idea, but the fact, of democracy free and open to all men"; and to show that this ideal may be passing away, he pointed out the serious nature of the statement made by John Mitchell, in his recent book on organized labor, that "the average wage-earner had made up his mind that he must remain a wage-earner." "If this be true," said Dr. Tucker, "whatever may be the cause, then organized industry has ceased to be the aid and helper of democracy. For democracy requires as the first necessity of its existence mobility of condition as opposed to fixity of condition. The moment the average man of any class ceases to aspire, and accepts his condition as fixed, that moment he ceases to express himself in the spirit of democracy."

That the trades-union movement makes for class and caste, as against individualism, was the burden of President Eliot's recent complaint of the trades-unions. Dr. Tucker does not assert or deny the fact; he simply passes judgment upon the fact, if fact it be. To those who claim that our educational institutions are ceasing to be democracies, and that the caste spirit is entering in there, he replies, "The path of intellectual progress is open from the lowest place to the highest. There is not a college or university, however richly endowed, which acknowledges any distinction except that of brains, and which is not, therefore, as much the home of the poor man as of the rich man. . . . The interests of the higher education are bound up in democracy."

It is just because our educational institutions have been so essentially democratic, because they have fostered mobility of condition rather than fixity of station, because they have known no Dissenter or Established Churchman, no Catholic or Protestant, Christian or Jew, poor or rich, that they are in so much better case than the English universities, the poverty and backwardness of which make intelligent English statesmen and educators despair of bringing Great Britain abreast of the German and American competition.

There are manifold reasons why there should be close relations between our college-bred men and our wage-earners. Each should know the other better. But if the wage-earners of the country are to accept the class or caste ideal, as Mr. Mitchell intimates, there never can be full cooperation between them and the college-bred section of the community, for our colleges and universities are democracies, and not oligarchies, and they have as their ideal mobility and not fixity of status.

Matthew Arnold, after visiting us, returned home and wrote, "Considering, indeed, how rife are distinctions of rank and class in the world, how prone men in general are to adopt them, how much, beyond doubt, the Americans themselves are capable of feeling their attractions, it shows, I think, at least strong sense in the Americans to have forborne from all attempts to invent them at the outset, and to have escaped or resisted any fancy for inventing them since." More recently, Mr. Frederic Harrison, after studying us, went home to write that "the ease with which men can pass from one locality to another, from one climate to another, from one business to another, the entire absence of social barriers or class distinctions," was the characteristic note of the United States, and existed to an extent unknown to Europeans, and difficult for them to conceive of.

The Virginia Exposition

VIRGINIA is actively preparing to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing at Jamestown and the founding of the first English-speaking American settlement.

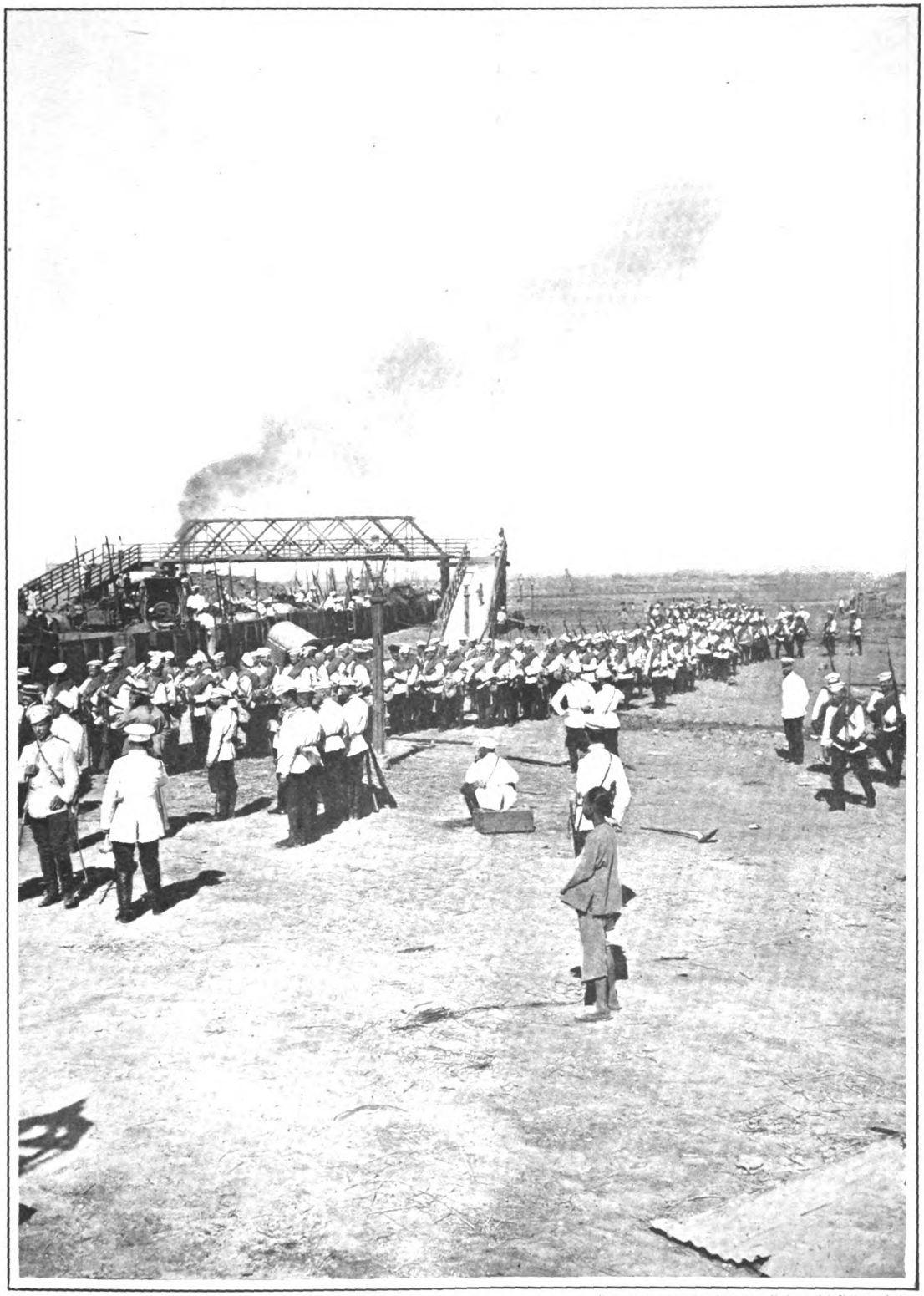
It is indicative of the differences in the Puritan and the Cavalier temperaments that the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers has had so much of historic commemoration and celebration, while the landing in Jamestown is actually not mentioned under the heading Jamestown in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Sufficient unto the day was the joy thereof to the light-hearted, high-handed Virginian, and then, too, there was in his mental make-up somewhat of the element which goes to convince a man that self-esteem is the only esteem worth while. The patriarchal government and agricultural way of life, before the war, the marked class distinctions, and the great plantations stretching over wide areas and holding people at great distances from each other, discouraged that general and democratic commingling which makes for public glorifications and united efforts for good citizenship and organized growth, which is so marked a trait of New England. Virginians do indeed glory in their history, but there is little or no effort at making the "future copy fair the past." There is no such effort afoot as the Old South Society in Boston to bind all classes together in a common veneration for the past, an acknowledged public duty to the present, a promise of definite growth for the future. What there is of such feeling is still in the green, and will doubtless be forced into fuller growth by this undertaking of an exposition in 1907.

The site chosen for the exposition buildings is just outside of Norfolk, and is a high, dry neck of land, with a five-thousand foot frontage on Hampton Roads, where the great battle between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* was fought. It is calculated that there are twenty millions of people within a day-and-a-night's journey from this spot, and it lies in the very centre of the points of historic interest. Within twenty miles of the radius of the ground selected for the buildings occurred two of the chief events of American history—the first permanent planting of an English-speaking colony at Jamestown, and the closing of the war for national independence at Yorktown. The James River, still dotted by some of the oldest and most beautiful residences in America, empties into the bay here; Newport News, one of the greatest ship-yards in the continent, is just across the water; and near at hand are the fields of McClellan's and Grant's campaigns. This harbor is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful in the United States, and a leading feature of the exposition will be a great naval and marine exhibit in Hampton Roads. The people of Virginia may reasonably expect to have a large assemblage of monitors, battle-ships, cruisers, gunboats, torpedo-boats, army transports, submarine-boats, and every kind of ship for sea-coast defence and naval warfare as part of their show. It will also be a fine opportunity for a display of yachts, launches, and sailing craft.

It is a surprising fact that during the year 1901 over eighty thousand people visited Jamestown. The efforts of the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities have culminated in the excavating of the two earliest foundations of the church erected in 1617, together with the original House of Burgesses, which held its first sitting in 1619, and various tombs of interest.

The official title of the Anglo-Saxon Settlement Tercentennial Exposition, which is highly unsuitable to the monosyllabic taste of this nation, will, it is to be hoped, dwindle before 1907 into the Jamestown Exposition, a name that tells quite enough of the purpose of the undertaking.

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RUSSIAN TROOPS ARRIVING AT THE SEAT OF WAR

The photograph shows a body of Russian troops arriving at Liao-yang, Manchuria, over the Trans-Siberian Railway. It is here that the principal Russian force is said to be gathering. Smaller bodies continue to occupy the region of the Yalu River and portions of northern Korea. It is reported that the Russian troops in the neighborhood of Anju number about 5000

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A VIEW OF THE OPEN PORT OF NEWCHWANG, MANCHURIA, NEAR WHICH RUSSIAN FORCES ARE CONCENTRATING

The main Russian force is said to be concentrating at Liao-yang, near the treaty port of Newchwang, Manchuria. At the mouth of the Liao River, which is shown in the picture, it was at first reported that the Russians would place mines; but, owing to the uncertainty of their being able to defend the port, it was decided to withdraw their forces to Liao-yang

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THE HEAD OF THE KOREAN ARMY IN THE ALLIANCE WITH JAPAN

The photograph shows Yun-Woong-Mel, the Korean Minister of War, with his son and grandchildren. Yun-Woong-Mel becomes an important figure in the Far Eastern crisis through the consummation of the treaty between Japan and Korea, whereby the latter's integrity and independence are guaranteed, and Japan receives the right to operate her forces in Korea. As a result of this treaty, the Korean government is said to have ordered its troops to join forces with the Japanese in the field. The Korean army numbers about 17,000 men, trained by European methods, and there is, in addition, a police force of 2000

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How America Opened Japan to Trade

A personal account of the historic events leading to the opening of Japan to the world's trade, by Commodore Nicholson, who was navigating officer of Commodore Perry's flag-ship at the time of the expedition

By S. Nicholson, Commodore, U.S.N. (Retired)

AS navigating officer of Commodore Perry's flag-ship, on the occasion of his famous expedition to Japan, it fell to my lot to play a minor part in an episode of far greater historical importance than I then realized. For the Island Kingdom, which to-day holds a position in the forefront of civilization, was at that period a veritable hermit among nations, not even beginning to emerge from the darkness of barbarism. Its people, wholly ignorant of modern arts, were quite satisfied with their condition in this respect, and wished to have nothing to do with foreigners. The Dutch and Russians had secured commercial relations with them of a very restricted sort, at the expense of many discomforts and humiliations such as Americans would never have been willing to endure. What we wanted was the opening of the country to our trade. Perry was sent to accomplish that object, and his success in obtaining a treaty may be said to have marked the new birth of Japan.

Though fifty-one years have passed since the arrival of the American squadron in the Bay of Yeddo, many of the scenes and incidents of our visit are still vivid in my memory. I recall in particular the "calico forts," as the men on board of our ships called them, stretching for miles along the shores, and composing an extensive series of defences which might have been deemed formidable but for the fact that they were only painted scenery. They were, in fact, made of cotton cloth, built screen fashion, and ornamented with horizontal and vertical stripes which may have been intended to represent stonework. By the help of our telescopes and field-glasses we were able to view them close at hand, as it were—a possibility that could hardly have occurred to the minds of the Japanese—and thus they failed to terrify us to any great extent.

The Bay of Yeddo is an immense sheet of water, and we thought the scenery very beautiful—the lofty and symmetrical cone of Fujiyama, Japan's sacred mountain, towering in the distance, its summit clad in snow, and the landscape dotted with picturesque villages. It was charming weather, in the month of July, 1853, and on the water were floating innumerable trading-junks and other craft, including a great many government boats, some of them carrying soldiers, which flocked about our ships rather menacingly. They wanted to come aboard, to parley with us and doubtless to spy, but the commodore had given orders that this was not to be allowed, and, to convince the Japs that the prohibition was to be taken in earnest, we made a brave show of pikes and cutlasses, with sentinels at the gangways and guns and ammunition in readiness for use. One official, I remember, came alongside and held up a big piece of paper, on which were printed some words in large letters, in French, ordering us to go away immediately.



Commodore Matthew C. Perry, U.S.N.
Who commanded the expedition which opened Japan to the world

The Japanese had known that we were coming, but they never dreamed that we would dare to enter the Bay of Yeddo. They supposed, as a matter of course, that we would go to Nagasaki, to which port the Dutch and Russian traders were admitted under various humiliating restrictions. But the commodore, who was an exceedingly shrewd man, perceived that, if he adopted such a programme, he would be likely to be treated on the same basis as the other foreigners—a thing not to be endured, inasmuch as he came on a diplomatic mission, as an ambassador and the personal representative of the President of the United States.

Accordingly, we went direct to Yeddo, the capital of the country, prepared to play the biggest game of bluff imaginable. If the Japanese were exclusive, he would be equally haughty. If they told him to go away he would pay no attention. If they refused to negotiate, he would make himself, politely but firmly, so tiresome that they would be obliged to respond in some shape. Snubs would not count, because he could be equally snubby in return. While doing his best to preserve peace he would make it manifest that he could meet force with force. All through the game he was to insist on being treated by the Emperor on equal terms, and would not discuss the object of his mission with anybody who did not hold credentials as the personal representative of the monarch.

Though half a century has gone by I remember the commodore as well as if I had seen him yesterday. A tall and fine-looking man, he belonged to the type of old sea-dog that has passed away. Capable of using strong "cuss-words" under provocation, he was fond of his grog, and partook of the flowing bowl with a freedom that was considered becoming to a gentleman of the old-school and to an officer of the old navy. At the same time, he was a man of considerable learning, with a decided taste for literary pursuits, and during the expedition to Japan he kept a very elaborate and comprehensive journal, on which he would do some work every night. Soon after dinner he would go to bed, and at about 1 A.M. he would wake up, summon young Perry, his nephew, who acted as his amanuensis, call, like Old King Cole, for his pipe and his bowl, and start in to dictate.

What seemed to annoy the Japanese more than anything else was the surveying which, in a rough way, we conducted in the Bay of Yeddo. The commodore sent out boats to map the shores and take soundings—a proceeding which was continued day after day, notwithstanding demonstrations more or less threatening by the government officials and soldiers. But, as I have said, no attention whatever was paid to protests on this or any other subject, and meanwhile negotiations were beginning. Dignitaries of various degrees came to visit the ships, but were not permitted in most instances to board us — until finally the governor of the province arrived in much magnificence, seated on mats in a state barge. He was treated with politeness and condescension, the privilege of an interview not with the commander-in-chief, but with a couple of subordinate officers, being granted to him. He was informed that the commodore bore a letter from the President of the United States to the Emperor, and that it could be delivered only into the hands of a person duly authorized by the latter as his ambassador.

Naturally, the governor went away much impressed. There was some more delay, but at length the official returned with an autograph communication from the Emperor, enclosed in a beautiful sandalwood box, stating that he had appointed a prince of the realm one of his high counsellors, to receive the missive of President Fillmore. A date—two or three days later, I think—was set for the reception of the letter, the place appointed for the ceremony being on shore not far away, where, the governor explained, a temporary building would be immediately erected for the purpose.

Thus was accomplished the first great step in the series of events which culminated in the opening of Japan to modern civilization. It was quite a wonderful thing, indeed, when one comes to think of it—considering the fact that, up to that time, the Island Kingdom had absolutely refused to enter into any relations with other nations, save for the scanty trading privileges above-mentioned. We had entered the Bay of Yeddo in defiance of the laws of the country; we were staying there against the orders of the authorities, and we had persisted in communicating with the Emperor, notwithstanding the determined opposition of the government. The commodore had even gone so far as to say that, if nobody would carry his letter to the Emperor, he himself, with an armed force, would take it to the city of Yeddo.

As a matter of fact, however, the commodore's policy, seemingly so impudent, was the only one that could have accomplished the purpose he had in view. Bluff was what was required. Up to that period foreigners coming to Japan had invariably assumed an attitude of humility, soliciting favors which, when accorded, were haughtily and contemptuously granted. In many instances they were thrown into prison and otherwise mistreated. Perry, on the other hand, presented his request in the form of a demand, ignoring all opposition, and, while expressing intentions wholly friendly, showed a willingness to use force in case anybody interfered with him.

The ceremony attending the transfer of the President's letter was a dazzling affair. The day, I remember, was lovely, and on shore the scene was made gay by multitudes of flags, while regi-

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ments of Japanese soldiers, in their quaint costumes, were drawn up in picturesque array. On our side no pains were spared to contribute gorgeousness to the occasion, the commodore, as he landed, being accompanied by a considerable force of marines and blue-jackets, and escorted by most of the officers of the squadron in full uniform. Accompanied by his suite he entered the great wooden house which had been erected for the occasion, where, after going through many forms of Oriental politeness, he placed in the hands of Prince Idzu, the Emperor's representative, the gold boxes containing the letter and his own credentials, the documents being written on vellum and bound in blue velvet. The boxes were of exquisite workmanship, each of them in a rosewood casket, and were carried by two beautifully dressed negro boys.

Having received the letter, the Japanese prince gave in return a communication in writing, stating that the government transacted all of its foreign business at Nagasaki, and requesting the commodore to leave the Bay of Yeddo at once.

Now this might have seemed rather discouraging, but the commodore did not view it in that light. He had accomplished his object, which was to place the President's letter in the hands of the Emperor of Japan. The ceremony being completed, he left the council-hall in state, as he had arrived, and returned to his ships, which had been moved up near to the landing-place, in order to command the scene of negotiations with their guns (their decks being cleared for action), in case of attempted treachery. In response to the order to leave, he did pull up his anchors—not to go away, however, but to steam further up the bay.

The squadron consisted of four vessels—two steamers, the *Susquehanna* and *Mississippi*, and the sloops-of-war *Saratoga* and *Plymouth*. It was not a very formidable fleet, but strong enough to whip any force the Japs could have mustered, inasmuch as their best war-vessels were only junks, and their few cannon were primitive and of small caliber. Doubtless they were much relieved to see us sail away, as we did after doing a little more surveying in the upper bay, and it may be that they thought they would never see us again, though the commodore had left word with Prince Idzu that he would come back in the following spring for the Emperor's answer.

Before the beginning of the next year the Japanese government sent word to Commodore Perry, through the Dutch traders, that the Emperor was dead. As it turned out, this was true, but our commander did not feel sure of it, and he was by no means disposed to accept the suggestion, conveyed with the message, that it would be impossible under the circumstances to renew the negotiations for a long time to come. Accordingly, early in February, 1854, we found ourselves once more in the Bay of Yeddo, our squadron on this occasion comprising eight vessels, three of which were steamers—the *Powhatan*, *Susquehanna*, and *Mississippi*. The others were the *Macedonian*, *Vandalia*, *Lexington*, *Southampton*, and *Saratoga*. The commodore made the *Powhatan* his flag-ship, and I was his navigating officer.

This time the Japs were convinced that we meant business. The Emperor appointed five high counsellors of state, three of whom were princes, to negotiate the treaty which had been requested by President Fillmore in his letter, and a building was erected to furnish a suitable setting for the ceremony. It was of wood, if I remember correctly, covered with some kind of cloth. The dignitaries, on the appointed day, came down from Tokyo on a magnificent barge, and all the resources of the fleet were employed to make the display on our side as impressive as possible. All told, the Americans numbered something like five hundred, including officers, sailors, and marines, occupying about thirty boats, which advanced toward the shore in line abreast. As we marched up the beach the bands played, and howitzers mounted in the bows of the boats fired in unison a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of the Emperor.

It was really a wonderful spectacle, and was additionally interesting because it represented the culmination of a great historical episode. Being only a junior officer I was not admitted to the inner apartment of the "Treaty House," as we called it, wherein the negotiations were brought to a final conclusion. The transaction consisted in the delivery to the commodore of the Emperor's answer, which expressed his willingness to make a treaty with the United States covering several important points. In the first place, certain ports were to be opened to our trade, and our ships were to be permitted to purchase supplies at prices to be fixed later. As for the rest, the most noteworthy item was that our sailors, when shipwrecked on the shores of Japan, were to receive succor, whereas previously they had been customarily imprisoned. Everything was very satisfactory, and the commodore, having offered to the high commissioners a draft of a treaty such as he thought would fill all requirements, withdrew.

Then followed the presentation of gifts, brought by the squadron, which had been specially prepared for the purpose in the United States. Among them, I remember, were baskets of champagne, casks of whiskey, several rifles, a telescope for the Emperor, half a dozen clocks, some stoves, and a quantity of vegetable seeds. But what delighted the Japanese most was a number of mechanical inventions, among which were lifeboats, telegraph instruments and batteries, and last, but not least, a locomotive and tender, with a passenger-car and rails complete.

The Japs went fairly wild over the railroad, though it was only a miniature affair, with a tiny locomotive that drew a car hardly big enough for one small child to ride in. Engine and car travelled on a circular track, and one high dignitary after another eagerly asked permission to make the trip, seated on top of the vehicle. Another gift that greatly interested them was a photographic apparatus for making daguerreotypes. Next to the railroad, however, the electric telegraph inspired them with most enthusiasm. We had brought wire enough for about a mile of line, and the Japs, quite naturally, regarded as positively miraculous the sending of instantaneous messages.

A few days later we made another visit to the Treaty House, for the purpose of receiving gifts sent by the Emperor. There was a great quantity of them, and my recollection is that they consisted chiefly of silk stuffs, fans, lacquer boxes, porcelain, and swords. Also, there was a collection of specimens of Japanese money—which was rather surprising, in view of the fact that up to that time the coin of the realm had not been allowed to go out of the kingdom. All of these presents, I understand, have been packed for many years in wooden boxes in the national museum, and only the other day it was suggested that it might be worth while to place them on exhibition as relics of historical interest.

By this time the feeling of uneasiness in regard to our intentions had passed away, and was replaced by marked friendliness and cordiality. Formalities were somewhat relaxed, and the Japanese, in order to afford us amusement, brought upon the scene a number of wrestlers, who gave us an exhibition of their prowess. They were all very big men and enormously powerful. The wrestlers of Japan form a caste by themselves, never marrying outside of it, and thus they have attained great stature and size through a process of breeding such as, so far as I am aware, has not been applied to human beings in any other recorded instance. They used to belong to the feudal daimios under the old régime, who took great pride

Lieut. C. C. Simms



Lieut. D. D. Porter Com. C. McBlair Capt. S. F. Dupont Capt. F. Buchanan Lieut. William L. Maury Purser R. T. Allison

Members of Commodore Perry's Staff who Accompanied him on his Japanese Expedition, with Representatives of the Mikado's Government, who composed the first Embassy sent by Japan to America

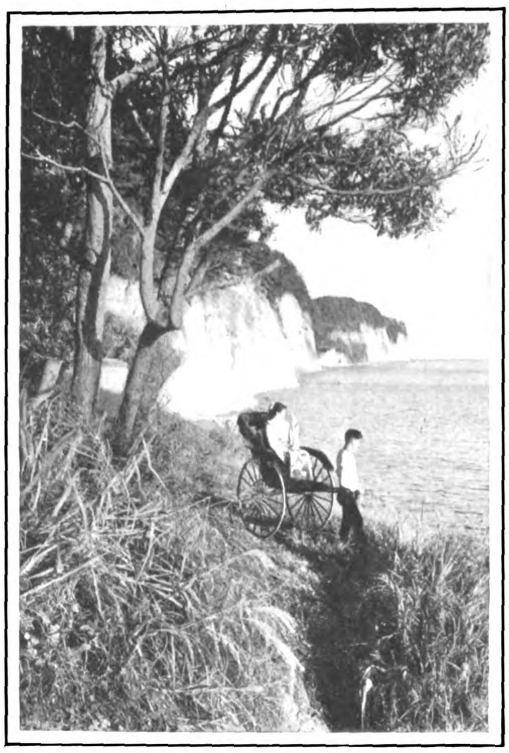
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in them, and were accustomed to enter them in contests for prizes.

The occasion I describe was one of much merriment, indeed, and of general good feeling. Our marines were put through a drill, and the bands from our ships furnished lively music. When we took our departure the Japanese commissioners accepted an invitation to dine on board the *Powhatan*, and, when they came, we took care to give them a good time. The commodore entertained the high dignitaries in his cabin.

Probably we juniors had an even jollier time, because it was less formal, on the quarter-deck, where a banquet had been spread for the officers of the fleet and the subordinate Japanese officials. We gave them plenty of good things to eat, with wine and punch. When they went away, according to native custom, they carried with them, tucked into their sleeves, every available fragment of the feast.

On the thirty-first day of March the commodore went again to the Treaty House, and signed drafts of the treaty in Japanese, Dutch, and Chinese, receiving at the same time from the commissioners drafts signed by them. It was agreed in these documents that the ports of Simoda and Hakodadi should be opened to American ships, with privilege of buying coal and other supplies; that our shipwrecked sailors should be humanely treated; that exchange of money should be permitted, and that we should be allowed to have consuls resident at certain places in Japan. The business thus completed, the commodore presented Prince Hayashi, the chief commissioner, with an American flag, and a banquet, at which we were the guests, followed. I wish I could say that we found the feast as enjoyable as the Japs did ours; but the fact is that most of their dishes do not appeal to the Yankee palate. I particularly remember the clams, which were certainly the most beautiful I have ever seen, their shells resembling tortoise-shell.



View near Yokohama, where Perry landed in 1853

From stereographs copyright, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Thus was brought to a successful conclusion, mainly through the cool courage and shrewd common sense of Commodore Perry, this important diplomatic mission, the success of which may be said to have opened Japan to civilization and to have brought about her admission into the fellowship of nations.

It has been said that wonder is the beginning of knowledge. The Japanese are, beyond all other people, inquisitive, and it was this characteristic of theirs that most excited our attention when we first met them. They marvelled to see our ships move against the wind, and, not being allowed to come aboard, their artists approached the vessels in boats, to sketch them. They were constantly taking notes on bark paper with hair pencils. Even our buttons excited their curiosity, and, when one could be obtained as a gift, it was put away as a much-prized treasure. The Chinaman betrays no such quality; he wonders at nothing, or, if he does, he carefully conceals the fact. Perhaps it is because of his curiosity that the Jap has made such progress in the world—a progress which in fifty years has enabled his country to absorb all that the Western nations know. But, probably, it would be putting the fact more correctly to say that the curiosity of the Japanese is merely a manifestation of the superior intelligence which has enabled him to achieve the marvels placed to his credit.

Russia and the War

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *March 2, 1904.*

EXTERNALLY the war marks for Russia the end of a period of transition. What one may call the era of natural expansion, at any rate of unresisted expansion, is over; she has touched the zone of strife, and her empire, like all empires, is henceforward subject to the fundamental law of combat and warfare. It is amazing, perhaps the most amazing feature of her imperial progress, how long she has evaded the workings of this law. Only a few generations ago Russia, the same Russia that now stretches from the Baltic to Chinese waters, from the Arctic to the Black Sea, and before long will debouch on the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, was a land-locked state. How she burst the bonds that held her and spread towards all points of the compass with the seemingly irresistible sweep of an ocean in flood, till her empire grew to be nearly three times as large as the United States, and her sway extended over a population of one hundred and forty millions—all this makes up, perhaps, the most magical and imposing narrative that modern history has to unfold. The popular mind of the non-Russian world has never quite understood the motive-power behind this colossal expansion. It still persists in attributing it to the peculiar craft, subtlety, wisdom and aggressiveness of Russian diplomacy. But that is a quite erroneous superstition. The real reasons of this wonderful growth are far simpler and more natural. They are to be found partly in the migrating instincts of an agricultural population, and partly in the necessities of self-defence against nomadic tribes. The slow conquest of northern Asia has been an effortless, peaceable, almost automatic movement—just as instinctive as the impulse that drove the American pioneers across the Alleghanies, through the Middle and Far West and onwards to the shores of the Pacific, and that urged the English to plant their colonies by every sea. If one can detect in it any deliberate purpose, the thread of any high political motive, it is the legitimate one of finding an outlet to the sea. Everywhere in sight of the water Russia is nowhere in control of it. The Black and Caspian Seas are to-day inland lakes—the latter being absolutely isolated, and the former only accessible through a dangerous channel that can be opened or closed at the will of Constantinople. Ice makes the Baltic unnavigable for eight months in the year, and the passage through it into the North Sea is at the mercy of any power commanding the straits between Denmark and Sweden. To plant herself by the sea is still as it was in the days of Peter the Great, the goal of Russian ambition. Nowhere, except at Port Arthur, has that goal been satisfactorily reached, and if the present war ends in confirming the Czar's hold on his distant outlet to the Pacific, it will have amply repaid the exertions and sacrifices it demands. It is not only because the orthodox Russian regards Constantinople as the devout Catholic regards Rome that Russia is irresistibly drawn towards the Turkish capital. It is that the possession of Constantinople insures an exit to the Mediterranean. To debouch on the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf is the key to Russian policy in Asia Minor.

For an Englishman or an American, to whom the sea is as much a highway as a railroad or Piccadilly or Broadway, it is difficult to appreciate the extremities of Russian exasperation at being denied access to it. Americans perhaps may faintly conceive it if they will imagine the mouth of the Mississippi to be, as it once was, a Spanish possession. No rational man will consider it as other than the bounden duty of the Russian government to do whatever it can to break down an obstacle so utterly destructive of the full and free development of the country, or, when once a gap has been made, to defend it with all the might of the empire. Undoubtedly this motive has always been a factor in directing the course of Russian expansion, but not, I think, a controlling or even a very influential factor. In essentials the movement across Asia has always been more of a popular and unconscious than a deliberate and bureaucratic movement. The process, it is true, has been facilitated by the autocratic form of government, but it has been still more largely helped onward by the geographical position of the country. Asia is much more a continuation of Russia than an alien colony, and the *muzhiks* who swarmed over the Ural Mountains before serfdom chained them to the soil, found themselves in a land identical with their own. Towards the north, east, and south their expansion, in short, was a spontaneous movement following the line of least resistance. Towards the west, on the other hand, where Sweden and Poland alternately threatened the future of Czardom, it was the government by means of war and conquest that pushed the Russian frontiers to their present position.

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In the direction of the Hindu-Kush, Afghanistan, and Central Asia the imperial advance has been rather in the nature of a series of annexations made in self-defence. Those annexations will only cease on the day that Russia encounters a power strong enough to maintain order within its boundaries and to prevent its subjects from committing depredations on their neighbors. The wild panics into which England is periodically thrown by the approach of Russia to the Indian frontier are due at bottom to ignorance of the reasons and motives of Russian expansion. Russia has neither the desire nor the ability to conquer India. That she is glad to use her influence there to stir up difficulties as part of the diplomatic game is true enough; but what she fundamentally seeks is the security of her frontiers from tribal attacks.

The Russo-Japanese war is the first clear signal, long foreseen but none the less historical, that the period of unresisted expansion is over, and that from now onwards whatever Russia is to win and hold must be fought for. At three vital spots, besides the Far East, difficulties if not disasters are swiftly accumulating. Those spots, of course, are the Balkans and Asia Minor, where Teuton and Slav are being dragged into unescapable collision, and the Persian Gulf and Central Asia, where each year finds Russian and British interests nearer and nearer to a climax. Great Britain, Germany, and Japan, not deliberately and by agreement, but simply in pursuance of strictly national policies, are all working with an identical aim. Each is striving to cut off Russia from the warm waters, the Germans by dominating the Sultan and pegging out German colonies in Asia Minor, the British by their maintenance, never more rigid or determined than to-day, of the *status quo* on the Persian Gulf, the Japanese by their decisive challenge to the Russian control of Manchuria and Port Arthur. Stripped of all accessories and irrelevancies, the policy of each of these powers is to keep Russia a virtually land-locked state. Whether they will succeed or not is a matter that belongs so entirely to the future that it is hardly worth while discussing to-day. The important thing is to note the similarity of interests and ambitions in this vital particular and to realize that, however it may end, the present war is no detached incident, but the prelude to a wholly novel era in the expansion of Russia—an era in which the "glacier-like movement" is to be brought to the test of war.

On the other hand, if the war, externally, marks the end of a transitional period, internally it synchronizes with the beginnings of a climax. It comes just at a time when the manifold forces of unrest and agitation and social and political disturbance appear to be heading towards some decisive issue. The development of those forces will be apparently retarded but really advanced by the war. That is to say, while the conflict rages the revolutionary elements in Russia are more likely than not to remain quiescent, from patriotism, self-interest, or the sheer impossibility of competing with a war; but directly peace is restored, and especially if peace brings with it Russian defeat or a mere half-and-half victory, these pent-up forces will undoubtedly overflow with a fresh volume and violence. Even if the victory beyond all reasonable expectation proves to be conclusively Russian—that is, even if the Japanese are ultimately beaten both by land and sea—the subterranean movements that at this moment imperil the Russian polity will not be checked thereby from bursting forth with redoubled energy. One must remember that the domestic situation in Russia has materially changed within the last twenty years, and that the change is not away from, but in the direction of, revolution. The difference, of course, consists in and is due to, the growth of industrialism. The students and peasants who hitherto have been the chief agents of unrest, have now a new and formidable ally in the artisan. Industrialism has won a footing and is swiftly multiplying its activities. Already it is on record that well over two millions of the population are engaged either in mining or manufactures. M. Witte made it the pivot of his policy to encourage industrial development. He claimed for it that in the long run it will supply the only possible remedy for the agricultural situation. The peasant, always within an arm's length of famine, cannot unaided work out his salvation. The capital needed for the restoration of the land cannot, as things are, be raised on the land. By opening up new employments in the towns M. Witte hoped eventually to shift the burden of taxation on to the shoulders of the manufacturers, and thus supply the state with the means of staying the agricultural decline. In a word, M. Witte's policy was to call on the towns to make good the deficits of the country.

Undoubtedly the experiment had to be tried. At the same time, Russia and the *muzhik* being what they are, it is an experiment fraught with tremendous risks. Hitherto the towns have been merely islets in the rural ocean, and the solidarity of the commune has protected the *muzhik* from the propaganda of revolution. But now there has been introduced into the national structure a new artisan class little likely to accept or be acceptable to the pure gospel of autocracy and orthodoxy. From all descriptions of the *muzhik* there rises the conviction that, once freed from his foundations, he has within him the makings of a thorough-paced revolutionist; and the conviction has not been weakened by his behavior under the stimulus of industrialism. Student riots and peasant riots are an old tale in Russia and have never been more than sporadic, though the student disturbances of 1899-1902 seemed for a while to portend an organized revolt. Petitions from the nobility for representative government are also a familiar phenomenon. What is new is to find the working-man, himself a novelty and an ominous one, clamoring for his political rights and pursuing them by all the weapons of Western agitation. When you get thirty thousand people shouting "Down with autocracy," cheering for liberty, and listening with unrestrained enthusiasm to revolutionary speakers, you may be sure that a movement is on foot which will not be very seriously affected by such a manifesto as the Czar issued a year ago, and which nothing but full and final success can satisfy. To forward industrialism and yet expect to keep all things as they were; to grant concessions under pressure and yet be disappointed when the pressure is increased; to favor education and yet resolve that it shall bear no political fruit; to enlighten the people and yet hope to preserve autocracy; to raise the nation industrially and intellectually to the level of its neighbors and yet to exclude it from political life; to admit liberty here and there and yet to think it can be stayed from permeating the entire nation; to emancipate the serfs and yet be astounded at the rise of a new spirit of individualism and independence; to be at once modern and mediæval, Chinese and American, an autocracy at the top and communistic at the base—this is the grand experiment in contradictory opposites that Russia is now making. That it is beginning to break down, that there are wide and serious breaches in the impossible structure, is patent to Europe and to America if not to St. Petersburg. Even without the war the inevitable could not have been long delayed; now that war has come the inevitable is brought a sudden and mighty step nearer.

Alexeieff, Viceroy of Russia

By Charles Johnston

ADMIRAL E. I. ALEXEIEFF is "a master mind, a master will, altogether a masterful man," in the apt phrase of Senator Beveridge, who met him three years ago at Port Arthur. Admiral Alexeieff has toiled for years at the building of a new region of Russian influence, a region nearly as large as the combined area of France and Germany, and with a fringe of possible future acquisitions many times greater, only to see the whole of his lifework threatened with dissolution. In this lifework he has accomplished miracles almost, facing conditions of great and unexpected difficulty, amid surroundings alternately picturesque with the glamour of the East, and squalid with intrigue and physical wretchedness. Through all these difficulties Admiral Alexeieff has acted with constant resolution, force, rapidity, and constructive power. He has only once made a serious miscalculation and been caught off his guard; yet that one failure menaces with dire consequences all that went before.

Admiral Alexeieff first comes into prominence in the years following the China-Japanese war of ten years ago, when Japan invaded and effectively occupied southern Manchuria, including the Liao-tung peninsula, vividly called in Chinese "The Regent's Sword." Japan demanded from China the whole of Manchuria, as well as Formosa and the adjacent Pescadores Islands, and a heavy cash indemnity. China consented to the cession of southern Manchuria and Formosa, but asked for a remission of a part of the cash. Then Russia came into the story, with Germany on the one arm, and France on the other. Japan was forced off the Asian mainland, but took a large payment from China in lieu of Manchuria, with a Russian guarantee for its liquidation. At that point, with the signing of the Shimonoseki Treaty, the present quarrel in the Far East began. Japan's thwarted hopes turned to steady hatred of Russia, and a desire to be revenged, soon or late. She at once began to take measures for that revenge, and faced the problem with thoroughness and imaginative breadth. Japan arranged to have built in England, as first among naval powers, four of the heaviest and strongest battle-ships the world had yet seen, with two somewhat smaller ones, and six powerful armored cruisers. Russia saw that these preparations were aimed at her, and began to build up a Pacific fleet. Admiral Alexeieff first comes into world history as commander of Russia's fleet in the Far-Eastern waters.

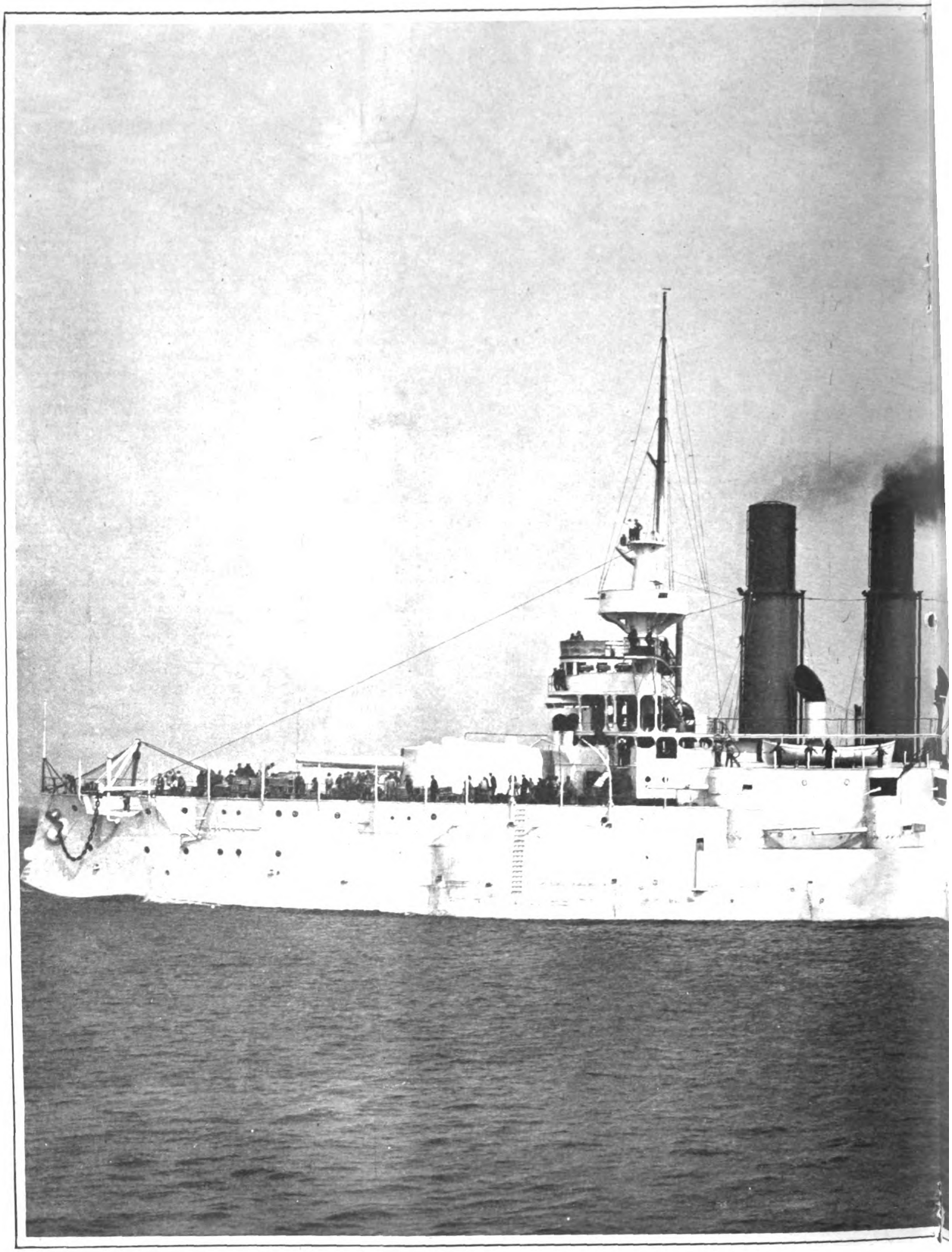
He was made governor of the new Russian province in Manchuria, which was called the province of Quan-tung, and also continued in command of the Russian Pacific fleet. He had his headquarters at Port Arthur, and immediately threw himself heart and soul into the arduous and vexatious work of building up this new region of Russian life. Only in our frontier towns in the West have we anything to compare with the rapidity of Russia's constructive work. New cities, altogether European, grew up at many points, notably at Harbin and Dalny.

On June 29, 1900, at the time of the Boxer uprising, Alexeieff was made "commander-in-chief in time of war of the Russian force detached for service in China." Admiral Alexeieff was already at Port Arthur by that time, supervising in person the disposition of the Russian fleet and army. He held a council of war with Admiral Seymour, Admiral Kempff, and others, and decided that it would be impossible to relieve the beleaguered legations at Peking without a much larger force, though there were already 20,000 soldiers of all nations at Taku and the neighborhood. Here Admiral Alexeieff came into collision with Japan. He was mainly instrumental in blocking a plan proposed by England that the powers should give a mandate to Japan to restore order in China. Alexeieff insisted that Japan might bring as many troops as she wished, but must not be put in a position of privilege as regards the other powers.

Meanwhile, events were happening in Manchuria which were

(Continued on page 442.)

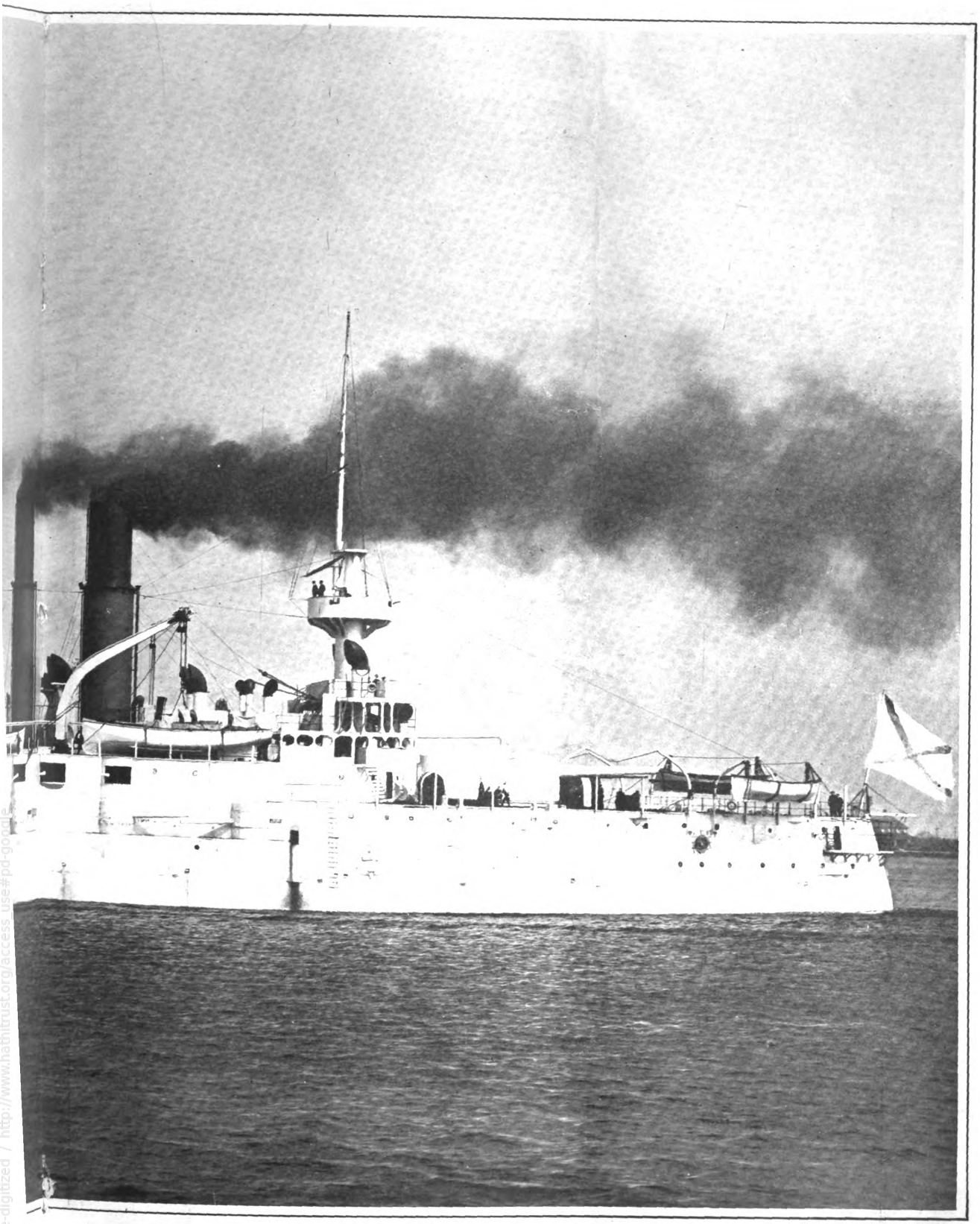
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THE RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP "RETVISAN," D

The "Retvisan," which was beached by the Japanese in the early naval engagem
February 29. The "Retvisan" is an American-built battle-ship of the first class, w
18 knots. She is equipped with four 12-inch and twelve 6-inch guns, and has

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DISABLED AND BEACHED AT PORT ARTHUR

...gements at Port Arthur, is reported to have sustained further damage in the action of ...lass, and was launched at Philadelphia in 1900. Her tonnage is 12,700, and her speed ...has four submerged and two above-water torpedo-tubes. Her complement is 750 men

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Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

WHEN Miss Johnston's first novel, *Prisoners of Hope*, was published, she was only twenty-eight, and in five years she has written four novels. *Sir Mortimer*, which has been appearing serially in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, is now published in book form, with Mr. Yohn's beautiful pictures in color and tint. The book is worthy of Miss Johnston at her best, and she has never done anything so full of charm and dignity and sweetness. Her fancy seems to have grown more radiant with the flowering of her genius in a clime of chivalry and beauty; and the glow and glory of the dream that stirred Raleigh and Sidney, Nevil and Drake to sail out to the setting sun, have fallen upon her imagination of that wondrous world and thrilled the story of Sir Mortimer and his love for sweet Damaris into language that is like melody to a song. It is the language of exquisite romance, reflecting the character of the period; the gentle euphuism of its poets and courtiers, and the strong mettle of its stalwart men on land and sea. As in Sir Philip Sidney and several of his compatriots, these two characteristics are combined in Miss Johnston's hero, so that we find Sir Mortimer Ferne, a gallant cavalier who sings the praise of his lady in verse, and addresses as "Dione" the fair Mistress Damaris Sedley, whose worshipper he is; while his valor, his proved courage, his unstained honor as a gentleman and a soldier are beyond reproach. Miss Johnston knows the value of a dramatic introduction for a hero of romance, and Sir Mortimer is the centre of a scene in the Triple Tun Tavern at the opening of the story, which at once commands attention and arouses interest in his subsequent adventures. About the long table in the Triple Tun's best room there was none so good to look at, so stout of heart and speech, so brave and honorable a knight as Sir Mortimer Ferne. Suddenly upon this fair and irreproachable shield there is thrown a malicious slander by a fellow adventurer who was with Sir Mortimer at Fayal in the Azores two years before this meeting. The slanderer is silenced; no breath of calumny can soil the escutcheon of Sir Mortimer Ferne. But the incident serves to knit two men together in a friendship that was as Jonathan and David's; it urges Sir Mortimer to beseech Damaris for a charm of true love before setting out on the expedition against the Spaniards; it also sounds an ominous note of impending disaster which was to rise up between Sir Mortimer and all that England, love, and honor meant to so true and brave a knight of good Queen Bess. Damaris loves Sir Mortimer with a pure and piteous passion that clings to him through the days of dishonor and evil report, but her lover is moulded on the pattern of Lovelace's lines:

> I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more.

Once again, Sir Mortimer leaves England, where his honor lies under an evil cloud, and seeks to retrieve his good name in an adventurous and vengeful voyage to the Spanish Main. The closing scenes are dramatically conceived, and the climax is a masterly stroke of constructive skill and execution. The curtain falls on a picture of beauty that leaves a sense of realization of things desired. "I can see no romance in English history," Stanley Weyman once said. *Sir Mortimer* has been conceived with the divining eyes of one who has seen the romance in English history. Certainly Miss Johnston's new novel is one of the most charming romances of the Elizabethan period, and worthy of the noble company of poets, soldiers, wits, adventurers, and lovers that graced the age and were the sinews of England's early supremacy.

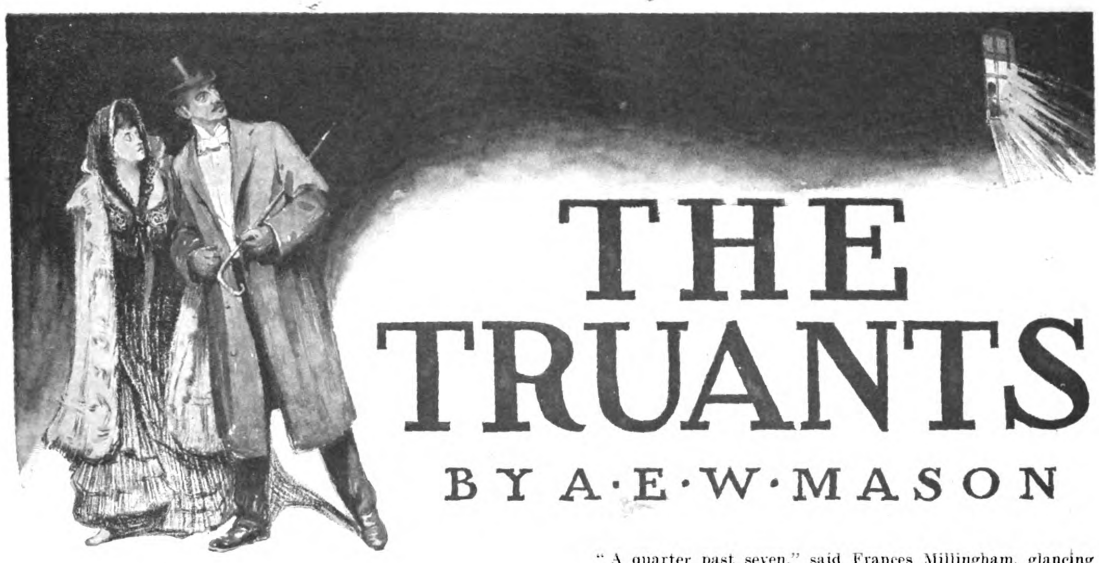
Sir Mortimer is more purely an experiment of the imagination than any of her previous books. Colonial traditions and legendary lore of Indian and pioneer in the early days of American conquest have been the material that has gone to the making of her fiction until now, and one may trace her early influences to inherited tastes and sympathies. She comes of a long line of Virginian ancestry, originally emigrating from Scotland to Virginia in 1727. Her progenitors have always been more or less prominent in the local history of their times, and the stirring of the blood has come down through these turbulent generations to find a literary repository in Miss Johnston's delightful tales. She was born in 1870, and spent most of her childhood and girlhood in Buchanan, Virginia. Her health was delicate, and she had to be carefully nurtured, so that she received her early education at home, which was of a very desultory nature, and gained for the most part from old-fashioned books in an old-fashioned library, where she was allowed to browse at will. She was also fond of out-of-doors, and her love of nature grew with her love of literature. There was scarcely a stream or mountain path or bit of woods for miles around her native town that she did not explore. The Natural Bridge of Virginia was only twelve miles away, and the Peaks of Otter half that distance. In her sixteenth year her family removed to Birmingham, Alabama. Four years were spent in New York, and off and on she has travelled a good deal both in this country and abroad. Recently her home has been in Richmond, but she is now travelling in Europe. It was by no easy road Miss Johnston came into her success as a novelist. For years she had to contend with delicate health and the absorbing cares of domestic responsibility. She was only about twenty when her mother died, and she had to become the head of a large household. Her writing was at first largely recreative, something that could be taken up at odd moments when nothing more pressing demanded her attention. *Sir Mortimer*, as a work of historical romance, will greatly enhance her reputation, and as a story of love and adventure, told as none but Miss Johnston could tell it, it is likely to exceed in popularity any of her previous novels.



Mary Johnston
Author of "Sir Mortimer"

Those who have revelled in *The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan* should hasten to secure a copy of *Saïd the Fisherman*. Like Morier, the gate that opened the Orient and disclosed its singularly unchanging characteristics and picturesque customs to Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, was the British diplomatic service. What James Morier did for the Persian people of a century ago Mr. Pickthall has now done for Turkish Palestine prior to the bombardment of Alexandria. When *Hajji Baba* was published in 1824, the ripened product of Morier's Persian experiences and reflections cast in the form of an inimitable tale at once became a favorite with the cultured reading public, and passed speedily through several editions. Only a few years ago a new edition was issued; but although the book is prized as a contemporary portrait of Persian manners and life, and valued for its scenic and dramatic properties and for its memorable portrait of Hajji Baba, it has long ceased to capture the popular imagination, if indeed its popularity ever existed outside the cultured classes. *Saïd the Fisherman* would almost seem to have been written with *Hajji Baba* in mind as a brilliant precedent. Saïd, like Hajji Baba, is an Oriental of the Orientals, typical *not* merely of the life and surroundings, but of the character and instincts of his countrymen. Like Hajji Baba, Mr. Pickthall's hero, too, is all craft and cunning and cupidity, an adventurer, one part good fellow and three parts knave, living by his wits, a victim of roguery and an egregious rogue himself, splendid in Oriental mendacity and daring in the lust of imagination. No narrative was ever more rigorously written from the inside; even the historical facts are not allowed to interfere with the rigid diagnosis of Saïd's rise and progress, decline and fall between 1860 and 1882, and are relegated to an appendix. The author has, I understand, lived in Syria for years like a native, and the absorption of his environment has produced the most extraordinary and startling results. One has only to read the pathetic recital of Saïd's wanderings in London to discern how completely the author has come into possession of the Oriental mind, and divined the heart of the East. Even the imagery that paints for us the sky, the light of dawn, moonlight, sunrise and sunset, hills and valleys, woods and waters, mosques and minarets, Turks and Franks, is Oriental in its color and quality, and has the glow and warmth of the East in its diction. *Saïd the Fisherman* is a picture of unrivalled humor and verisimilitude, and comes near to being, if indeed posterity may not claim it to be, a classic of the Orient that takes rank with Morier's immortal work.

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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

CHAPTER VII

THE LADY ON THE STAIRS

WHITEWEBS, Frances Millingham's house in Leicestershire, was a long white building with many level windows. The square main block of the building rose in the centre two stories high, and on each side a wing of one story projected. Behind the house a broad lawn sloped to the bank of a clear and shallow trout-stream, with an avenue of old elms upon its left and a rose garden upon its right. In front of the house a paddock made a ring of green, and round this ring the carriage-drive circled from a white five-barred gate. Whitewebs stood in a flat grass country. From the upper windows you looked over a wide country of meadows and old trees, so flat that you had on a misty day almost an illusion of a smooth sea and the masts of ships; from the lower you saw just as far as the nearest hedgerow, except in one quarter of the compass. For to the southwest the ground rose very far away, and at the limit of view three tall poplars, set in a tiny garden on the hill's crest, stood clearly out against the sky, like sentinels upon a frontier. These three landmarks were visible for many miles around. Pamela, however, saw nothing of them as she was driven over the three miles from the station to Whitewebs.

It was late on a February evening, and already dark. The snow had fallen heavily during the last week, and as Pamela looked out through the carriage windows she saw that the ground glimmered white on every side; above the ground a mist thickened the night air; and the cold was piercing. When she reached the house she found that Frances Millingham was waiting for her alone in the big inner hall with tea ready, and the first question which she asked of her hostess was,

"Is Millie Stretton here?"

"Yes," replied Frances Millingham. "She has been he e a week."

"I couldn't come before," said Pamela, rather remorsefully. "My father was at home alone. How is Millie? I have not seen her for a long time. Is she enjoying herself?"

Pamela's conscience had been reproaching her all that afternoon. She could plead in her own behalf that upon the arrival of Tony's letter, with its message of failure, she had deferred her visit into the country, and had stayed in London for a week. But she had not returned to London since, and consequently she had not seen her friend. She had heard regularly from her, it is true; she also knew that there was yet no likelihood of the hoped-for change in the life of that isolated household in Berkeley Square. But there had been certain omissions of late in Millicent's letters which began to make Pamela anxious.

"Yes," Frances Millingham replied. "She seems to be happy enough."

Lady Millingham related the names of her guests. There were twelve in all, but the first ten may be omitted, for they are in no way concerned with Pamela's history. The eleventh name, however, was that of a friend.

"John Mudge is here too," said Frances Millingham, and Pamela said, with a smile,

"I like him."

John Mudge was that elderly man whom Alan Warrisden had seen with Pamela at Lady Millingham's dance, the man with no pleasure in his face. "And Mr. Lionel Callon," said Frances. "You know him."

"Do I?" asked Pamela.

"At all events he knows you."

It was no doubt a consequence of Pamela's deliberate plan never to be more than an onlooker, that people who did not arouse her active interest passed in and out of her acquaintanceship, like shadows upon a mirror. It might be that she had met Lionel Callon. She could not remember.

"A quarter past seven," said Frances Millingham, glancing at the clock. "We dine at eight."

Pamela dressed quickly, in the hope that she might gain a few minutes before dinner wherein to talk to Millicent. She came down the stairs with this object a good quarter of an hour before eight, but she was to be disappointed. The stairs descended into the big inner hall of the house, and just below the roof of the hall they took a bend. As Pamela came round this bend the hall was exposed to her eyes, and she saw below her not Millicent at all, but the figure of a man. He was standing by the fireplace, on her left hand as she descended, looking into the fire, indeed, so that his back was towards her. But at the rustle of her frock he swung round quickly and looked up. He now moved a few steps towards the foot of the stairs with a particular eagerness. Pamela at that moment had just come round the bend and was on the small platform from which the final flight of steps began. The staircase was dimly lit, and the panelling of the wall against which it rested dark. Pamela took a step or two downwards, and the light of the hall struck upon her face. The man came instantly to a dead stop, and a passing disappointment was visible upon his upturned face. It was evident that he was expecting some one else. Pamela, on her side, was disappointed too, for she had hoped to find Millicent. She went down the stairs and stopped on the third step from the bottom.

"How do you do, Miss Mardale?" said the man. "You have arrived at last."

The man was Lionel Callon. Pamela recognized him, now that they stood face to face; she *had* met him, but she had retained no impression of him in her memory. For the future, however, she would retain a very distinct impression. For her instincts told her at once and clearly that she thoroughly disliked the man. He was thirty-three in years, and looked a trifle younger, although his hair was turning gray. He was clean-shaven, handsome beyond most men, and while his features were of a classical regularity and of an almost feminine delicacy, they were still not without character. There was determination in his face, and his eyes were naturally watchful. It was his manner which prompted Pamela's instinct of dislike. Assurance gave to it a hint of arrogance, familiarity made it distasteful. He might have been her host, from the warmth of his welcome. Pamela put on her sedatest manner.

"I am quite well," she said, with just sufficient surprise to suggest the question: "What in the world has my health to do with you?" She came down the three steps, and added, "We are the first, I suppose?"

"There may be others in the drawing-room," said Callon, with a glance towards the open door. But Pamela did not take the hint. For one thing, no sound of any voice was audible in that room; for another, Mr. Callon was plainly anxious to be rid of her. Even as he was speaking, his glance strayed past her up the staircase. Pamela disliked him; she was, besides, by him disappointed of that private talk with Millicent which she desired. She was in a mood for mischief. She changed her manner at once, and crossing over to the fireplace engaged Mr. Callon in conversation with the utmost cordiality, and as she talked she began to be amused. Callon became positively uneasy; he could not keep still; he answered her at random. For instance, she put to him a question about the number of guests in the house. He did not answer at all for a moment or two, and when he did speak it was to say,

"Will the frost hold, do you think?"

"There's no sign of a thaw to-night," replied Pamela, and the sounds for which both were listening became audible: the shutting of a door on the landing above, and then the rustle of a frock upon the stairs. Mr. Callon was evidently at his wits' ends what to do, and Pamela, taking her elbow from the mantelpiece, said with great sympathy,

"One feels a little in the way—"

"Oh, not at all, Miss Mardale," Callon answered hurriedly, with a flustered air.

Pamela looked at her companion with the blankest stare of

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surprise. "I was going to say, when you interrupted me," she went on, "that one feels a little in the way when one has brought a couple of horses, as I have, and the frost holds."

Callon grew red. He had fallen into a trap; his very hurry to interrupt what appeared to be almost an apology betrayed that the lady upon the stairs and Mr. Lionel Callon had arranged to come down early. He had protested overmuch. However, he looked Pamela steadily in the face, and said,

"I beg your pardon, Miss Mardale."

He spoke loudly, rather too loudly, for the ears of any one so near to him as Pamela. The sentence too was uttered with a note of warning. There was even a suggestion of command. The command was obeyed by the lady on the stairs, for all at once the frock ceased to rustle and there was silence. Lionel Callon kept his eyes fixed upon Pamela's face, but she did not look towards the stairs, and in a little while again the sound was heard. But it diminished. The lady upon the stairs was ascending, and a few minutes afterwards a door closed overhead. She had beaten a retreat.

Callon could not quite keep the relief which he felt out of his eyes or the smile from his lips. Pamela noticed the change with amusement. She was not in the mind to spare him uneasiness, and she said, looking at the wall above the mantelpiece:

"This is an old mirror, don't you think? From what period would you date it?"

Callon's thoughts had been so intent upon the stairs that he had paid no heed to the ornaments above the mantelpiece; now, however, he took note of them with a face grown at once anxious. The mirror was of an oval shape, and framed in gold. Under the pretence of admiring it, he moved and stood behind Pamela, looking into the mirror over her shoulder, seeing what she could see, and wondering how much she had seen. He was to some extent relieved. The stairs were ill-lighted, the panelling of the wall dark mahogany; moreover, the stairs bent round into the hall just below the level of the roof, and at the bend the lady on the stairs had stopped. Pamela could not have seen her face. Pamela, indeed, had seen nothing more than a black satin slipper arrested in the act of taking a step, and a black gown with some touches of red at the waist. She had, however, noticed the attitude of the wearer of the dress when the warning voice had brought her to a stop. The lady had stooped down, and had cautiously peered into the hall. In this attitude she had been able to see and yet had avoided being seen.



Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence

He stood looking into the mirror over her shoulder

Pamela, however, did not relieve Mr. Callon of his suspense. She walked into the drawing-room and waited with an amused curiosity for the appearance of the black dress. It was long in coming, however. Pamela had no doubt that it would come last and in a hurry, as though its wearer had been late in dressing. But Pamela was wrong. Millicent Stretton came into the room dressed in a frock of white lace, and at once dinner was announced. Pamela turned to Frances Millingham with a startled face,

"Are we all here?"

Frances Millingham looked round.

"Yes," and Lord Millingham at that moment offered his arm to Pamela. As she took it, she looked at Millicent, who was just rising from her chair. Millicent was wearing with her white dress black shoes and stockings. She might be wearing them deliberately of course; on the other hand, she might be wearing them because she had not had time to change them. It was Millicent, certainly, who had come down last. "I beg your pardon, Miss Mardale," Callon had said, and it was upon the "Miss Mardale" that his voice had risen. The emphasis of his warning had been laid upon the name.

As she placed her hand on her host's arm, Pamela said,

"It was very kind of Frances to ask Millie Stretton here."

"Oh no," Lord Millingham replied. "You see, Frances knew her. We all knew, besides, that she is a great friend of yours."

"Yes," said Pamela. "I suppose everybody here knows that?"

"Mrs. Stretton has talked of it," he answered, with a smile.

The "Miss Mardale" might be a warning, then, to Millicent that her friend had arrived, was actually then in the hall. There was certainly no one but Millicent in that house who could have been conscious of any need to shrink back at the warning, who would have changed her dress to prevent a recognition. And Millicent herself need not have feared the warning, had there not been something to conceal, something to conceal especially from Pamela, who had said, "I have promised your husband I would be your friend." There was the heart of Pamela's trouble.

She gazed down the two lines of people at the dinner-table, hoping against hope that she had overlooked some one. There was no one wearing a black gown. All Pamela's amusement in outwitting Callon had long since vanished. If Tony had only taken her advice without question, she thought. "Millie's husband should never leave her. If he goes away he should take her with him." The words rang in her mind all through dinner like the refrain of a song of which one cannot get rid. And at the back of her thoughts there steadily grew and grew a great regret that she had ever promised Tony to befriend his wife.

That Millicent was the lady on the stairs she no longer dared to doubt. Had she doubted, her suspicions would have been confirmed immediately dinner was over. In the drawing-room Millicent avoided any chance of a private conversation, and since they had not met for so long such avoidance was unnatural. Pamela, however, made no effort to separate her friend from the other women. She had a plan in her mind, and in pursuit of it she occupied a sofa, upon which there was just room for two. She sat in the middle of the sofa, so that no one else could sit on it, and just waited until the men came in. Some of them crossed at once to Pamela, but she did not budge an inch. They were compelled to stand. Finally, Mr. Mudge approached her, and at once she moved into a corner and bade him take the other. Mr. Mudge accepted the position with alacrity. The others began to move away. A couple of card-tables were made up. Pamela and John Mudge were left alone.

"You know every one here?" she asked.

"No, very few."

"Mr. Callon, at all events."

Mr. Mudge glanced shrewdly at his questioner.

"Yes, I know him, slightly," he answered.

"Tell me what you know."

Mr. Mudge sat for a moment or two with his hands upon his knees and his eyes staring in front of him. Pamela knew his history, and esteemed his judgment. He had built up a great contracting business from the poorest beginnings, and he remained without bombast or arrogance. He was to be met nowadays in

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many houses, and while he had acquired manners, he had lost nothing of his simplicity. The journey from the Seven Dials to Belgrave Square is a test of furnace heat, and John Mudge had betrayed no flaws. There was a certain forlornness too in his manner which appealed particularly to Pamela. She guessed that the apples, for which through a lifetime he had grasped, had crumbled into ashes between his fingers. Sympathy taught her that the man was lonely. He wandered through the world amidst a throng of acquaintances, but how many friends had he, she wondered. She did not interrupt his reflections, and he turned to her at last with an air of decision.

"I am on strange ground here," he said, "as you know. I am the outsider, and when I am on strange ground I go warily. If I am asked what I think of this man or that, I make it a rule to praise."

"Yes, but not to me," said Pamela, with a smile. "I want to know the truth to-night."

Mudge looked at her deliberately, and no less deliberately he spoke,

"And I think you ought to know the truth to-night."

Mudge, then, like the rest, knew that she was Millicent's friend. Was it for that reason that she ought to know the truth?

"I know Callon a little," he went on, "but I know a good deal about him. Like most of his acquaintance I dislike him heartily. Women, on the other hand, like him, Miss Mardale—like him too well. Women make extraordinary mistakes over men, just as men do over women. They can be very blind—like your friend."

Mudge paused for an appreciable time; then went on steadily.

"Like your friend, Lady Millingham, who invites him here."

Pamela was grateful for the delicacy with which the warning was conveyed, but she did not misunderstand it. She had been told indirectly, but no less definitely on that account, that Millie was entangled.

"Callon has good looks, of course," continued Mudge, and Pamela uttered a little exclamation of contempt. Mudge smiled, but rather sadly.

"Oh, it's something. All people have not your haughty indifference to good looks. He is tall, he has a face which is a face and not a pudding. It's a good deal, Miss Mardale."

Pamela looked in surprise at the stout, heavily built, bald man who spoke. That he should ever have given a thought to how he looked was a new idea to her. It struck her as pathetic.

"But he is not merely good-looking. He is clever, besides persistent, and so far as I can judge, untroubled by a single scruple in the management of his life. Altogether, Miss Mardale, a dangerous man. How does he live?" he asked, suddenly.

"I neither know nor care," said Pamela.

"Ah, but you should care," replied Mudge. "The answer is instructive. He has a small income, two hundred a year, perhaps—nothing compared, with what he spends, and he never does an hour's work, as we understand work. Yet he pays his card debts at his club, and they are sometimes heavy, and he wants for nothing. How is it done? He has no prospect of an inheritance, so post-obits are not the explanation."

Mr. Mudge leaned back in his chair, and waited. Pamela turned the question over in her mind.

"I can't guess how it's done," she said.

"And I can do no more than hint the answer," he replied. "He rides one woman's horses; he drives another woman's phaeton; he is always on hand to take a third to a theatre, or to make up a luncheon party with a fourth. Shall we say he borrows money from a fifth? Shall we be wrong in saying it?" and suddenly Mr. Mudge exclaimed, with a heat and scorn which Pamela had never heard from him before: "A very contemptible existence, anyway, Miss Mardale. But the man's not to be despised, mind! No, that's the worst of it. Some day, perhaps, a strong man will rise up and set his foot on him. Till that time he is to be feared," and when Pamela by a gesture rejected the word, Mudge repeated it. "Yes, feared. He makes his plans, Miss Mardale. Take a purely imaginary case," and somehow, although he laid no ironic stress on the word imaginary, and accompanied it with no look, but sat gazing straight in front of him, Pamela was aware that it was a real case he was going to cite. "Imagine a young and pretty woman coming to a house where most of the guests were strangers to her; imagine her to be of a friendly, unsuspecting temperament, rather lonely, perhaps, and either unmarried or separated for a time from her husband. Add that she will one day be very rich, or that her husband will be. Such a woman might be his prey, unless—"

Pamela looked up inquiringly.

"Unless she had good friends to help her."

Pamela's face, distressed before, grew yet more troubled now. The burden of her promise was being forced upon her back. It seemed she was not for one moment to be allowed to forget it.

"I'll tell you my philosophy, Miss Mardale," Mudge continued, "and I have inferred it from what I have seen. I do not believe that any man really comes to good, unless he has started in life with the ambition to make a career for himself, with no help other than his hands and his brains afford. Later on he will learn that women can be most helpful; later on as he gets towards middle life, as the years shorten and shorten, he will see that he must use whatever extraneous assistance comes his way. But he will begin with a fearless ambition to suffice with his own hands and head." Mr. Mudge dropped from the high level of his earnestness. He looked towards Lionel Callon, who was seated at a card-table, and the contempt again crept into his voice. "Now that man began life, meaning to use all people he met, and especially women. Women were to be his implements." Mr. Mudge smiled suddenly. "He's listening," he said.

"But he is too far away to hear," replied Pamela.

"No doubt, but he knows we are speaking of him, Look, his attitude shows it. This, you see, is his battle-ground, and he knows the arts of his particular warfare. A drawing-room! Mr. Lionel Callon fights among the teacups. Cajoling first and God knows what means afterwards. But he wins, Miss Mardale, don't close your eyes to that! Look, I told you he was listening. The rubber's over, and he's coming towards us. Oh, he's alert upon his battle-ground! He knows what men think of him. He's afraid lest I should tell what men think to you. But he comes too late."

Callon crossed to the sofa and stood talking there until Frances Millingham rose. Pamela turned to Mr. Mudge as she got up.

"I thank you very much," she said, gratefully.

Mr. Mudge smiled.

"No need for thanks," said he. "I am very glad you came to-night. For I go away to-morrow."

Pamela went to her room and sat down before the fire. What was to be done? she wondered. She could not get Lionel Callon sent away from the house. It would be no use even if she could, since Millie had an address in town. She could not say a word openly.

She raised her head, and spoke to her maid,

"Which is Mrs. Stretton's room?" and when she had the answer she rose from her chair and stood, a figure of indecision. She did not plead that John Mudge had exaggerated the danger. For she had herself foreseen it long ago, before Millie's marriage, even before Millie's engagement. It was just because she had foreseen it that she had used the words which had so rankled in Tony's memory. Bitterly she regretted that she had ever used them, greatly she wished that she could doubt their wisdom. But she could not. Let Millie's husband leave her, she would grieve with all the strength of her nature; let him come back soon, she would welcome him with a joy as great. Yes, but he must come back soon. Otherwise she would grow used to his absence; she might find his return an embarrassment—for it would be the return of a stranger, with the prerogative of a husband; she might even have given to another the place he once held in her thoughts. And the other might be a Lionel Callon. For this was Millicent's character. She yielded too easily to affection, and she did not readily distinguish between affection and the show of it. She paddled in the shallows of passion, and flattered herself that she was swimming in the depths. Grief she was capable of—yes, but a torrent of tears obliterated it. Joy she knew, but it was a thrill with her, lasting an hour.

Pamela walked along the passage, and knocked at Millicent's door, saying who she was. Millicent opened the door, and received her friend with some constraint.

"Can I come in?" said Pamela.

"Of course," said Millie.

They sat opposite to one another on each side of the fire.

"I wanted to see you before I went to bed," said Pamela. "You have not told me lately in your letters how Tony is getting on."

Millie raised her hand to shield her face from the blaze of the fire. She happened to shade it also from the eyes of Pamela. And she made no reply.

"Is he still in New York?" Pamela asked, and then Millie replied.

"I do not know," she answered, slowly. She let her hand fall, and looked straight and defiantly at her friend.

"I have not heard from him for a long while," she added, and as she spoke there crept into her face a look of disdain.

To be Continued.

The War

By Clinton Scollard

ERELONG in far Korean fields the spring
Its variegated fairness will renew;
Blue blossoms will reply to skies as blue;
Their olden litany the birds will sing.
There will be blithe brook-laughter, and the ring
Of lover's voices when the dusk and dew
Fall, and the stars their ancient march pursue
Through night's vast spaces with majestic swing.
Aye, but before the vernal tide shall pass
The flowers shall know a sad and sanguine dye;
All song be drowned by a portentous roar!
Laughter and love seem but a dream, alas!
And every star down-looking from the sky
Behold a scene to brood on and deplore.

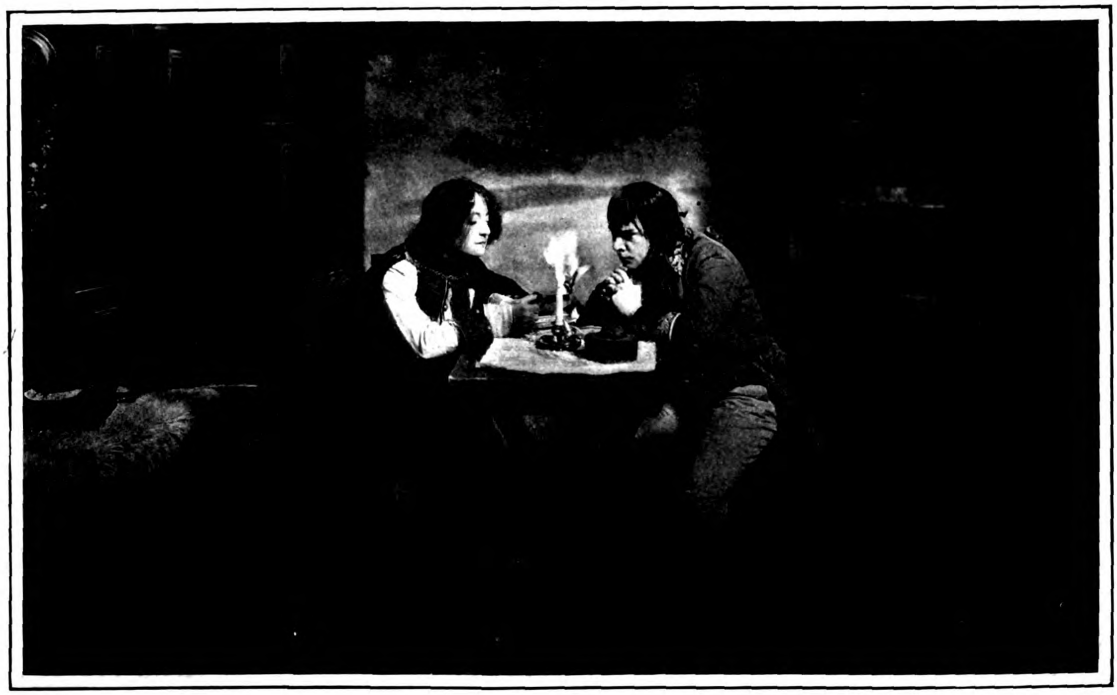
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"Candida" at the Vaudeville Theatre

Mr. George Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Candida," is playing at the Vaudeville Theatre, presented by Mr. Arnold Daly and an excellent company. Mr. Daly plays the part of "Marchbanks," a young poet, who is in love with "Candida," the attractive wife of the "Rev. James Morell." "Marchbanks," who is a friend of the household, informs the "Rev. Mr. Morell" that he is unworthy of his wife, and they discuss the point together. The minister becomes convinced that his wife is not indifferent to "Marchbanks's" attractions, and finally demands that she choose between them. "Candida" replies that she will choose the weaker, and names her husband; for, whereas the poet can do without happiness, the minister cannot



"The Man of Destiny"

Mr. George Bernard Shaw's one-act comedy, "The Man of Destiny," is being played as a pendant to "Candida" at the Vaudeville Theatre, Miss Dorothy Donnelly and Mr. Daly having the two principal parts. The action takes place in 1796 at an inn in northern Italy. "Napoleon" ("the Man of Destiny"), who is stopping there, learns that some despatches intended for him have been stolen. A lady, also stopping at the inn, informs "Napoleon" that one of the letters contains news of his wife's infidelity. "Napoleon" recovers it from the lady, who has stolen it in disguise. She convinces him that to acknowledge its receipt would involve a scandal that would endanger his career, and they finally conclude to burn it

PLAYS BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW IN NEW YORK

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MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN AS "SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS"

Miss Crosman plays the part of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" in the play of that name, adapted from Agnes and Egerton Castle's novel, "The Bath Comedy." The play is having a prosperous run at the Belasco Theatre, and it is announced that Mr. Belasco will continue its production, with Miss Crosman in the title rôle, for still another season. A description of the action of the play, and of the part taken by Miss Crosman, was given in the February 13 issue of the "Weekly"

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Correspondence

THE NEGRO AND THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, *February 20, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—HARPER'S WEEKLY tentatively suggested last summer the theory that the so-called "New Negro Crime" grows out of the enactment and existence of the Fifteenth Amendment. I expressed the opinion in the columns of that paper that the writer had almost found the truth, but that in missing it at all he had missed it entirely. A correspondent writing from Bolivia, South America, inquires as to my meaning in this.

The evidence upon which HARPER'S WEEKLY bases is "working hypothesis" is in the alleged fact that *since* the disfranchisement of the negro in Mississippi the crime in question has ceased in that State. If the premise were true it would furnish some slight basis for the hypothesis, though there would still remain two natural inquiries:

First—Is there no other cause in Mississippi equally probable as an explanation?

Second—Why does not the *same* cause produce the same effect in other States?

Without any statistical data at hand as to conditions in Mississippi, my confidence in my own judgment of the negro and his crime impels me to disbelieve the premise, and to believe on the contrary, not only that the crime in question has not ceased in Mississippi, but that the conduct of the negroes in that State is, and will continue to be, in all respects the *same* as in the other Southern States.

The Fifteenth Amendment has been in the South a diminishing factor in the political problem *for* twenty-five years, and in Georgia has almost reached the vanishing-point. I think the negro vote in this State is valued by only three elements, and is potential for three purposes only:

First—The Republican machine relies upon the negro as a support in Republican caucuses to give it representation in the national Republican councils.

Second—The Liquor Dealers' Association regards it as a valuable potentiality against the ever-threatening purpose of the Prohibition Democrats to constantly curtail its political power and cut off its right to license.

Third—The Democratic machine holds the possible negro vote as a constant menace over the heads of the Democratic masses to prevent revolt against machine methods.

Three times in Georgia the machine has permitted the negroes to vote in order to whip the party back into obedience. It is a common observation of thinking people here that the negro vote is the safest and surest element of Democratic party strength in State elections.

Aside from these cases the negro is not taken into consideration in Georgia politics. The class of negroes who commit the crime in question not only do not vote at all, but they do not know that they can vote, and most of them would probably not know what you were talking about if you spoke to them of an election.

The Fifteenth Amendment deals with a single function of citizenship. Even if the legislative and judicial departments of government desired to enforce it, the cumbersome procedure necessary would break down of its own weight. If HARPER'S WEEKLY will study the Fourteenth Amendment, however, I think it will presently light upon the truth. That act was far less brutal in its methods than the Fifteenth Amendment, but for that very reason was more far-reaching and dangerous. Only that part of it is important here which undertakes to compel in all State statutes absolute equality of application to the white man and the negro. In scope it effects almost every relation of life. In practice it is self-executing, and nullifies every State law which contravenes it. In theory it proceeds upon the idea that the two races are governable by the same laws and capable of adjustment to the same institutions. To this theory all State legislation is by the Fourteenth Amendment required to conform.

The theory is manifestly untrue. Yet, upon it, as a justification, a large part of local autonomy is withdrawn from the people among whom the negro lives, and they are compelled, with an imperious insistence that does not even permit remonstrance, to adjust their institutions to bald contradictions and shape laws that shall consist with the impossible.

Now the negro is a low type of mankind, proven by his entire history to be incapable of growing in industry, intelligence, or virtue by any inherent capacity of his own. So far as I am advised no group of this race ever rose above pure animalism except those who were subjected to the training and restraints of that system of feudalism commonly called "slavery" in America. These were controlled rigidly but kindly, and developed considerable industrial capacity, some slight morality, a crude but correct religion, moderate intelligence, remarkable docility, and a higher degree of personal fidelity to their masters than history records in any other case. The significant phenomenon in regard to the acquirement of these virtues lies in the fact that they were in their origin entirely extrinsic to the negroes themselves. Their fidelity to their masters, marvellously demonstrated during the civil war, was of the same general type that is manifested in domestic animals, higher, of course, in degree, but similar in character; similar also to the affection of children for their parents and teachers. In both the latter cases I believe it is commonly observed that the more rigid and exact the control, the higher is the measure of affection and cheerfulness in obedience.

To be freed from this tutelage was of itself in the case of such irresponsible and unevolved natures inevitably bound to cause retrogression in development. When this negative factor was aided by the positive act of giving him an enforced equality before the law and the tying of the hands of the natural governors, his inability to control his own indolence, impulses, and lusts, produced, and is still producing, a progressive viciousness. In view of his history I do not see how anything else could possibly have been expected. Northern people, who see comparatively few negroes, find it impossible to believe that the negro is lapsing into barbarism, and point with confidence to many individual cases which seem to disprove it. As a matter of fact, however, the apparent exceptions are in almost every case more nearly white than black. There are quite a number of men of mixed blood who show high qualities of citizenship. Those pure negroes, or those in whom the negro predominates, and who have shown any marked capacity or advancement, were generally reared as slaves. There may be some younger persons of pure negro blood who, as the result of exceptional assistance from external sources, may appear to show capacity for advancement. I do not know of any such, and should be somewhat sceptical as to their existence. The negro is highly imitative, and persons whose knowledge of them is limited may easily mistake mere adaptation for assimilation.

The negro being the kind of person I have indicated, is consequently prone to crimes of violence, robbery, and lust. He realizes but slightly, if at all, the moral principle involved in such things, and tends toward crimes of these kinds exactly as lower animals do. Finding himself free to follow his own inclinations, and lacking capacity for self-control, except as it comes to him from extrinsic training or compulsion, he rarely ever premediates crime, and rarely ever fails to commit those of the classes named when opportunity and inclination happen to coincide. If he is hungry he steals; if he is angry he fights; if he is in a lustful mood and happens to see an unprotected female, God help her.

As I have said above, the Southern people, who are confronted with the imperative necessity for governing and restraining the negro, are, by an outside power, denied, in large measure, the right to frame their own laws and institutions, and required to govern the negro under the same laws as the white man. This is to require bricks without straw. It would be no more absurd to suppose that the laws of England to-day would have been adjusted to the times of Alfred, or that they are adaptable to the Congo Free State. It was inevitable that the attempt should fail. The curious inquiry is how anybody could expect anything else. Either the laws would have to be stern enough for the condition of the less-evolved race, in which case the higher race would be suffocated and its hard-earned liberties destroyed, or else they would have to be adjusted to the higher race, in which case they are wholly inadequate for the discipline of the other.

The requirement existing, the Southern States have endeavored, as far as possible, to conform in their laws. Individuals of the white race, however, as such, in large measure, mitigate the evils which would otherwise result, by personal control and mastery, constantly and jealously watching every threat of outbreak, and endeavoring to prevent the negro from ever taking the bit in his teeth, knowing full well, by the teachings of San Domingo and Hayti, and all history, that if he ever gets his head, only the most disastrous consequences can result. Sometimes, in spite of all precaution, the natural result of the incongruous and absurd system, develops in some peculiarly heinous outbreak of savagery. In such cases the same sort of retaliation follows that used to occur on our Indian frontiers. That is to say, extra judicial punishment is inflicted, of a sort measurably similar to the provoking crime.

My correspondent manifests so earnest a purpose to get at the truth that I believe the foregoing reflections cannot fail in time to direct his research into the proper channel. I am aware that to state frankly the bald truth of the case, will in many quarters be regarded as a species of brutality. Nevertheless, truth justifies itself, let contemporary men say what they will. You have many a time seen a watch-dog of some fierce breed that was gentle and amiable toward his master and his family and faithful to the last extremity. Why? Because from birth he was so taught and trained, and, above all, because at all times he was controlled and never permitted to show his teeth without punishment. Now suppose that, from some outside source, restraint came upon the master, and he were compelled to govern the dog by the same rules he used with his children, and never permitted to check an evil tendency. Perhaps no irreparable lapse of morals would entirely overcome the training of a lifetime or destroy its influence in the individual, but how about its young? Would they grow up docile and friendly and safe custodians for the master's children? To ask the question is to answer it.

Academic philanthropists insist that the negro is entitled to absolute equality before the law, and the Fourteenth Amendment nullifies every law of a State that discriminates. This ignores the palpable and unbroken teachings of all history. Nothing possibly can come of such monstrous folly but suffering and sorrow. In time the utter *grotesquerie* of such laws must wipe them away in a whirlwind of popular scorn and amazement. Then, when the Southern people are left to govern the negro according to the teachings of reason, order will be completely restored, friendly relations will be reestablished, peace and industry will prevail, and the negro problem will disappear as well as the so-called "New Negro Crime," together with most of the other negro crimes. Until then the impossibility of *legally* governing the negroes under the terms of the Fourteenth Amendment will continue to produce increasing barbarism among the negroes and the misfortune of constantly recurring and extra-legal methods of control and restraint.

I am, sir, HOOPER ALEXANDER.

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Progress of the War

Up to the time when this issue of the WEEKLY goes to press, the struggle in the Far East has had the following definite results: On the Russian side, nine war-ships have been put out of action by the Japanese—the *Czarevitch*, *Poltava*, *Pallada*, *Norik*, *Askold*, and *Diana*—all of which were disabled at Port Arthur in the first twenty-four hours of the war, and the *Variag* and *Koreitz*, disabled at Chemulpo. The *Retvisan* was beached in the Port Arthur engagement of February 9, and was subsequently used as a stationary battery; she received further damage in the engagement of February 29. Five Russian commercial steamers were captured by the Japanese during the first week of the war, and the cruiser *Boyarin* and the transport *Yenesei* were sunk by accidental contact with a mine. It is claimed by the Japanese that one of the Russian destroyers was sunk in the course of the unsuccessful attempt which was made on February 24 to bottle up the Port Arthur squadron.

By a treaty which has been consummated between Japan and Korea, the latter's independence and integrity are guaranteed, and Japan receives the right to operate her forces in Korea. As a result of this treaty, Japan's position in Korea is justified, and she escapes the charge of violating international law by carrying on war in neutral territory. She also receives the aid of the Korean government, which is said to have ordered its troops, numbering about 17,000 men, to join the Japanese forces in the field.

Up to the time of writing, there have been no land engagements of importance between the two armies. Japanese troops are occupying Chemulpo, Seoul, and the country between Ping-Yang and the Yalu, and are said to have landed at Possiet Bay, twenty-five miles west of Vladivostok. The main Russian forces have retired from Port Arthur to Liao-Yang, further up the line of the railway. At the same time, a portion of the army has crossed the Yalu and is facing the Japanese troops at Wiju, Korea. The Russian headquarters have been established at Harbin.

March 2.—A report from Tokyo, dated March 1, reports the defeat of a body of Russian cavalry by the Japanese near Anju, Korea.

March 4.—Ten Japanese transports are said to have been sighted approaching the Liao-tung Gulf, under escort.

March 8.—News was confirmed to-day of a bombardment of Vladivostok by the Japanese on the afternoon of Sunday, March 6. A fleet of Japanese war-ships, consisting of five battle-ships and two cruisers, approached Vladivostok from the direction of Askold Island, and bombarded the town for almost an hour. No damage to the town or fortifications resulted, but several persons are reported to have been killed. Viceroy Alexeieff's report to the Czar, containing an account of the attack and bombardment, is as follows. It was sent from Mukden, under date of March 7:

"Supplementing my telegram of March 6, I most humbly report that at twenty-five minutes past one P.M. five out of seven of the enemy's ships opened fire on Forts Suvaroff and Linevitch, on the town, on the roadstead, and along the valley of the river Obyassneniye.

"The firing lasted until a quarter past two P.M., at which hour the Japanese squadron began to steam to the southward, disappearing out of sight at half-past five P.M. There were no losses on the batteries or the fortifications; in the town one seaman was wounded, and one woman was killed.

"According to information just received, the enemy's squadron again appeared in sight of the fortress at eight o'clock this morning."

A later message from the Viceroy says:

"The commandant at Vladivostok reports that yesterday's bombardment resulted in no serious damage to the port. The fortress did not return the enemy's fire.

"To-day, at midday, the enemy again entered Ussuri Bay and approached the point from which they bombarded the harbor on March 6. They left again, making for the open sea."

It is reported that a body of Korean soldiers, enraged at the brutality and excesses of the Russians stationed near Anju, attacked the troops on February 26, killing thirty of them, which is said to have resulted in forcing the Russians beyond the Yalu River.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

CEREAL FOODS

without cream are not appetizing, but good raw cream is not always easy to get. BORDEN'S PEERLESS BRAND EVAPORATED CREAM is superior to raw cream, with a delicious flavor and richness. Use it for general cooking purposes. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., proprietors.—[*Adv.*]

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Thanking you for past favors, we remain, Yours truly, C. W. ABBOTT & Co.—[*Adv.*]

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FLY-FISHING

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS



Drawn by Sydney Adamson

SUCH a lot of fudge and stuff has been written about fly-fishing that a voice in the wilderness can have little effect. Fly-fishing is a sport that requires wisdom, experience, and skill — sometimes. Sometimes ignorance achieves equal results with the artificial fly. Fly-fishing as an art is charming; as a science it is an unmitigated nuisance to intelligent people. Fly-fishing is not the *only* fishing. There are many minds so constructed that they contain but one idea. Fly-fishermen, of course, do not monopolize this kind of mind, yet among fly-fishermen intolerance is generally rampant.

As a cold matter of fact, there is not only nothing disgraceful in bait-fishing, but, on the contrary, it is, under certain circumstances, as delightful a sport as fly-fishing. Many a fly-fisherman can cast an artificial fly, but few are able to cast a live fly with the delicacy and accuracy necessary. And that is one kind of bait-fishing. I have no patience with the twaddle of the elect who roll pious eyes heavenward, consigning the bait-fisherman to perdition, and thanking God that they are not as their neighbors. Nor have I the slightest respect for the word of those anglers who proclaim that where a trout takes a bait he could be forced to take a fly under the auspices of one of the elect. It is not true.

Here is an axiom: Any angler who cherishes preconceived notions regarding methods of angling does himself small credit. Anything is likely to happen in angling; no two streams can be fished in the same manner, no two trout behave in the same way. The beauty of angling lies in the fact that it is a lesson which requires constant study, and yet is never learned.

I remember once meeting, in the depths of the forests of northern Europe, an Englishman. He was a big, bluff, healthy, kindly specimen; he was stranded all alone upon the platform of a little narrow-gauge forest railway. He had his rod in his hand, and a wild expression on his broad wholesome visage. My attention was called to him by his hearty swearing, and I saw him towering in the midst of a ring of chattering peasants, who were attempting to give him information in a tongue he did not understand. Extricating him, we moved off toward the stream together. He was, it appeared, the president of a British angling club; and we chatted very pleasantly until we reached the stream. He was very courteous, insisting that I choose my own ground.

"I want to say one thing," said I, diffidently. "This stream ought to be fished up, not down."

"That is bosh," he said, frankly.

I knew the water; I wanted him to take home a creel full of good trout, and I tried my best to get *him* to try my up-stream fishing. No. He knew that no stream should be fished up. The result of that afternoon's trip astonished him, but did not alter his conviction. Three or four days on the stream, and as many almost empty creels left him mad, but unconvinced. He was a good man; he was president of an important angling association; but he couldn't raise a fin fishing down-stream and he wouldn't fish up-stream.

As I rolled away in the train a week later he poked his big red jolly face in at the window of my compartment, and said,

"Good-by! Good luck! There's nothing in fishing up-stream!"

And yet I had never missed a heavy creel on that water; and, what is more, he knew it.

More lies have been told about fly-fishing!—how many, many anglers have returned to display good creels—"and every fish taken on a fly, sir!" Yes, a fly with the hook tipped with worm. An angler's pleasure is to find out what the trout will take and then supply them. If it is a fly, well and good. It is a clean and workmanlike manner of taking trout. If they will not touch a fly, then perhaps a long cast with a cricket, or a moth, or a stone-fly, or gnat, or grasshopper, or even a beetle may raise the brooding fish.

Perhaps he needs the sparkle of a spinner, perhaps the undulating coil of a humble "barnyard hackle," perhaps the ventral fin of a shiner or of his own kind, perhaps a silvery strip of skin from the neck of a pullet. Or he may demand a minnow, or, alas! a mouse. This latter tidbit I have never been able to bring myself to use, except when artificial. And no doubt I have lost many a big trout by my squeamishness; but when it comes to using the more highly organized creatures as lures, I revolt. Nothing ever disgusted me as much as the spectacle of a huge pike taken on a moor-hen.

Often in August, when the water is several degrees hotter on the surface than on the bottom, trout seek the spring holes; and often nothing can induce them to rise through the strata of lukewarm water to take a surface fly. Then your cut-and-dried angler sniffs, damns his luck, and goes home. Yet, a red fly sunk where, through intimate knowledge of the bottom of the lake or river, the angler knows there is a spring, will bring the lurking trout springing up with peculiar savagery.

Many, very many, of the big trout taken in Maine waters are not taken on a fly, but on great bunches of worms which are let down to the bottom of deep waters. If one cares to use that sort of tackle there is no reason why one should not. It's all a question of taste. To many a big line, a sinker, and a hook loaded with worms, and a long solemn wait in a boat, is not attractive. It is not to me. Yet, if I wanted a big trout and could not get one on a fly or on a minnow or spinner, I should feel perfectly free to try the sinker and worms if it pleased me.

It requires, I think, more delicate skill to make a long cast with bait than with an artificial fly. I can see the horrified visages of the "old 'uns," fly-anglers dyed in the wool, at this blasphemy. Yet it is true; and why not admit it? Another thing: I do not believe that any angler can surely and repeatedly strike a trout on more than twenty-five or at the most, thirty feet of line, using a five-ounce rod. I believe that beyond that the trout strikes himself every time. Not for a moment do I deny the utility of long casts. Indeed, I believe in thorough whipping always; yet it is hazard, not skill, that hooks the trout beyond twenty-five feet. Now let the "old 'uns" howl!

Show me an angler who makes pretty casts and I am all interest. Show me that same angler who is unable to make a cast without a back cast, and I'll show you a man who doesn't understand his metier. Fly-fishermen of a certain type affect to sneer at the use of the fin. It is certainly not a fly in any sense, and those anglers who use the fin, and claim its kinship to the fly—notably the ibis, Montreal, and Parmachene, do themselves and their absurd claim great harm, and truly merit ridicule from the elect. As a matter of fact, the fin is a clean, light substitute for a minnow. No trout ever took a fin with the notion that he was rising to a fly; but every time he rises he mistakes that fin for a minnow, which is perfectly legitimate and reasonable to anybody except an "old 'un."

Speaking of the minnow, and, incidentally, of my callow days, I recall a mortifying experience of my own which is amusing enough to mention. For two months I had been monopolizing a splendid trout stream in Germany, bringing in good creels, sometimes good fish, and sometimes only medium fish. I thought I had measured the limit of the stream with a three-pounder, and never imagined there was anything bigger lurking in the pools.

One late afternoon a gamekeeper came down to the water where

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I was fishing. I had a fine creel to show, but the gamekeeper, an old friend of mine, only nodded tolerantly, observing that there were bigger trout in the water. Whereupon began a discussion concerning methods, I roundly abusing anybody who used anything except the artificial fly, and asserting that I could raise with a fly any fish in that water that he could raise with anything else. To my amusement the old man accepted the challenge, appearing an hour later with a rod and a bucket in which some small and exceedingly grotesque and ugly little fish were lying. These fish were speckled; their heads appeared to be as large as the remainder of their bodies, and two winglike fins spread out apparently from under their gill covers.

I began casting; the old gamekeeper watched me with watery eyes. After a while I was fast to a fine three-pound trout, landing him nicely in good order. The old man remarking that I never seemed to exceed the three-pound limit, and that I couldn't with a fly, cast out with one of the ugly little fishes as bait. In about two minutes he was fast to a thumping trout that began racing about, tearing through the water at a lively rate. Immediately I saw that he was bigger than anything I had seen in two months' experience in that stream. And he proved to be, for when the old man landed him he scaled five pounds on my pocket scales; and at the lodge five pounds three ounces and a half.

Once or twice in a season an angler may find a big fish "in position" for feeding, at which time the fish will rise to a fly. This period of complacence may occur at any time of the season, though usually in the spring or autumn. As a rule, an angler ought to be able to tell in an instant, on seeing a big trout, whether that trout is "in position"—that is, whether a fly dropped lightly would provoke his curiosity. At most times of the year a fly, if it does not frighten an old hook-jawed speckled veteran, appears to bore him. He will swerve slightly, sometimes back away, sometimes drift sideways toward a projecting ledge, and disappear. But on those rare occasions where he has taken up a position in comparatively shallow water, stemming the current with a delicately nervous vibration of tail and fins, the chances are that he will sail to the surface after any floating morsel that appears to be palatable.

Streams change in many ways from season to season; so do their finny inhabitants. For example, I knew one fine trout river in which, during three years, yellowish flies were preferred by the trout at all seasons, beginning with the "yellow May," early in spring, and followed by the "duns," "ants," "yellow hackles," "oak-flies," and "professors," and even including the "yellow cally." All that was changed in another year or two; tinsel and brilliant hackle were at a discount; claret bodies and woolly bodies and the mallard wing, with a touch of dull green or red like the colors in an "Abbey" or "Grizzly King" were what the trout required.

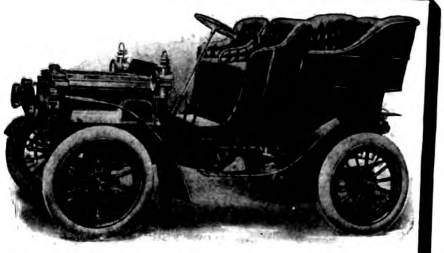
There has been much nonsense written about flies. In some streams trout have absolutely no choice, and will, at any season, rise to one fly as quickly as to another. There is a so-called list of stock flies supposed to be reliable standbys. This list includes the "coachman," "black gnat," "professor," "red ibis," "brown hackle," and "Parmachene Belle." Experience demonstrates that trout are likely to take one of these flies if they take anything. But trout seldom do what they are likely to do. I have seen a pool whipped with "coachman," "emerald coachman," "leadwing coachman," and "canary coachman" without a sign of a rise. Then, the first cast with a "royal coachman" brought two trout out of the water.

There is no affectation in a well-stocked fly-book. A single added speck of color or the substitution of wing for hackle or the elimination of the tail may make all the difference in the world to the trout. I know of streams where no trout will touch a tailed fly; I know of other waters where nothing but a tailed fly scores.

It is not always a clever dodge to match from your fly-book the fly on which the trout are feeding. I've done it many times with blank result. Sometimes when the trout are

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Drawn by Sydney Adamson

I saw him towering in the midst of a ring of chattering peasants

rising to grasshoppers a fly is the more deadly; the contrary is the case, too. There is a puzzling, disheartening, and even maddening phenomenon to be seen on trout waters at evening,—the rising and apparent feeding of scores of fish, not one of which will look at any artificial fly tossed to them. Every experienced angler has encountered this state of things; every intelligent angler deduces an explanation of his own for the irritating indifference of the trout.

So I may, perhaps, advance my theory, which is that the trout are *not* feeding, but are playing with the tiny gauze flies which settle on the water. To support this I have to cite cases where trout splashed up repeatedly after the same fly which was lying quiet on the water; and twice I have seen trout reject flies seized in play. Added to these reasons I have never found the flies in the stomachs of trout hooked by accident through fin or back during one of these twilight fantazzias.

These swarms of flies, I believe, excite and perhaps, like the "red ibis," irritate the trout, who play with them and seize them without any intention of feeding. I am perfectly willing to have this theory disproved.

Alexeieff, Viceroy of Russia

(Continued from page 429.)

soon to compel him to return thither. On July 16 the Chinese army bombarded the Russian town of Blagovestchensk, and attacked the Russian ships on the Amur River. The Russians in Siberia were swept by a panic similar to that which spread over India when the great mutiny began, and at once prepared, as they thought, to sell their lives dearly. The Chinese in Blagovestchensk were suspected of aiding the attack from across the river, and the Russian settlement, in fear of massacre, practically annihilated the Chinese population of their Siberian town. For diplomatic reasons it has been agreed to support the view that the Chinese government had no part in the Boxer outrages, even though Prince Tuan was head of the Tsung-li Yamen when the Peking legations were besieged. But in Manchuria this fiction was impossible. The governors of the three Manchurian provinces at first promised protection to the Russians, who had then only 5000 Cossack railroad guards in all Manchuria; but shortly after the Chinese officials made a total change of front. On June 22 the vice-governor of Mukden overthrew the governor, and openly took command of a Boxer band. Boxer proclamations appeared all over Manchuria, and the governors of Tsi-tsi-har and Kirin told the Russian railroad officials they could no longer answer for their troops. On July 24 a forged proclamation from the Chinese Emperor, ordering the imperial army to join the Boxers, was found at Telin, a few miles from Mukden, and also proclamations from the three Manchurian governors, saying that the Russian officials were ordered to hand over the railroad, when they would be convoyed across the frontier by Chinese troops. It was put on record at the time that "the attack on Russian territory along the Amur, and on the Russian railroad in Manchuria, was altogether official, coming from unquestionable Chinese authorities, and based on positive orders from Peking."

Russia's political position in Manchuria was defined by a telegram from the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg to the powers, dated August 12: "As soon as general order is restored in Manchuria, and all necessary means are taken to safeguard the railroad, the construction of which is guaranteed by a special formal agreement with China with reference to the concession granted to the Chinese Eastern Railroad Company, Russia will withdraw her army from the territory of the neighboring empire, providing that the action of other powers shall not hinder this."

A week earlier the Russians under Admiral Alexeieff bombarded Newchwang, and two days before the sending of the telegram quoted he established a provisional Russian government at that city, and hoisted the Russian flag from the custom-house.

After Peking fell, and the main Russian settlements in Manchuria were relieved, Admiral Alexeieff found himself compelled once again to build up the frame of Russian influence and commerce. The railroad had been wrecked, the telegraph lines cut, and the bands of robbers again infested the country. He set to work with might and main, and practically reconquered the whole of the three provinces. Once more Russian trade began to flourish; capital came in through the Russo-Chinese bank; there were not less than eighty thousand European settlers in Manchuria, and their colonies greatly throve. In the words of a distinguished American, "The Chinese inhabitants of Manchuria became so well satisfied with Russian rule that they would not willingly go back to the former régime."

The diplomatic strife foreshadowed by Admiral Alexeieff's refusal to give a special mandate to Japan, and the Japanese commander's subsequent vote against Russian control of the land-forces presently became more defined. Admiral Alexeieff naturally felt that, after Russian concessions had been attacked by Chinese troops, under written orders from Chinese governors, and after Russian leased areas and settlements had been threatened with destruction, Russia stood in the position of a conqueror towards Manchuria; he also felt that his work, and that of his assistants, in restoring order and protecting civil rights in Manchuria, at a great cost of men and money, gave Russia something very like sovereignty over the three provinces of Manchuria, and this view, which he steadily held in mind, determined his course in subsequent negotiations.

England had, from the first, apprehended a preponderance of Russian power, and had made the treaty with Germany, in the autumn of 1900, with the idea of checking Russia. A series of negotiations followed. In April, 1901, Admiral Alexeieff sought a number of special privileges in Manchuria, and had gained the consent of Tseng, the Tartar general, and representative of the Manchu court. England and Japan objected, and the matter was dropped. Russia made another attempt to secure a formal recognition of her special position in Manchuria, in the spring of 1902, and this time the protest came from Mr. Hay, who held that, while China owed indemnities to all the powers, she could not lawfully alienate any of her resources by granting monopolies to Russia.

A convention between Russia and China was finally signed on April 8, 1902, the text having been previously submitted to England and Japan, who had entered into an anti-Russian treaty in February of that year. The convention provided for Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria, for the protection of Russian interests there, and for the evacuation of the three provinces by Russia, at intervals of six months, "in the event of there being no trouble whatever, and if the conduct of other powers should not oppose obstacles thereto." The evacuation was to begin on October 8, and would, therefore, have been completed on April 8 of the present year. Russia withdrew large numbers of troops in October, 1902, and April, 1903, but in October, 1903, a hitch arose with the Chinese authorities, objections were made by Japan, and the situation with which we are all familiar was gradually reached. Through these negotiations the influence of Admiral Alexeieff preponderated, in recognition of which he was appointed Viceroy of the Far East a few months ago. His later history is still being written large in events whose outcome is as yet obscure.

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Progress of Science

Disease Caused by Sunlight

WHILE the rays of the sun possess a stimulating and beneficial effect in disease, and can be used with advantage as a therapeutic agent, yet, according to recent investigations, they also may act injuriously and cause disease. That there is a difference in the therapeutic value between the actinic rays, or those located at the violet end of the spectrum, and the red rays was appreciated by Finsen, and the former were used in the treatment of such skin diseases as *lupus vulgaris*, or tuberculosis of the skin, while the latter were found effective in cases of smallpox. One of the most recent researches in this department is by Professor Fermi, and is given in a late number of the *Archiv für Hygiene*. In these experiments a large number of human subjects were exposed to direct sunlight for varying periods, and in a large percentage of cases it was found that there resulted the following set of symptoms: cephalagia (headache), dryness of the nasal mucosa, snuffling, coryza (cold in the head), pharyngitis, weariness, slight conjunctivitis, dryness of the lips, fever, pseudo-influenza, constipation, insomnia, epistaxis (nose bleed), and various pains. From this list of symptoms experienced by his patients and from the observed coincidence of certain diseases and meteorological conditions, Professor Fermi concludes that exposure to the sun's rays is a predisposing factor in coryza, influenza, hay fever, and epidemic meningitis. It is stated that, notwithstanding the resulting ill effects, only a few more than half (fifty-three per cent.) of the subjects found the treatment disagreeable, the remainder distinctly enjoying it. While such experiments cannot be taken as conclusive, that the sun acts as a cause of disease, nevertheless they seem to indicate that there is room for further investigation of the subject, and it may be that in the near future the range of phototherapy will be broadened, and that sick-rooms will be arranged so as to supply light or darkness or rays of any desired color or wave length as may be required for the disease under treatment.

N-Rays and Digestion

That the processes of digestion, as well as mental and muscular activity, seem to cause the emission of N-rays, is the conclusion reached by M. Lambert, in France, after a series of interesting experiments. He believes that these curious rays are produced by ferments, especially by those concerned in the digestion of albumenoid matter. In his experiments on digestion, M. Lambert placed a small quantity of fibrin in tubes containing in one case activated pancreatic juice, and in another artificial gastric juice made by mixing a five-per-cent. solution of pepsin with a .4-per-cent. solution of hydrochloric acid. From these tubes the N-rays were emitted, and were detected not only by producing increased luminescence of a phosphorescent screen, but also photographically, thus removing the subjective element from the experiment. As a result of these experiments, M. Lambert believes that in the course of digestion the fibrin undergoes strains which act to produce N-rays, just as various other bodies under tension or strain, as was shown by M. Blondlot.

The "Equinoctial" Fallacy

Among the popular fallacies relating to the weather that persist in spite of the efforts of meteorologists is the occurrence of a "line," or "equinoctial" storm, on or about September 21. Notwithstanding various statistical and other studies, this storm or gale is still anticipated, and while some storms have occurred at this season occasionally, yet there have not been sufficient recorded to justify the name or the customary anxiety for its occurrence. A further contribution to the literature on the subject has recently been made in a tabulation of the daily rainfall at Boston between September 14 and 28, for the thirty-two years from 1872 to 1904. On September 21, during this period, measurable quantities of rain fell but six times, while for the week of which September 21 was the middle day, there were only twelve years when the total weekly precipitation exceeded one inch.



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An Object Lesson On The Canal

Quixote Wilhelm Shows Faithful Sancho Eddy How It Came To Be Built

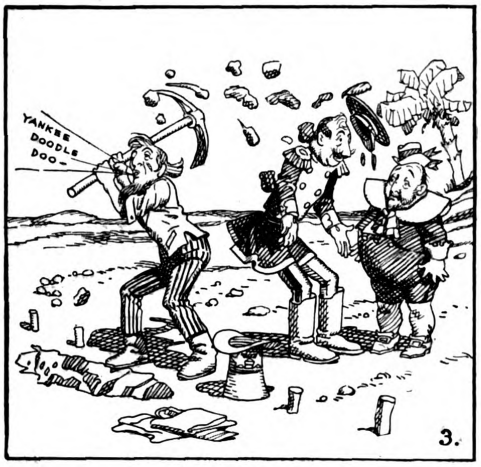
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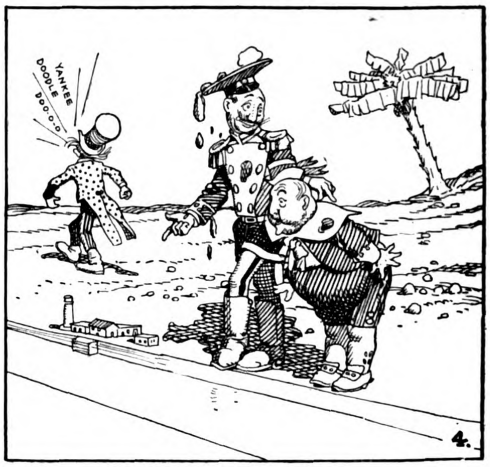
Wilhelm. "Vot iss now? You vill let dot Uncle Sammy boy show you diss canal game? Und leaf me ouid, yes? You vill see?"
Eddy. "Yes, I will see something."



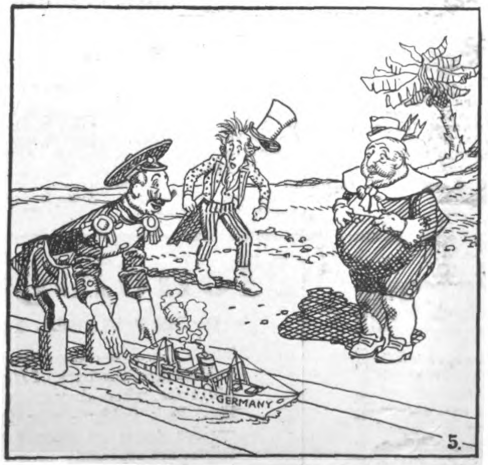
Wilhelm (to Sammy). "You may dig a canal righdt dere for dose ships' pizzness off mine; I am it, do you see, Eddy?"
Eddy. "Yes, I see."



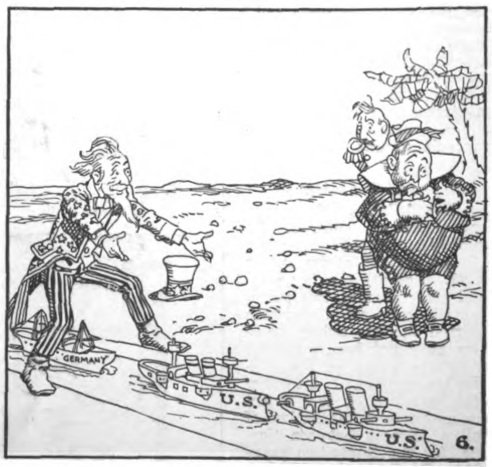
Wilhelm. "Now choost look vunst how he goes righdt off to vork like I toldt him. He knows I am it, you see?"
Eddy. "Yes, I see."



Wilhelm. "Aind dot a bully canal? And choost look, if it vas not for me standink righdt on dot shpot und bossin' der chob it couldn't be. Now, you see, I am it?"
Eddy. "Oh dear, yes, I see."



Wilhelm. "You dond know vot dot canal iss goot for? So dot my ships can go through—now, dond you see?"
Eddy. "My, my! Yes, I see!"



Uncle Sammy. "Oh no, boys, this game is open for all of us to play But, really, I am it; see, Eddy?"
Eddy. "Um-er—where are my glasses?"

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Music

The "Parsifal" Nuisance

THE report that Mr. Henry W. Savage contemplates a production of "Parsifal" in an English version has produced something like consternation among those whose love of Wagner's great work is genuine and profound. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Savage has convinced himself that he can attain anything approaching an artistic result in such a venture; if he has actually done so, he will assuredly be disillusioned; but more likely he is bent merely upon making his pecuniary hay while the "Parsifal" sun is highest. "Parsifal" given with an English text, hideous in its conflict of verbal and musical accents, with singers anything but first rate, with inadequate stage space and mechanism—the idea is nothing short of preposterous. If Mr. Savage has been deluded by the success of Mr. Conried's superb production into the belief that New York will tolerate anything less than the best in a presentation of "Parsifal," he will be effectually enlightened in the event. Who, one wonders, has he in mind for the part of his English-speaking *Parsifal*—Mr. Joseph Sheehan?

Of the reported intention of the visiting French Grand Opera Company to give "Parsifal" in French, at the Casino Theatre, one forbears to speak. The thought is only less harrowing than the idea of Mr. Richard Mansfield's reported project of a production of Wagner's music-drama without the music.

It will be surprising if some enterprising manager does not soon announce a "Parsifal" season at Manhattan Beach, in conjunction with Mr. Pain's fireworks.

The Longy Club

The Longy Club of Boston, composed of ten players of wind instruments, members of the Symphony Orchestra, gave a concert of chamber-music last week at Mendelssohn Hall, marking their first appearance in New York. Their programme comprised a Mozart quintet for oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon, and piano; Reinecke's sonata, "Undine," for flute and piano; a Handel trio, in sonata form, for two oboes and bassoon; and a "Suite Persane," by A. Caplet, for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, and two bassoons. The gentlemen of the Longy Club are accomplished artists, masters of their several instruments, and their discovery of New York as a field of musical endeavor holds out agreeable possibilities for future concert seasons. They play, individually, with dexterity, with beauty of tone, with admirable sympathy and effect; and their ensemble work is marked by an excellent balance, clarity, and precision. These men are masters of technique, musicians of feeling and intelligence.

The Whistler of Composers

Mr. Philip Hale, who is as acute and sympathetic in criticism as he is erudite in equipment, wrote appreciatively concerning the orchestral "Nocturnes" by Claude Debussy, recently performed in Boston. These "Nocturnes," produced on this occasion for the first time in America, moved Mr. Hale to recall the analogy traced by some between the tone-poet Debussy and the painter Whistler; and although Mr. Hale does not accept the comparison with entire seriousness, there is unquestionably a certain felicity in the parallel. Hear Mr. Hale's own eloquent description of the "Nocturnes," —which it is a pity, by the way, we should not before this have heard in New York:

"In the first nocturne there is the unchangeable appearance of the sky with the slow and melancholy march of the clouds. Do you demand architecture in music? Here is the architecture of clouds, vaporous and impalpable. And this festival, with its indescribable entrance of the procession,—one of the most marvellous effects in all music,—this festival is a mere cloud chimera, without the vulgarity of reality. The festival is one held by the inhabitants of the air; the procession is a sleep-chasing. And these voices of sirens arising from the argent billows—is there not the dream-picture of the sea, with its rhythm and its flavor, and its nocturnal haunting voice of seduction?"

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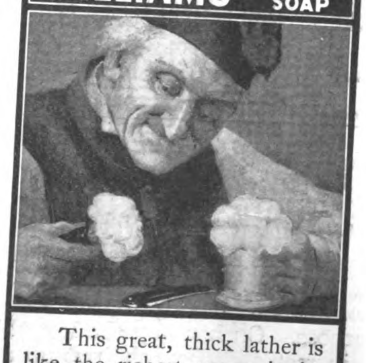
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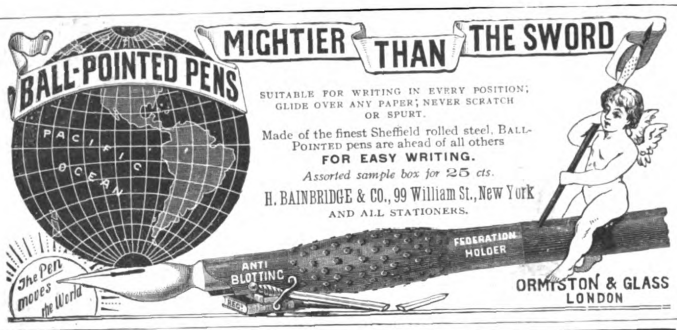
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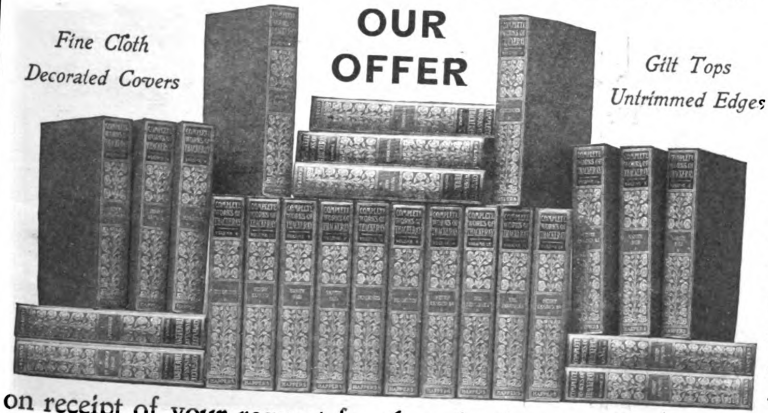




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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by George Harvey



HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

March 26, 1904 Price 10 Cents

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

for APRIL

Honfleur the Sedate

Mr. Thomas A. Janvier recently made a trip along the French coast in the interests of the Magazine. This is the first of a number of picturesque articles which he will write. Honfleur is one of the old French fishing villages—a town which, as Mr. Janvier says, "has left its future behind it." The article is illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark, who made the trip with Mr. Janvier.

ENGLISH

Professor Lounsbury, whose papers on questions in the use of the English language have attracted such widespread attention, contributes another interesting article, which he calls "To and The Infinitive"—the final word on a much-discussed idiom.

SCIENCE

Professor Heyn, the famous German scientist, writes on "The Life and Diseases of Metals"—an article which reveals the fact that copper, steel, etc., are scarcely less liable to disease than human beings.

EDUCATION

President Charles F. Thwing, of Western Reserve University, tells of the great Scandinavian University of Upsala—where Linnæus lived and worked.

SHORT STORIES

There are stories of every type in this Magazine, eight of them in all. Among the authors are Edith Wharton, George Duncan, Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, Mary Tracy Earle, James Branch Cabell, and Mary Applewhite Bacon.

HISTORY

Basil King, the novelist, brings to light a curious and romantic story from the history of the Commune—the story of the love of a royal princess for a commoner.

TRAVEL

Louise Morgan Sill tells of a trip "Through Inland Seas," a charming account of a wandering journey over the Great Lakes, giving a vivid picture of the people and life on those great waterways.

NATURE

The nature article of the number is by Ellis A. Apgar, who writes on the question of "The Reproduction of Plant Life"—a valuable paper richly illustrated from paintings by Frank French, engraved by the artist.

PICTURES IN COLOR

Howard Pyle contributes three full-page paintings in full color to the April Magazine, and there are many others in tint. Among the artists represented in black-and-white are Albert Sterner, Walter Appleton Clark, Lucius Hitchcock, Henry Hutt, and F. C. Yohn.

Mary Johnston's Great Novel, "Sir Mortimer," Concluded

HARPER'S BAZAR

For April — **The Special Spring Fashion Number** — *For April*

The mere announcement of the forthcoming publication of this number is sufficient. It has been for thirty-five years a most important annual, universally recognized as the leading authority of the year on fashions in America. It will contain

50 Pages of Fashion Text and Pictures

from the great fashion centres of the world—Paris, London, Vienna, and New York. The illustrations are the work of distinguished fashion artists—Ethel and Guy Rose of Paris, and A. M. Cooper, of New York; the text is by A. T. Ashmore, the eminent fashion authority. Every American woman needs and should have the April Bazar. In addition to the fashion pages, the annual Spring Fashion Number will contain the following interesting features:

Pussy Willows . . . **Annie Webster Noel**
A Short Story. Illustrated by F. Y. Cory

What Women Read . . . **Agnes Repplier**

Child-Life in the Tenements . **Clarice M. Burd**
Illustrated by F. G. Holmes

Family Episodes . **Marion Foster Washburne**
Studies in Domestic Relation—No. 2. Illustrated by George Wright

The Garden . . . **Harriet Prescott Spofford**
A Poem. Illustrated by James Verrier

The Masquerader . **Katherine Cecil Thurston**
A Novel. Chapters X., XI., and XII. Illustrated by Clarence Underwood

Our Paris Letter . **Flora McDonald Thompson**

Club Breakfasts . . . **Josephine Grenier**
Illustrated with Photographs

Spring Wall Treatments . . **Ada Sterling**
Illustrated

Girls

Lace Collars . . . . . **Ella W. Crawford**
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Practical Hints for Housewives . **Margaret Hamilton Welch**

Drawn-Work Borders . **Elise Ripley Noyes**

Editorial Comment

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLVIII. New York, Saturday, March 26, 1904 NO. 2466

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THE COMING OF SPRING

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVIII. No. 2466

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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WITH SUPPLEMENT

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 26, 1904

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COMMENT

IT was expected that the United States Supreme Court would affirm the decree issued by all four judges of the United States Circuit Court for the District of Minnesota in the Northern Securities case. It was by no means expected, on the other hand, that the decision of the highest Federal tribunal would be reached by the narrowest possible majority, that is to say, by five against four; much less that, of the five justices concurring in the decision, one, Justice Brewer, arrived at it by reasoning materially different from that set forth in the opinion read by Justice Harlan, which, therefore, must be termed a minority opinion. This was true also, it will be remembered, of the insular cases; there, too, the majority decision was not accompanied by a majority opinion. There is, in truth, no end to the unexpected features of the action of the United States Supreme Court in the present instance. The three Democratic members of that tribunal, Chief-Justice Fuller and Justices Peckham and White, who were popularly counted among the opponents of the Northern Securities merger, were among the four dissenting justices who refused to sustain the adverse decree of the Circuit Court. It had also been taken for granted that the fourth dissenting justice, Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, would look with unfriendly eyes on the fusion of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific interests, though we ourselves should have been inclined to place him among those who recognize in the conglomeration of capital an irresistible tendency of the time.

Another surprising fact remains to be chronicled, namely, that Chief-Justice Fuller and Justices White and Peckham, who now dissent from the decision adverse to the Northern Securities merger, were members of the majority in the first important case that arose under the anti-trust act, the case of the United States against the Trans-Missouri Freight Association. We add that if Justice Brewer's opinion be carefully read, it will be found to contain a suggestion which, if adopted, would, apparently, be pronounced lawful by a majority of the court, a majority made up of the Chief-Justice and of Justices Brewer, Peckham, White, and Holmes. We refer to the suggestion that had Mr. James J. Hill been individually the owner of a majority of the stock in the Great Northern Railway Company, and had he seen fit, individually, to purchase a majority of the stock of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, such purchase could not have been prevented by Congress. At another time we may refer at length to this and some other remarkable features of the opinions read by members of the United States Supreme Court on March 14.

It is somewhat difficult for outsiders to account for the fury evinced on March 9 by members of the House of Representatives, without distinction of party, when they received from the Post-office Department a supplemental report in compliance with the request of Mr. Overstreet, chairman of the Post-office Committee. It will be remembered that, among other abuses stigmatized in the report of Mr. Bristow, Fourth-Assistant Postmaster-General, attention was directed to the practice of increasing the allowances made to local post-offices for rent, clerk hire, and other purposes, beyond the amounts authorized by law. Mr. Bristow pointed out that many of these unlawful allowances had been made at the request of members of Congress, whom, however, he refrained from naming. With a fine assumption of indignation, Chairman Overstreet of the Post-office Committee demanded that a full list of the members of Congress who had been guilty of such practices should be sent to the House of Representatives. He was taken at his word. A list of no fewer than 151 Senators and Representatives was forwarded, and the extent to which each of them had secured an increase in the allowances for local post-offices was precisely indicated. The Republican leaders propose to stifle discussion of the subject by referring the report to a committee, which would have privately examined the question whether the requests of the members of Congress named had been justified.

It is hard to see why any innocent man should object to such treatment of the report. It turned out, however, that a very large majority of the House of Representatives were exasperated that the Post-office Department should have presumed to spread the names of 151 members of Congress on the record, and thus have compelled them to justify their conduct. They seemed to have foreseen that it might prove difficult to vindicate some of their transactions in the eyes of upright constituents. Vituperative epithets were hurled against Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow, who was at first presumed to be responsible for the supplemental report. Thus Mr. Grosvenor, the well-known Republican member from Ohio, denounced "the Bristow report" as "conceived in iniquity, born in sin, and as having travelled its course until it had struck the public in the United States as an attack on a body of men as free from wrong-doing, corruption, crime, and irregularity as any equal number of men on the face of the earth." If his fellow members are as guiltless of wrong-doing as Mr. Grosvenor asserts, why would they not welcome an opportunity of proving their innocence? When, subsequently, it turned out that Mr. Bristow had nothing to do with the preparation of the supplemental report, another Republican, Mr. Hill of Connecticut, branded the anomalous editor as "a liar and a scoundrel," amid frantic cheers and shouts of approbation. The truth is that the supplemental report was prepared by the First Assistant Postmaster-General in pursuance of peremptory orders issued by his official superior. If Representatives are enraged to find themselves called upon to explain the grounds on which they requested and procured an increase of allowances to local post-offices, they must blame, first, Chairman Overstreet of the Post-office Committee, for demanding a list of the alleged transgressors, and, secondly, Postmaster-General Payne and President Roosevelt himself, for complying with a demand which, on the face of it, seemed reasonable and creditable. Representatives only disgrace themselves when they talk about the department "giving them away," and threaten to "get even" with it.

There is reason to believe that State Senator McCarren will secure most of the delegates from Kings County to the Democratic State Convention, to be held in Albany on April 18. All but three of the members of the executive committee of the Kings County Democracy have publicly approved of the position taken by him at the recent meeting of the Democratic State Committee, the position, namely, that New York's delegation to the Democratic national convention should be instructed to advocate the nomination of Chief-Judge Alton Brooks Parker. As ex-Senator Murphy of Troy is now on friendly terms with ex-Governor Hill, it may be assumed that the delegates from Rensselaer County, upon whose support Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, has hitherto been counting, will also be arrayed upon the Parker side. As there seems to be no doubt that the delegates from Erie County (Buffalo) will pursue a similar course, the ascendancy of Judge Parker's friends in the State convention may be taken for granted. They will be able, if they choose,

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to instruct New York's delegation to present Judge Parker's name to the Democratic national convention.

Would it be wise to do so if the proposal to instruct for Parker meets with vehement opposition on the part of representatives of that section of the State to which the national Democracy must look for a majority if it desires to carry New York? What would the endorsement of Judge Parker amount to, considered as a moral mandate, if it came mainly from delegates representing districts notoriously Republican? Would it not be wiser for ex-Governor Hill and Mr. C. F. Murphy to get together and arrange that no positive instructions should be given to New York's delegation, but that the Parker majority of the State convention should confine itself to an expression of preference? If experience had shown that a united New York delegation could always impose its will upon a Democratic national convention, instructions for Judge Parker would be justified in the eyes of his friends. That is by no means the case, however. In 1880 the New York delegation was instructed to present at Cincinnati the name of Samuel J. Tilden, who, in the opinion of his fellow Democrats, had been shamelessly robbed of the Presidency four years before. The Democratic national convention, however, ignored the claim of Samuel J. Tilden, and nominated Winfield S. Hancock for the Presidency. In 1892 the New York delegation was, by a unanimous vote of the State convention, instructed to present the name of David B. Hill. Not only did the Democratic national convention decline to accept the candidate proposed by the New York delegation, but it nominated Grover Cleveland, to whom the New York delegates were vehemently opposed. In view of these precedents, it is doubtful whether any true friend of Judge Parker will insist upon instructions from the New York State convention, if they can only be secured at the cost of protests from the great city which must be relied upon to furnish a Democratic majority.

The fact that six of the eight delegates who will represent Rhode Island in the Democratic national convention have declared themselves supporters of Mr. W. R. Hearst, and intend to apply the unit rule to their two recalcitrant colleagues, will no doubt encourage the friends of that candidate in Mississippi, Kentucky, and Iowa, where of late they are said to have shown fewer signs of strength than were exhibited at an earlier date. It appears that some of the district conventions held in Illinois have instructed their delegates to vote for Hearst, but there is no doubt that the State convention to be held on May 12 will favor some other candidate, and insist upon the enforcement of the unit rule. We have formerly pointed out the improbability of Mr. Hearst's obtaining majorities in the delegations from a sufficient number of States to give him a third of the delegates in the national convention through the enforcement of the unit rule. At the hour when we write, he seems much more likely to lose than to gain by a rigorous adherence to that principle. The unit rule is based upon the time-honored Democratic assumption that the majority should prevail. Applied to the proceedings of a national convention, the unit rule signifies, of course, that a majority of the delegation from a given State shall have the right to cast the whole vote of that State. Such a majority has just as good a right to determine the candidate for which its State shall vote in the convention as a majority of the Presidential electors have to name the man who shall occupy the White House.

But, while the unit rule is strictly in keeping with a fundamental principle of the Democracy, the "two-thirds rule" is flagrantly opposed to it. It is monstrous that, while the platform of a great party can be framed by a majority of one in a national convention, the designation of the man who is to stand upon the platform should be held to require the votes of two-thirds of the delegates. This regulation, which was invented with the aim of benefiting the Southern States, may now gravely injure them, for, if the Hearst-Bryan combination, by securing a little more than a third of the delegates, can prevent the nomination of a sound, high-minded, and thoroughly trusted Democrat, the next President of the United States will inevitably be Mr. Roosevelt. Do far-sighted Southerners feel assured that their new State constitutions would be safe under a Roosevelt régime? If they have any doubt about the matter they had better use the power that they will possess in the Democratic national convention to abolish the two-thirds rule, and thus render certain the selection of a conservative nominee at St. Louis.

It looks as if the committee of the United States Senate, which has been examining the charges against Senator Smoot of Utah, would report in favor of expelling him from the Senate. It also looks as if the two-thirds vote which the Federal Constitution makes necessary in such a case would be secured. It has not yet been determined, however, on which of two grounds the expulsion of the Senator will be proposed. That he is not himself a polygamist is acknowledged. It is, on the other hand, admitted that the actual, the preceding, and the prospective presidents of the Mormon Church, together with most, if not all, of Mr. Smoot's fellow "apostles," maintain polygamous relations, and that their maintenance of such relations is known to him. Nevertheless, it does not appear that, either publicly or privately, Mr. Smoot has ever protested against the unlawful practice. It follows, according to his opponents, that he may be justly charged with conniving at a violation of the law. It will, perhaps, be on the score of such constructive connivance that his expulsion from the Senate will be demanded. To the plea that the utmost which can be required of a Mormon is that he shall refrain personally from law-breaking, and that he cannot be expected to rebuke a practice which is sanctioned by the Mormon religion, his opponents reply that the original "revelation" enjoining or permitting plural marriages was suspended by a new "revelation" some years ago. Mr. Smoot, therefore, cannot pretend, they say, that the injunctions of his religion and those of the civil power conflict, and, consequently, to expel him from the Senate for constructive connivance at the violation of a statute would not run counter to the constitutional provision that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States."

We have once more recurred to this matter because the more carefully the Smoot case is considered the more dangerous appears the precedent that would be established by the expulsion of the Senator on the latter of the two grounds mentioned, if not also on the former. In other words, Mr. Smoot's case is not analogous with that of a Moslem citizen of the United States, who, while himself a monoganist, should deem it his duty to refrain from rebuking a fellow Moslem for marrying the four wives permitted by the Koran. To make the case analogous, it would be necessary to assume that the permission given by Mohammed had been revoked or suspended by a revelation regarded by orthodox Moslems as of equal authority. Had such an event occurred, a Moslem, so Mr. Smoot's assailants assert, would be guilty of constructive connivance at crime if he failed to protest against the practice of polygamy on the part of fellow believers. That is one of the grounds on which the demand for the Utah Senator's expulsion may be based. The other ground is that the evidence given before the committee of the Senate has shown that a Mormon apostle's obligation to comply with the wishes of the Mormon Church, as these are formulated by its highest authorities, is recognized by him as superior to his obligation to obey the Constitution and laws of the United States. He cannot, therefore, conscientiously take the oath prescribed as a condition precedent to membership in the United States Senate, and is, consequently, unfit to discharge the functions of a Senator. This, it will be remembered, was precisely what the Know-Nothings of the fifties said about faithful adherents of the Roman Catholic Church. They alleged, should a mandate of the Pope come in conflict with a Federal statute a faithful Catholic would hold himself bound to obey the former. He is, therefore, they concluded, disqualified from holding office under the United States.

It is not Mr. Roosevelt's nomination, but his election, that may be threatened by the factional quarrels within the Republican party in the States of New York and Ohio. There seems to be no justification for the resentment recently evinced toward the President by Governor Odell, for there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Roosevelt ever saw the report of the Post-office Department, which includes Mr. Odell in the list of persons said to have requested an increase of the

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allowances made to certain post-offices. If Mr. Odell never made such a request, or if the request was a proper one, it should be easy for him to establish the fact. If he made an improper request, he should blame for the exposure of his offence not Mr. Roosevelt, but the First Assistant Postmaster-General, who, in the absence of Mr. Bristow, was directed by Postmaster-General Payne to furnish the information desired by Chairman Overstreet of the House Committee on Post-offices. As for Mr. Roosevelt's wish to maintain neutrality toward the struggle between Mr. Odell and Mr. Platt for the leadership of the New York Republicans, it is a creditable one; and it is the Senator rather than the Governor who has cause to complain that the President has leaned more to one side than to the other.

If Senator Hanna had lived, and if the irritation now evinced by Mr. Odell had been provoked somewhat earlier, it is possible that the Governor might have tried to dissuade the New York State convention of his party from instructing its delegates to support Mr. Roosevelt in the national convention. It is now too late for Mr. Odell to secure an uninstructed delegation from New York, even if there were anybody except Mr. Roosevelt to vote for. Since Mr. Hanna's death, however, and Mr. Fairbanks's assent to the wish of Republican leaders to name him for the Vice-Presidency, the President has had no rival for the Republican nomination. No less futile than Mr. Odell's irritation is the exasperation exhibited by Governor Herrick and Senator Dick of Ohio at Mr. Roosevelt's apparent determination to make Senator Foraker the dispenser of Federal patronage in their State. They might like to withhold from the President the support of the Ohio delegation, but it is too late to do so. We must not assume, however, that because nothing can avert Mr. Roosevelt's nomination, he can afford to neglect the signs of disaffection on the part of the controllers of the Republican machinery in two such States as New York and Ohio, which, between them, cast fifty-nine electoral votes. As we have often pointed out, the Republican plurality in the State of New York at the last election of a Governor (1902) was less than nine thousand, and we may add that in 1892 the Republican plurality in Ohio was so small that Mr. Cleveland actually secured one of the twenty-three Presidential electors. A little relaxing of vigilance and energy on the part of the Republican machine might be fatal to Mr. Roosevelt in either of the States named.

It seems to be settled that a separate commission for the government of the canal zone will not be created, but that Congress will pass the bill introduced by Senator Morgan, which makes the territory acquired for canal purposes a government reservation of the United States, subject to civil and military law, under the control of the President of the United States, which control shall be exercised through the canal commission recently appointed for the purpose of directing the completion of the waterway. Under Senator Morgan's bill, the laws of the Republic of Panama will continue operative in the canal zone until they shall be superseded, in whole or in part, by laws of Congress. It follows that the laws of the United States respecting citizenship, immigration, naturalization, and the importation of contract labor will not be applicable until Congress shall otherwise direct. The existing canal commission is authorized to legislate with reference to all local matters in the canal zone, but all laws enacted by the commission must be first approved by the President, and are liable, of course, to be set aside by Congress.

Another important feature of the bill is the authority given to the President of the United States to declare—on the request of three members of the commission—the canal zone in a state of insurrection, and to employ military force for the preservation of order. We add that, under the provisions of the Morgan bill, the fiscal operations of the Panama commission are, like those of the civil government established in the Philippines, to be conducted through the War Department, upon which is thus imposed an additional burden that, if the cabinet were properly organized, would be assigned to a secretary of the colonies. The one obvious objection to the bill is that the canal commission, as at present constituted, is made up exclusively of naval, military, and civil engineers. It includes no jurist qualified to frame provisional laws for the canal zone. Neither does the commission include any high medical or hygienic authority recognized as competent to prescribe the sanitary regulations which, when the canal zone becomes more densely peopled, will be indispensable. These objections are partly met in Senator Morgan's bill by a provision that a surgeon-in-chief shall be appointed to control the sanitation of the canal zone and of the cities of Panama and Colon. By a wise precaution, it is stipulated that subordinate officers of the health service shall be appointed or removed by the surgeon-in-chief, and not by the canal commission. It seems to us almost equally important that a legal adviser of the commission, qualified to frame laws for the canal zone, should be authorized.

An incident of interest in the week ending March 5 was the completion of the northern member of the twin tunnels contemplated by the Hudson Improvement Company between the river-front of Jersey City and Morton Street on the New York bank of the North River. The completion of this tunnel was a remarkable engineering feat, because the New York and New Jersey sections, though begun and executed from opposite sides of the river, fitted together with absolute exactitude when they arrived at the place of junction. It is obvious that even a hair's-breadth of deviation from the right direction at an early stage of the work would have caused a serious, if not fatal, divergence of the two sections at the point where they met. This tunnel has been some thirty years a-building, but no such delay will be encountered by its competitors, which are projected or under way. The Knickerbocker Improvement Company is already engaged in constructing a tunnel from the foot of Cortlandt Street, New York city, to Jersey City, and the letting of contracts for the prospective tunnels of the Pennsylvania Railroad beneath the Hudson and East rivers is officially announced. There is reason to believe that the tunnels last named, which will be simultaneously pushed, will be completed within three years. Coming generations will marvel that, up to the fourth year of the twentieth century, New York, the second city in the world, consented to be cut off by the Hudson River from all that part of the United States which lies west of that waterway. Up to 1904—nearly three centuries from the settlement of Manhattan Island — the only means of crossing the North River from the city of New York has been a ferry-boat, unless one could spare the time needed to proceed by train to Albany or to Poughkeepsie, whence a bridge was thrown over the river not many years ago. It was undoubtedly the political influence of the Pennsylvania Railroad that foiled the repeated attempts to secure the construction of a bridge across the North River from Manhattan Island to New Jersey, but New-Yorkers will forgive the railway for condemning them so long to isolation, now that the proffered atonement has taken the form of tunnels by which passengers will be conveyed quickly and safely under the river, and delivered at a station in the heart of the great city.

Seldom can the affairs of a private corporation be looked upon as of national interest, yet the second annual report of the United States Steel Corporation may justly be so regarded, both by reason of the number and geographical distribution of its stockholders and bondholders, and because of its influential relation to one of the chief industries of the country. It is well known that the net earnings of the corporation for the year 1903 — by net earnings we mean what is left after deductions have been made of the expenditures for maintenance, for interest on bonds, and for the fixed charges of subsidiary companies—were considerably lower than they had been in the preceding twelvemonth, the exact figures being $109,171,152, as against $133,306,763. Owing to the shrinkage in net earnings, the dividend on the common stock was at first reduced from four to two per cent., and subsequently suspended. The dividend of seven per cent. on the preferred stock continued to be paid, although, owing to the conversion of a considerable amount of this stock into five-per-cent. bonds, the aggregate amount of the dividends paid on the preferred stock in 1903 was but $30,404,173, as against $35,720,177 in 1902. We add that on December 31, 1903, there was a balance of undivided surplus amounting to $66,096,618. On that day, moreover, the tonnage of unfilled orders on the books aggregated 3,215,123 tons of all kinds of manufactured

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products. Obviously the corporation should be able, in 1904, not only to meet all needful expenditures and all fixed charges, but also to pay the regular dividend of seven per cent. on its preferred stock. Whether it will be able to resume the payment of a dividend on its common stock depends, obviously, on the question whether a marked improvement will be witnessed in the iron and steel business. The reduction in the earnings of the corporation in 1903 was, of course, due to the material change which had taken place in the condition of the iron and steel industry. The business of the subsidiary companies, like that of outside companies, suffered by reason of the falling off in orders. The difference in the management of this corporation from that of some outside companies was that, in the case of the former, the effect of dwindling orders upon profits was shown accurately from time to time in published official statements. That is the kind of publicity which investors have a right to demand, and which, in the case of this corporation, has been forthcoming without legal compulsion.

In the English Parliament Mr. Balfour has formally declared against the food tax, which is the real kernel of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal scheme, because it is the only possible basis for colonial preferences. Unless Canadian wheat and Australian meat be favored, the whole scheme falls to the ground, and, says Mr. Chamberlain, the Empire falls with it. Mr. Balfour is, therefore, a declared opponent of the colonial preference plan, and all those who support him in the coming elections will do so on that basis. Mr. Chamberlain's following has defined and catalogued itself. He can count on one hundred and ten votes, leaving the Premier about one hundred and sixty. Mr. Chamberlain's followers showed the other night in the House that they are irreconcilable, when they compelled Mr. Balfour to withdraw a resolution initiated by himself, which condemned the food tax. Therefore Mr. Chamberlain and his hundred and ten will go to the country on the food tax, and Mr. Balfour will oppose it.

From the erstwhile Conservative and Unionist ranks there emerges a third party—that led by the Duke of Devonshire in the Lords, and by Winston Churchill in the Commons. The shade of Lord Randolph Churchill broods over this third party, since he was as hostile to Mr. Balfour as to Mr. Chamberlain, and would infallibly have become Prime Minister had death not cut short his brilliant career. There can be no doubt that, in the confusion and dislocation of these three parties, the Liberals will make substantial gains; the more so that many fine old Tories, disgusted with the present ministry, have declared that they will not stand for reelection. The important fact in all this conclusion is the definite knowledge that Mr. Chamberlain will lead a compact phalanx of a hundred or more votes, allowing for losses at the election. He and Mr. John Redmond will then be in somewhat similar positions, and with almost equally numerous and well-disciplined forces. It would be an acute stroke of statesmanship if they agreed to split their differences and divide the world between them. For it is evident that, whatever advantages distant Canada might draw from a food tax, Ireland, which is already the garden of England, would draw still greater advantages. Ireland is, therefore, financially interested in Mr. Chamberlain's success. It is quite conceivable that, if the matter were properly put, Mr. Chamberlain might so far overcome his distrust of home rule as to cooperate with Mr. Redmond.

It takes high powers of clairvoyance to ascertain from the cabled messages in the daily papers what is going on in the East. The papers have made ample provision for getting the news, but it is one thing to have a man in Manchuria or Korea or Japan who has a story to tell, and another thing to get his story over the wires by which stories must come. St. Petersburg discloses what it sees fit; Tokyo does the like; and Shanghai sustains its old reputation for imaginative work. Now and then we get a bit of news by cable which eventually turns out to be partly true, but as a rule the telegraphic news is desperately unreliable. Accordingly, the first-hand testimony of a living witness about anything concerning the Russo-Japanese war is welcomed with relief by discouraged readers. Such a bit of testimony appears on another page of this issue of the WEEKLY, in Mr. Melville E. Stone's account of conditions at St. Petersburg at the time the war broke out. Our readers will find in his story a particularly lucid exposition of the causes of the war and of the reasons why war at last took Russia so much by surprise. Mr. Stone, whom our readers know as the general manager of the Associated Press, tells of being at the royal ball on Monday night, a week before the Japanese attacked the Russian ships at Port Arthur. It was a magnificent ball. The Czar spoke to Mr. Stone, and hoped he was enjoying himself. Mr. Stone said it did not look like war to see so vast an assembly so intent on pleasure. To which the Czar replied, "But remember the Duchess of Richmond's ball the night before Waterloo." They both laughed, but the Saturday following the Japanese ambassador, under orders from home, asked for his passports, and on the following Monday night fighting began.

Addressing the Yale students in Battell Chapel on March 13, Bishop Potter talked of the prevalence of surprising unfamiliarity with the Bible. He told of stopping at a Christian home in Massachusetts, where he asked for a Bible, and found there was none in the house. He told of a group of young men discussing Kipling, none of whom could tell what the curse of Reuben was; and of a Washington dinner party where an allusion to the widow's cruise stumped all of the guests except the one who made the allusion. But he also said (hoping that he would not be tried for heresy for saying it) that the great religious reaction following the Reformation tended to place the Bible in an artificial position, putting in place of an infallible man an infallible book whose authority was final. We infer that in the Bishop's opinion the Bible is not an infallible book. He certainly thinks it is not so familiar to contemporary readers as it should be, but the fact — if accepted—that the book is not infallible is not at all an argument against its being made familiar to all readers in our part of the world who pretend, or aspire, to pass for educated persons.

Readers ought to know the Bible thoroughly, but they ought to know it for what it is, and nothing that modern scholarship can disclose about its derivation and authorship should be either shunned or concealed by its friends. That the rising generation should know it less familiarly than their fathers did is a loss, but unless they know it more truly and intelligently than their fathers did, it will not be a loss that is entirely without compensations. It will be observed that the Mormon chiefs who have been testifying recently know their Bibles well. It can hardly be doubted that the old habit of accepting as authoritative and infallible everything between the covers of the Bible was one prevailing fact that made possible the astonishing careers of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. They simply adapted a prevailing habit to their own uses. They could hardly have made their forged Bible go except among people who were trained from infancy to accept a Bible without question as a book to be taken as it stood as the handiwork of the Deity, and obeyed as their preachers interpreted it. The Old Testament is a remarkable depository of ancient tradition, history, and literature. To know it familiarly for what it is is vastly worth while. To worship it, in conjunction with the New Testament, as a fetich, was always a mistake, and has always, at times, led ignorant people into error, and enabled astute and unscrupulous deceivers to beguile them.

Justice Holmes, in his dissenting opinion in the Northern Securities case, declared his satisfaction that "only a majority" of his brethren adopted an interpretation of the law which, in his opinion, would disintegrate society, as far as it could, into individual atoms. Justice White confessed to the conviction that the case involved principles which, as stated by the majority of the court in the principal opinion, were "destructive of the government, destructive of human liberty, and destructive of every principle upon which organized society depends." Not only on the gridiron is the strenuous life pursued. In councils of the learned, too, it may, at times, intrude. Identity of judgment, then, turns less on what is true than on the power of several minds to catch one point of view.

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Some Recent Views of the Negro Problem

In a paper on "The Negro," contributed to the March number of *McClure's Magazine*, the author, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, insists that the future of the colored race is the Southerner's problem, and that the Northern whites should stand aside and let the Southerners solve it. To start with such a premise is a very grave mistake. So long as the Union lasts, and the Federal Constitution is upheld, it is obvious that the political future of the negro is a matter of considerable concern to the Northern whites. At present the number of Representatives in Congress and of Presidential electors—if we exclude the two electors-at-large corresponding to the United States Senators—allotted to Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina, are proportioned to the respective populations (including both the white and colored elements) of those States. As a matter of fact, under the new State Constitutions of those commonwealths, the Representatives in Congress and the Presidential electors allotted to those States are chosen by majorities of the white voters alone, the colored citizens being, practically, disfranchised. As a matter of law, it is questionable, to say the least, whether the United States Supreme Court will ultimately sanction such a virtual disfranchisement of the colored race, which certainly was not contemplated by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the Federal Constitution. We repeat that, under such circumstances, to assert or to imply that the political future of the colored race is exclusively a Southerner's problem is a serious mistake. Not only are Northern whites plainly interested in the solution of the problem from a political view-point, but it is equally obvious that, only by appealing to their intelligence, sense of equity, and racial sympathy, can Southern whites hope to generate such a volume of favorable public opinion at the North as will restrain the United States Supreme Court from invalidating the State Constitutions of certain Southern commonwealths, and as will also restrain Republican majorities in both branches of the Federal Legislature from passing force bills whereby the military power of the country would be used to compel the wholesale admission of colored citizens to the franchise. These are some of our reasons for thinking that Mr. Thomas Nelson Page is on the wrong track when he tells his white brethren at the North that the solution of the negro problem is no concern of theirs. We ourselves hold the opposite opinion. We believe that all white men in this country who have at heart the maintenance and development of civilization are jointly interested in effecting such a workable and permanent adjustment of the relations between the colored people and the whites as shall assure to the blacks opportunities of industrial and educational progress, and of gradual elevation in the social scale, while safeguarding the political and social ascendency of the white race. Only by cordial cooperation on the part of whites, North and South, will the negro problem ever be solved, complicated as it is by constitutional requirements of doubtful wisdom and expediency.

We pass from Mr. Page's postulate, which would be absurd if it were not calculated to be harmful, to an earnest and fruitful discussion of the subject by another Southerner, a native of Kentucky, Professor Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, now of Harvard University, who devotes some eighteen pages of his new book, entitled *The Citizen*, to an examination of the negro question. Professor Shaler begins by pointing out that the negro is here to stay; that we can never rid ourselves of him by deportation, and that, in fact, we would not if we could. To the toil of the blacks we owe the greater part of the agricultural products of ten States, and somewhere near a sixth of the fruits of all the tillage of this country. For many years there was, indeed, a hope that the negroes would in some way disappear, either by returning to Africa as colonists, or by fading away before the competition of the whites, in the manner of other primitive races, or through the effects of the Northern climate, which was supposed to be deadly to all tropical folk. It is now certain that they will not fade away; their annual gain in numbers appears to be quite as great as that of the white population. Experience also shows that the blacks are unwilling to return to the land whence our forefathers brought them. To send them forth against their will would be an iniquity which no civilized people could perpetrate. Moreover, we repeat, we could not spare their services. For these reasons they are to abide in this commonwealth, to help it or to harm it, as the whites, who are still the masters of their destinies, shall in large part determine. Professor Shaler is by no means one of those who hold that at present the blacks are, as a body, qualified for a citizen's functions. He does believe it, however, to be the duty of every true white citizen to see what can be done to help this people, so that they may be set upon the way of ultimate advancement to the dignity of citizenship.

How shall this be done? The question cannot be answered without an adequate knowledge of the history of the blacks in the United States. Professor Shaler reminds us that, when the first European colonists settled in this country, nearly three hundred years ago, they at once found themselves in grave need of laborers. They were themselves few in number, and had to win a wilderness to their needs. Experiments with indentured white men proved that a sufficient supply of labor could not be procured from the mother country, which itself was still scantily peopled. Experience also shows that neither reward nor punishment would make an effective laborer of the red man. At this stage of an attempt to solve a problem seemingly insoluble, the English colonists discovered, as the Spaniards had discovered before them, that at the price of a few strings of beads or a gallon of rum, a man could be bought in Africa who would be fairly docile and an excellent, enduring laborer. The average cost of purchasing Africans and of transporting them to the American coast was but a few dollars—scarcely more than the expense of bringing cattle across the sea. As soon as this source of labor became widely known it was turned rapidly to account.

Here we are cautioned by Professor Shaler not to judge of the moral, any more than of the economic, side of the slave trade, as we should if the business were transacted in our own time. All our ideas as to the evils of the institutions of slavery, when the sufferers are of an alien and lowly race, are very modern—not much more than a century old. They constitute a part of the later gains in the field of morals. To our ancestors of the seventeenth century the process of enslaving savages was about as much a matter of course as the capture of wild beasts. Attention is also directed to the fact that it cannot be fairly maintained that, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the enslaved negroes were debased by the change from their native countries to America. Professor Shaler points out that, on the contrary, they gained in opportunities of life, for they came into contact with a superior race; they were thus trained out of barbarism and into a Christian civilization. So that they and their descendants had a chance of rising to a plane of life which has never been attained, and most likely never will be attained, by others of their kind. Another point often overlooked, but upon which due stress is laid by Professor Shaler, is the help which the negroes, considered as laborers, gave to the colonies south of the Hudson, and, in a less degree, to the more northern settlements as well. This help was of the utmost value to the development of the English power on this continent. There is, indeed, grave doubt whether our people could have maintained their place against the Indians, the French, and the Spaniards without the assistance they derived from the gentle and laborious folk from Africa. The political conditions of the time were such that the English colonists needed quickly to become strong, and the needed strength could not have been won by their own hands. Thus, while we of to-day see that there was an immoral quality in the slave trade, it for a time proved exceedingly helpful to a good cause.

Professor Shaler proceeds to testify from his personal experience that the system of slavery in this country during the term of its existence—somewhat more than two centuries—was, on the whole, as little iniquitous as an institution in its nature essentially evil could well be. The masters were generally merciful. Their close relations with their servants broke down the instinctive dislike which is so effective a bar to sympathy where white men are brought but casually in contact with black people. Where a black was a household servant or a laborer on a small plantation looked after by his master, he generally had an opportunity, such as has never been given to any other primitive man, to rid himself of savagery and to learn the most important lessons of a Christian civilization. That he has been lifted in less than seven generations to where we now find him, to an average station that no savages have ever acquired, is due to the instruction which was forced upon him as a slave, and could not have come to him under other conditions.

Passing to the problem presented by the emancipation of the negro and the reconstruction legislation, Professor Shaler begins with the assumption, unequivocally declared, that the social recognition of negroes ought not to go so far as to assure their admission to the homes of the whites on the same basis as determines the entrance of persons of our own race. It is, indeed, pronounced very undesirable that the two peoples should ever be linked by marriage, for the offspring of such marriages are almost always weak and short-lived. Whenever whites and blacks have formed a mixed race it has proved decidedly inferior to either of the parent stocks. We thus have to accept nature's limitation on such intercourse, yet it is a limitation that need not bear hardly on either case, because it is for the best interests of both.

In Professor Shaler's opinion, it is the part of the far-sighted, conscientious citizen at the North, as well as at the South, so to deal with the negro problem as to promote the education of the blacks in ways that will serve to fit most of them for the modest yet honorable position of trained workmen, leaving the ordinary instruments of the higher education accessible to the abler colored youths, as they should be to all who are qualified to receive such schooling. At the same time, the fair-minded white should protest against that indiscriminate dislike of negroes as a race which all Americans, except those who have been brought into intimate relations with them in their youth appear to feel. That the instinctive prejudice, though strong, is not ineradicable, is shown by the close and sympathetic relations which were often developed between masters and servants in the old days of slavery, and which

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were the redeeming features of an evil institution. Professor Shaler, in a word, would make white people at the North, as at the South—and more especially at the North—recognize that the blind dislike of any man on racial grounds is unworthy of them. He considers it, in fact, disgraceful that, large-minded as Americans in general are, so many of them should be influenced by a motive essentially brutal—one from which the cultivated peoples of the Old World have long ago escaped.

Judge Parker and the Democratic Nomination for the Presidency

SOME of the friends of Chief-Judge Alton Brooks Parker, of New York, think that they see a resemblance between his position at the present time and that occupied by Governor Grover Cleveland, of the same State, twenty years ago. Mr. Cleveland was at that time unknown to the national Democracy; it was, indeed, reported that he had never been in Washington. Even in the State of New York he had been very little known before 1882, outside of Erie County, in which he had been successively Sheriff and Mayor of Buffalo. What suddenly gave him distinction was the victory gained by him in 1882 over Judge Folger by a phenomenal majority, due largely to the abstention of "Half-Breed" Republicans from the ballot-box. But for that majority, which proved illusory, he would never have been considered a candidate for the Presidency in 1884. It is also true that, although Sanford E. Church, a former Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, played a great part in New York politics, and was often talked of for the Governorship, and even for the Presidency, it is improbable that Judge Parker would have been mentioned for either office but for the fact that in 1897—the year after McKinley carried New York by a plurality of 268,000—he was chosen chief justice by a plurality of nearly 61,000, a plurality mainly due to the circumstance that the Low Republicans in New York city did not vote for his Republican competitor. Judge Parker's friends go on to argue that, if undivided support had been given to Mr. Cleveland by the New York delegation to the Democratic national convention in 1884, he would have been received with more enthusiasm throughout the nation, and would not have come within a hair's breadth of losing the State of New York in the ensuing November. They want, if possible, to save Chief-Judge Parker from the pitfall which so nearly proved fatal to Governor Cleveland, by allaying the opposition of Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, and thus securing a unanimous delegation to St. Louis. There is no doubt that if this plan could be carried out Judge Parker's chance of receiving the nomination for the Presidency would be materially improved.

There is another point of view from which the present situation may be instructively compared with that of 1884. During the campaign of the year last mentioned, Samuel J. Tilden was yet alive. He was believed by his party to have been elected President in 1876, and all Democrats also recognized that the Cincinnati convention had made a grave blunder in 1880, when it nominated General Hancock, instead of ex-Governor Tilden. But for the fact that in 1884 Mr. Tilden was known to have become seriously weakened, mentally as well as physically, and to be, indeed, very near to death, he would unquestionably have commanded the zealous support of the New York delegation, and would have been the nominee of the national convention. No protest on his part would have availed. The party would have conscripted him to be its standard-bearer. We need not point out that, in the eyes of the national Democracy, Grover Cleveland, the only man who, since the civil war, has reared the Democratic ensign on the White House, holds to-day an even loftier position than was occupied by Samuel J. Tilden twenty years ago. Moreover, while the latter was in the last stage of decrepitude, the former is still in the prime of physical and intellectual manhood. Under the circumstances, Chief-Judge Parker is necessarily overshadowed by the ex-President to a far greater extent than Mr. Cleveland was by Mr. Tilden in 1884.

Especially would the vast difference in respect of national eminence between Chief-Judge Parker and ex-President Cleveland be brought out impressively should the Southern States make up their minds to exercise at St. Louis an ascendency proportionate to their contribution to the Democratic Presidential electors. What the masses of the Southern whites think of the ex-President was eloquently set forth on March 14 in the House of Representatives by Mr. Patterson of Tennessee, when he recalled the memorable fact that the only oasis in the desert of non-representation, which has been the unhappy lot of the Southern States since the termination of the great rebellion, was to be found in the two administrations of Grover Cleveland. During the eight years of his tenancy of the White House he never hesitated to go to the South for cabinet advisers, or for justices of the United States Supreme Court, or for ambassadors and ministers to foreign powers. Mr. Patterson reminded his colleagues in the House how, during Mr. Cleveland's first term, the Northern press teemed with denunciation of what it called the awful spectacle of the South again in the saddle. Mr. Cleveland, however, withstood the storm of objurgation, as he has withstood every other storm that has gathered about his head, and, by his unreserved recognition of Southern men, did more to extinguish sectionalism than any other man has accomplished. That Mr. Cleveland was human, and may have made mistakes, Mr. Patterson did not deny, but he laid stress upon the fact that those mistakes were not against the interests of the Southern people, and, whatever they may have been, they were but as specks upon the sun of his high character, glowing patriotism, and unblemished honor. Mr. Patterson did not mention Judge Parker's name, nor could it well be bracketed with that of the ex-President. It is, we repeat, a serious disability under which Judge Parker labors in the present canvass—the fact that the people cannot forget the ex-President's record. That was, as we have said, a disability to which Mr. Cleveland himself was not subjected twenty years ago, because then, Mr. Tilden, although living, had undergone permanent eclipse.

Worse than the Sixteenth Century

ALL Christendom has been taught to hate the sin committed in the New World by those ruthless Spanish and Portuguese conquerors and colonists who forced the natives to labor, to extract from mine and forest whatever there was that seemed more valuable than lives of men—gold at first, and long afterward rubber; who sometimes resorted to torture when the untrained laborers lagged or rebelled at their tasks; and, finally, almost exterminated the Indian population in certain regions, not because they really liked to see their servants perish, but because they did not know that hard work would kill the constitutionally feeble indigenes.

As Dr. J. Hampden Porter has shown in his chapter on native races (*United States of Brazil: A Geographical Sketch*, Washington, 1901), "Spanish and Portuguese taskmasters never understood how men, more vigorous in appearance than their own peasantry, could die from exertions to which the latter would have been fully equal." All Christendom, even early in the sixteenth century, when reports of the first European atrocities came out of the West, began to learn to hate that particular kind of sin, without loving the sinner; and as time passed sentiment in every civilized community little by little became so thoroughly educated in this respect—abhorrence of the most cruel methods of exploiting savage countries became so ingrained—that it was taken for granted that no Christian nation would ever again be identified with such practices. Accordingly, when *The Curse of Central Africa* was published last year, it seemed easier to believe that the two authors of the book had been guilty of gross exaggeration than that a thousand Belgian officials in the Congo Free State were actually now engaged in committing worse crimes than those which stained the names of Spaniard and Portuguese.

But it is impossible to overlook the testimony of Mr. Casement, British consul at the capital of the Congo State. His official report, recently issued by the British Parliament, and at the British Foreign Minister's request now being submitted to nearly all of the European powers, gives a circumstantial account of the horrors which he personally has witnessed, together with stories of systematic oppression which are apparently confirmed by the statements of missionaries and traders, and by admissions of the accused officials themselves. No good purpose would be served by reproducing here all the details of Mr. Casement's account; it is a revolting story of wholesale murder, maiming, and ingenious torturing. By such means natives who collect rubber in the African forests are driven to work hard enough to satisfy Belgian taskmasters; the black soldiers employed by the government punish with death or imprisonment children and women of their own race when the men fail to bring a sufficient quantity of rubber to the collecting stations. The same story is told of a total disappearance of the inhabitants of vast regions that was told by indignant Spanish missionaries who investigated the misconduct of the Spanish soldiery in the New World nearly four hundred years ago; the same uncertainty is expressed as to the number of aborigines exterminated, and the number of those who have fled away in terror.

We have carefully chosen our words when stating that Mr. Casement's report sets forth "worse crimes" than those which Las Casas, the Apostle of the Indies, described with the uncharitableness of a passionately zealous reformer, and which European and American historians have ever since vied with each other in recounting. If we must accept as equally true the assertions of Las Casas and those of Mr. Casement, then the woe inflicted upon Africans of the Congo region by the Belgians constitutes a graver offence, and one more injurious to the reputation of Europeans, than the woe inflicted upon the Indians in various parts of Latin America by the Spaniards, and upon those of the Amazon region by the Portuguese. A graver offence it must be called, be-

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cause the conquerors of America were pioneers in this sort of exploitation, painfully learning by experiment what the Belgians of to-day learned at school: the latter stand accused, therefore, of sinning against the light, the clear teaching of history, the more humane general usages of the twentieth century. More injurious to the reputation of Europeans it must be called, because the charge is advanced (and powerfully supported by a letter from Lord Cromer to the British Foreign Office) that the system resulting in the extermination of negroes in Central Africa has been maintained "with the knowledge and connivance of the Congo government," which has the King of Belgium at its head; whereas the Peninsular governments framed, and made at least some earnest efforts to enforce, merciful regulations for the protection of the Indians. The junta which was summoned in Spain in 1511 declared, King Ferdinand approving, that the Indians were "a free people, a people to be Christianized, and not enslaved." Historians of the present time, who realize that Las Casas exaggerated frequently and with harsh emphasis, will not prejudge the case of the Belgians. The right to inquire into the abuses with which the Congo administration is charged; to separate truth from error; and to apply such measures of correction as the situation may be found to require, resides in the powers that created the accused government. A "free" state has *not* been established in equatorial Africa, in the sense that European adventurers entrusted with control there shall be at liberty to put twentieth-century civilization on a lower plane than that of the sixteenth century.

Railroads in the Philippines

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE has given some very good advice touching projected railroads in the Philippines, drawn from his experience in Cuba. Sir William declares that the success which has attended his efforts in Cuba is largely due to the methods employed in dealing with the native inhabitants. Had he and his colleagues been guided by a short-sighted policy of chipping off a little here and a little there, at the expense of the native, in Sir William's opinion he would have been doomed to failure. Seeds would have been planted which would have borne bitter fruit for generations. He endeavored not only to obtain, but even more, to deserve the confidence of the natives from the very outset, as the basis of operations. He employed only native labor in constructing the four hundred miles of the Cuban railroad, and awarded no building contracts. To have done so would, in Sir William's view, have been suicidal. His success in Cuba convinces him that the same policy should be followed in the Philippines if the dual object of the American government—to educate the Filipinos in respect for the Americans, and confidence in them, and, at the same time, to bring about the industrial development of the islands—is to be secured.

The government has three alternatives in constructing the projected Philippine railroad: it could either build the line with its own forces, or it could let contracts for construction, or, thirdly, endow with sufficient power some company whose interests would be the same as the government's interests. The annual cost to the American government of providing for eight hundred miles of Philippine railroad would be no more than the annual cost of maintaining a single regiment. If by the constructing of railroads the necessity of a standing army should be removed, and a native constabulary established, the inestimable benefit is apparent.

The Housekeeper's Talents

"A MERE MAN" has written a series of articles in the Baltimore *Sun* on the deficiencies of his womankind. No business on earth, he asserts, is so ill-managed as housekeeping; no other artisan is so stupid, so extravagant, so unprogressive as the housekeeper. There is much to be said on the side of the "Mere Man's" assumptions. Home, in the minds of most men, is synonymous for paradise, and doubtless it often falls short. On the other hand, there are many who, if they could be translated into paradise, would find halos unbecoming, a disagreeable glare to the golden streets, and milk and honey nauseous. Meanwhile, the "Mere Man" should have begun by taking stock of the demands made upon a good housekeeper.

He simply states that men learn their business and improve and expand it, whereas a woman never learns her business and carries it on as badly in the twentieth as in the first year. But there are both imbeciles and unfortunates among men whose businesses deteriorate. There are bankrupts whose businesses fail. There are listless men and dullards whose businesses remain at low level from end to end of life. All such, too, are human and apt to find their counterparts among women. The main point of the "Mere Man's" contention is, however, that housekeeping is perfectly easy and would improve if put into the hands of men. There is an interesting and quite authentic case, known to physicians, of a man who married a very successful business woman. Her salary was so much larger than his that they reversed the order of things; she continued her business, and he ran the home. Within three years he was a total nervous wreck, and was warned by his physician that no man had the endurance to be a housekeeper. This was despite the fact that he was filling the functions of housekeeper pure and simple, and was let off the usual burdens of social life and child-rearing.

A housekeeper must have a good head for details, a commanding presence, dignity, patience, and self-restraint. From six o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night she must be ready to be a law—a quiet and yet prevailing law—to the two most unruly classes of humanity—children and servants. We are assured that she must know chemistry, hygiene, cooking, bookkeeping, trained-nursing, dressmaking, dyeing, fine needlework, embroidery, knitting, something of mechanics, carpentry, plumbing, marketing, and buying of all sorts, mending, from stockings to old mahogany, cleaning of all kinds, including old brass, silver, nickel, marble, wrought-iron, paints, woodwork, chimneys, glass, stained-glass, and all sorts of laundry work, gardening, papering, picture-hanging, house-draping, care of animals, primary-teaching and kindergarten work. There are housekeepers who, in addition, prepare their sons for college and earn their own dress-money. The housekeeper must also keep young and good-looking, be bright and interesting, and interested when her husband comes in from business, and carry on a large social connection. Is a "Mere Man" sure he wants to apply for this position?

Mrs. Gilman has pointed out in her recent book, *The Home*, that housekeeping and home-making are passing through a transitional period. There is nowadays no such thing as a class of trained servants. In this country a domestic servant proud of her work and her position is unknown. In England the genus is fast dying out. Domestic work is slowly shifting over to machinery, or being done by organized public labor, such as laundries, bakeries, caterers, women's exchanges. While this transitional period lasts every gap must be filled by the untiring, ever adaptable housekeeper. She has no choice. She cannot resign her position. She must stick to the business and see the difficulties through.

The competent housekeeper, the "Mere Man's" experience to the contrary, keeps inventories of all her belongings, of the linen closet, the china-pantry, the silver, the kitchen, and cleaning utensils. She goes over it twice a year, correcting and renewing, and sets aside a given sum for depreciation and unavoidable wear and tear. The average housekeeper is a better housekeeper two years after she has gone into the business, and improves steadily as time goes on. Despite enormous difficulties she usually has a very smooth-running machine after five or six years.

The wonder of it all is not that housekeeping is so badly done, but that considering the lack of proper technical training of domestic servants and the excess of talents demanded for the business, there is still such a preponderance of cheerful, beautiful, orderly homes.

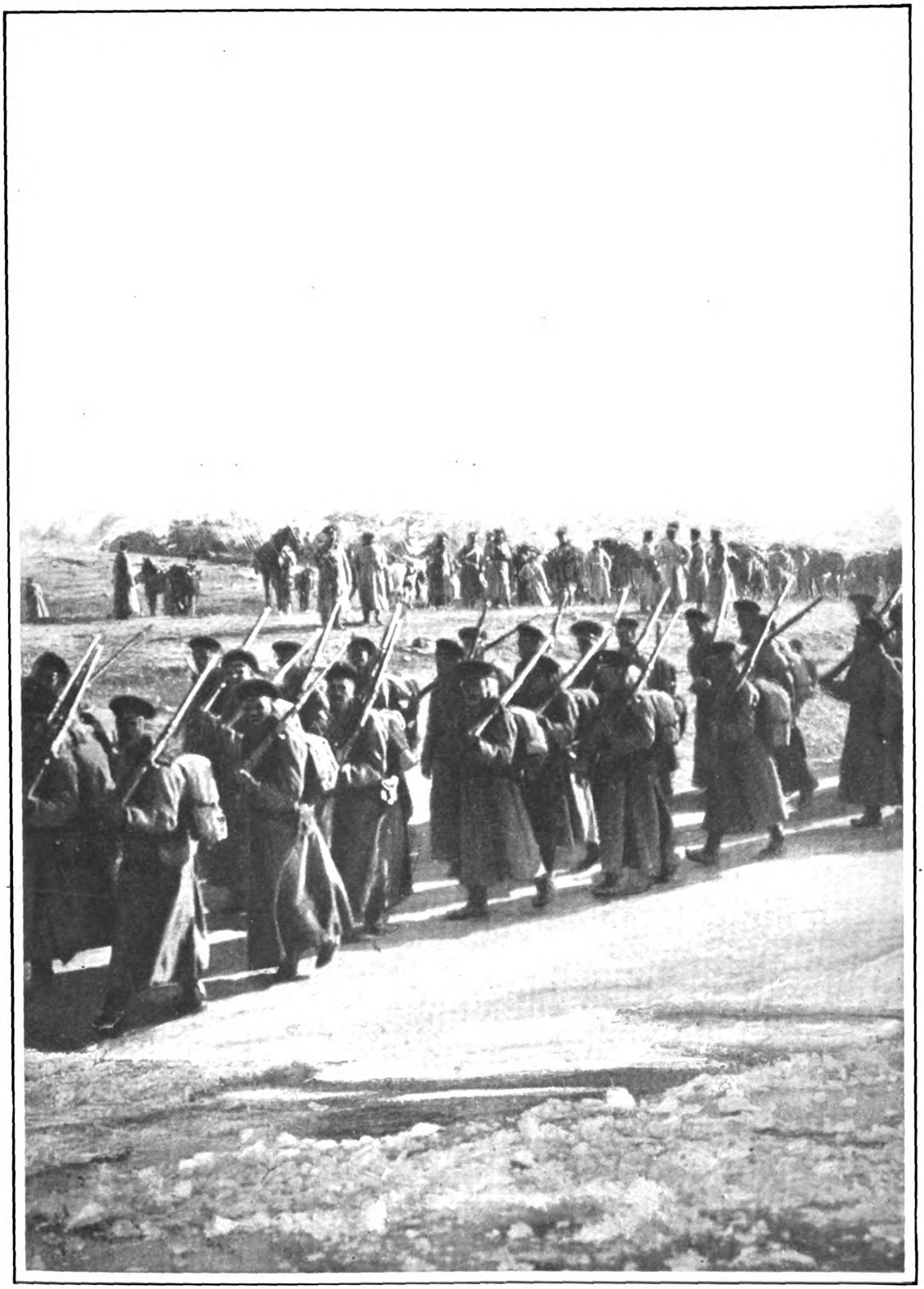
Men's Opinion of Women

A CORRESPONDENT, whose letter is printed in this issue of the WEEKLY, complains, in discussing woman suffrage, that most men who consider women in general as unequal to a share in the affairs of government except their own wives, as to whose exceptional capacity they are always ready to testify. Why is this? she asks. Is it merely such gallantry as monogamy constrains, or is it the sane judgment of a judicious man upon the capacity of the woman with whom he passes his life?

Conceding for the sake of argument that the fact is as our correspondent states it, it is conceivable that married men form their opinions of their own wives by close personal observation, and base their notions of other women on what their wives tell them. Women are usually much more decided and comprehensive in their views about other women than men are, and that is quite natural, for, as a rule, their opportunities of observing other women are much better as well as more frequent than those of men. It is reasonable that a married man should lean on his wife in shaping his ideas of other women.

But the argument that women ought not to vote because their mental capacity is not equal to that exercise is seldom used in these days. It is ridiculously easy to find a multitude of women who are fitter to vote, so far as mental capacity goes, than the average man. It is easy, too, to find individual women with a decided interest in, and talent for, public affairs, who ought to vote if they care to. Still, it is argued, and we think soundly, that the mass of women are not, on the whole, as well qualified to vote as the mass of men, and to force the suffrage on all women would swell the electorate enormously without any gain in average intelligence. It is possible, of course, that the average woman might learn to vote intelligently and honestly. So might the average man, but his proficiency is not great enough as yet as to encourage the hope that the electorate can be improved by watering it.

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RUSSIAN TROOPS IN MANCHURIA ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT

Recent reports from the scene of action in the Far East state that Russian reenforcements to the number of 2000 have arrived at Newchwang, which is believed to be threatened by the Japanese forces. The photograph shows a body of the Czar's troops marching toward the front. Detachments of the army are stationed at all important points along the railroad

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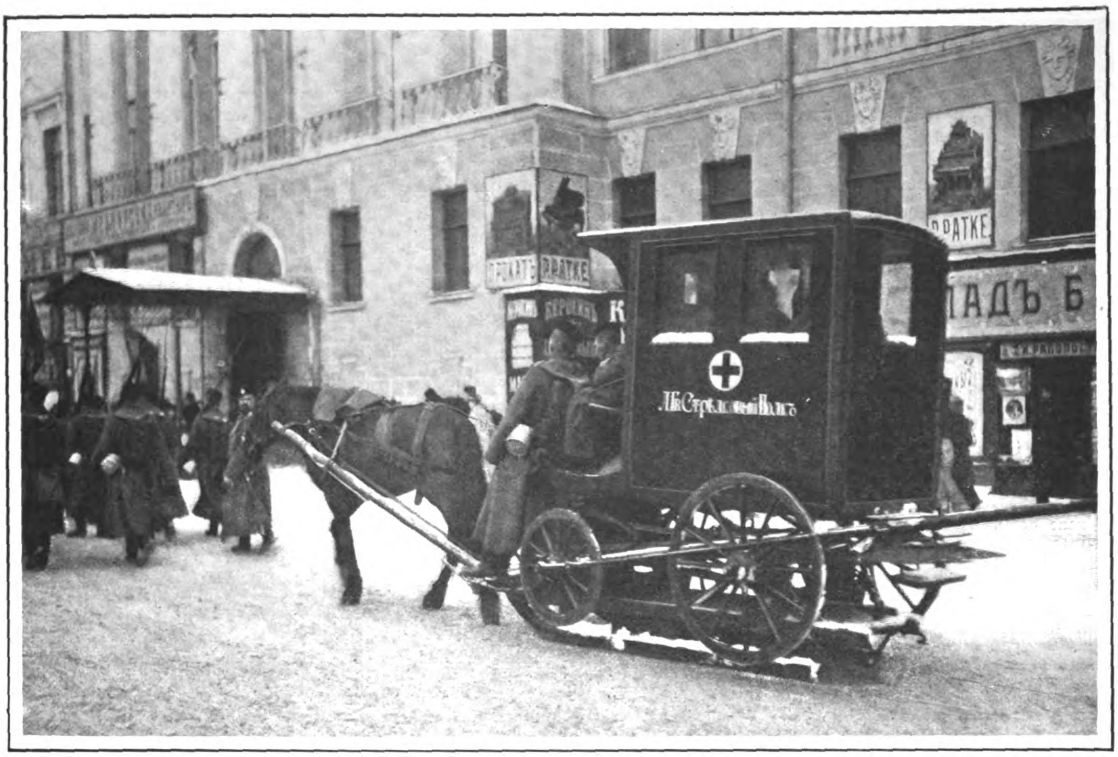
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ST. PETERSBURG IN WAR-TIME—TROOPS LEAVING FOR THE FRONT

At present Russia is sending all of the troops that can be spared to the theatre of war in eastern Asia. The photograph was taken in St. Petersburg opposite the terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway, showing the departure of troops for the front

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A Red Cross Carriage, on Runners, being taken to the Railroad Station for Transportation to the Front



A Detachment of Russian Infantry on their Way to the Railroad Terminus

ST. PETERSBURG IN WAR-TIME—MOVEMENT OF TROOPS AND SUPPLIES TO THE SCENE OF WAR

Scenes in the Czar's capital, showing phases of Russia's military activity in the present Far-Eastern crisis. A statement by Prince Khilkoff, Minister of Public Works and Railways, gives the transportation capacity of the Siberian Railroad as twenty trains a day. A track for the passage of trains is being built across the ice on Lake Baikal, but this is to be used only for the transportation of supplies. The troops are to be transported across the lake on sledges

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The Strength of Japan

An account of the rise of Japan as a world power, her military resources, and the organization and strength of her army and land forces in time of war

By Charles Johnston

WE are only beginning to appreciate the significance of the New Japan. Taken in its largest sense, it means the rebirth of the Oriental nations, not only the Mongolians, but also the natives of India, Persia, and Central Asia. We may not recognize it yet, but the time is at hand when we shall have to receive and treat all these races as equals, dropping from our creed the article of white supremacy. Within less than forty years Japan has forced her way to the front, asserting her jurisdiction over Europeans and Americans within her dominions, allying herself with the first naval power in the world, and gaining recognition as a fighting force of the first value. Whatever be the merits of the present controversy in the Far East, whatever be the outcome of the struggle for Korea and Manchuria, the present war will give the Asiatic a new standing among the nations, and other Asian lands will have their share in this promotion. Certain Oriental nations have triumphed in one or another department of culture: the Arabs in algebra and chemistry; the races of India in philosophy, geometry, and astronomy; the Chinese in artistic craftsmanship; yet none of these victories of peace sufficed to gain for them equal recognition and just dealing from the Western nations. Nothing but armed force would suffice, and Japan's significance lies in this, that she is the first Asian power thoroughly to master the modern science and mechanism of war. Her full international standing was gained, not so much by her Constitution, as by the conduct of the Chinese war, and the bearing of her army in the march to Peking.

The Japanese army has thus its universal significance, as well as its present importance in practical world politics. Viewed in this light, we can see that its development, like that of the New Japan itself, was made possible by the concurrence of several things—first, the feudal system, which bred a governing class, an order of men accustomed to command and to be obeyed, from whom the generals and officers of the army, as well as the statesmen and lawgivers, are drawn. Japan has perpetuated her governing class in the present orders of nobles and gentry, the latter corresponding to the feudal *samurai*. Second, we must count the immense class of small farmers, who for ages have had to strain every nerve, to exert the utmost self-reliance, to make a living from their two-acre farms; from this sturdy class, with their out-of-door training in a rigorous climate, are drawn the tough and wiry privates of the Japanese army. A third element of success lies in the Japanese gift for craftsmanship, the perfect command of materials exercised through centuries, the skill in working metals, which made it so easy for the Japanese to construct and run their own arsenals, and even invent and perfect their own service rifles. Finally, we must count the entire openness of the Japanese mind. They had nothing to forget, nothing to unlearn; Japan had never produced a religion to turn men's minds to dreams of another world; she had no poetry, no literature, no music, no outlet at all for moral energies, beyond a trick of decorative art, pleasing but never profound; therefore all her mental energies were instantly available when circumstances, in the form of Commodore Perry's squadron, brought her the message of modernity.

Since that time Japan's energies have flowed wholly in material channels; nothing has been drawn away for the finer and deeper part of life. She wastes little time over religion; she has no romanticism; she has no gift for poetry of feeling or expression, and leaves the higher criticism severely alone. Turned wholly to the material world, possessed of boundless energy, and with a guiding class of superior men, her highly trained and finely equipped army is the almost inevitable product of the conditions of her life. The first thing which makes it a success is immense organizing power. The fifty millions of Japanese are not merely an Oriental mob—they are all ticketed, recorded, and catalogued by a system of registration more complete than that of any Western land. The number of males arriving at the age for military service is known with mathematical exactitude, and the conscription works with German precision. From Germany, in fact, Japan has drawn the form and organization of her army, just as her navy, even including the best of her battle-ships, is a British creation. The division of the Japanese army into the active army, the *landwehr*, and the *landsturm* carries us straight to Prussia, and the age for conscription is the same—twenty in time of war, seventeen in special emergency, with liability for service extending to the fortieth year. The uniforms and accoutrements carry out the German idea; and again and again visitors to Japan have commented on the German appearance of the Mikado's troops, the German precision of their drill, the truly Teutonic mastery of detail, shown in the organization of their military districts, their general staff, their military academies and schools.

Japan has seven great military centres, scattered through the four chief islands, all connected with each other and with the ports by railroads, which thus make the rapid mobilization of the whole force comparatively easy. The most northern army centre is in the half-desolate island of Yezo, or Hokkaido, which stretches northward towards frozen Sakhalin; Sapporo, a city of forty thousand inhabitants, is the seat of its barracks, fortress, army stores, and drill-grounds. Thither the hardy recruits of the northern island wend their way, and for three years their lives are those of Oriental Germans—eternal drilling, cleaning of accoutrements, rifle practice, artillery drill, the hard routine of a soldier's life. Their barrack buildings have a wholly modern and European air, the uniforms are very like those of the Prussians, and, at a short distance, one might imagine them sturdy recruits of the Kaiser and the Fatherland. On one point I am without information. Japan's music has been described as "strumming and squealing," and I know not what barbaric melodies take the place of the "Wacht am Rhein."

In Honshiu, or Hondo, the great central island of Japan, as



A Japanese Artillery Officer giving firing Orders during Practice

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large as Great Britain, and more densely populated on the average, there are five great military centres. The most northerly is at Sendai, a city of eighty or ninety thousand inhabitants, some two hundred miles north of Tokyo, on the railroad leading up towards Yezo. Tokyo itself, with its population of a million and a half, is the centre of the next military district; the local arsenal is extremely up to date, turning out supplies of the new Japanese service rifle, an improvement of the locally invented Murata, and making ammunition at the rate of a million rounds a day. Nagoya, with a quarter of a million inhabitants, on the railroad west of Tokyo, is the next great garrison town; and thence the railroad continues to Osaka, on the Inland Sea, where the cannon and many of the small-arms are made. Osaka is the second town in the empire, with nearly a million inhabitants, and its garrison is one of the strongest centres of military force in the Mikado's dominions. The fifth army centre in the great island of Hondo is at Hiroshima, a town with a hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, at the extreme southwest of the island, near the Shimonoseki Straits, and therefore opposite Fusan and southern Korea. Lastly, there is Kumamoto, in the southern island of Kiushiu, close to the great port of Nagasaki, which for generations was the one door to Japan for the outer world.



Soldiers of Japan's Modern Army

Each one of these seven cities, from Sapporo in the northern island to Kumamoto in the extreme south, is the heart of a military world, with its roll of conscripts, its bureau of enrollment, its depot of arms and ammunition, its drill-grounds, in which the sturdy sons of farmers are marched up and down in their German uniforms, taught to expand their chests with extension motions, formed in ranks, in squads, wheeled to the right, wheeled to the left, broken into the double—in short, turned into highly finished military machinery of the most approved Teutonic type. If we keep in mind the situation of these seven towns, strung along the railroad which is the backbone of Japan, it is quite easy to see how well the whole thing is planned, for the two purposes of ample recruitment and easy transport to the sea. It is easy to realize how, by merely following rules and schedules long ago worked out, the reserves of time-served men could be gathered into the barracks in each district, uniformed and fitted for service, and sent south by train to Osaka and Nagaski, on their way to the ports of Korea.

The brain of the Japanese army is the general staff at Tokyo, made up of men who have given years to the study of German military science in the school of von Moltke, and who have the old feudal gift of commanding men in large masses. There is a Staff College, where the brightest officers study the advanced branches of strategy and tactics; there is also a military academy, a cadet school, and schools of artillery and engineering. No element is spared which makes for success; and throughout the whole there is the same fervid energy, the same intense concentration, the same gift for material details and material laws, gained by the entire exclusion of the imaginative and emotional nature, of all the softer elements of life.

According to the last available figures, the Japanese active army, distributed in twelve divisions through the seven great garrison towns, is directed by eight thousand officers: the military hierarchy culminating in two field-marshals, Marquis Yamagata and Marquis Oyama. There are three full generals — Viscount Nozu, Viscount Sakuma, and Count Katsura; twenty-one lieutenant-generals, and forty-eight major-generals complete the list of general officers. The Emperor Mutsuhito, popularly known as the Mikado, or "Honorable Gate," is the titular commander-in-chief of the army. Under the Emperor is the Minister of War, Lieutenant-General Terauchi at present filling that post. Then comes the actual commander-in-chief of the army, with his chief of staff, and so on, in a fashion undistinguishable from that of the best-equipped Western nations.

As the rank and file of the Japanese army is drawn from the small peasant class, who have no cattle, and live on the produce of their tillage, the army is nearly vegetarian in habit, and is less difficult to support in the field than an equal body of beef-eating British troops. Nevertheless, the task of feeding the immense body of men carried by Japan's sixty or seventy transports from Nagasaki to the various ports of Korea is a sufficiently formidable one, calling once more on the Japanese power of organization which has played the supreme rôle in the nation's



Japanese Infantry on the Firing-line prepared to Attack a Position

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modern growth. It may be stated as a general truth that no nation has ever satisfactorily handled the difficult question of transport and commissariat, unless it has first gained success in commerce and trade. For the problems of transporting troops and feeding them are analogous to the practical problems of commerce, and draw upon the same faculties. The fact, therefore, that the Japanese have built up a series of successful steamboat lines, and have within a brief period raised their exports to the value of $130,000,000 a year, and their imports to an even higher figure, demonstrates their ability to grapple successfully with the more difficult problem of conveying a hundred thousand men to Korea, and clothing, feeding, and sheltering them after they get there.

The food problem is lightened by the fact that Korea has for years been the granary of Japan, so that it is simply a question of buying rice on the spot, instead of carrying it in ships to Japan. Of course there is in either case the question of payment; but the Japanese war loan has been so rapidly subscribed for, and the private contributions have been so great, that there is no immediate stress in that direction.

We all recognize the fact that the Japanese general staff, and the Japanese army as well, will be on well-known ground during most of the coming campaign. The names of Chemulpo, Seoul, Pingyang, Anju, the Yalu, Port Arthur, and Newchwang, which are so familiar to us now, all had their place in Japan's one great modern contest—the Chinese war of ten years ago. It would be fascinating and full of interest to go over the ground in detail, from Fusan and Wonsan to the heart of Manchuria, recording the different exploits of the Japanese armies at each point, telling of the really wonderful and valiant resistance of the greatly inferior but brave Chinese troops who opposed them; and from the successes and shortcomings of ten years ago attempting to generalize as to the military qualities and deficiencies of the Mikado's troops, and their probable performance in the immediate future. This would, however, carry us too far afield. We may say that in native toughness, absolute lack of nerves, and personal daring, among both officers and men, the Japanese troops showed well. In the material problems of transport and commissariat they were remarkably efficient, even through the very trying months of a Manchurian winter and a very severe and trying campaign. In all that books can teach or academies instil of military art they also excelled. But, so far as one can discern from the detailed histories of the war, there was nothing that could rightly be called military genius or inspiration—only talent of a very high order and endless energy vigorously applied. The great interest of the coming months will be to see in which of the two races lies the capacity of divination, the creative genius which finally triumphs in war, and which books and academies can only imitate and record, but never teach.

The great movements in the world's history have largely been determined by this quality, which was with the French in the days of the first Napoleon, but wholly failed them in 1870; which Marlborough possessed in an eminent degree, never since equalled in England; the quality that made Suvòroff and Skobeleff eminent in Russia; the power by which von Moltke conceived and led up to the battle of Sedan.

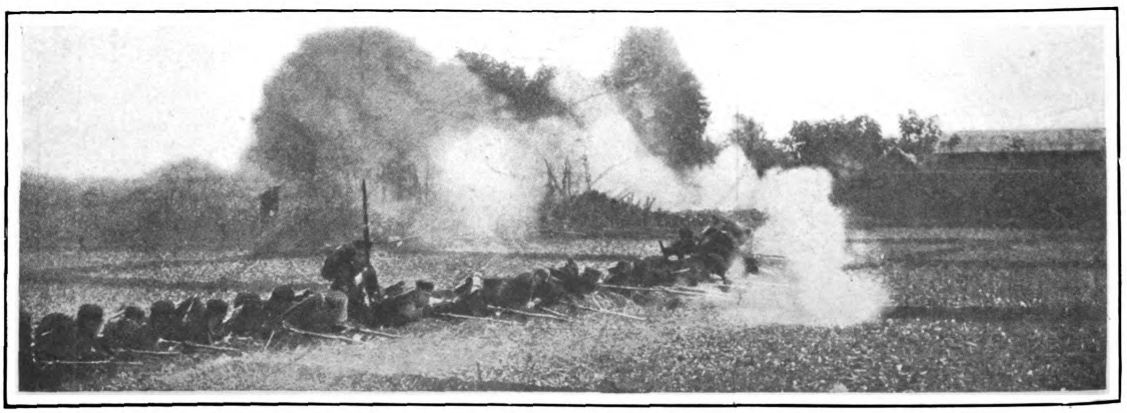
It is hardly necessary to say that we are not in a position to give accurate figures as to the number of troops at this moment under arms. The Japanese general staff, adhering to the Asiatic tradition of war, will neither tell the number of its troops or admit its losses. But we can make an approximation. The numbers of the Japanese army are limited, not by the difficulty of finding available conscripts, but by the cost of training them; many fine young men are refused every year, even after the most rigorous medical tests have eliminated the physically unfit. In ordinary circumstances something like fifty thousand recruits are accepted yearly, and are turned into barracks to be trained. As the period of active service is three years, it follows that Japan has about a hundred and fifty thousand men actually uniformed and in barracks, at the seven military stations described, at any given moment. These same men become reservists after their three years' service, and as they are reckoned among the first reserve for four years and four months, there will, at any time, be some two hundred thousand of these men, between the ages of twenty-three and twenty-seven, with three years' training to their credit. We may, in case of emergency, add the *landwehr*, consisting of men who have passed through the standing army and reserve; and as the term of service in this second reserve is five years, we shall thus have some two hundred and fifty thousand men, between the ages of twenty-seven and thirty-two, to add to the active army and first reserve. These men also have three years' service to their credit, and include the veterans of the China-Japanese war of 1894-5. It is probable, therefore, that Japan has half a million available and fully trained soldiers, all under thirty-three years of age, with much more raw or partly-trained material, made up of the able-bodied conscripts refused for lack of funds to train them in the active army.



Japanese Soldiers in Winter Quarters in Northern Japan

Japan will, naturally, keep a large body of troops in each of the seven garrison towns, and also in the numerous forts along the coast. Her immense coast-line, of nearly twenty thousand miles, will demand a considerable garrison at numerous points. Japan has, therefore, only a part of her total army available for operations on the mainland of Asia, in Korea, and Manchuria. How many will depend on circumstances, which are constantly changing.

It is probable that she has about a hundred thousand men now in various parts of Korea, chiefly between Seoul and Pingyang, with other bodies at Wonsan on the east coast, at Fusan in the south, at Masampo close to Fusan, and at various points between Fusan and Chemulpo. We are not in a position to say how many are at each point, and it would be inconclusive, though interesting, to say how many are likely to be in different strategic situations. Only after the war will the exact data be available, and it is unprofitable to replace them with surmises.



Japanese Infantry firing across open Ground during Manœuvres

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The Russian View of the War

By Melville E. Stone

General Manager of the Associated Press

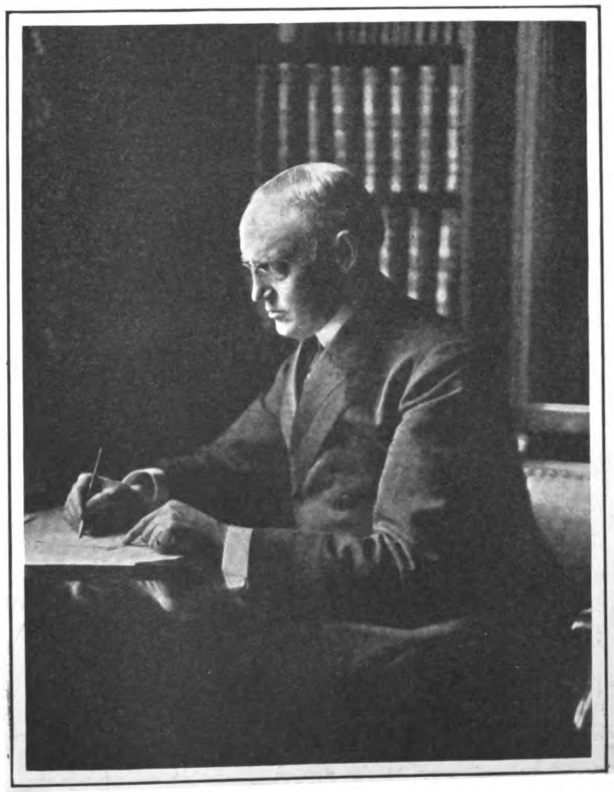
IT happened that I was in St. Petersburg during the last days of the diplomatic negotiations between Russia and Japan, and during my stay I was honored with a private audience of the Emperor. In the course of the conversation he talked of some of the conditions and the outlook. While I am not privileged to repeat what was said, I believe that, by reason of his long-time commitment to the cause of universal peace and by reason of the special conditions existing, he did not want war, and that no large preparations were made by the Russian government for war. There were two great parties among his advisers—one led by Alexeieff and Bezabrazoff, with an element of the army and navy, who were for war; the other, led by Count Lamsdorff and ex-Minister de Witte, with Kuropatkin, the Minister of War, and, in fact, including almost the entire ministry, who were most anxious for peace. I do not think it would be fair to say the Emperor's views on the subject were influenced to the extent that he would have declared war, but I think he was misled by Alexeieff, who was his Viceroy in the Far East, and who did not believe that the Japanese would fight, and who therefore was opposed to making too many concessions to them. The consequence was that the negotiations, which the reader will remember were opened by Japan and not by Russia, and which were presented in the form of a demand by Japan for a consideration by Russia of proposals to maintain the independence and integrity of Korea and the embodying of these proposals in treaties—these negotiations went on to the crucial point before the fact was appreciated in St. Petersburg. A history of the situation shows that there were disputes along divergent lines, which were most natural on both sides, and which brought the two nations to the striking-point certainly before Russia appreciated the danger, because the Russians did not and could not appreciate the Japanese attitude. The Japanese attitude was this: In 1895 they were at war with China. As a result of that war they defeated the Chinese and took possession of Port Arthur. Then, upon the demand of Russia, Germany, and Great Britain, but chiefly of Russia, in order to maintain the balance in the Far East and to preserve the peace of the world, the Mikado, at a great personal sacrifice and humiliation to himself, creating a precedent the like of which had never been known before in world history, issued a proclamation, much against the wishes of his people, releasing the Japanese hold in Manchuria.

This was immediately followed by the organization of the Russo-Chinese Bank, and the lease in the name of the Russo-Chinese Bank of the territory over which the Trans-Siberian Railway ran to Port Arthur and Dalny. To the Japanese that looked very much like a demand that they give up Port Arthur in order that Russia might succeed them.

On the other hand, the Russians took an entirely different point of view. First of all they wanted an open port. They could not get through the Baltic, and the only passage from the Black Sea was through the Dardanelles. Vladivostok, their port in the Far East, is for more than nine months ice-bound. I would not say that this did not influence them; doubtless it did. At any rate, the Russo-Chinese Bank secured the lease. Their right to do this I think nobody can question. It was done entirely under the forms of law. Whatever complications subsequent events may have led to, that was the condition in which the world found Russia and Japan last summer when Japan asked for some formal negotiation which would alter the situation and give Japan a sphere of influence in Korea in return for Russia's occupation of Manchuria. At that time Russia, of course, was entirely satisfied with conditions as they were and was not anxious to enter into negotiations of any nature, and so she declined.

Russia was unquestionably influenced very largely in her attitude throughout the negotiations preceding the war by fear of the "Yellow Peril." As they said in St. Petersburg, if the United States, with 3000 miles of ocean between her and the Chinese, found it necessary to adopt a Chinese exclusion law, and if Great Britain at that moment was in the throes of a discussion as to whether they should adopt one for South Africa, how much more had Russia to fear, who had 3000 miles of Siberian border in direct connection with Chinese territory. The Russian workmen could not live and compete with Chinese cheap labor. Already the Chinese were peaceably invading Siberia, making it impossible for Russia to carry out her one great hope—that of making it possible to supply the fertile valleys along the eastern coast of Siberia with the surplus population from western Russia. I think their idea of Manchuria was to use it as a "buffer"—a country which should be occupied by Chinese, but under certain control by Russia. One thing they fought off most strongly was the demand of Japan and the United States for the privilege of making a settlement in Manchuria. Then the question of a neutral zone came up. Russia was perfectly willing to have a neutral zone, but they wanted it south of the Yalu River. Japan said, "No, we will make it on both sides." So the negotiations went on, Japan growing more impatient and demanding things which seemed to Russia almost impertinent, and Russia sitting still, saying, "We have no desire to negotiate anything." I think it is only fair to say that the Russians held the Japanese somewhat in contempt, and were therefore disinclined to enter into negotiations with them.

There were two other reasons why the responses to the demands of Japan were slow. First, because the Russian is temperamentally slow; he is never in a hurry. Second, because the Russian system of bureaucracy makes it impossible for the Russian government to act quickly. For years the government has always taken all sorts of reports from every one having anything to do with any matter of importance. If it is the building of a railroad, the matter is brought up before the Emperor. He immediately sends for his ministers, who, with their subordinates, down to the lowest man, issue their orders for reports. These reports come back from hand to hand until they all finally reach the Emperor. So when the Emperor was called upon to make answer to the most simple elementary demand of Japan, the whole subject had to be gone over by all the officials concerned. An order was even sent out to Alexeieff, who in turn passed it down to his subordinates for reports. This naturally caused long delays.



Melville E. Stone

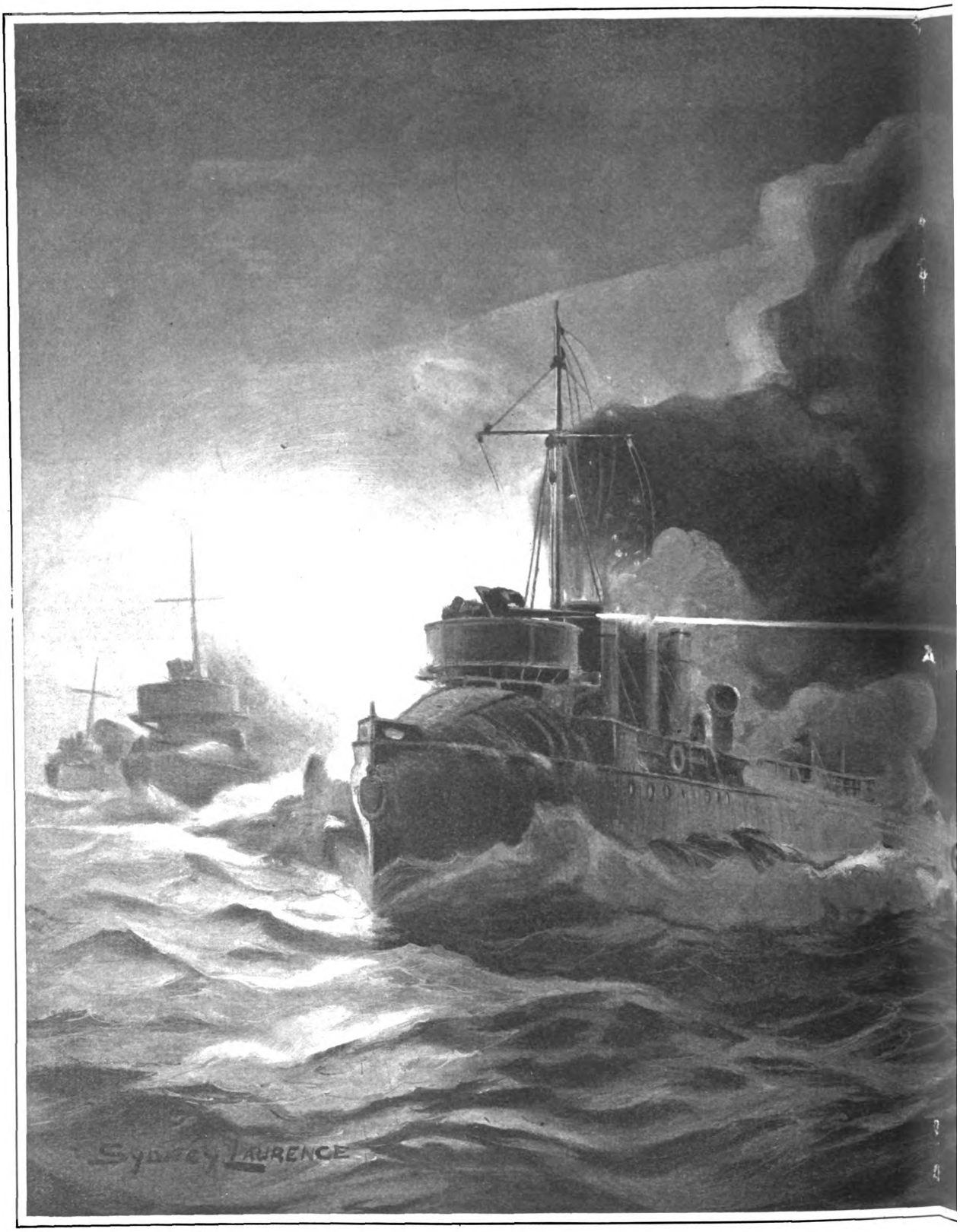
General Manager of the Associated Press

Finally, on the night of the 4th of February, after months of negotiations, Russia sent her answer to the last demand of Japan, forwarding it to Alexeieff to go from him to Baron de Rosen, the Russian minister at Tokyo, to be delivered by him to the Japanese government. I saw Minister de Plehve that night at a social gathering and had some talk with him. I also saw M. Kurino, the Japanese minister at St. Petersburg, and I may say that nobody in St. Petersburg had the faintest idea that the situation was critical, and nobody dreamed that they were living over a volcano. The utmost calm prevailed. I talked with M. Kurino at the royal ball, which was held on the Monday preceding his departure from St. Petersburg, and I am perfectly sure he had no idea that war was imminent and that on the following Saturday he would present his demand for his passports. The ball was the most sumptuous they have ever had. There were 3300 people present. This, with the fact that there were 1500 waiters and 500 cooks and that each guest at the ball sat down to a hot dinner, gives some idea of it.

That night there was no idea of war. There was more or less solicitude in St. Petersburg lest the tone of the British press might encourage the Japanese

(Continued on page 479.)

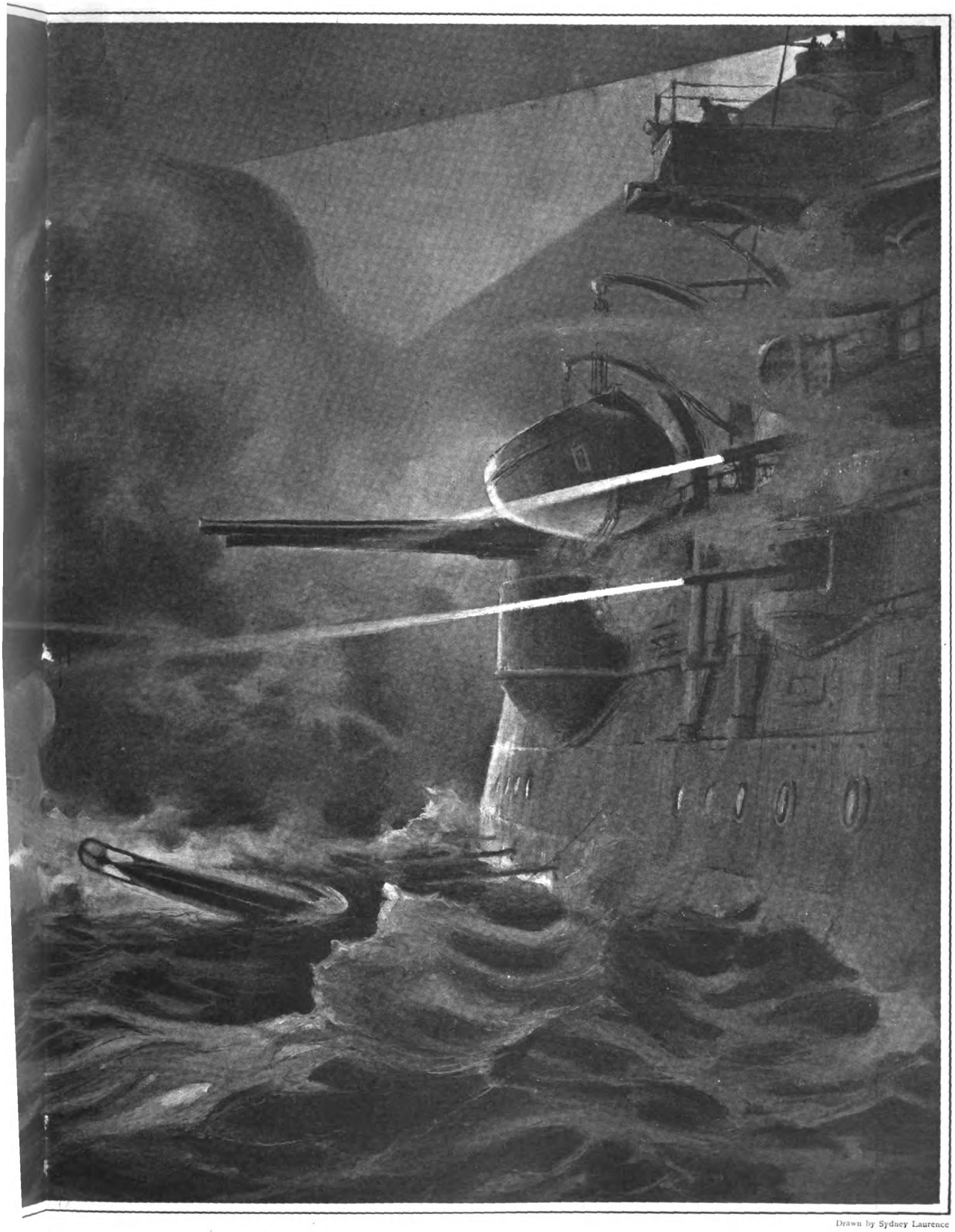
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A VIEW OF THE TORPEDO ATTACK UPON

The first torpedo attack of the war took place at Port Arthur shortly after midnight on the morning of within a short distance of the Russian fleet, and successfully torpedoed the battle-ships "Retvisan" an they were beached. The Japanese torpedo-boats retreated without injury. Since then a number of a Port Arthur, but according to official reports they have not been able to do further damage. The draw

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Drawn by Sydney Laurence

PON RUSSIAN WAR-SHIPS AT PORT ARTHUR

morning of February 9. The Japanese torpedo-boat flotilla, by displaying Russian signals, approached visan" and "Czarovitch" and the cruiser "Pallada," causing them to retire within the harbor, where mber of attempts have been made by the Japanese torpedo-boats to attack the Russian squadron at The drawing was made from detailed accounts of the Port Arthur engagement which opened the war

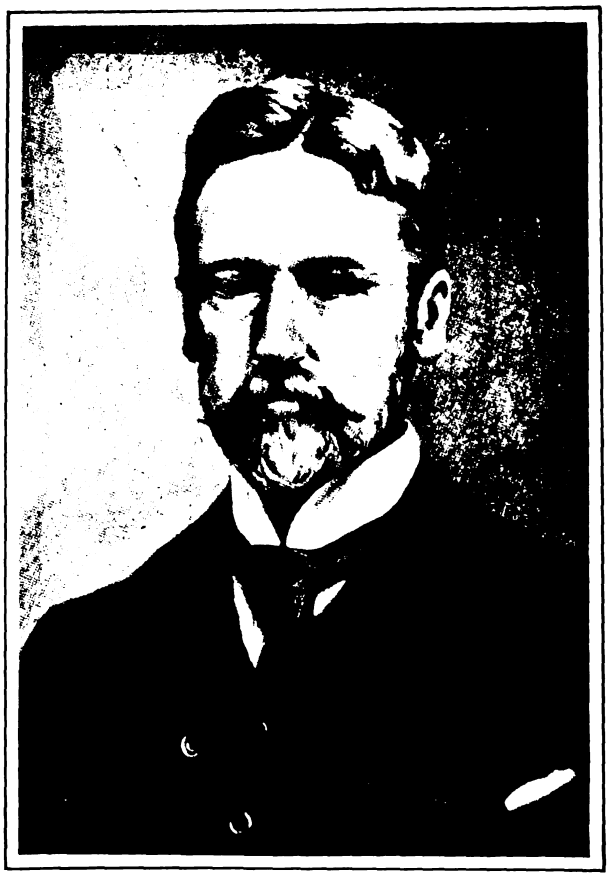
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Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

THERE is no more modest man of letters in London today than Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, and yet there are few whose work is more worthy of deep and sincere admiration. What he has accomplished is meagre, indeed, but the quality of it is as fine gold. Mr. Nevinson has found journalism an exacting taskmaster, and only at intervals has he been able to roam at will in the field of literature. He has been for many years a member on the staff of the London *Daily Chronicle*, and during the Greek and Turkish war and the Boer war he acted as war correspondent for his paper. The fruit of these expeditions was given in his two books, called *The Thirty Days' War Between Greece and Turkey* and *Ladysmith: The Diary of a Siege*. For the past five years Mr. Nevinson has been the literary editor of the *Chronicle*, where his work often appears over his bare initials, though the marks of his style are sufficient to distinguish him as a writer.

Whether of necessity or choice, I have never ceased to regret that Mr. Nevinson should be called upon to spend his undoubted talents in anonymous journalism since I read his first book, *Neighbors of Ours*, published in 1895. It appeared on this side with the commonplace title *Slum Stories of London*. It is a masterly piece of work, and has never been sufficiently recognized. Among all the stories dealing with slum life I know of none to approach this volume for humor and veracity, for the realism of its human nature, and the stamp of truth which carried the conviction that in their blood and bones these "low" people were "neighbors of ours," and of like passions as ourselves. And in telling a story Mr. Nevinson has that simple power of relating an every-day occurrence which arouses fresh interest and imparts the touch of wonder which transforms the ordinary into the extraordinary. The humor is oftentimes grim and poignant with pathos, as, for instance, in the story "A Man of Genius." "My pore 'usband," says Amy, "why, 'e ain't 'ardly to be called a man, 'avin' nothink only a genius and a wooden leg." Sam comes home late one night with "a bit o' drink on 'im." "Next minute Sam's wooden leg 'ad carried away the lock, and 'e was in the room ragin' about like a quodded explosion . . . and yer could 'ear the clo's shriek as 'e pulled 'em in 'alves bit by bit." "That's all right," says the woman from the floor above, "'e ain't only breakin' up the things. That's a mercy for 'er. 'E's got a good 'eart, same as my own man, as 'ud break all the bits o' things in the 'ouse sooner nor lay a bloomin' finger on me. It's a blessin' to 'ave a man with a good 'eart." But these stories are not all bitterness and irony; there are bright bits of comedy and sentiment, and the humorous point of view is well sustained in the character of the spokesman of the tales, the ubiquitous coster, Jacko Britton. "Little Scotty," though somewhat irrelevant in the collection, one is almost tempted to pronounce a masterpiece; and for sheer humor nothing could be better than "Mrs. Simon's Baby." One story, "The 'St. George' of Rochester," would seem to indicate that Mr. Nevinson is capable of a more sustained effort in fiction than he has yet attempted. "In the Spring" is a beautiful idyll told with a poetic simplicity that is almost Wordsworthian. Old Groun'sel has been "had up" before the magistrate for an alleged attempt at burglary in the house of Mary Whitmore, "widder, three times married and left comfortable." In his defence, the simple-minded old man—"a 'armless lunatic"—says, "I was in the forest yesterday evenin' gatherin' up my plants, and on a sudden there comes over me the smell o' the May, layin' thick like a sweet-smellin' mist, the air bein' still and warm. All smells is good for the memory, but there ain't no smell in the world so good for it as the smell o' the May. So I says to myself, 'Every time as you smell that there May, you kind o' seem to go back to that Whitsun with Mary, as then was. Now, it bein' like that with you, ain't it likely enough as she'd go back after the same manner? If she got a smell o' the May, p'r'aps she'd call you to mind, for all you bein' a bit older nor what you was then.'" But Mary was not amenable to May blossom, and she resents the reference to her early lovemaking—"me a widder of three 'usbands as 'as always kep' 'erself respectable." The case is dismissed, and next morning old Groun'sel is found "layin' quite dead, curled up as if fast asleep in a cart under one o' the railway arches." A second volume of stories, different in character, called *In the Valley of Tophet*, appeared a year later, but their unrelieved gloom and depressing quality doomed them to unpopularity. The Valley of Tophet was a mining district, and the stories were for the most part grim and relentless studies of the lives of the miners. And yet they served to denote the author's power in dealing with the tragic commonplace. About two years ago he followed a pagan mood, and wandered with his vagrant fancy over the bosom of the warm earth, playing a tune on the pipes of Pan. *The Plea of Pan* is full of the wine of life, and is palpitant with the beauty and poetry of nature. But the best book of all that he has written is *Between the Acts*, a collection of strange little stories and dramas, of various themes, interspersed with lyrics and ballads, that has just been published, and which is deserving of serious attention from those who really care for the things that matter in literature.



Henry W. Nevinson
Literary editor of the London "Daily Chronicle" and author of "Between the Acts"

The title does not mean that these stories have anything to do with the theatre. "The pleasantest times in a drama are generally the intervals between the acts," says Mr. Nevinson in his preface. "In most cases the drama of life is also divided into acts, and only when the drop-scene has fallen are we conscious of the strangeness and significance of each division. . . . In the following scenes, then, I have tried to represent only certain casual episodes and situations which I have observed or imagined in the successive acts of a life to which fortune has granted a share of variety." Thus the first two sketches, to some extent more personal than any of the others, are memories of childhood and boyhood that have been recalled by the lifting of the curtain. The portrait of old Forbes, the Scotch gardener at his grandfather's, who "labored from morn till eve, always with the same rapt look, as one occupied with the burning depths of eternity that lurked below the garden beds," is next of kin to Stevenson's *Memories and Portraits*. These are the only essays in the book, but we could not spare them; indeed, since Stevenson, there is no other writer who has such a knack of picturesque writing and felicitous phrasing, of happy humor, "of joy in widest commonalty spread." Several stories like "Sic Vos Non Vobis" and "The Pinnacle of Fame" are offshoots of the journalistic life. "The Last Rag" is worthy of a place with the best of his slum stories. "In Twenty-Four Hours," an episode of the Greco-Turkish war, and "The Relief of Eden" and "Of Your Charity," inspired by the Boer war, are the most haunting and powerful stories in the book, excepting, perhaps, "A Little Honey," which is a novel in epitome. Some transient scene or passing word may have been the starting-point of these stories, which, treasured by memory, have been shaped by the imagination, and, to quote his own words, "suffused with a strange light and touched by a romance of happiness or sorrow, unobserved while the parts were being played." *Between the Acts* is a rare and memorable book, instinct with sympathy and charity for all men and women—a book that sends its shafts with sureness of aim between the joints and pierces to the marrow.

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The Mormon Church on Trial

Following is an account based on the Reed Smoot proceedings before the Senate Committee of the trial of the Mormon Church, its attitude toward home life and marriage, its influence over its members, and the part taken by the Church in affairs of national interest

By Philip Loring Allen

WASHINGTON, *March 15, 1904.*

SIX Methodists, two Congregationalists, two Presbyterians, an Episcopalian, a Baptist, and a Unitarian compose the tribunal before which the Mormon Church is on trial at Washington. Four years ago the precedent was laid down that a polygamist should not sit in Congress. That was the first test since the Statehood of Utah of the relations of Mormonism to the United States government. The second test is the Reed Smoot case. If he is unseated it must be on grounds which would apply equally to any member of the Mormon hierarchy.

Without question, many of the good people who signed the thousands of petitions which have poured into the Senate "praying an investigation of the charges made and filed against Hon. Reed Smoot, a Senator from the State of Utah," supposed that these proceedings would be practically a repetition of those in the Roberts case. Some members of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, even, supposed up to the date when the hearings began, that Mr. Smoot was charged with being a polygamist. A great deal of talk was heard, too, during the summer months of the awful nature of the "apostle's oath," which would be found subversive of the Senator's obligation to his country. This, too, as it turns out, has no part in the testimony.

Those who listened to the first day's testimony heard a great deal about the details of Mormon history, belief, and practice, but very little, indeed, regarding the man whose seat was in jeopardy. "This evidence is all very damaging" was the unspoken thought of a great many, "but where does Smoot come in?"

If any high officer of Joseph Smith's Church is to represent his State at Washington, Reed Smoot is perhaps the one to whom the anti-Mormons would make the least objection. How the weeks of sensational testimony concern him is explained in briefest terms in a colloquy which occurred at the second day's hearing.

"I want to say," said the prosecuting counsel for the protestants, "that we do not believe, in the light of all the testimony that will be presented to the committee, documentary or otherwise, that Senator Smoot could by any possibility put himself up against the command of his associates."

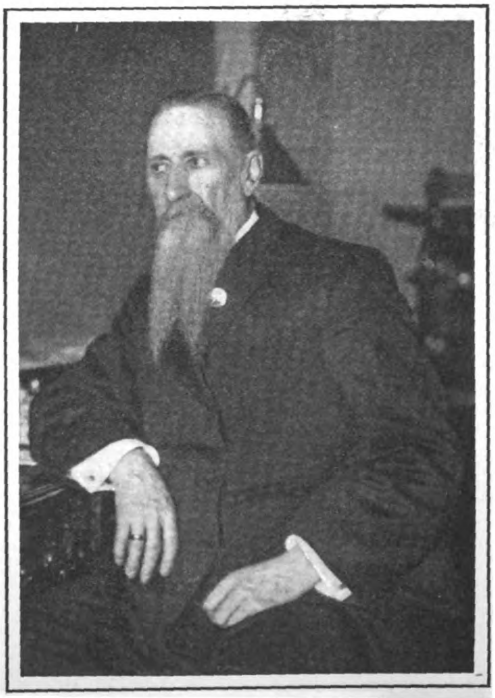
"You mean in his vote as United States Senator?" asked one of the committee.

"Yes," was the reply, "in his vote as Senator, and that is an inference which cannot be escaped in view of all these facts."

It is not anything said about Senator Smoot, but the effort to prove that the apostolate and first presidency of the Mormon Church constitute a propaganda of polygamy that has drawn the daily crowds to the committee room door.

To the door, and no farther, it may be said, with ninety-nine out of a hundred of the curiosity-seekers. The smallest of rural chapels is larger than the chamber picked out for this investigation about which the people of this country have read more in the last month than on any other topic except the war in the Orient. Crowding every available inch of space, sixty chairs can be placed in the room. Thirteen of these are for the committee, fourteen more for the Mormon witnesses, a half-dozen for the lawyers, a group for the press. The hearings, in Congressional parlance, are "public," but a seat within earshot has been a rarely obtained privilege.

The committee over which Senator Burrows of Michigan presides is one of the weightiest of the Senate—Senators Hoar of Massachusetts, McComas of Maryland, Foraker of Ohio, Depew of New York, Beveridge of Indiana, Dillingham of Vermont, Pettus of Alabama, Dubois of Idaho, Bailey of Texas, Overman of North Carolina, and Clarke of Arkansas. Under the strain of following the long hours of testimony, all of these Senators display little mannerisms. The chairman sinks far back in his chair and dangles his eyeglasses from their cord over his forefinger. The venerable Senator Pettus throws his head forward and looks over his glasses. Foraker leans intently over the table. Dubois sits erect and alert and never asks a question without pointing at the witness with his long lead-pencil. Bailey absently tears paper into strips. One of the least conspicuous figures in the whole proceedings is the respondent, the junior Senator from Utah.



Joseph Fielding Smith, President of the Mormon Church, testifying before the Senate Committee

"If Macaulay's New-Zealander should wander some day into the Senate gallery," said a Washington political observer not long ago, "and were told by his guide that among the ninety Senators on the floor below him was one of a group of arch conspirators, plotting 'to subvert the ends and aims of the United States government,' and owing to a secret allegiance above his oath to support the Constitution, he would pick out two-thirds of the other Senators before his finger pointed to Reed Smoot." Tall and lank, of frank and pleasant smile and hearty manner, with the healthy tint of a man fond of the open air, loose collar, short hair, and heavy drooping mustache, he would be set down as a first-rate type of the Westerner who does not carry his "breeziness" to the point of exaggeration.

The witness whose testimony created the greatest interest, Joseph Fielding Smith, president of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-day Saints, sustained by his Church as "prophet, seer, and revelator," would be taken by a stranger in the street as a man of power and of dignity, and yet there is little of the look of otherworldliness which one unconsciously expects in the man whom 350,000 of his fellow countrymen regard as the chosen servant of the Most High, and the bearer of His messages to the earth. Under a five days' fire of questions, he spoke as one having authority, to be sure, but it was the authority of the specialist, the scholar, the man accustomed to handling terms of precision, rather than of one who spoke with the tongues of men and of angels. His words were chosen deliberately and uttered slowly, his voice thin, and the tone in which he answered questions so low that those at the other end of the room found it hard to understand. His only gesture was an up-and-down movement of a long forefinger. The elderly president of a Western normal school, forced by circumstances to discuss his private affairs before an unfriendly tribunal, would have borne himself much as did this head of a great religious body, and of commercial enterprises so varied that they supply the people's wants with everything from street-car rides, knit goods, and improving literature to theatricals and salt-water bathing.

It was with an almost academic manner that President Smith made the declarations which flashed to the ends of the earth—his acknowledgment that he had retained his plural wives and that all of them had borne him children since the manifesto of 1890 against polygamy. It is probable that friends and his enemies were equally surprised by the frankness of his declarations on these matters of personal conduct. About minor matters of detail he spoke with hesitation and indefiniteness, and yet this uncertainty disappeared entirely when he came to those matters about which the ordinary man would feel most reluctant to testify. Evidently he had steeled himself beforehand to give without evasion those answers which the sensation-hunters of the country were most anxious to pounce upon.

On very few occasions did he show signs of deep feeling. Once, after a score of questions about the marital relations of his friends and associates in the Church, he rose in his place, and leaning forward until his face was within a few feet of that of his questioner, declared that he did not propose to let himself be put in the attitude of an informer. "If there is anything I despise," he exclaimed through shut teeth, "it is an infamous spotter and informer, and I am not one of those." Yet there were tears in his eyes when he spoke of his wives and children, and "the law which I have presumed to face in preference to disgracing myself and degrading my family by turning them off and ceasing to acknowledge them and to administer to their wants." "Not the law in relation to plural marriage," he hastened to explain. "That I have not broken. Neither has any man broken it by the sanction or approval of the Church." "My family" was always his expression, though Senators in their questions often found it more natural to speak of "your families."

This "family" of five wives and forty-two sons and daughters was not present at the hearing, and,

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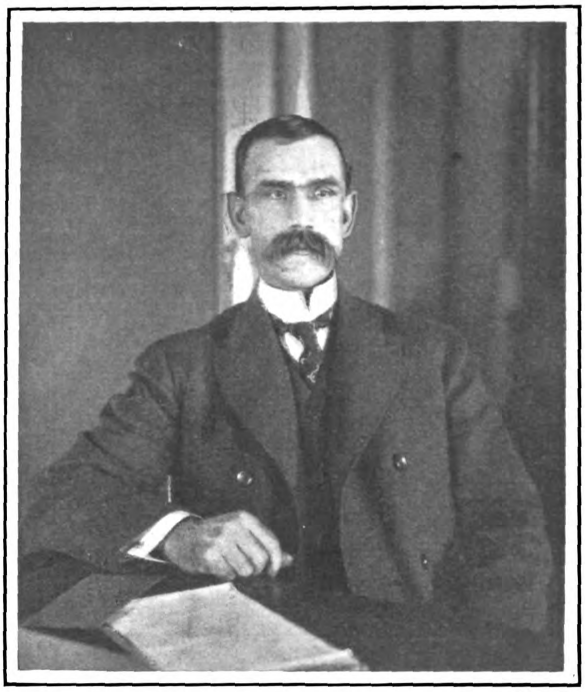
indeed, could not have been accommodated in the room. At the mere mention of it the spectators were horrified or amused, according to their varying susceptibilities. The picture it calls up, however, is not, at all events, that of a graybeard taking to himself a bevy of youth and beauty. The last of President Smith's wives will be ready in five years more to celebrate her silver wedding. The oldest he married almost forty years ago.

What has been gained or lost by the sweeping admission of the polygamous conditions still prevailing in Utah is a question that must resolve itself in the minds of the committee. Some saw in President Smith's declaration that he would take his chances with the law of the State, and that the national government had nothing to do with his private affairs, nothing but a flat defiance, a direct flinging in the country's face of the old question, "What are you going to do about it?" But that is hardly the whole story.

"Gentlemen," said the old Mormon, "you have shown a great deal of leniency in permitting me to express my views here. But the Church itself—I understand your point, that the Church forbids me to violate the law, and I admit it does—but the Church gave me those wives, and the Church cannot be consistent with itself if it compels me to forsake them and surrender them."

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," quoted Senator Bailey.

The testimony passed successively into channels of theology, practical ethics, politics, and constitutional law, and as its aspect changed, the various Senators who sat about the long table entered by turns into the examination. Senator Hoar, the product of generations of New England liberalism, and long himself the president of the American Unitarian Association, was quickest to seize the fine-drawn points of doctrine. It was under his sharp questioning that President Smith, and President Lyman of the apostles, after him, were forced to acknowledge that in the position they took they were putting themselves in opposition not only to man-made law, but also to what they themselves believed a divine revelation. It was at his request, too, that President Smith promised to present the committee members with copies of the standard works of the Church, the *Book of Mormon*, the *Book of Doctrine and Covenants*, and *The Pearl of Great Price*, it being conceded that the Senators could furnish their own Bibles. It may be said that the theological part of the examination has been chiefly in the hands of the Massachusetts Senator.



Senator Reed Smoot on the Witness-stand

"I will illustrate what I mean," he said one day, "by the injunction of our scripture—what we call the New Testament."

"Which is also ours," interjected Mr. Smith.

"The apostle says," continued Mr. Hoar, "that a bishop must be sober and must be the husband of one wife."

"At least one," interposed the Mormon again.

"Well," observed the Senator, amid great laughter, "we don't construe it that way in our Church."

Senator Foraker, a Methodist, was another of the committee who showed an accurate understanding of the phases of church belief. Thus, one day, the counsel for the protestants was asking a series of questions as to the Mormon conception of God.

"Then the Almighty," said Mr. Taylor, "does not speak by revelations directly to them?"

"Yes, sir, but men obey it or not just as they please. And they disobey if they wish with perfect impunity."

"In your conception of God, then, He is not omnipotent and omniscient?"

"Oh yes, I think He is."

"But do you mean to say, you, at your pleasure, obey or disobey the commands of Almighty God?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that is the kind of God you believe in?"

"That is exactly the kind of God I believe in."

"I wanted you to define him," remarked the attorney.

"I do not understand this to be," put in Senator Foraker, "anything but the doctrine of free moral religion, which every good Methodist believes in."

Senator Bailey of Texas, the keen constitutional lawyer, was another of the Senators who followed up, with inexorable logic, the admissions of the Mormon witnesses. "I will say to you very frankly," he said at an early hearing, "that I do not have much patience with a doctrine which does not receive a revelation commanding a change of conduct until there is a statute compelling it."

If Senators Hoar and Foraker took most interest in the doctrinal phases of the case, Senator Dubois was the only one of the committee to take issue squarely with the Church head on questions of fact concerning the Mormon organization. As leader of the anti-Mormon forces in Idaho, he is perhaps the only Senator on the committee to be credited with first-hand information regarding Mormonism. "Not above three per cent." was President Smith's estimate of the number of Mormons having plural wives at the time of the Woodruff manifesto in 1890. Senator Dubois put the percentage at 23¼. "The only difference between us, Mr. Smith," he said, with a smile, "is that we start from different premises. When you are computing the proportion of Mormons who practised polygamy you count all the infants in arms on the other side. I don't."

Smith's mantle will, according to the unbroken custom of the Church, fall at his death upon the president of the twelve apostles, Francis Marion Lyman, who, during the five days of the first president's testimony, sat by Mr. Smoot's side waiting for his turn to go before the committee. A huge, brawny man, of florid face, full cheeks, flowing beard and hair of tawny red, projecting brows over small eyes, low collar, and careless dress, he was a very different figure from the first witness. "I prefer to affirm," Smith had said when he went to the witness-chair. Lyman took the usual oath without hesitation. With the same apparent endeavor to be frank in his answers to the committee, he lacked Smith's facility at thrust and parry with the quick-witted Senators.

"How do you know," asked Senator Hoar, "that Mr. Smoot does not know you are a polygamist?"

"Because I don't know that he knows it," was Lyman's response.

"You can prove it by him," he suggested a moment later, and, as a third suggestion, "I think Mr. Smoot accepts it as a fact, but I don't think he knows it."

This line of questioning was one of the few points in the early days of the investigation when any effort was made to bring out the exact extent to which the apostle-Senator had knowledge of and sanctioned the unlawful acts of his associates. President Smith's testimony that he had never discussed his family affairs with Mr. Smoot made it at least certain that the subordinate had not in so many words advised the head of the Church to give up four of his wives. Later on the attorneys tried to show a connection in a less definite way.

"Was he (Smoot) at St. Louis in company with you and your wife?" asked Mr. Taylor.

"I met him there several times at the hotel," answered President Smith.

"He knew she was your wife, did he not?"

"I think he did; I cannot say what he knew."

Three minutes later Senator Overman launched directly into the fundamental question, the answer to which was a foregone conclusion.

"Did Senator Smoot ever advise you to give up living with your plural wives?"

"Not that I know of," said Mr. Smith. "I do not think that Mr. Smoot has ever attempted to interfere with my family relations. I do not know that he knows anything about them, except what I have told you here to-day."

"Did he ever discuss the matter with you in any way?" persisted Senator Overman, and obtained the answer, "Never to my knowledge."

The only calls of Mr. Smoot which his superior could remember were at what he termed his "official residence," the house at Salt Lake City where he lived with his first wife.

In many years, certainly, there has not been such a demonstration of the tenets and organization of Mormonism as this inquiry has sent broadcast. From the questions of Senators and the intense interest of spectators it was evident from the first that not half a dozen people in the committee room had more than the vaguest idea of what the word "Mormon" meant. Even the terms

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The Senate Committee on the Mormon Question in Session at Washington

have been strange. A Senator's remark, "I thought you said 'State,'" apropos of a description of the Mormon system of dividing the Church's membership into "stakes," took the wrinkles out of many foreheads puzzled by the same word.

More than once the visitors from Salt Lake have been through the trying experience of having some phases of their belief laughed at by reason of their complete unfamiliarity to Eastern ears. This was the case when Smith described the ceremony of marriage "for eternity" between two persons both of whom are already dead. A titter went up from all over the room when the questions on this point were answered, and President Smith took the merriment with extremely good grace, he leaning back in his chair and smiling tolerantly.

"We have rejected a polygamist. If we now eject a monogamous apostle," Washington is now asking itself, "will the next contention be that Utah must not be represented even by a respectable layman of the Mormon faith? And if that proposition is accepted where will it end? Will the enemies of other churches and associations attempt in a new form the purposes of the Anti-Masons and the Know-nothings?"

Perhaps a partial answer may be found in the comments which observing Westerners, hostile to the Mormon domination, have made on one of President Smith's answers on the stand. The question arose as to a certain delegate in Territorial days, afterwards a Senator from Utah. "Was he a Mormon?" was asked. "He was classed as a Mormon, but he was a poor one," came the answer. "That remark might be made the text of a sermon," said one of the men classed as an out and out anti-Mormon. "Our hostility will cease if Utah can send to Washington Mormons who represent her interests so well that neither their fellow religionists nor the Gentiles can tell whether they are one thing or the other."

With the request that he do what he could to reach the witnesses that the sergeant-at-arms had not been able to locate, the committee dismissed President Smith at the end of the seventh day of the hearing. What was the net result of his testimony? Compare the admissions that came from his lips with the declarations that tended to offset them. It was admitted that about half the members of the supreme governing bodies of the Church are living now in polygamy, defying the law of Utah. Yet Smith's two counsellors and both the apostles appointed since his presidency are monogamists. It was admitted that the works which Mormon missionaries carry out into the world in their efforts to make converts contain the revelation in favor of polygamy, but not the second revelation or manifesto forbidding it. Yet the president declared this was due to a mere oversight, the manifesto being known to every one, and promised that it shall be included in the next edition of the Church's standard works. It was admitted that Senator Smoot had to obtain the consent of the twelve apostles and the first presidency before becoming a candidate for United States Senator. Yet President Smith protested that this consent is required merely in order to insure that the work of the High Church offices is not interfered with, and that any other official member could have obtained the same consent without difficulty.

What would have happened to Mr. Smoot if, failing to obtain the necessary permission, he had persisted in running for the Senate? "He would have been considered in poor standing with his brethren," said President Smith. "He would have been considered insubordinate and probably have been disciplined," said Apostle Lyman. Yet both declared that he could have resigned his apostleship and remained a lay member in good standing. Again the case comes down to the fundamental question. How strong is the tie that binds Apostle Smoot to his Church? Is he "so woven into the organization that he cannot be extricated without cutting himself off entirely," or is he one of "the freest and most independent people of all the Christian denominations?"

The Contrast

By Alfred H. Louis

Thou hast held to the coast
With the port safely near.
Be it so! Make no boast
Of thy prudence and fear!

My sails have been spread
O'er the stormiest seas;
So the Soul earned her bread,
What mattered Life's ease?

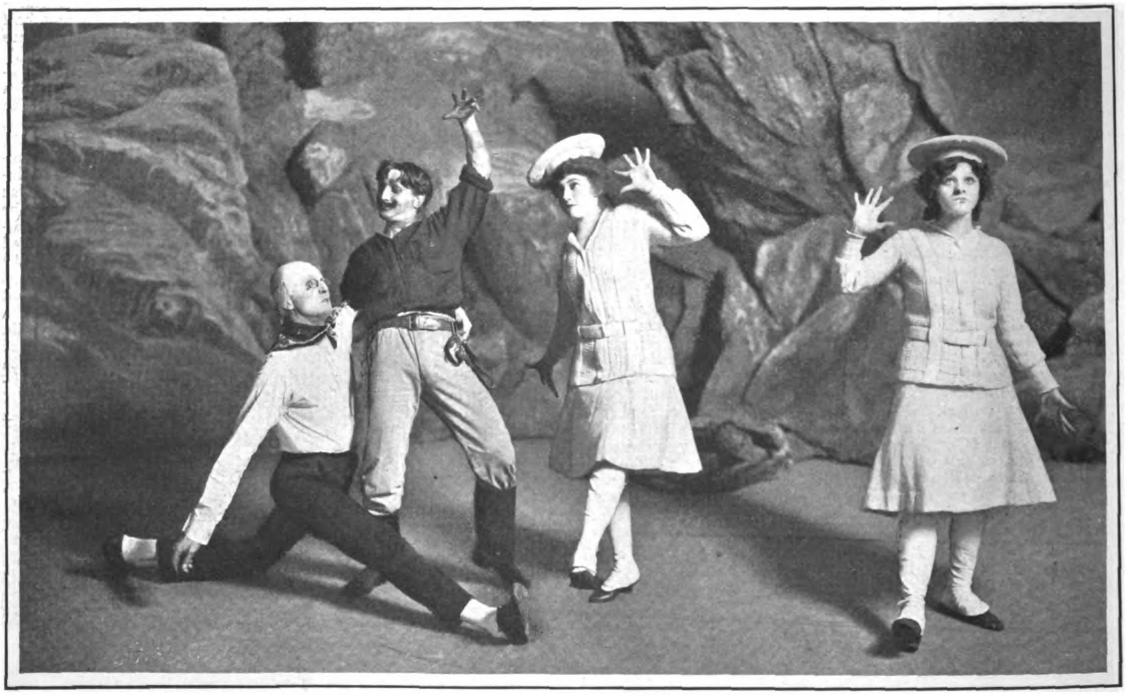
Thou hast served for the dross
I could but disdain;
But my profit in loss
Shall be part of thy gain.

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Grace George and Margaret Illington in "The Two Orphans"

"The Two Orphans" will be revived with an all-star cast on March 28 at the New Amsterdam Theatre under the direction of Mr. A. M. Palmer, who had charge of the original production of the play thirty years ago. Three companies will close their present engagements to enable their stars to appear in this production. Mr. Kyrle Bellew will leave "Raffles" to play the part of the "Chevalier Maurice de Vaudrey"; Miss Grace George will leave "Pretty Peggy" to play "Louise," one of the orphans; and Charles Warner will leave "Drink" to take the part of "Jacques Frochard," the outlaw. Margaret Illington will play the second orphan, "Henriette," and other rôles will be taken by such well-known players as Annie Irish, Elita Proctor Otis, Clara Morris, E. M. Holland, and James O'Neill

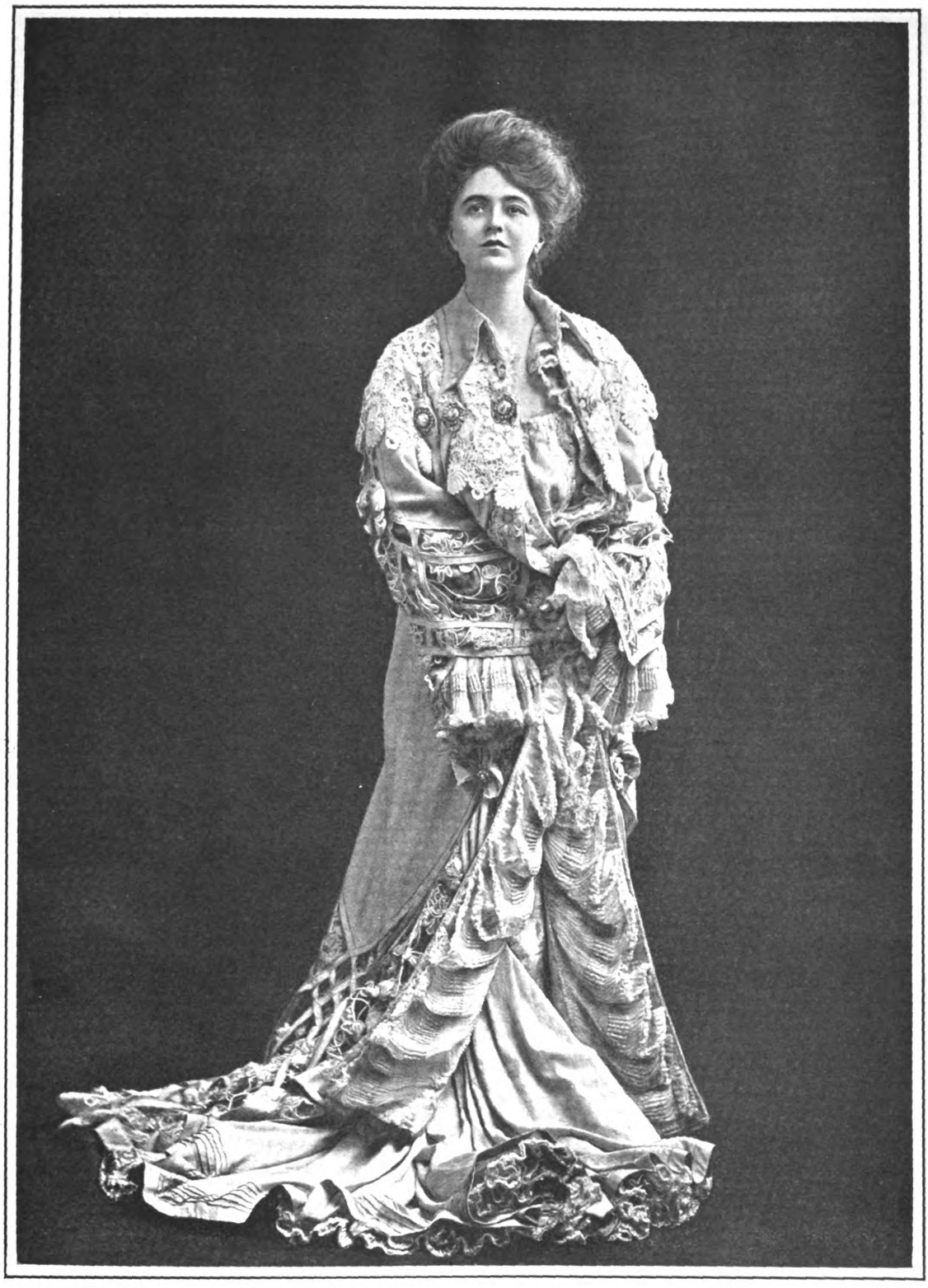


A Scene from "The Tenderfoot," at the New York Theatre

"The Tenderfoot," an "operatic comedy," so called, by Richard Carle and H. L. Heartz, was produced at the New York Theatre February 22. Richard Carle, the author of the book, plays the leading comedy part. "Professor Zachary Pettibone," a Vermont tutor in charge of a travelling party of young women. The slight thread of plot deals chiefly with the professor's niece "Marion," who is a Texas heiress. She has been tricked into a marriage with "Paul Winthrop," the colonel of the Texas Rangers, who had kissed her against her will at a military masquerade and wooed her as a cowboy. Like "Petruchio" with "Katherine," in the "Taming of the Shrew," he finally subdues her will; and at the end the bride follows her husband in an aggressive Indian campaign, dressed in man's clothing

THE STAGE AND PLAYERS IN NEW YORK

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MISS JANE OAKER IN "THE PIT"

Miss Oaker plays the leading part of "Laura Dearborn" in "The Pit," produced at the Lyric Theatre February 10. The action of the play, a dramatization of the novel by Frank Norris, centres about the speculative activities of the Chicago Stock Exchange. "Curtis Jadwin" (Mr. Lackaye), a successful speculator, is in love with "Laura," and she consents to marry him, at the same time dismissing her other suitor, the artist "Sheldon Corthell." After his marriage "Jadwin" pays more attention to his business than to his wife, and is especially engrossed in a great wheat deal which he is trying to put through. "Laura," weary of his neglect, is about to elope with "Corthell," who has renewed his attentions to her, when "Jadwin," ruined, returns home broken in spirit. In this crisis his wife realizes that her duty is to him, and she renounces "Corthell"

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Correspondence

THE STATUS OF TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE

TUSKEGEE, ALABAMA, *March 2, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—So many of your readers are interested in the work of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute that I feel it is my duty from time to time to keep them informed of the condition, the progress, of the institution.

At present we have an average attendance of 1441 students in all of the departments, representing thirty-five States and seven foreign countries. In all the departments there are 143 instructors, officers, and employees.

Since the institution was founded we have sent out as workers in various fields about 6000 men and women, who have finished a full or partial course, and who are doing good work.

The institution has property, including land, buildings, personal property, valued at $684,346 36. The present endowment is $1,042,931 28. The annual current expense is about $155,000. To meet this we have resources as follows:

Income from endowment	$40,000
State appropriation	4,500
John F. Slater fund	12,000
General education board	10,000
Miscellaneous sources	5,433
Total	$71,933
Leaving to be collected each year	$83,067

This amount has to be secured each year for current expenses, mainly by personal appeals, to say nothing of the large amount it is necessary to spend annually at a practically new institution for permanent improvements and for insurance as well.

Our needs at present are mainly in two directions—money for current expenses and increase of the endowment fund to $3,000,000.

Contributions may be made to the current expense fund in the form of $50 scholarships in larger or smaller amounts.

Contributions may be made to the endowment fund in the form of $1000 for a permanent scholarship, or in smaller or larger amounts.

Some of the special needs, aside from the two items mentioned, are improvement and equipment of the farm, $15,000; improvement of the steam-plant and water-works, lighting, etc., $12,000.

There has seldom been a time when the institution was more in need of friends than it is at the present time. It is hoped that this frank statement will result in a generous response.

I am, sir,

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, Principal.

ROOSEVELT IN CALIFORNIA

LOS ANGELES, CAL., *March 10, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Referring to the letter of John Aubrey Jones, of San Francisco, in which he claims that President Roosevelt is far from being acceptable to the masses of the Republican party of this State, I beg to differ with Mr. Jones, having travelled very near all over this State in the year past, and, having made it a point to always make inquiries as to what the *voting* people think of President Roosevelt, not only among Republicans, but Democrats as well, I find that the people who do the voting—mind you, the voting—are for Roosevelt, and if President Roosevelt secures the nomination California will give him the largest majority ever given any Presidential candidate. I am, sir,

SHERMAN A. SIDDALL.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE

WASHINGTON, D. C., *February 29, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As a Democrat concerned for the success of my party I have been greatly interested in your editorial suggestions with reference to the approaching national campaign. Your writings, however, clever and interesting as they are, have not convinced me of the wisdom of nominating Mr. Cleveland for a third term. What his party strength may be in the East I do not pretend to know. Of his weakness in the West I am quite positive. If you have any interest at all in the success of the party drop the name of Grover Cleveland from the list of eligibles. He may be all you claim for him as a man, but he is not a possibility for the nomination, and is, in my opinion, very far from being a possibility as a successful candidate.

Not only did he bolt a Democratic nomination, but he is the idol of other bolters and the leader of a faction which hopes to control a large party whose membership he and his friends have been persistently insulting since 1896. His nomination would provoke such a split in the party that Missouri, Kentucky, and other Democratic States would surely vote for Roosevelt.

To press the name of Mr. Cleveland on the party is to widen a breach which we want to close. It makes radicals of those whom you sneer at as "Bryan Democrats"—a term which is insulting in itself. I am a personal friend of Mr. Bryan. I voted for him twice, and do not regret it. But I am not a "Bryan Democrat"—I am just a Democrat.

Whatever success the campaign of Mr. Hearst is having, beyond that which is controlled by mercenary motives, is due to the course of Mr. Cleveland and his unwise friends. We know that both Bryan and Cleveland have had their day in court, and we want new men, but if we are compelled to choose between them we will take Bryan and loyalty to the party rather than Cleveland and treason.

But the party is not so poor as to be limited to a choice among any two or three individuals. Cleveland is out of it. So is Bryan. Hearst? Well, the Bible says that *if* one is faithful over a few things he will be made ruler over many. As Mr. Hearst does not regularly attend the sessions of Congress and properly execute the commission which has been given him there is no apparent reason why he should be entrusted with a greater responsibility.

But here in the East you have Parker, who has a record of successes; Edward M. Shepard, a great Democrat, who would command the support of a united party; Olney, a man of power, whose political wanderings in 1896 are forgiven; Gorman, and, no doubt, scores of others. Try one of these. I am, sir,

CONGRESSMAN.

JAMES SMITHSON AND THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

NEW YORK, *March 2, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of January 9 you render a tribute to a man long dead, and much deserving the gratitude and respect of those who come after him. I do not agree with your statement, however, when you describe him as the founder of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. While it is undoubtedly *his*, he was in possession of his neglected English grave, in Genoa, as you state, long before his generous idea, backed by his more generous bequest, took form and shape. If I remember it right, it was not until he had (metaphorically) knocked at the door of every kingdom in civilization, and been *snubbily* turned away, before the great and growing republic of the Western Hemisphere, after due reflection, *consented* to accept the Englishman's money and become his perpetual executor, well knowing it was no trifling task and responsibility to thereby challenge the criticism of the whole monarchical world. In rendering honor to this remarkable man, late in the day, though in full measure (as you remarked), the United States has faithfully discharged a difficult task in keeping this unique and beneficent institution abreast of the age. Will you not call attention to the work, little known outside of Washington, and give the public some information and some pictures?

I am, sir, E. S. CANFIELD.

RUSSIA'S FRIENDSHIP

BONNYCOT, ANCHORAGE, KENTUCKY, *March 4, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—For thirty years I have been a constant reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY, have been glad to recognize its even-minded impartiality on all subjects, among so many partisan publications, and its unswerving pointing of the way to all that is best in America, but it does seem to me you exaggerate Russian friendship for us.

Russia did send her ships to our shores on a friendly visit during the war, but it was from *no friendly feeling* for the North. It was with the endeavor to emphasize and intensify the feeling then existing between England, her enemy then and now, and the United States.

She cared not a rap whether North or South was successful. Nor is there one iota of historical evidence that Russia offered or ever intended to offer her ships to the North. That idea is simply the imaginings of sentimentalism.

As to her refusal to join other powers in any movement to embarrass Mr. Lincoln. When France made such a proposal to England and Russia, the latter did not refuse, as she could not let England and France be drawn closer by any such mutual agreement, but when England first, and promptly, declined the suggestion from France, then, and not till then, did Russia refuse.

The fact is, Russia is for Russia, as she should be, but she wastes friendship on nobody.

America's sympathy is with Japan, and rightly so. Japan's aims are more nearly in keeping with our broader and more human desires, and Russia's falseness and broken promises are repugnant to all right-thinking people. I am, sir,

CHAS. BONNYCASTLE ROBINSON.

WIVES AS VOTERS

March 15, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have long felt much interest in a curious psychological point concerning men in their estimate of the intellectual power of women. I am not a woman suffragist, because I do not know enough about the subject as yet to reach a decision for or against it. But, why is it—and doubtless there must be some person among your constituents who can throw light upon my inquiry—why is it, I say, that most men who consider women *en masse* as mentally unequal to a share in the affairs of government, do not include *their own wives* in the feminine multitude whom they thus criticise? "Ah, *my* wife, yes, she would certainly be fitted for the task; but you forget that my wife is an exceptional woman." Which is all very well until you question the next man, who says precisely the same thing. Now, is this the blindness of man's devotion to the one woman; or is it merely the polite, formal gallantry that husbands are in honor bound to display when occasion demands; or, is it the truth—the sane judgment of a judicious man upon the capacity of the woman with whom he passes his life? If it is the truth, and the strength of a whole (sex) depends upon the strength of its parts (the individual woman), then do not men thus proclaim women equal to the work of intelligent voting? If this is only "feminine" and "ingenious," let somebody—even if it be a man!—instruct me.

I am, sir, MARGARET BUCKINGHAM.

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Who It Was

A well-known New York clergyman was telling his Bible class the story of the Prodigal Son at a recent session, and wishing to emphasize the disagreeable attitude of the elder brother on that occasion, he laid especial stress on this phase of the parable. After describing the rejoicing of the household over the return of the wayward son, he spoke of one who, in the midst of the festivities, failed to share in the jubilant spirit of the occasion.

"Can anybody in the class," he asked, "tell me who this was?"

A small boy, who had been listening sympathetically to the story, put up his hand.

"I know," he said, beamingly; "it was the fatted calf."

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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"Not only has Grape-Nuts made this wonderful change in me, but through it I have helped my friends, relatives and patients. The sustaining power of this food is simply wonderful.

"I have one patient, who is a section hand on the C. & O. R. R., who eats nothing in the morning but four tablespoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, and yet does his very hard work up to lunch-time, and enjoys the best of health and strength.

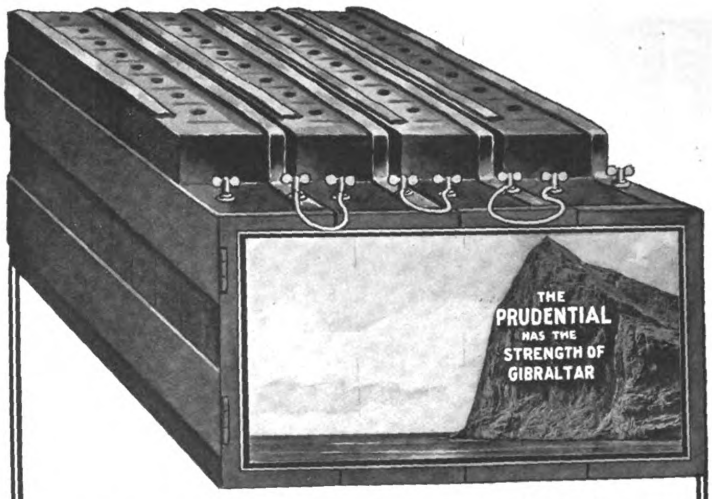
"I could name a great many cases like this, and I still prescribe Grape-Nuts in my practice every day." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Then a 10 days' trial proves that the principles are carried out in the food ("all the good of the grains so treated that any one can digest it all"). Shown in renewed physical strength and brain energy.

"There's a reason."

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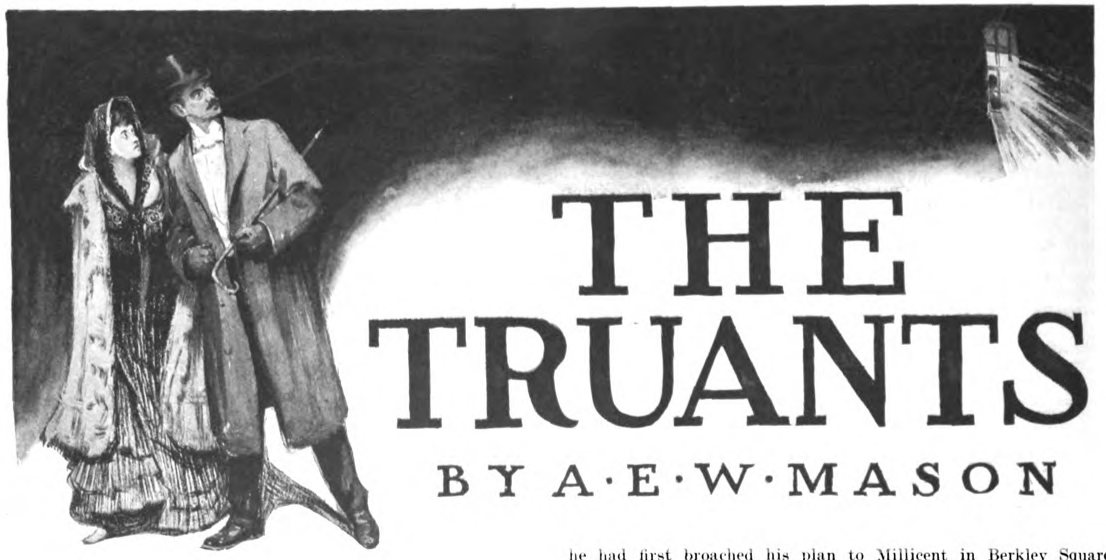
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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Mardale is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Into her early life has come a mysterious influence which dominates and directs her whole career. What this strange influence is only two of her friends suspect—a young schoolmaster who knew her as a child at Roquebrune, and Alan Warrisden, who is in love with her, and who, though his proposal of marriage is refused, determines to win her. Late one night at a ball, Pamela and Warrisden, while seated on a balcony, observe a young couple leaving a house across the street. Warrisden remarks that there seems to be an air of mystery about them, and that no one appears to know who they are; whereupon Pamela says that she knows something about them, and she gives Warrisden what information she possesses. The young couple are husband and wife, Tony and Millicent Stretton, who live in a gloomy house presided over by the rich but unjust father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. This practice they keep up for a year, but finally both of them grow extremely weary of their monotonous life, and in a moment of exasperation Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune, while Millie is to be left behind and sent for as soon as her husband is able to establish a home. Tony has some misgivings about leaving Millie, for he has been warned by Pamela Mardale that she should never be left alone; but at last he departs, after Pamela has promised to be a stanch friend to his wife. Some months later, while Pamela is calling on Millie, two letters arrive. One is from Tony and contains the news that he has lost all of his small fortune and will have to make a new start; the other is from a friend, Lady Millingham, inviting Millie to stay with her at the beginning of the New-year. Millie accepts; and when Pamela, who has also been invited, arrives there she finds that her warning to Tony is having a disagreeable justification. For on the very evening of her arrival she discovers that Millie has become infatuated with Lionel Callon, a gentlemanly adventurer, who is also a member of Lady Millingham's house party. John Mudge, a friend of Pamela's, whom she finds at the Millingham's on her arrival, warns her of Callon's character, and insinuates that he is scheming to ingratiate himself with Millie so that he may take advantage of the wealth which will come to her on the death of Tony's father. Late that evening Pamela visits Millie in her room, and inquires about Tony.

CHAPTER VIII

GIDEON'S FLEECE

MILLICENT was reluctant to add any word of explanation. She sat with her eyes upon the fire, waiting, it seemed, until Pamela should see fit to go. But Pamela remained, and of the two women she was the stronger in will and character. She sat with her eyes quietly resting upon Millicent's face, and in a little while Millicent began reluctantly to speak. As she spoke the disdainful droop of her lips became more pronounced, and her words were uttered in a note of petulance.

"He *would* stay to retrieve his failure. You remember?" she said.

"Yes," replied Pamela.

"I wrote to him again and again to come home, but he would not. I couldn't make him see that he wasn't really a match for the people he must compete with."

Pamela nodded her head.

"You wrote that to him?"

Millicent lifted her face to Pamela's.

"I put it, of course, with less frankness. I offered him, besides, the rest of my money, so that he might try again. But he refused to take a farthing more. It was unreasonable, don't you think? I could have got on without it, but he couldn't. I was very sorry for him."

"And you expressed your pity too?" asked Pamela.

"Yes, indeed," said Millicent, eagerly. "But he never would accept it. He replied cheerfully that something was sure to happen soon, that he would be sure to find an opening soon. But of course he never did. It was not likely that with his inexperience he ever would."

Tony's own words had recoiled upon him. On the evening when he had first broached his plan to Millicent in Berkley Square, he had laid before her, amongst others, this very obstacle, thinking that she ought to be aware of it, and never doubting that he would surmount it. The honesty of his nature had bidden him speak all that he had thought, and he had spoken without a suspicion that his very frankness might put in her mind an argument to belittle him. He had seemed strong then, because he knew the difficulties and counted them up when she omitted them. His image was all the more pale and ineffectual now, because, foreknowing them well, he had not mastered them.

"I wrote to him at last that it wasn't any use for him to go on with the struggle. He would not tell me how he lived, or even where. I had to send my letters to a post-office, and he called for them. He must be living in want, in misery. I wrote to him that I had guessed as much from his very reticence, and I said how sorry I was. Yet in spite of what I wrote"—and here her voice hardened a little; she showed herself as a woman really aggrieved—"in spite of what I wrote, he answered me in a quite short letter, saying that I must not expect to hear from him again until he had recovered from his defeat, and was reestablished in my eyes. I can't understand that, can you?"

"I think so," Pamela answered. She spoke gently. For there was something to be said upon Millicent's side. The sudden collapse of her exaggerated hopes, the dreary life she led, and her natural disappointment at the failure of the man whom she had married, when once he stepped down into the arena to combat with his fellow men—these things could not fail to provoke in a nature so easily swayed from extreme to extreme as Millicent's, impatience, anger, and a sense of grievance. Pamela could hold the balance fairly enough to understand that. But chiefly she was thinking of Tony—Tony hidden away in some lodging in New York, a lodging so squalid that he would not give the address—and vainly seeking for an opportunity whereby he would make a rapid fortune; very likely going short of food, and returning home at night to find upon his table a letter from his wife of which every line cried out to him with a contemptuous pity: "You are a failure. You are a failure. Come home." Pamela's heart went out in pity too. But there was no contempt in her pity. She could not but admire the perseverance with which, on this the first time that he had ever walked hand-in-hand with misery, he endured its companionship.

"I think I understand," she said. "You say he answered you in that short way in spite of what you wrote. I think it was not in spite of, but because."

Millie Stretton shook her head.

"No, that's not the reason," she replied. She gave one herself, and it fairly startled Pamela. "Tony no longer cares for me. He means to go out of my life altogether!"

Pamela remembered what store Tony had always set upon his wife, how he had spoken of her that July morning in the Park, and how he had looked at the moment when he spoke. It was just because he cared so much that he had taken his wild leap into the dark. That, at all events, she believed, and in such a strain she replied. But Millicent would not be persuaded.

"Before Tony went away," she said, stubbornly, "he let me see that he no longer cared. He was losing the associations which used to be vivid in his memory. Our marriage had just become a dull, ordinary thing. He had lost the spirit in which he entered into it."

Again Tony's indiscreet frankness had done him wrong. The coon song which was always to be associated in his mind with the summer night, and the islets in the sea, and the broad stretch of water trembling away in the moonlight across to the lights of the yachts in Oban Bay, had become a mere coon song, "sung by some one." Millicent had often remembered and reflected upon that unfortunate sentence, and as her disappointment in Tony increased and the pitying contempt gradually crept into her mind, she read into it more and more of what Tony had not meant.

"I am sure you are wrong," said Pamela, very earnestly. "He went away because he cared. He went away to keep your married

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life and his from fading away into the colorless dull ordinary thing it so frequently becomes. He has lost ground by his failure. No doubt your own letters have shown that. And he is silent now to keep what he has. You have said it yourself. He will not write until he is able to reestablish himself in your thoughts."

But would Tony succeed? *Could* he succeed? The questions forced themselves into her mind even while she was speaking, and she carried them back to her room. The chances were all against. Even if he retrieved his failure, it would be a long time before that result was reached—too long, perhaps, when his wife was Millicent, and such creatures as Lionel Callon walked about the world. And he might never succeed at all; he was so badly handicapped.

Pamela was sorely tempted to leave the entanglement alone to unravel itself. There was something which she could do. She was too honest to close her eyes to that. But her own history rose up against her, and shook a warning finger. It had a message to her ears, never so loudly repeated as on this night. "Don't move a step! Look on! Look on!" She knew herself well. She was by nature a partisan. Let her take this trouble in hand and strive to set it right, her whole heart would soon be set upon success. She was fond of Millicent already; she would become fonder still in the effort to save her. She liked Tony very much. The thought of him stoutly persevering, clinging to his one ambition to keep his married life a bright and real thing in spite of want and poverty and even his wife's contempt appealed to her with a poignant strength. But she might fail. She had eaten of failure once, and after all these years the taste of it was still most bitter in her mouth.

She fought her battle out over her dying fire, and at the end two thoughts stood out clearly in her mind. She had given her promise to Tony to be a good friend to his wife, and there was one thing which she could do in fulfilment of her promise.

She walked over to her window, and flung it open. She was of the women who look for signs; no story quite appealed to her like the story of Gideon's fleece. She looked for a sign now quite seriously. If a thaw had set in, why the world was going a little better with her, and perhaps she might succeed. But the earth was iron-bound, and in the still night she could hear a dry twig here and there snapping in the frost. No, the world was not going well. She decided to wait until things improved.

But next day matters were worse. For one thing, John Mudge went away, and he was the only person in the house who interested her at all. Furthermore, Lionel Callon stayed, and he announced some news.

"I have been chosen to stand for Parliament at the next election," he said, and he named an important constituency. Pamela noticed the look of gratification, almost of pride, which shone at once on Millie's face, and her heart sank. She interpreted Millie's thought, and accurately. Here was a successful man, a man who had got on without opportunities or means, simply his own abilities; and there far away in New York was her failure of a husband. Moreover, Callon and Millicent were much together; they had even small secrets, to which in conversation they referred. The world was not going well with Pamela, and she waited for the fleece to be wet with dew.

After four days, however, the frost showed signs of breaking. A thaw actually set in that evening, and on the next morning two pieces of good news arrived. In the first place, Pamela received a letter from Alan Warrisden. There was nothing of importance in it, but it gave her his actual address. In the second, Millie told Frances Millingham that she had received news that Sir John Stretton was really failing, and although there was no immediate danger, she must hold herself in readiness to return to town. This to Pamela was really the best news of all. This morning, at all events, Gideon's fleece was wet. She looked out some trains in the railway guide, and then sent a telegram to Warrisden to come by a morning train. She would meet him at the railway station. The one step in her power she was thus resolved to take.

To be Continued.



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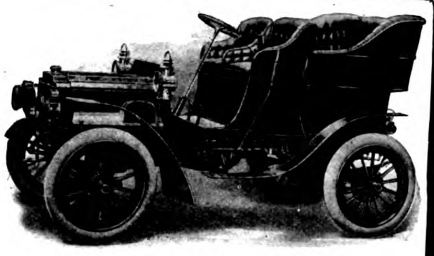
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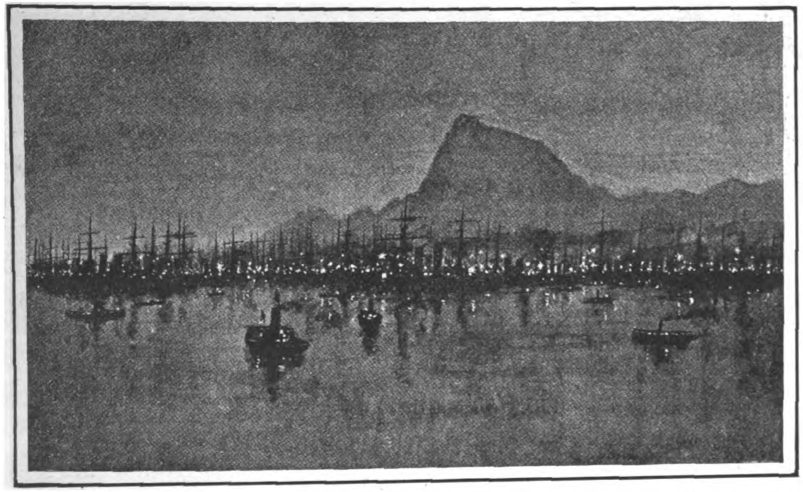
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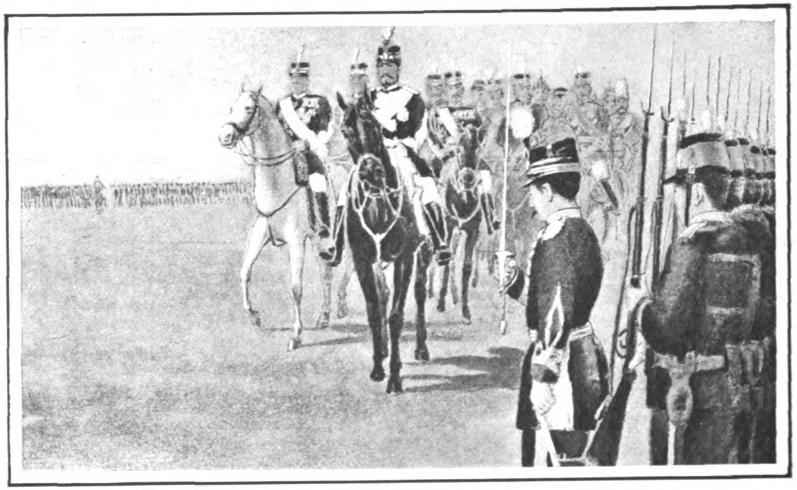
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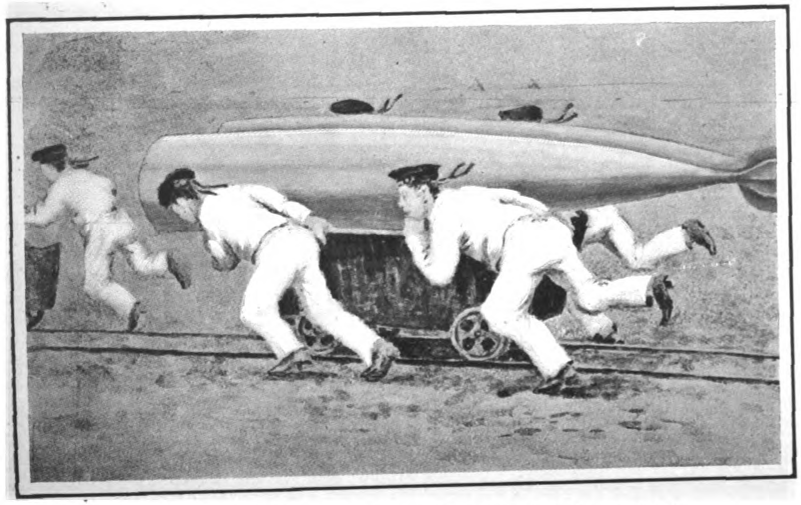
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Night Scene at the Port of Sasebo, showing the Japanese Fleet in the Harbor



The Emperor of Japan at the Annual New-Year Review of Troops



Japanese Sailors loading Torpedoes on board a War-ship at Sasebo



Japanese Women at Tokyo going to Pray for the Soldiers at the Front

WAR-TIME SCENES IN JAPAN—FROM SKETCHES BY A JAPANESE ARTIST

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(Continued from page 465.)

people and cause them to force their government into declaring war. They thought there might be a crisis, but not immediately.

Suddenly, on Friday, February 5, M. Kurino, much to his surprise, received a cable message to ask for his passports, and on Saturday at four he had presented this demand, which was immediately followed by a counter demand by Russia for the passports of Baron de Rosen, the Russian minister at Tokio. On Sunday morning, the 7th, every one in St. Petersburg awoke to the fact that diplomatic negotiations were broken off. Even then nobody in official circles and nobody in Russia thought that it meant immediate war. They had expected at the utmost that it would call for an ultimatum from Japan. I think it is only fair to say that they expected an ultimatum, and it was in the minds of some that the matter might be relegated to The Hague. Next day they began to discuss the meaning of this sudden breaking off of diplomatic relations. They were offended because negotiations were broken off before Japan received their official reply, although that reply was on the way. On Monday they continued to discuss what it meant. They went to bed arguing as to what should be done, and on the following morning they awoke to the announcement that three battle-ships had been torpedoed in the harbor at Port Arthur. Still they did not understand it. They said: "It is not fair. We were at least entitled to an ultimatum, and we think we were entitled to a declaration of war, if not from a legal point of view, at least from a moral one." Then when the blow was struck they began to make their preparations. They admitted that they were unprepared, and they were extremely frank in issuing an official communication to the world, saying that this thing had caught them without preparation. And in their leisurely way they have begun their preparations. They are providing for a long struggle, and everybody in Russia now thinks that the war will last at least two years.

There has been a great deal of misinformation in this country, which I think has largely come from the British press, about the Russian means of communication between St. Petersburg and the Far East. I had a long talk with Prince Khilkoff, the Minister of Railways, who learned his business in America at the Altoona shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He said this, which I think has a good deal of force in it:

"These stories which are appearing in the English and American press about the inefficiency of the Trans-Siberian Railway ought to be discounted for this reason: First, it is probably to the interests of the British press to make their facilities appear as badly as they may, but apart from any design on their part, it must be borne in mind there is a vast difference between English and American methods. The Englishman, in building a railroad, makes, at the beginning, a 'permanent way,' or roadbed, for all time. No road will be projected by him until he is ready to go ahead and build a finished railway, equipped in every detail. While in the United States the method of building a railroad is to lay the road in a manner suited to present needs and to improve it steadily as the years go on. It was in this manner that the Trans-Siberian Railway was begun, and it is probably as good a system to-day as the average railway, say, west of Omaha in your country." Prince Khilkoff said that at that time twenty trains were leaving every day laden with provisions and troops headed for the Far East.

In discussing the possibilities of Lake Baikal, Prince Khilkoff said that he was going out there the following week, and he proposed to lay a track across the ice. Lake Baikal is the deepest lake in the world. If Mount Blanc were set down in it, the top of the mountain would be one hundred feet below the surface of the lake. I think the deepest part is 16,000 feet, and it freezes to a depth of three or four feet in winter. The railroad is being projected around the south edge of the lake, but it will not be ready for six months, and meanwhile a temporary road will be constructed over the ice. This is not surprising, as every winter there are a number of temporary railways across the Neva in St. Petersburg. Prince Khilkoff said he would not attempt to transport troops across on the railroad, for if the ice should break and he should lose 1000 troops or so the responsibility would be wholly his. Therefore only provisions will be carried across on the railroad, and the troops will be transported on sledges. I do not know how many troops they have in Manchuria, but they are taking it leisurely, and they are getting the troops there slowly. I think they feel that the natural point for a base of operations is Harbin, but the retirement of Alexeieff to that place does not indicate by any means that their disposition is to give up either Vladivostok or Port Arthur or Dalny. It simply means that Harbin is the natural point for a base, being at the fork of the railroad.

When I left, though they felt very strongly that they had been surprised and humiliated in the first attack, they did not feel that any extraordinary loss had come to them. Two weeks before the war it was a common feeling in Russia and a most universal expression in official circles in St. Petersburg, in speculating upon the possibility of war, that Russia would lose her Far-Eastern squadron; and it was not impossible that the Japanese troops might land and force them back to Harbin, or even out of Manchuria into Siberia. But they felt that each step Japan takes would bring her farther away from her base of supplies, while Russia would be nearer her own base, and in the end that this must result in Japan's defeat. They called attention, however, to this situation. At the beginning of the war two of their boats were at Chemulpo, supposing they were in a friendly harbor. The Japanese demanded that they leave, because there was a state of war and Korea had reclared her neutrality. The Russian commanders could not stay longer than twenty-four hours in a neutral harbor, so they went out, on the theory that they must go out, and naturally they were destroyed. Within twenty-four hours the Japanese landed 6000 troops and took possession of this same harbor. When Secretary Hay issued his note for the protection of the neutrality of China, but said nothing about Korea, they asked why it was that the American government was not interested in the integrity of Korea, but seemed especially anxious to preserve the neutrality of China.

With regard to the men who will carry out the Russian policy during the war, it is hardly to be supposed that the Emperor, in spite of some misleading information from Alexeieff, is displeased with him to the point that he will remove him, although immediately after the opening engagements Admiral Makharoff was sent out to take charge of the navy, and Kuropatkin to take charge of the army. Of that other strong character, Bezabrazoff, who was associated with Alexeieff, it is known that he left St. Petersburg for the Riviera immediately after the opening engagements, and that he is understood to be in disgrace.

M. de Witte unquestionably is held in very high regard. One very significant fact which has not been noted in America is that the new minister, M. Kokovtseff, who succeeded de Pleske on the occasion of his retirement the other day on account of ill health, made a speech lauding Witte in highest terms. He called the attention of the entire department to the fact that the policy of the department was established by Witte, and it would be his purpose to carry out the policy as far as possible. This is most significant, since it is hardly likely that he would have made the statements he did without the approval of the Emperor.

What They Thought of Him

A MEMBER of Mr. Ben Greet's dramatic company tells this story about a fellow actor:

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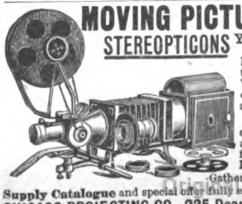
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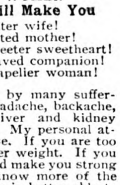
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Progress of the War

March 9.—It was announced to-day that Marquis Ito, the Japanese statesman, is going to Korea as a special ambassador from the Mikado to the Emperor of Korea. It is believed that this mission of the Marquis Ito's is politically significant, and that it probably indicates the intention of Japan to arrange what will be virtually a protectorate over Korea.

March 11.—A message from Viceroy Alexeieff from Mukden, dated March 10, and addressed to the Czar, announces a bombardment of Port Arthur by the Japanese squadron on the evening of the 10th. The report is as follows:

"The commandant of the fortress at Port Arthur reports that at about one o'clock this morning the outlines of vessels, apparently torpedo-boats, were seen at sea within the area swept by our search-lights. Our batteries opened fire upon these vessels.

"Our torpedo-boats put out to sea at 2.40 A.M., and at about four o'clock met the enemy west of the Liao-Tishin Lighthouse. After firing several shots the enemy retired to the south in the direction of Shandun. Our torpedo-boats returned to the harbor at six o'clock.

"Later, torpedo-boats were again sent to sea to reconnoitre. They returned in half an hour, having learned that an enemy's squadron was approaching.

"At eight o'clock the Japanese opened fire upon our cruisers and the fortress. The enemy had fourteen ships, and fired the entire time from behind Liao-Tishin."

March 12.—An important naval engagement at Port Arthur, which resulted in the loss of a torpedo-boat by each side, is thus described in a despatch from Admiral Makaroff, commanding the Russian fleet:

"Six torpedo-boats which went out to sea the night of March 10, four of them being under the general command of Captain Mattoussevitch, encountered the enemy's torpedo-boats, followed by cruisers.

"A hot action ensued, in which the torpedo-boat destroyer *Vlastini* discharged a Whitehead torpedo and sunk one of the enemy's torpedo-boats.

"On the way back the torpedo-boat destroyer *Stereguschtchi*, commanded by Lieutenant Sergueieff, sustained damages; her engine was disabled and she began to founder. By eight o'clock in the morning five of our torpedo-boat destroyers had returned.

"When the critical position of the *Stereguschtchi* became evident I hoisted my flag on the cruiser *Novik*, and went with the *Novik* and the cruiser *Boyarin* to the rescue.

"As five of the enemy's cruisers surrounded our destroyer, and as their battleship squadron was approaching, I did not succeed in saving the *Stereguschtchi*, which foundered. Part of the crew were made prisoners and part drowned.

"On the ships which took part in the night attack one officer was seriously and three others were slightly wounded, two soldiers were killed and eighteen were wounded.

"At nine o'clock fourteen of the enemy's ships assembled before Port Arthur, and a bombardment was begun with the heavy guns of their battle-ship squadron at long range.

"This lasted until one o'clock in the afternoon. . . . The damage to our vessels was insignificant, and they are again ready for battle. Our losses were one officer slightly wounded and one soldier killed and four soldiers wounded. . . .

March 13.—General Kuropatkin left St. Petersburg for the Far East on March 12 to take command of Russia's military forces in the field. His position will not involve any conflict of authority between him and Viceroy Alexeieff. Admiral Alexeieff will retain control of the Viceroyalty, while General Kuropatkin will be in control of the land operations, and Vice-Admiral Makaroff will command the fleet.

March 16.—A despatch received to-day reports that on Saturday, March 12, the Japanese again bombarded Port Arthur, for the purpose of provoking Admiral Makaroff to an engagement. The casualties on the Russian side are said to have amounted to 300 killed or wounded. The Japanese held a position of safety throughout the attack.

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Progress of Science

The Cotton Boll Weevil

The ravages of the Mexican cotton boll weevil have had serious effect on the cotton crop in the United States for the past few years, and there has been a number of important investigations bearing on this subject carried on by the Division of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture. The result of these has recently been incorporated in a bulletin for farmers issued by the department. While it does not seem at present likely that the boll-weevil will ever be entirely exterminated, or that the large crops of cotton produced before its ravages will be repeated, yet it is quite possible to adopt methods of cultivation that should result in crops whose profits will compare with those of other staple agricultural products in the United States where precautions and care in cultivation must be observed. These modifications in modes of cultivation which are recommended to the farmer have resulted from a careful study of the life history and habits of the boll-weevil, and have been tested on a large scale in actual practice. Briefly summarized, the recommendations include early planting, thorough cultivation, rows as far apart as is possible, and a thorough thinning out of the plants, destruction by ploughing up and burning of those stalks where the weevils are so numerous that all the bolls are practically punctured, using fertilizers so as to produce an early crop. The chief points emphasized are the destruction of infected plants in the fall, so that the weevil cannot hibernate, and the making of every effort to secure an early crop in the ensuing season.

Illuminating Gas in London

The gas-supply of London is now being investigated by a committee of the Board of Trade, and one of the questions on which it will be called to pass is the lowering of the candle-power of the gas and the consequent cheapening of price. It is stated that in London about eight-tenths of the gas is used for heating and cooking, for gas-engines, and for illumination in connection with incandescent mantles. For such purposes only a blue or heating flame is required, and there is no need of the gas being enriched so as to furnish a luminous flame, upon whose brightness the amount of light emitted by an ordinary burner depends. It has accordingly been suggested that all the old burners should be discarded, and the use of incandescent mantles be made compulsory in all cases. In this way it would be possible to reduce materially the cost of gas to the consumer, and increase its use still more for power and domestic heating and lighting. In this connection there has been a demand in London for more durable mantles for lights of ordinary size, and for incandescent lamps of smaller candle-power and proportionately diminished consumption of gas.

Apparent Radiation from Magnets

A curious manifestation of magnetic energy has recently been detected with a luminescent screen, such as is employed in the study and examination of the new N-rays. M. C. Gutton has ascertained that effects similar to these rays are obtained if a phosphorescent screen is placed in a non-uniform magnetic field. Using a screen painted in small spots and exploring the vicinity of a bar magnet, he has found that the patches nearer the poles were brighter than those at the middle. That this effect was not due to N-rays was proved by enclosing the magnets in a lead box which would act to cut off this form of radiation. The same result was also obtained when the screen was enclosed in a vacuum. It was found that the magnetic field must be uniform in order to produce the effect, and with the strongest fields no increase in luminescence was obtained where they were of uniform intensity. When the lines of force are not parallel, the best results are secured. The phenomenon does not appear as yet to be understood satisfactorily, as there does not seem to be any way of accounting for the energy which acts on the screen that can explain the necessity for a lack of uniformity in the field.

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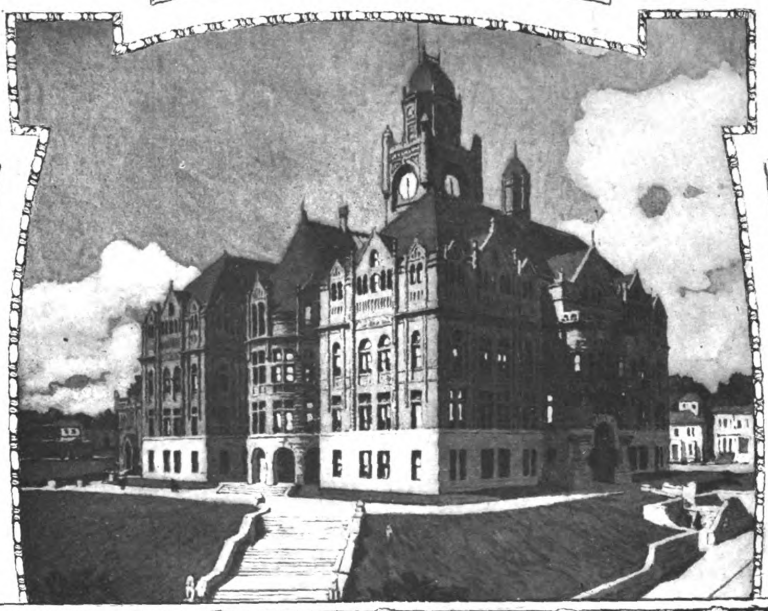
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

IT was at one time supposed that a rigorous investigation of the whole Post-office Department by a committee of the House of Representatives would be ordered by way of retaliation for the supplemental report received from the Post-office Department, in response to a request from Chairman Overstreet of the Post-office Committee. The supplemental report, it will be remembered, named 151 members of Congress who were alleged to be interested in premises rented by the Post-office Department, or to have requested improper additions to the pay of postmasters. In the end, the Republican majority was persuaded by its leaders to enter solely upon an investigation of the grounds on which their fellow members had been mentioned in the report. Mr. John Sharp Williams, however, the leader of the Democratic minority, misses no opportunity of charging that the Republicans are afraid to investigate the Post-office Department, lest they should uncover a mass of corruption, compared with which the malfeasance already exposed would appear insignificant.

On March 17, Mr. Williams described the Post-office Department as "rotten from turret to foundation-stone." Mr. Payne, the Republican floor leader, denounced the language as extravagant, and asserted that all the corruption which had existed in the Department had been laid bare. Thereupon Mr. Williams said, on the authority of Mr. Moon, a member of the Post-office Committee, that when Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow was before that committee he was asked whether, in his investigation of the First Assistant Postmaster-General's office, he had not incidentally discovered enough to convince him that the other three divisions ought to be investigated also. The reply was in the affirmative. Mr. Payne denying that any such incident occurred, Mr. Williams brought in Mr. Moon from the cloak-room, whereupon it appeared that, when Mr. Moon put to Mr. Bristow the question above quoted, the latter asked to be excused from answering it. It was recognized by Republicans and Democrats alike that Mr. Bristow's request to be excused from answering was equivalent to an affirmative reply. Mr. Overstreet, chairman of the Post-office Committee, made matters worse by suggesting that Mr. Moon's memory must be at fault, since no such question and answer as he alleged to have been uttered could be found in the committee's records. That, Mr. Moon said, was perfectly true, but he did have the colloquy with Mr. Bristow, and the reason it is not in the records is because the matter was discussed, and it was agreed by the committee that the colloquy should be stricken out. This statement, which was unchallenged, left Mr. Overstreet exposed to the imputation of having tried to deceive the House. The report is current among Representatives that many other things besides the significant colloquy above set forth were stricken out of the committee's records.

There seems to be, after all, some doubt about the willingness of Senator Fairbanks of Indiana to accept the Republican nomination for the Vice-Presidency. In a letter dated March 14, he told a fellow Indianian, who proposed to have his candidacy for the Vice-Presidency endorsed by a district convention held in that State for the purpose of nominating a representative in Congress, that he (Fairbanks) was not a candidate for the Vice-Presidential nomination. He had, he added, no desire whatever for it, and would be very much obliged if his correspondent would withhold any endorsement of him for the honor. The Indianapolis newspaper which is usually regarded as Senator Fairbanks's organ has, within a few days, spoken of Mr. Roosevelt with a frankness not evinced by those who covet the President's good-will. That many of the Senator's personal friends think that he ought not to accept the nomination for the Vice-Presidency is evident from a statement made for publication by Representative Charles V. Landis, of Indiana. Mr. Landis expressed the belief that the Senator would make a great mistake if he should consent to allow his name to be presented to the Chicago convention as a candidate for the Vice-Presidential office. His friends in Indiana do not want to see him close his public career in such a way. What they hope to witness is his nomination for the Presidency in 1908. According to Mr. Landis, there is no lack of available candidates for the Vice-Presidency in the Republican party. He suggests that Secretary Taft of Ohio, or Secretary Shaw of Iowa, or Senator Quarles of Wisconsin, would prove acceptable. No doubt Senator Fairbanks would strengthen the ticket more than any of the three mentioned, so far as Indiana is concerned, but Mr. Landis does not deem it necessary to put his name on the Republican ticket in order to carry the State.

Both of the United States Senators from Georgia are alive to the opportunity offered to the national Democracy this year, and they are agreed as to the way in which it should be turned to account. In a letter made public at Atlanta, Georgia, on March 17, Senator Clay tells his fellow Democrats that they must look to New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, Illinois, Indiana, and the solid South to elect a Democratic President. He goes on to say that Mr. Hearst is not regarded by members of Congress as an available candidate. He (Mr. Clay) had talked with many leading Democrats from doubtful States, but has never yet found one who thought that Mr. Hearst would make a strong nominee for the Presidency. Mr. Clay's personal conviction is that the nomination of Mr. Hearst would result in a defeat so overwhelming that the Democratic party might not recover from it in twenty years. Senator Bacon of Georgia thinks that Democrats in his State are disposed to favor the nomination of Judge Parker or Senator Gorman. He virtually admits that any nominee of the Democratic national convention would receive the vote of most of the Southern States, but with Senator Gorman or Judge Parker at the head of the ticket, the support would be most cordial. Southern Democrats comprehend, he says, that, in order to win this year, they must select a man who can carry the State of New York. New Jersey, Connecticut, Indiana, and certain other Northern States must also be kept in view, and Senator Bacon recognizes that they can be carried only by such a nominee and such a platform as will afford a guarantee that a Democratic administration will conduct the nation's affairs along moderate and conservative lines. There should be, he says, the most pronounced conservatism in every utterance and act of the St. Louis convention. There should be a thoroughly conservative man at the head of the ticket, and there should be a platform in thorough accord with the character and record of such a candidate. In truth, the candidate should be in himself a safe, conservative platform.

The time is past when it is possible to treat the Hearst boom as entirely unworthy of consideration. It now seems almost certain that he will have the delegation from Kansas as well as the delegations from Rhode Island, Kentucky, and Mississippi. He has carried so many districts in Illinois that his chance of carrying the State convention is admitted by his opponents to be good. Woodford County, Tazewell County, and Effingham County in that State were all swept by the Hearst managers on March 19. His friends are now making a vigorous attempt to capture Indiana and Michigan, and to recover Iowa, where, for a time, they seemed to have lost

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ground. It is generally acknowledged that they would carry Missouri, but for the desire in that State to present the name of Senator Cockrell as that of a favorite son. On March 19 a meeting of the Democratic State convention of California held in San Francisco passed a resolution declaring it to be the opinion of the committee that the delegates from that State to the national convention should support W. R. Hearst for President. Even in some of the interior counties of the State of New York the Hearst men have made a strong fight for delegates. That some of the delegates to the Ohio State convention will advocate the nomination of Mr. Hearst is certain.

Nevertheless, we are still unconvinced that the Hearst-Bryan combination will be able to secure more than a third of the delegates to the St. Louis convention; but, just in proportion as it shows increased signs of strength ought the importance of abolishing the two-thirds rule to be recognized. If the conservative majority of that convention shall allow the rule to stand, and shall, in consequence, be deprived of the power to make a desired nomination, it will have sinned against the light. Of warnings it has had a superfluity. We have heard it asserted in some quarters that a repeal of the two-thirds rule is not needed in order to assure preponderance in the convention for the conservative majority. If conservatives, we are told, have a majority on the face of the returns, they will control the committee on credentials, and can shut out the Hearst-Bryan delegates wherever there is a contest. This seems to us a strangely cynical, not to say shameless, suggestion. If Hearst-Bryan delegates are justly entitled to seats in the convention, they should be admitted; but they would have no moral right to complain if the two-thirds rule were abolished, and the principle of majority supremacy were applied to Democratic, as it is to Republican, national conventions. In the latter case Bryanites would have no excuse for bolting; in the former case a bolt would be amply justified.

The death of the Duke of Cambridge, for many years commander-in-chief of the British army, comes close upon that of Count von Waldersee, who held a similar position at the head of the armies of the Fatherland. While Waldersee's name is connected with the militant Prussian period, from Sadowa to Sedan, the Duke of Cambridge gained laurels in the Crimean war, a struggle hardly less important to the destinies of Europe. The two warriors, therefore, summed up a half-century of history and political change; and with their passing the memories of that epoch seem almost visibly to fade and become more remote. It is interesting to remember that the Duke of Cambridge was born during the life of his grandfather, King George III.; we may almost look on him, therefore, as a link with certain events of our own past history. The father of the Duke of Cambridge was Adolph, sixth son of George III., and the duke himself was at one time heir-apparent to the throne of England. He was appointed General Commander of the Forces, a title later changed to Commander-in-Chief; and for many years he did extremely well in a methodical, painstaking, and uninspired way, according to the ideas of an elder age. He was no great friend of modernity, and viewed with frank dislike the transition of the British army from a social function of the aristocracy to a branch of the civil service.

Turning from Mr. Hearst to other candidates, Colonel Watterson expresses the opinion that Mr. Bryan is preparing to bolt. This we doubt. Mr. Bryan is too young and too shrewd to commit political suicide. When Martin Van Buren bolted in 1848 he had lost his last hope of personal triumph, and was instigated solely by revenge. At Mr. Bryan's age, he will do wisely to leave vindication to the whirligig of time. Besides, he must see as clearly as does Colonel Watterson that, with the Populist machinery virtually extinct, he could not expect to secure anything like the number of votes—over eight hundred thousand—cast for Mr. Weaver in 1892. The woods, according to the editor of the *Courier-Journal*, are full of good and available candidates. He mentions Gorman, Parker, Gray, Olney, Mayor McClellan of New York, and Mayor Harrison of Chicago. He is convinced that, on a sound platform, any one of these candidates ought to be able to beat Mr. Roosevelt. By a sound platform he means one from which the old silver issue should be excluded, and which shall be as short as possible, provided it states clearly the case of the people *versus* the absolutists. In his judgment, there will be but one primary and capital issue in the coming national campaign, and that is Theodore Roosevelt, with all that he implies. If Mr. Roosevelt can be thrust out of the way and the Democrats replaced in power, they can proceed to reconstruct our fractured constitutional system on sound traditional lines. If another defeat, however, be suffered, it may be too late for such a reconstruction. The weak point of Colonel Watterson's interview was his assertion that the suggestion of Mr. Cleveland as a possible candidate was not worth consideration. No one, he says, who will exercise any influence over the coming national convention is dreaming of Mr. Cleveland as a nominee. Does Colonel Watterson mean to aver that the Massachusetts delegation, or the New Jersey delegation, or the Tammany half of the New York delegation will exercise no influence over the Democratic national convention? It is he, not others, who is dreaming.

There seems to be no doubt that Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles of the United States army (retired) will be nominated by the Prohibitionists for the Presidency, and that he will accept the nomination. He is said to have written a letter to D. O. McCalmont, of Venango, Pennsylvania, in which he says: "It remains with my friends to say what services I shall render to my country." The ground on which his candidacy will be commended to the Prohibitionist national convention is his persistent and successful advocacy of the abolition of the canteen. The obvious purpose of the nomination would be to weaken Mr. Roosevelt in close Republican States, it being generally taken for granted that, so far as the North is concerned, the voters for a Prohibitionist are mainly drawn from the Republican ranks. In 1896 rather more than 132,000 votes were cast for the Prohibitionist ticket, or, in other words, about as many as were thrown for Palmer and Buckner, the gold Democratic candidates. In 1900, Mr. Wooley, the Prohibitionist nominee for the Presidency, got almost 209,000 votes, or more than four times as many as were cast for the Populist candidate. In the State of New York alone the number of Prohibitionist votes was upwards of 22,000; in New Jersey, upwards of 7,000; in Indiana, nearly 14,000; and in Illinois, above 17,600. Mr. Wooley got more than 10,000 votes in Wisconsin; nearly 12,000 in Michigan; and about 9500 in Iowa. If General Miles could get two or three times as many votes as were given to Mr. Wooley, he might do the Republican ticket serious damage in some pivotal States. In Iowa the anti-Hearst men have formed a plan of campaign, and intend, they say, to start a whirlwind for the general, which, it is hoped, will burst forth simultaneously in Michigan, Illinois, Texas, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Maryland. What the framers of the project really have in mind is to secure the nomination of General Miles by the Prohibitionists at an early date, and then to persuade the Democratic national convention to endorse the nomination. The last time a Democratic national convention endorsed the nominee of another party was in 1872, when, meeting at Philadelphia, it accepted Horace Greeley, the candidate of the liberal Republicans. The issue of that experiment was hardly successful enough to encourage a similar one.

It is gratifying to learn that the census of the Philippine Archipelago is nearly completed, and that the digested outcome of the work done by the enumerators and classifiers is expected to be ready for publication this summer. This census will not only present the first accurate computation of the inhabitants of the islands, and the first trustworthy account of their economic, social, and educational needs, but will have an important bearing on their political future. For the law which authorized it provides that at any date not earlier than two years after the publication of the census—in case a general and complete peace, coupled with a recognition of the authority of the United States, shall have been declared by competent authority to have continued for the said biennial period throughout the territory outside of the Moro country—the President of the United States may direct a general election to be held in the Philippines for the choice of delegates to a popular assembly representing the inhabitants of the islands, which body shall be known as the Philippine Assembly. Thenceforth the government of the archipelago will—like that of those crown colonies of Great Britain which are in process

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of transformation into self-governing colonies—be vested in two chambers, to wit: the Philippine Assembly, just mentioned, which will be chosen by the people, and the Philippine Commission, appointed by the President. The bicameral legislature thus constituted will have power to make laws for the islands, and also to choose two resident commissioners to the United States, who will be charged with the supervision and promotion of Philippine interests. According to a telegram from Washington, which is evidently based upon information secured from the War Department, the condition precedent to the election of a Philippine Assembly—the condition, namely, that the President of the United States shall be convinced that a general and stable peace prevails in the islands—will be fulfilled in the following way: In the summer of 1905, the Secretary of War, who, presumably, will be Judge Taft, will proceed to Manila, and thence will accompany the Philippine Commission on a tour of inspection throughout the archipelago. On their return to the insular capital, a report of their observations will be adopted and transmitted to the President. Should this be satisfactory, it is expected that the election of the first Philippine Assembly will take place in the autumn of 1907. Thus are the guns of the anti-Imperialists to be spiked.

It was an exceedingly interesting session that the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce held on March 19. Admiral Walker, the chairman of the Canal Commission, explained at length the principal engineering features of the vast constructive task which is shortly to be undertaken on the isthmus. Touching the question of a sea-level canal, the admiral did not hesitate to express the positive conviction that it never would be necessary to assume the tremendous cost of digging such a waterway. A lock canal fashioned on the plan adopted by the French company would, he feels assured, do all the work required, and it would certainly cost much less. Admiral Walker did not attempt to minimize the engineering difficulty presented by the Bohio dam. The French engineers made twenty-one borings to ascertain what foundation there would be for the structure. In the central part of the valley, however, they did not go down to rock, and the Isthmian Canal Commission, accordingly, determined to make an investigation more nearly exhaustive. It made eighty-six new borings, all of which reached rock except seven, which were abandoned before completion, on account of accidents to the apparatus, or of unusual difficulties of soil. The admiral has no doubt that the construction of the dam is practicable, although he conceded the necessity of going 120 feet below sea level to get the proper foundation. Had he not felt certain on this point, he would not have recommended a canal at Panama instead of at Nicaragua. There is no doubt that Senator Morgan made the most of the difficulty presented by the Bohio dam, and that the Senate ratified the canal treaty with full knowledge of the matter.

We pointed out some time ago the importance of providing an interior line of water communication for large war-vessels between New York and Norfolk. The only links needed to complete such a line are deep artificial waterways from the Chesapeake to the Delaware Bay, and from the Delaware to the Raritan River. By the first of these artificial waterways the distance from Baltimore to Philadelphia would be reduced about three hundred miles, to say nothing of the fact that all the war-ships normally stationed at the Norfolk Navy-yard at Fort Monroe, Washington, Baltimore, and the League Island Navy-yard could be concentrated at a given point without encountering the risk of attack *en route*. On March 11 the House Committee on Railroads and Canals gave a hearing to the advocates of the Chesapeake and Delaware ship-canal. Mr. Alfred O. Crozier pointed out that, according to an estimate made by government engineers, the Delaware ship-canal could be built for eight million dollars, or less than it costs to build and equip a single first-class battle-ship. The lack of such a canal compels the Federal government to provide double the number of defensive vessels that would otherwise be needed to give proper protection to Washington and the other great cities, navy-yards, dry docks, shipyards, powder-factories, and coal depots on the shores of Chesapeake Bay and of its estuaries. In the event of a foreign power undertaking to blockade both the Delaware and Virginia capes, the two blockading fleets could be quickly united and thrown against one wing of our divided fleet in either Delaware Bay or Chesapeake Bay. If, on the other hand, the proposed canal were built, the situation would be reversed, and our two fleets, respectively stationed in the bays mentioned, could be quickly concentrated through the canal against either of the blockading squadrons. It looks as if the construction of the waterway would be authorized at the next session of the Fifty-eighth Congress.

Canada is particularly gratified by that part of the new English understanding which refers to Newfoundland. The question is of almost mediæval antiquity, going back to the Treaty of Utrecht, which, in 1713 gave England Gibraltar, and, in the New World, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and the Hudson Bay region. To France were reserved certain rights, which enabled the Norman and Breton fishermen of the Banks to land and dry their fish on the northern and western shores of Newfoundland, and these reserved privileges have been quarreled over ever since. Now, nearly two hundred years after their establishment, they are yielded by France, in deference to England's plea that they abated the sovereignty of Newfoundland, and that the French claim to occupy certain regions, without coming under civil law or paying taxes, was a vexatious anomaly. The French reserve their fishing rights, and will presumably rent such spaces as may be necessary for the drying of their fish and mending their nets and lines. The Canadian view is, that this extension of English jurisdiction at the expense of France is a moral offset to the loss of the Alaskan arbitration case.

France is to be paid for her graceful acquiescence in Newfoundland by concessions made to her forward policy in Morocco. Morocco is about as big as Texas, and with an equal or perhaps greater population: say, anything from three to six or seven millions. Its Sultan, who now reigns in peace at Fez, after overthrowing a dangerous pretender, is almost the only ideal Mohammedan prince still left in the modern world, a sturdy polygamous ruler, whose word is law, who orders wholesale beheadings, and whose court is of the very stripe and texture of the Arabian Nights. France desires gradually to extend to Morocco the system which she has built up in Algeria, that of a French colonial bureaucracy, with an army of occupation; and, most interesting to the world at large, a system of winter resorts for tourists in search of a warm climate, not too far from southern Europe. She will in time succeed, doubtless, if Spain can be persuaded to acquiesce, and withdraw certain shadowy claims, very interesting historically, as dating from the days when Spain drove out the Moors, and thus put an end to African dominion on European soil.

In Germany's experiences in the regions west of the Transvaal, the worst forebodings have been realized in a gruesome way, and things are evidently drifting from bad to worse. The Herreros have swept to destruction a number of German settlements, and more than a hundred German colonists, men, women, and children, have been mutilated, tortured, and put to death, or left to die of thirst and their wounds. Their heads have been impaled, and set up along their ridgepoles, and nameless barbarities have been inflicted on their bodies. The Germans have retaliated with dismal ferocity. The cause of the uprising is being brought to light by the persistent efforts of Herr Bebel, the Social-Democrat leader in the Berlin Reichstag. It seems that the natives are encouraged to take on credit all kinds of European commodities, chiefly rum and rifles, doubtless, which they would be infinitely better without. They have only dim notions about payment, and the German traders get judgment against them, and levy on their herds. The natives, whose life is dependent on their cattle, look on these distraints as simply raids, and retaliate accordingly. Friction increases, until such an outbreak as the present takes place, and mutual slaughter adds lasting hatred to the relations of the two races.

On March 20, Dr. Charles William Eliot, President of Harvard University, was—to use the felicitous phrase coined by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—seventy years young. He was a member of the Harvard University crew in 1858, and he has been at the head of the oldest of American universities for almost thirty-five years. He declined to permit his birthday to be commemorated by any public function, but a memorial

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paper signed by a multitude of Harvard graduates, and attesting their sense of the profound obligations of their *alma mater* to her latest President, was presented to him by the Dean. If an augury may be drawn from his physical robustness and vitality, and from the alert, prehensile and expansive qualities of his intellect, Dr. Eliot is likely to witness the semi-centenary of his assumption of presidential duties. As regards mere lapse of time, his is already the longest presidency recorded, so far as we recall, in the university's annals. As regards the growth of the institution, it is no exaggeration to say that much more has been accomplished during the last thirty-five years than had been performed during the preceding two and a quarter centuries. From 1640 to 1870 there had been no very marked change in the curriculum. The method of instruction still followed, for the most part, mediæval lines. A more or less thorough acquaintance with Greek, Latin, and mathematics still constituted the main qualifications for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Up to 1870, and, indeed, for a while longer, when people spoke of "Harvard," they had in mind exclusively the college proper, those who were merely graduates of the scientific school, law school, medical school or divinity school not being regarded as technically "Harvard men." How far-reaching has been the transformation effected during Dr. Eliot's presidency may be best indicated by the statement that Harvard is now an institution which, as regards breadth of scope, elevation and multiplicity of aim and educational facilities, deserves to be classed with the University of Berlin on the highest plane of academic usefulness. No one conversant with the facts would any longer hesitate to rank it above either Oxford or Cambridge. For this extraordinary development in respect of purpose, method, and resources the credit is, beyond a doubt, principally due to Dr. Eliot. When he dies, no column and no edifice will be needed to recall his services to the university. *Si monumentum quæris circumspice!*

Reference was made in the WEEKLY some months ago to the paper read by Mr. C. F. Adams before the Massachusetts Historical Society, in which he told of his efforts to verify a story told by the late Mr. Abram S. Hewitt. At the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, in February, 1901, resolutions were offered and speeches made in connection with the death of Queen Victoria. Mr. Hewitt related that in 1862 Mr. Adams, our minister to England, had appealed to the Queen in person to prevent the recognition of the Confederacy by Great Britain, which seemed at that time imminent, and that the Queen had said to him, "Give yourself no concern; my government will not recognize the Confederacy." This story greatly interested Mr. C. F. Adams, son of the late minister, and he tried to verify it, but was constrained to conclude that Mr. Hewitt was mistaken, and that no such interview between Mr. Adams and the Queen ever occurred. He thought, however, that the story might at least have some basis of fact, and he has ever since been searching for some authoritative evidence that the Queen, sometime and to some one, expressed such sentiments as Mr. Hewitt had attributed to her. There is, as he says, an accepted tradition that "the cause of the Union was, in its hour of trial, dear to Queen Victoria, and that we of the North were under deep and peculiar obligation to her." He wants to discover what that tradition rests on. The course of his quest is recorded in the latest issue of the printed Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

The tradition is well seasoned. As long ago as 1874 Mr. Choate, in a speech in New York, spoke of there being the best of reasons for believing that the Queen "was from the first to the last an obstinately faithful ally of America." Mr. Adams remembered that President Eliot, in welcoming Queen Victoria's grandson, Prince Henry of Prussia, to Harvard in 1902, said: "It is credibly reported that at a very critical moment the Queen of England said to her Prime Minister, 'My lord, you must understand that I will sign no paper which means war with the United States.'" Here may be the basis to Mr. Hewitt's story, thought Mr. Adams, and he wrote to Dr. Eliot, asking his authority for what he had said. Dr. Eliot replied that at Oxford, in 1874, he met Prince Leopold at luncheon, and the Prince told the story of the Queen's interview with Lord Russell. Sir Henry Acland, who was present, spoke of the story as if he believed it. This corroborative evidence satisfied Mr. Adams that it was believed in the British royal family and about Windsor Castle that at some time during the civil war Queen Victoria did take a decided stand with the ministry in opposition to anything calculated to provoke hostilities with the United States. Nothing that comes nearer than this to being direct testimony has Mr. Adams been able to ferret out, but in a long and interesting paper he sets forth that the Queen was an exceeding pertinacious woman; that for some years after the death of Prince Albert in December, 1861, her mental and bodily health gave her ministers much concern, and constrained them to show special consideration for her wishes; that the feelings and opinions of Prince Albert, as she recalled them, had great weight with her, and that the Prince, while he lived, inclined towards the side of the North. Mr. Adams is able further to demonstrate that in the autumn of 1862 Lord Russell and Lord Palmerston had agreed that it was time to offer mediation to the United States government, with a view to the recognition of the independence of the Confederates. Such action was definitely planned and is known to have been imminent. But it was not taken. The effectual hindrance to it Mr. Adams believes to have been the inflexible opposition of the Queen, probably conveyed to the ministry through Lord Granville. The probabilities point strongly to this conclusion, but positive evidence is still lacking, and will, if it ever turns up, be of lively historical interest.

The committee on Franchises and Transportation of the Merchants' Association of New York has written to the State Railroad Commission asking whether it cannot make the Manhattan Company provide more adequate stairways to its Elevated stations. The stairways, says these complainants, were designed thirty years ago, when the traffic was much less than it is now, and are "narrow, crooked, inconvenient, and utterly inadequate to accommodate the reasonable needs of the public." So they are, many of them, and what is still more unseemly, their restricted and insufficient space is encroached upon by billboards. The narrowest stairway has space enough for rough boards that carry advertisements. The whole business of disfiguring the stairways and stations of the Elevated Railroad with advertisements ought to be swept away. It is a monstrous and ridiculous imposition on public patience. The company paints its structure and stations with some care, and seems to try to give both a decent appearance. No sooner is the paint dry than back go the billboards, shutting off light in many cases, hideous and obstructive in all cases. At its best the Elevated Railroad is a sore disfigurement to the town. It is preposterous that it should make itself still more outlandish and gruesome for the sake of a catch-penny advertising trade. Mr. Sage is out. The new owners ought to have self-respect enough to turn the bill-board advertising off, and try to give their property a decent appearance.

President Wilson of Princeton criticises the American school histories because of their failure to get the children who study them out of the twentieth century. The histories start, he says, with a map of the United States as it is, and the child never gets away from modern times; never really sails with Columbus to discover the Indies, nor imagines with Hudson that he has found the Northwest Passage. Dr. Wilson sighs at all this as an evil hardly to be mended. He does not think that a history of America that will give us a living picture of our past will be written in our generation. "We are doomed," he says, "to be creatures of our own day, and it's a dull day. It's all hurry, all bustle, and no refreshment; a day of cold steel and hard fact. We are in such a hurry that we no longer have time to sit down and dream dreams, and no people make any intellectual advance unless they do dream dreams." One would think Dr. Wilson had been out pursuing the strenuous life, like his young brethren, Drs. Hadley of Yale and Butler of Columbia, instead of enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* of a scholastic job in a peaceful Jersey village, where he can gossip over the back fence with the only living ex-President of the United States. We remark, by the way, that none of these three young doctors appears in that distinguished list of college presidents, bishops, and elders of the people which is appended to the Philippines independence petition. Eliot, Schurman, Jordan, Hyde, Faunce, and a score of other college worthies are signers, but not as yet Hadley or Butler or Wilson.

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The Proceedings in the Northern Securities Case

MANY men — perhaps we should say almost all men except lawyers—fix their eyes on the decision rendered by a tribunal, and pay but little heed to the opinions on which the decision is based. Yet it should be obvious that the direct effect of a given decision on the case at bar may be one thing, while the indirect, ultimate effect produced by the opinion filed on the fate of similar but not identical cases may be widely different. There is no doubt that the judgment rendered on March 14 by five out of the nine justices constituting the United States Supreme Court affirmed the decree by which the four judges composing the United States Circuit Court for the district of Minnesota pronounced invalid the merger of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railways in the Northern Securities Company. It is equally certain that hereafter every case identical with that presented by the Northern Securities Company will be decided in the same way, provided, of course, the five justices who concurred in the decision rendered on March 14 shall adhere to the opinions then filed by them. It should, at the same time, be recognized that the opinion which was read by Justice Harlan, and in which three of his colleagues concurred, differs materially from that signed by Justice Brewer, though he also concurred in the decision. It is, therefore, indispensable that those who would forecast the bearing of the proceedings of March 14 in the United States Supreme Court on other existing or future aggregations of capital should fasten their gaze on the principles asserted or deductions drawn by the fifth, or pivotal, Judge, for thus they may be enabled to divine the fate of corporations or combinations which differ in a given important particular from the Northern Securities Company. The outcome of such a scrutiny is that, while the decision is undoubtedly fatal to the Northern Securities merger in the present form thereof, the opinions, viewed collectively, are actually reassuring to the so-called "trusts"—by which we mean combinations of capital undertaken with a view to efficiency and economy—in the sense that they indicate a marked recession of opinion on the part of Justice Brewer and also on the part of Chief-Justice Fuller and Justices Peckham and White—with whom their new colleague, Justice Holmes, concurs—from the position previously taken by a majority of the court in the Trans-Missouri Freight Association and Joint Traffic Association cases. We may, indeed, take for granted that Justice Harlan and his three colleagues who concurred in the opinion read by him—Justices Brown, McKenna, and Day—will adhere to the position now taken by them, which is a sweeping one, and would be fatal to the trusts because it pronounces all combinations of capital that do or may exercise any restraint, whether reasonable or unreasonable, upon interstate trade to be violations of the Anti-Trust Act, which act is also declared to be a constitutional exercise of the powers delegated to Congress. It is clear, however, that this position is no longer that of a majority of the court, though it unquestionably coincides with that previously taken by a majority in the two leading cases to which we have referred.

Before indicating the main points of the opinion filed by Justice Brewer, the fifth, or pivotal, member of the court, let us mark the two principal grounds on which four justices—Fuller, Peckham, and White, Democrats, and Holmes, Republican—declined to assent to the decision rendered by the majority. These grounds were, first, that Congress was without power to regulate the acquisition and ownership of stock in the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railways by the Northern Securities Company; and, secondly, that, even if such power were vested in Congress by the Constitution, it had not been exercised in the Anti-Trust Act. The first ground is set forth with lucidity and cogency in the opinion which was read by Justice White, and in which Chief-Justice Fuller and Justices Peckham and Holmes concurred; while the second ground is considered at length in a separate opinion of Justice Holmes, which explains what the jurist believes to be the true interpretation of the Federal statute. Justice Holmes said that while the merger of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific lines had undoubtedly been entered upon with the intent of ending competition between the two railways, yet he did not think that the Anti-Trust Act was meant to be applicable to transactions of that sort, because the statute presupposed that a contract in restraint of trade would be made with an outsider. If, however, his interpretation of the statute be overruled, he should concur with his colleagues, Chief-Justice Fuller and Justices Peckham and White, in holding that the Constitution never authorized Congress to regulate the acquisition and ownership of the railway stocks in question by the Northern Securities Company. Nor did he refrain from expressing his profound gratification that at least four of the nine judges constituting the court had refused to adopt an interpretation of the Anti-Trust Act which, in his judgment, would tend to inaugurate an eternal social war, and to disintegrate society into its individual atoms. To call such a law, as the Anti-Trust Act is when interpreted by Justice Harlan, a regulation of commerce is, Justice Holmes thinks, a mere pretence. It is rather an attempt to reconstruct society. With the wisdom of such an attempt Justice Holmes does not deem himself to be now directly concerned, but he believes that Congress was not entrusted by the Constitution with the power to make it, and he is also deeply persuaded that Congress has not tried to make it. We add that Justice White, in the opinion which he read, and in which Justices Fuller, Peckham, and Holmes concurred, denounced the construction of the Anti-Trust Act embodied in the decision rendered by the majority of the court, as the assertion, by implication, of a power repugnant to all the fundamental rights of life, liberty, and property upon which all just government must rest.

Now Justice Brewer concurs with Justices Harlan, Brown, McKenna, and Day in upholding the decree issued by the United States Circuit Court against the Northern Securities Company. He shows, however, in his separate opinion that he concurs in the decision on grounds of his own. He agrees, indeed, with the rest of the majority in holding that Congress was constitutionally authorized to enact the Anti-Trust law, provided the statute is to bear the construction which he, Justice Brewer, would give it. His own interpretation differs materially from that which is now announced by the rest of the majority, and which, moreover, was embodied in the opinions filed by the justices concurring in the decisions rendered in the Trans-Missouri and Joint Traffic cases. Justice Brewer holds that the two last-named *decisions* were right, but that the *opinions* filed in defence thereof went too far. He now thinks that, instead of holding, as a majority of the justices did in the two cases last named, that the Anti-Trust Act prohibited all contracts, reasonable or unreasonable, in actual or possible restraint of interstate trade, the ruling should have been that the contracts presented in the Trans-Missouri and Joint Traffic cases were, in themselves, unreasonable restraints of interstate trade, and, therefore, within the scope of the act. Congress, he thinks, did not intend by that act to reach and destroy such contracts in partial restraint of trade as had been pronounced reasonable by a long series of decisions at common law. He thinks, moreover, that the *general* language of the Anti-Trust Act is necessarily limited by the power which an individual unquestionably has under our Federal and State constitutions to manage his own property, and to determine the place and manner of its investment. Justice Brewer does not hesitate to describe freedom of action in these respects as among the inalienable rights of every citizen. Applying this principle to the Northern Securities case, he goes on to say that, had it appeared that Mr. James J. Hill was the owner of a majority of the stock in the Great Northern Railway Company, he could not, by any act of Congress be deprived of the right of investing his surplus means in the purchase of stock of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, although such purchase might tend to vest in him, through that ownership, a control over both companies. In other words, the right which all other citizens had of *purchasing* Northern Pacific stock could not be denied to Mr. James J. Hill by Congress, because of his ownership of stock in the Great Northern Company.

Justice Brewer holds, however, that *no* such investment by a *single* individual in the stock of two competitive companies is presented in the Northern Securities case. What was here exhibited was a combination by several individuals, separately owning stock in two *competing* railroad companies, to place the control of both in a single corporation. That corporation—the Securities Company—was a mere instrumentality, by which separate railroad properties were to be combined under one control. Justice Brewer regards such a combination as a no less direct restraint of trade, by destroying competition, than would be the appointment of a committee to regulate rates. He adds that if the parties interested in the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads could, through the instrumentality of a holding corporation, place both lines under one control, then, in like manner, could the control of all the railroad companies in the country be eventually placed in a single corporation. That is why Justice Brewer upheld the adverse decree of the United States Circuit Court. He upheld it because he looked upon the Northern Securities Company as against public policy—*i. e.*, as an unreasonable combination in restraint of interstate commerce. He deemed it his duty, however, to explain in his separate opinion that he would *not* deny the validity of a combination exercising restraint upon interstate trade, provided that restraint can fairly be described as *reasonable;* much less would he deny the right of an individual to acquire controlling interests in two or more competitive companies. He felt it his duty to draw these sharp and deep distinctions, lest the broad and sweeping language of the opinion read by Justice Harlan should tend to unsettle legitimate business enterprises, stifle or retard wholesale business activities, encourage improper disregard of reasonable contracts, and invite unnecessary litigation.

In view of the opinions expressed by the four justices who dissented from the decision of the court, and of the separate opinion filed by the fifth, or pivotal, justice, it is easy to understand why Attorney-General Knox should declare that the Federal government has no intention of "running amuck" among the corporations accused of violating the Anti-Trust Act. He knows that, in the

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case of many of those corporations, the government has much less reason to expect a favorable decision, now that the attitude of the court has been defined by the proceedings of March 14, than it had when that attitude was presumed to have been definitely indicated by the decisions rendered and by the opinions filed in the Trans-Missouri and Joint Traffic cases. Then the government felt sure, under the general principle propounded, of a favorable decision in every case. Now it knows that the general principle has been discarded by the majority of the court—by majority we here mean Justice Brewer added to Chief-Justice Fuller and Justices Peckham, White, and Holmes—that every case will have to be tried on its specific merits; and that the judgment of the tribunal can by no means be foreseen. It does not follow, of course, that absolutely nothing will be done in the way of prosecutions under the Anti-Trust Act. Other suits are already pending, and have been more or less advanced toward final adjudication. A report sent on February 11 by the Department of Justice to the House of Representatives showed that no fewer than twenty-three actions had been begun, all of which had been expedited under the authority of the recent act of Congress. Fourteen railroad injunction cases are before the United States Circuit Court at Chicago, and three cases—those against the Beef Trust, against the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, and against Baird and others, are already on appeal before the United States Supreme Court. We may, therefore, count upon a further elucidation of the Anti-Trust Act on the part of the highest Federal tribunal at no distant date.

The Life Beyond

PREACHING two years ago to his fellow clergymen at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in convention assembled, Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, of Boston, said: "We ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ know as no other persons in the community can what a paralysis has come over the intelligent and thinking people in regard to the reality of the other life. So many doubt it; so few have any strong confidence in regard to it." And Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), of Liverpool, in a recent sermon dwelt upon the altered mood of the dying whom the English clergy see pass out of the world—their comparative unconcern about the future life, their greater solicitude about the physical well-being and comfort of those whom they leave behind, their exemption from those raptures of anticipation of heaven or fears of hell which formerly made death-beds scenes of glory or despair.

Now such a mood is of the essence of secularism, as defined by George Holyoake, one of the greatest of English secularists, for a secularist, according to him, is "one who gives primary attention to those subjects the issues of which can be tested by the experience of this life," and secularism is "a philosophy of the things of time." If the mood becomes chronic or universal it would at once relegate to comparative insignificance all long-debated questions as to a universal or partial immortality of the race, the innate or conditional immortality of the soul, its immortability or immortality. Joseph Cook used to sigh for more preaching of a bottomless hell, and deplore the preaching of a topless heaven. But if men in general, like Henley, come to welcome annihilation, what boots it what be preached!

It therefore is of more than usual significance that Mr. Howells, in the March HARPER'S MAGAZINE, should turn to the consideration of the age-long question of immortality of the soul, and to testify that despite all that science has done in modifying old views of the universe, of man's origin and destiny, it has not taken the hope of immortality from man, but rather, by emphasizing the unity of the universe, it is coming to support lastingly the hope.

One does not need to go as far as he seems to go in accepting Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's recently propounded theory that this world of all God's creations is the only one inhabited, all other portions of the cosmos being created for our well-being and enrichment. Dr. Wallace's fellow scientists have not taken as kindly to the theory as Mr. Howells seems to. The ground of the best argument for immortality which is being advanced by thinkers to-day is not dependent upon solution of the problem as to whether other worlds are inhabited or not—indeed, it is not dependent upon the outer world at all. It is psychical, not physical, has to do with souls not with their habitat; and it is rooted in personality not in place.

Moreover, it is significant that even the most rationalistic of thinkers are admitting now, what Horace Bushnell said long since, that "the faith of immortality depends on a sense of it begotten, not on an argument for it concluded." "For surely," said Rev. John W. Chadwick, commemorating the virtue of his friend, Lewis G. Janes, "nothing else is so convincing of the immortal life as lives enamored of all truth and good. We cannot make them dead. The tide of strong emotion overflows the barriers of the critical intellect and carries them upon its bosom into the haven where we would have them be." Channing had this thought in mind when he said: "My faith in immortality rests very little on mere affection, but very much on the fact of human excellence. The sight of eminent virtue carries me up to heaven at once. Indeed, virtue and heaven are very much one in my sight. It seems to me as natural for virtue to live as for the animal to breathe, and much more." "The nearer you approach the instinctive state, the more indubitable it is," said Robertson of Brighton.

It is this argument of the need of persistence in the process of soul culture if God is not to be considered a reckless waster of life by limiting man's career to threescore years and ten that appeals to Mr. Howells, always reverent, always sensitive to human sorrow and pain.

But while the average man, with his heartache, and philosophers like Fiske and Royce, with their reason, are thus arguing for immortality from the standpoint of instinct or of reason, it also happens significantly enough that psychologists like William James and physicists like Sir Oliver Lodge, not to mention other eminent members of the Society of Psychical Research, are approaching the problem from another side, and are gathering data respecting the existence of personality disembodied, using the scientific method, and probably no book issued since this century opened has so differentiated the century from all its predecessors as the late Mr. Myer's book on the survival of personality after death. In the light of it and what it foreshadows, the resurrection of Jesus has immense interest not only to the humble, faithful, Christian believer, but to the man of science, and many a man now can say with good conscience that he believes that Jesus rose again on the third day, who had hesitated to believe it before, in the light of nature and of science. To explain the record of the New Testament in terms of the subjective experience of those who visited the open tomb or walked on the way to Emmaus is a way that has satisfied some; but unless there be an objective fact for so great a corner-stone of Christian faith, it sooner or later must crumble.

Whether man is to believe or not believe in the future life is something more than a mere academic or metaphysical issue concerning only the sensitive few. It has immense import for the welfare of the race, as Renan clearly recognized in his agnosticism. "You will get much less from a humanity which does not believe in the human immortality of the soul than from one which does believe," he said. The elect few, when belief and hope give way to unbelief and stoical facing of annihilation, may go on their way living lofty lives of obedience to duty and service to fellow men, but the masses are far more likely to say, "Eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Levelling Down

THE educational value of a visit from Richard Strauss is not exhausted in the musical world. His reported conversations are full of philosophical enlightenment for just such a people as we are, and the chief danger is that his comment should seem to us so novel as to be taken as unmeaning. He is reported as saying that he would rather produce an interesting work like Schilling's "Pfeffer Tag" than attract large houses, and upon hearing the fateful words, "The public will not like it," he responded, wearily, "I don't care what the public likes."

Genius pursues an ideal; it has no time to try to please. It lives, and it must live, oblivious of that huge machine for levelling down, the public. Dr. Strauss's protest is strikingly like that of a great railroad capitalist of a generation ago who disposed of the public in three words. But he anathematized the public for his personal interests; Strauss loses it in a great ideal.

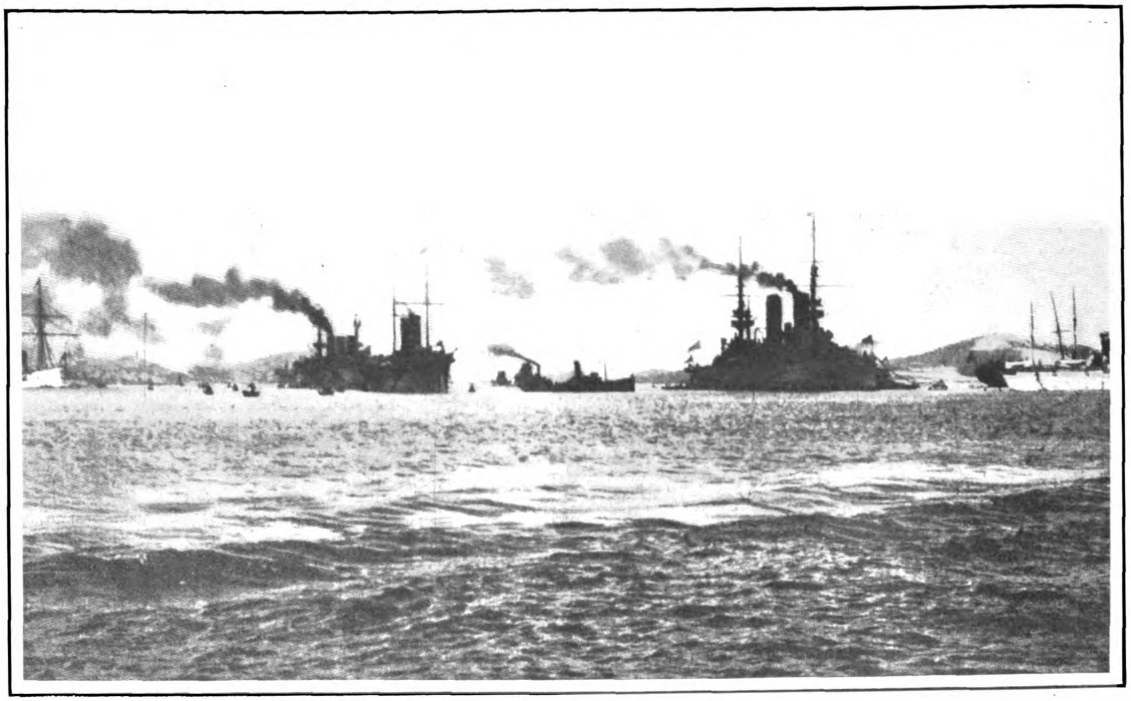
In our country the claims of the public to have what it wants have been served to the detriment of nearly all the nobler pursuits. We are overrun with free libraries stocked with cheap current fiction, free schools where the training of the scholar is sacrificed to that of the tradesman, a theatre that systematically addresses itself to the widest circle of amusement-seekers, an enormous output of periodicals that makes the same appeal. Doubtless the masses are more cultivated than in any country in Europe, but our sacrifice is that we produce no great music, no great literature, no great art. We are dragging everything to the level of the masses. A modern writer who has observed us from the standpoint of a cultivated Frenchman has accused us of unpardonable short-sightedness. As a nation, he says, we are not interested in the graver problems of life. Just this tendency to cater to the crowd, instead of encouraging each art to offer its best, even if for the few, is the flaw which is allowing us to fall behind the rest of the world in every sphere except those of commercial prosperity and mechanical ingenuity. We are deserting the highest and rarest tracts of human consciousness to feed the far too satisfied public. This is short-sighted policy.

Art is only art when men pursue it as Blake did his work.

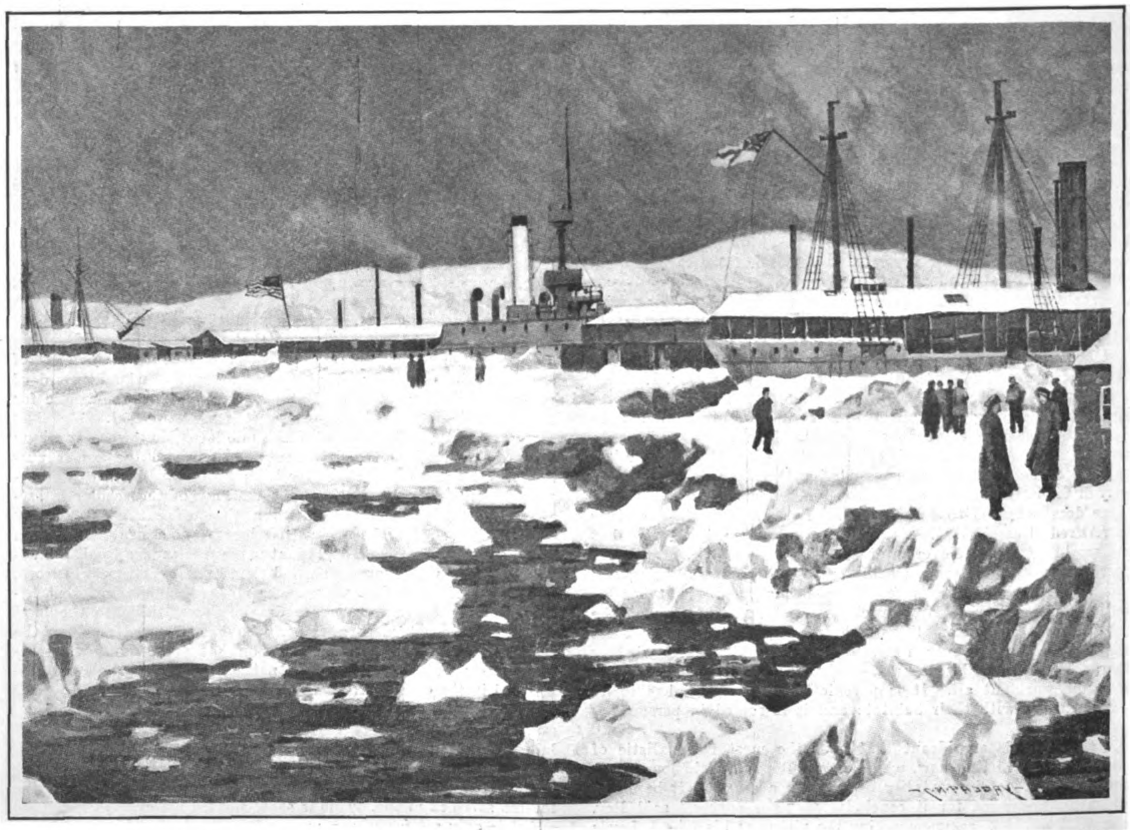
> In my golden house on high
> There they live eternally,

was his reply when a dutiful friend suggested that people would not like his works. And Strauss's reiteration of this immortal lesson is fit to take seriously to heart.

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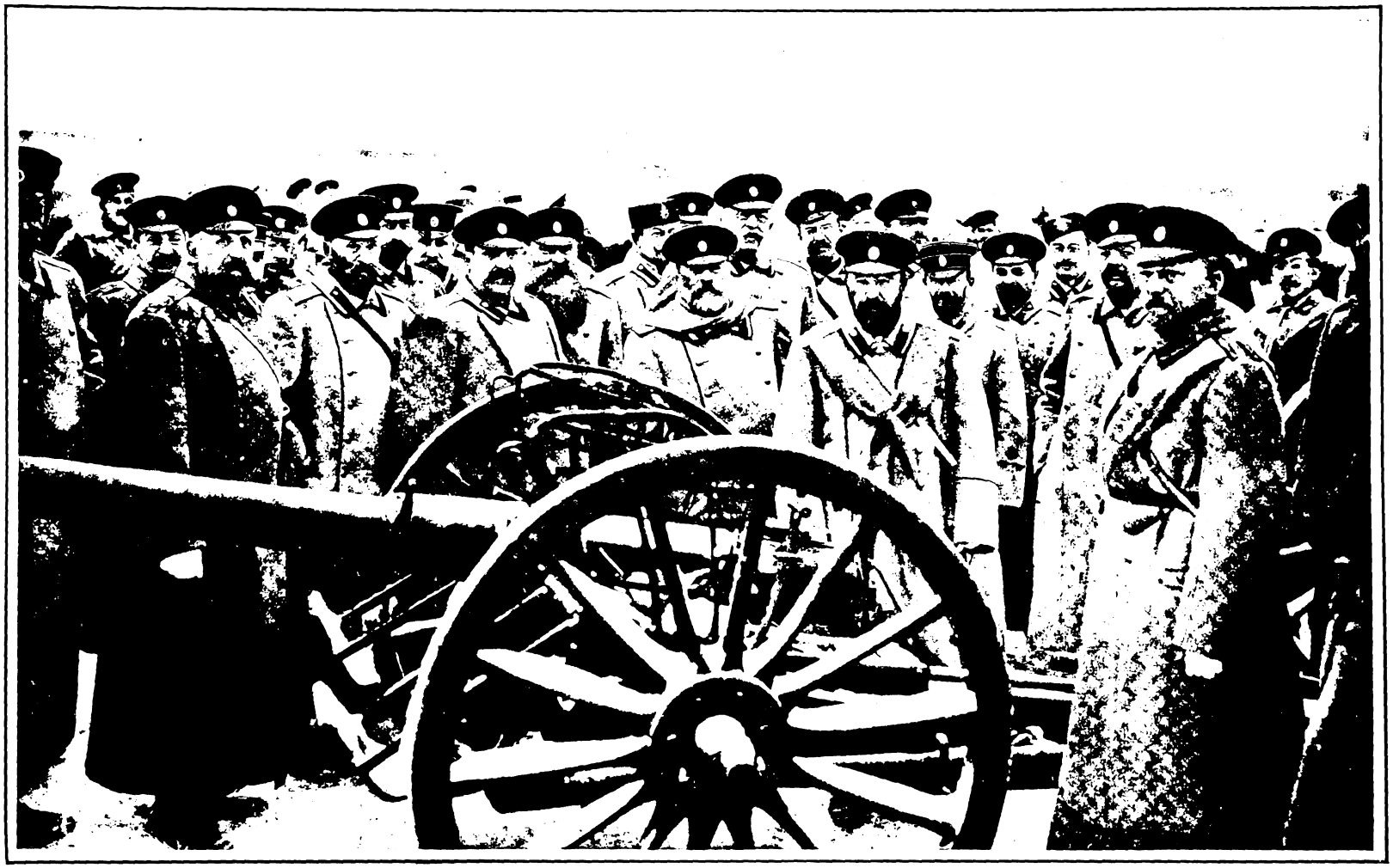
The Russian Squadron on an Observation Movement from Port Arthur



Gunboats in the Frozen Harbor of Newchwang, covered over with rough roofs to Protect them during the Winter Weather

SNAP-SHOTS FROM THE SCENE OF WAR

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General Kuropatkin

GENERAL KUROPATKIN AND RUSSIAN ARTILLERY OFFICERS IN THE FIELD

General Kuropatkin, until recently Russia's Minister of War, left St. Petersburg for the Far East on March 12 to take command of the Czar's military forces in the field. His departure from the capital was marked by popular demonstrations of patriotism and enthusiastic regard for Russia's most distinguished soldier. General Kuropatkin's position at the front will not involve any conflict of authority between him and Viceroy Alexeieff. The latter will retain control of the viceroyalty, while General Kuropatkin will have charge of the land operations

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Every-day Life in Japan

By Onoto Watanna

Author of "A Japanese Nightingale," "The Wooing of Wistaria," etc

"ALL waters and women look the same under the light of the moon," but all nations do not appear the same in the light of civilization. The West speaks of the "heathen" East, and the East with equal contempt calls the Westerner a barbarian. Each complains that the other is uncivilized. It depends on what constitutes civilization. Progression and a certain religion does not necessarily spell it.

Convention walks hand in hand with any civilization. No nation is uncivilized which in the actual every-day living practices the little niceties and politenesses of convention. Do not deem a land uncivilized because the natives squat on their heels as they eat their dinners. Daintier and less barbarous the tiny bits of china and the long slim chopsticks of the Orient than the heavy carved gorgeous silver of the West.

The ancient practice of arising with the sun is still kept up by many of the Japanese outside the big cities. Tokyo, Yokohama, even Osaka, have become too commercial and cosmopolitan for the inhabitants to observe the mode of life practiced by their ancestors. The city people rush about with the eager breathlessness of the Yankee. At night they often dissipate, and sunrise finds them sleeping hard.

A man may not drink sake till past the last hour of the night and awaken to smile at the morning sun. The inhabitants outside of the big cities, however, make up the backbone of the nation, and these are the ones who arise with the sun.

At five in the morning shojis are pushed slightly apart and bright faces look toward the East. "Ohayo! Ohayo!" (Good morning—or more literarly, "It is morning!") says the polite Japanese, and bows with great friendliness and appreciation to the big yellow globe pushing its way upward in the sky. A murmuring of voices runs through the house. Down in the kitchen the noisy maid-servant makes herself heard. She is scolding her little army of assistants, for she, the chief servant and cook, has an assistant, a boy of seventeen, who in turn has a small boy assistant, who in turn likewise has an assistant, a still smaller boy. The chief servant scolds them all thoroughly. She would like to shake more energy into their lazy, sleepy bodies. "Hurry! for the Okusama (august lady of the house) will be down presently." She sends them hurrying this way and that, one to draw and carry water, one to prepare the dining-room, one to sweep the verandas, open the shojis and let in the morning sunlight and air, and she herself sets to work upon the cooking. Thus in the hours when the average Western servant is sleeping the Japanese servants do all the housework for the day. Before breakfast the housework is done. When the honorable lady of the house descends to the honorable down-stairs the rooms shine in cheerful morning welcome to her; breakfast is on the lacquered trays which stand on feet a few inches in height. Before she breakfasts, however, the Okusama looks into the various rooms with the searching eye of the experienced housekeeper. If all is well she sweetly enters the dining-room, and herself waits upon her husband and parents, and pours for them the morning tea.

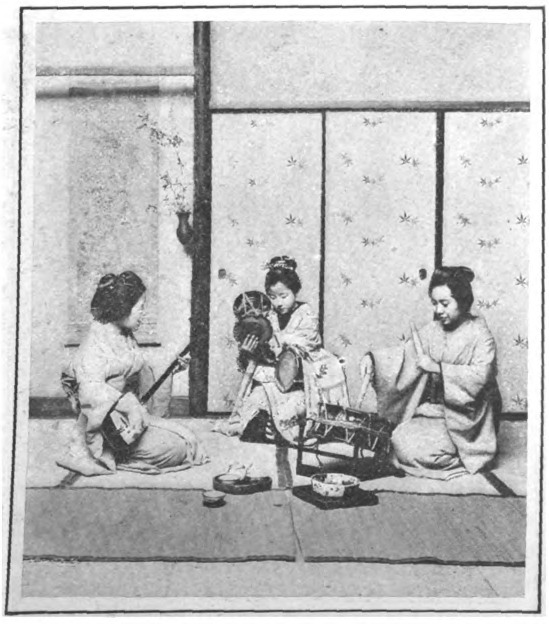
The family may have been up as early as the servants, but they have engaged themselves in bathing, dressing, and, for a short spell, in simply enjoying the rising sun and the early morning. Breakfast is ready by seven. Of course where the family cannot afford servants the mistress of the house, or, if she is old, her daughter-in-law or her daughters must do the housework, but even quite poor people keep at least one scullery-maid.

Morning conversation must always be pleasant. How sad to begin the day with harsh words! The wife, if she is highly bred and fond of the politenesses of speech, will say to her husband,

"O shikkei itashmashita," which means, "I beg you to pardon me for my rudeness last time we met." She may not have been in the slightest rude, but she hastens thus to apologize for what might have been. The husband accepts her apology with graciousness, and observing that he too was augustly rude, he turns to the subject of the day. "The sun is honorably deigning to shine," or, "The honorable rain stills falls. The earth must indeed be thirsty." There is no complaint made against the weather. In addressing each other the Japanese usually preface a name with the term "honorable"—in Japanese "O," "Go," or "On." The term "san" is usually applied after the name. "Sama," a more respectful and less familiar term, is used to strangers. Both words mean about the same as "Mr., Mrs., or Miss," though "san" in the family is affectionate. "O-Haru-san" will say the husband, "please, another cup of tea for O-Bankurpsama," the latter being a friend or guest.

In many families the son of the house has brought home to his parents a young bride. At this time she is undergoing the severe strain of attempting to win the most desired approval of her parents-in-law. The son on attaining his majority becomes superior to his mother, but she is the absolute ruler of her daughter-in-law. Hence it often happens that the young wife waits upon the older woman. When breakfast is finished the son takes the morning paper, a social rather than a news sheet, and glances through it hurriedly before leaving for his work. When he has finished he passes it to his wife, and then it becomes her duty to read it aloud to her mother-in-law, a task very often tedious and trying. But she is very anxious to please the powerful lady, for she knows that her happiness is entirely in the hands of her mother-in-law. Such is the latter's power, indeed, that if she deems it desirable, she can even divorce her son's wife, whether the son desires it or not. Taught to think more of the parent than the wife, he bows to the often unhappy inevitable. Indeed, many a man has gone away from home on some mission and returned to find himself wifeless, his mother having sent home and divorced his wife in his absence. I believe, however, that the power of the mother-in-law is on the wane. The life of the bride even under the dominion of an exacting mother-in-law is always gilded with hope. She prays daily and fervently that she may become a mother, for then she may, as a rule, have an establishment of her own, and her position becomes immensely elevated. Indeed, she immediately begins to speculate upon her own chances of becoming a mother-in-law. Foreigners have expressed surprise and amusement at the ambition of Japanese girls to grow old. This is one of the reasons. Age brings freedom, power.

When the men have taken themselves off to their various occupa-



Japanese Geishas with their Musical Instruments



Bed-time in Japan

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tions the women, in turn, begin their daily tasks. Even rich women find something to do. There are always children in the family. The children are bathed and dressed, often altogether in the family pond. Clean linen clothes are put upon them. The babies are sent away with their nurses, the older children to school, and the little tots that come between are usually taken in hand by the mother or an elder sister.

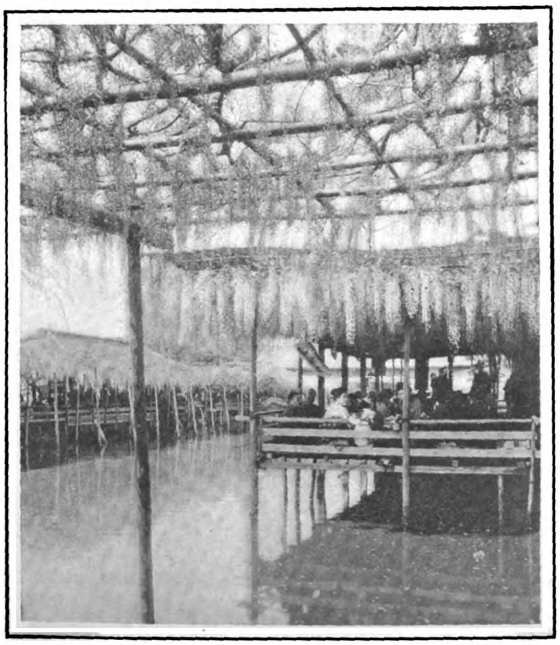
The Japanese women begin to teach their children manners when they are as young as three and four years. They will show them how to sit politely on the floor, how to bow gracefully, how to hold the chop-sticks, the proper and refined way to eat; they teach them words and greetings of politeness, and finally, but not least, they instruct them in the first principles of patriotism and loyalty. Everything they are told comes from Tenshi-sama (the Emperor), and when the final question, "If Tenshi-sama needs you, what will you do for him?" is put, the answer comes quickly, "I will die for Tenshi-sama." One hour at least is given to this first home instruction, then the little ones are sent out into the gardens, where they play joyfully together.

The morning is the busy time for the Okusama. When the children have been sent out into the gardens she finds a few moments to give to her young daughter. The young girl will assist her at the tokonona, and while thus pleasantly engaged the mother imparts some good advice. The girl finds a moment, perhaps, to make some shy confidence. Often she confesses to the mother what she would not breathe to her father or any one else—her love affairs. For watched and guarded as is the young girl of good family, still she is a girl, and hence romantic. She is not permitted any familiar association with young men, but she has a chance to see, and sometimes even speak to young men in her own circle of family friends. But even if she is not given the opportunity to meet and speak to a young man, there is nothing to prevent her casting shy glances toward a prepossessing youth whom she may encounter when driving or walking abroad. Her "love affairs" are not like those of the American girl. She cannot tell her mother of words of passion and love poured into her ears, of tender handclasps and embraces. Such things are unknown to her. But she will tell of one who passes and repasses their house, of a flower placed upon her window-ledge, and sometimes of a little love-letter found in her sleeve. How it got there she cannot imagine, but the lover could tell of an obliging maid or even a small brother. There are few mothers who can find it in them to scold the daughter for such confidences. She will urge upon the girl the virtue of becoming modesty, and warn her against making any display of her feeling, but she is fully in sympathy with the young girl, and secretly she plans to do her utmost to bring the young couple together, to use her influence with the father to approach the boy's father with a view to making a proposal—or obtaining a proposal — either way. Matches are made for the young people by the parents of the youth and maiden. Some people employ the services of a Nakoda (marriage agent) where they are not acquainted with the family with whom they desire an alliance. Such marriages are not necessarily unhappy. The girls and boys expect it to happen this way, and parents, if they are the right sort, endeavor to choose wisely. Even if a girl is married to a man she has never seen till the time of the betrothal it may be that she has looked forward to the time when her hero is to come and claim her. The first man she is thus thrown in close contact with she naturally becomes interested in, particularly so in view of the fact that both of them are conscious of the relation they will soon occupy to each other. I do not believe in such marriages—still they are not so unhappy.

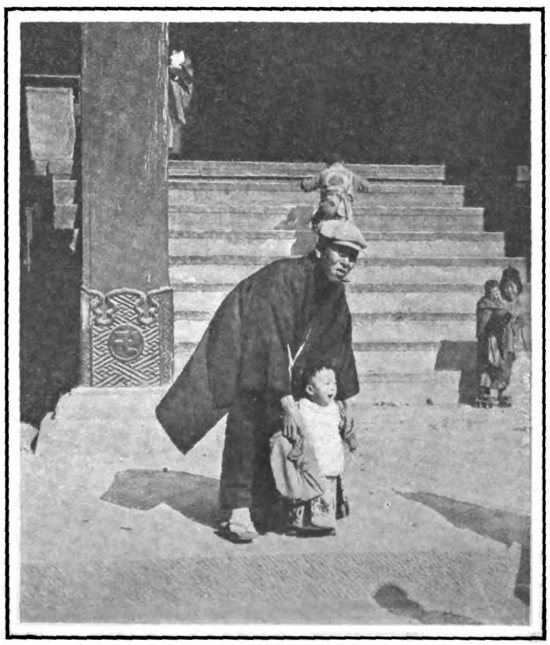


A Japanese Mother carrying her Child on her Back

There are two tasks the lady of the house nearly always reserves for herself—the instruction and counselling of her children and the arrangement of the tokonona (place of honor in the guest-room). What servant could undertake properly either of these tasks? The Okusama does not fill the beautiful vases with flowers. She sets in it one branch, one flower, or a twig from a beautiful tree. It is placed just as it should be, so that all its graceful lines may show to the best effect. We have only two eyes with which to see. We cannot properly admire a great many beautiful things at once. Better admire to the full one little flower than surfeit oneself with a huge mass of them. And so it is with the other decoration in the tokonona. It is not a cabinet full of beautiful curios. The Japanese people of means and refinement keep their treasures in a storeroom. Each day they bring out one of them, and this is set in the tokonona. Every day there is a new scroll or ornament and flower to admire. It serves, too, as an excellent subject of



A Gathering-place under a Wistaria Arbor



An Every-day Street Scene in Japan

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Japanese Boys at Sport—the Start of a Footrace

conversation for a chance visitor, for all these ornaments have a history of some kind, hence their value. The visitor will politely ask questions concerning it, and thus a subject of conversation more interesting than the weather is afforded.

By the time the house has been thoroughly put in order the meat, fish, and vegetable men have come and gone; noon is at hand. All the members of the family are at dinner together. If there is one absent from home, still his place is set and served. His spirit, they say, still dines and abides with them.

The noon meal is a merry one—such good things to eat, such a buzz of joyful chatter! A little boy of twelve honorable years talks with his mother. His father is gone to the war. He is the head of the family, his mother's adviser, confidant, and protector. Or sometimes the soft-speaking young daughter-in-law moves gracefully about the room, waiting with solicitude upon the mother-in-law, preparing with her own hands the amber tea for the older woman, and when the latter condescends a word of commendation she appears very grateful. The mother-in-law tells her to be seated and eat her own meal, and finally, making sure that her mother-in-law is thoroughly served, she modestly takes her seat.

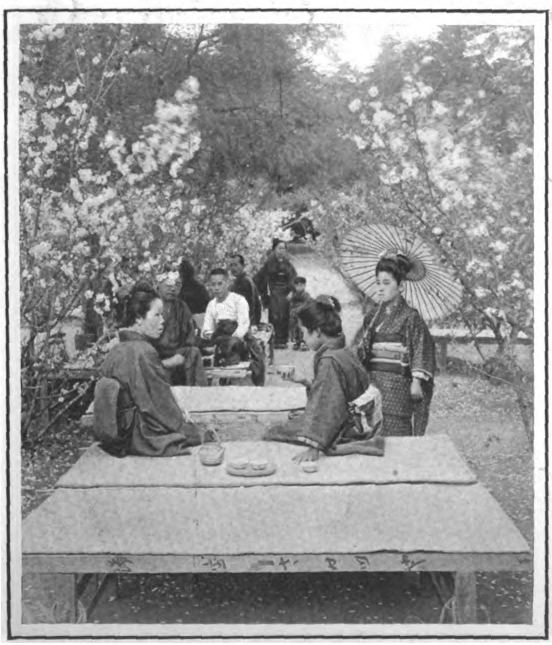
"A good, dutiful, modest, and gentle daughter, my son," the older woman will later assert, and the bride is rewarded, after all, since she has pleased her husband.

The afternoon is given up to social pleasures. Often the ladies of the house, attired in soft, silken omeshi, drive abroad in their jinrikishas and spend the afternoon in making calls upon friends. Sometimes they go to the city on a shopping trip and come back with their vehicle quite loaded down with the pretty things dear to the heart of a woman.

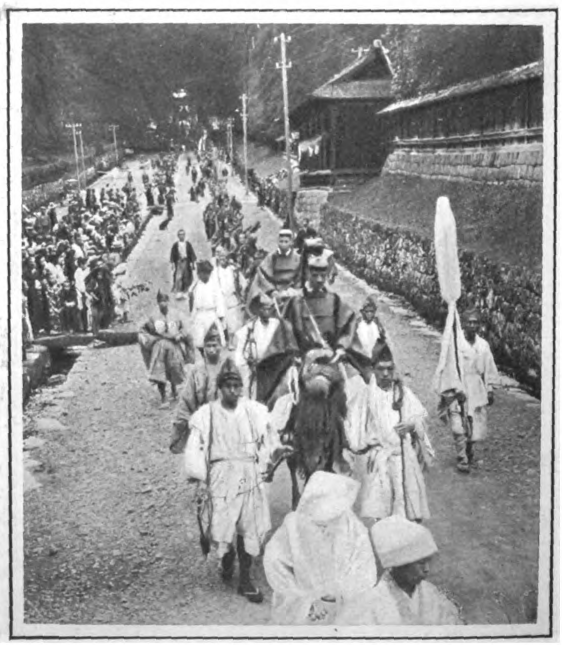
The Japanese wife and mother prefers to spend her afternoons at home with her children. They all go out together, if only into the tiny garden. Nothing in the house can compare with the outdoors. In spring and summer they are out nearly all day. The women sew and embroider under some pretty tree—a cherry, camphor, or plum-tree. Here, their hands employed sewing, their eyes and senses delighted by their surroundings, watching the children playing, is it any wonder that the Japanese woman is calm of soul? Nature is the greatest distraction from care, they believe. Live close to nature and you will forget the little bitternesses of life. How happy seem the little children—even the bare-legged ragged rascals of the poor. They twist like natural acrobats about the bamboo poles; they climb to inconceivable heights up the trees, and cling to swaying boughs with the agility of monkeys. The child in the garden, with the watching mother, flies his kite, while his sisters play battledore and shuttlecock. A favorite game for indoors is called sugoroku. On a large sheet of paper various little pictures are printed—portraits of eminent warriors or views of noted places. It is played with a dice. It is a simple game, and it teaches the little ones the names of historical characters and places.

Every month in Japan has its particular significance to the Japanese. January, the month of the New-year; February, the inari (fox festival); March, the doll festival; April, the birthday of Buddha, the month when people stroll out for hanami (flower picnic), and fields and hills are tinted with clouds of cherry blossoms; May, when the azaleas are ablaze and the picnickers flock to the beautiful gardens; June, the Temple festivals; July, the celebration of the "Milky Way"; August, moonlight banquets; September, the month of the kikuzuki (chrysanthemum) shows; October is a desolate month, for the gods are said to be absent. In November the parents celebrate the third, fifth, or seventh anniversary of their children, and entertain their friends; December, a month of work in preparation for the New-year.

(Continued on page 527.)

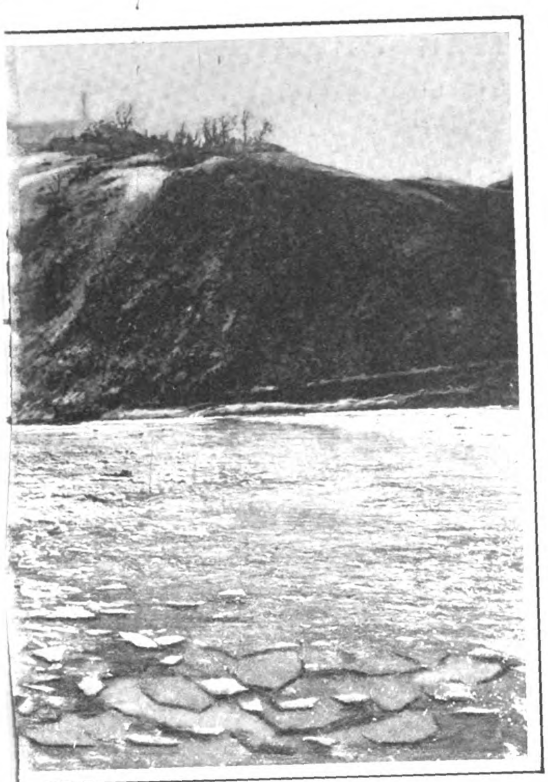


In Cherry-blossom Time—Japanese having Tea



A Religious Procession leaving the Temple of Nippo

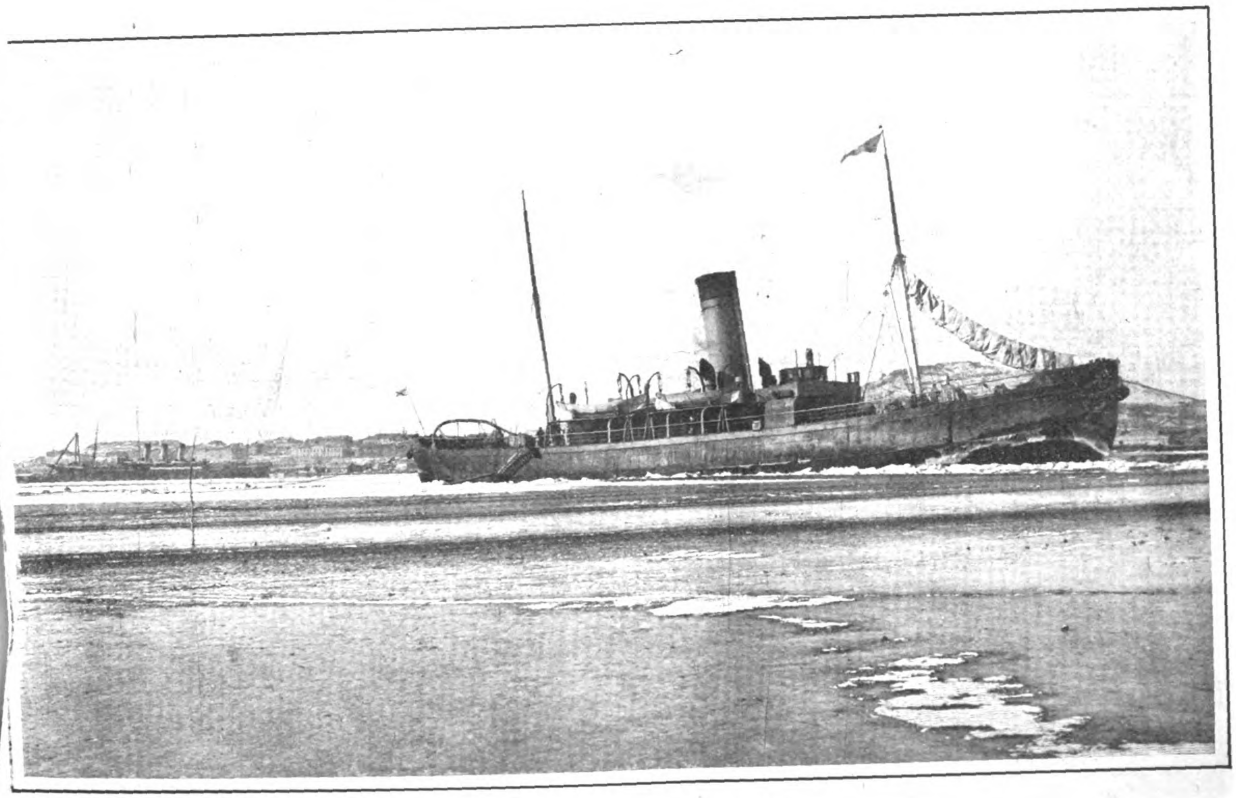
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ony, Manchuria



General Stoessel
Governor of Port Arthur



The Ice-Breaker in Vladivostok Harbor

CE IN THE FAR EASTERN CRISIS

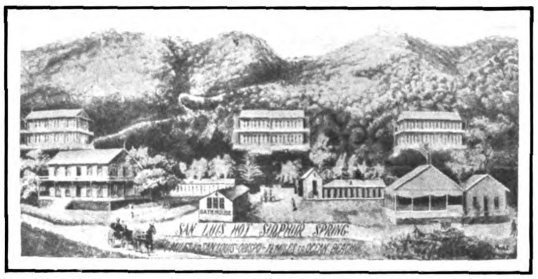
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SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTY

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S NORTHERN OUTPOST

BORDERING the Pacific for a distance of ninety miles from the point where its area is divided from that of Santa Barbara, lies the county of San Luis Obispo. Within its limits are 3238 square miles, extending from its sea-line over height and valley until its eastern border is found well up toward the summit of the Mount Diablo Range, which separates this county of San Luis from the great basin of the San Joaquin. From northwest to southeast the county is divided by the mountains of the Sierra Santa Lucia, which, with their elevation of 2500 feet, are the distinguishing line between two sections of San Luis Obispo, each of which present entirely different characteristics in both climate and production.

To the south and west, that portion of the county which opens upon the sea, presents attractions rivalling those of any section of the State. Here grow, in a climate which may truly be termed semitropical, and under skies which are even bluer than those of Italy, all of those products that have made southern California famous. The orange, lemon, lime, pomegranate and nectarine, the grape and the olive, the walnut and the prune, all may be found thriving on the broad mesas and in the sheltered valleys which break the southern slopes of the Sierra Santa Lucia.



San Luis Hot Springs

One great factor in the development of this prolific area lies in the amount and quality of the water which finds its way to the valleys from the heights of the Santa Lucia range. At extremely short distances along the entire southern slope of the mountains are to be found perennial streams, many of them large enough to be successfully used for irrigation, although up to the present time the development of irrigation possibilities is in its infancy. Allied to this is an average annual rainfall of twenty-one inches, as recorded at San Luis Obispo, the county-seat, which, combined with the precipitation from ocean fogs, as noted along the seacoast, effectually solves the water question for southwestern San Luis.

On the southern borders of the county lies the Arroyo Grande Valley, a spot noted for the perfection of its crops of all classes of vegetables. The soil here is wonderfully fertile and particularly adapted to the raising of seeds and bulbs for market—in fact, several large seed farms are already in operation, and their product finds its way to every corner of America. In the Arroyo Grande there is an abundant water-supply and a climate of agreeable mildness.

It is, however, to the district directly surrounding the city of San Luis Obispo that the county owes its climatic reputation. In a beautiful valley hemmed in on all sides by the rugged foothills lies this most attractive little city. Like all the principal centres of the southland, the site of San Luis Obispo was first chosen by the padres who founded the Mission of San Luis Obispo de Tolso one hundred and thirty-one years ago. For the greater part of a century this mission prospered, and was noted among all the religious outposts in California for the number and quality of its cattle, its beautiful gardens, and the hospitalities extended within its gates. Of the old mission there remains only the little church and one adjoining building occupied by the present priests.

The population of San Luis Obispo numbers five thousand, who live under an excellent municipal system which has done much to beautify and improve the city. There are four banking institutions carrying large deposits. Light is supplied by both electric and gas plants, and there is furnished to the city an unfailing supply of excellent water.

Commercially, San Luis Obispo occupies a position of the utmost importance. Nine miles to the westward lies the harbor of Port Harford, which the government is making, by means of an extensive breakwater, one of the safest and most commodious anchorages on the Pacific. This port is connected with San Luis by means of the Pacific Coast Railway, whose lines, extending on beyond into the Arroyo Grande Valley and the northern section of Santa Barbara County, render this whole section tributary to San Luis and her seaport at Port Harford. The main transportation artery is the coast line of the Southern Pacific system, of which San Luis is a division headquarters. This coast line cuts through the county north and south, giving daily communication with the great centres of California.

To the north and west of the county-seat, in the great angle formed between the Santa Lucia range and the coast, lies an area which is among the most productive in the county. Its principal industries are cattle and dairying, both of which are carried on with a full measure of success. Possessing several little ports where calling steamers give direct outlet to their products, this section is independent of transportation problems, which assertion applies to the whole southern section of the county as well; for the great waterway of the Pacific can never be closed to San Luis, and thereby the transportation question ceases to be a factor when considering possibilities of market.

Still further north than the dairying section, and well up in the mountains, lies one of San Luis Obispo's several mining districts noted for its quicksilver deposits. This is only one of the sections of San Luis where there is mineral in paying quantities. The mines of the county produce gold, both quartz and placer, copper, asphalt, manganese, salt, and iron, while of building materials there are found within the county's limits lime, alabaster, onyx, and building stone in great variety.

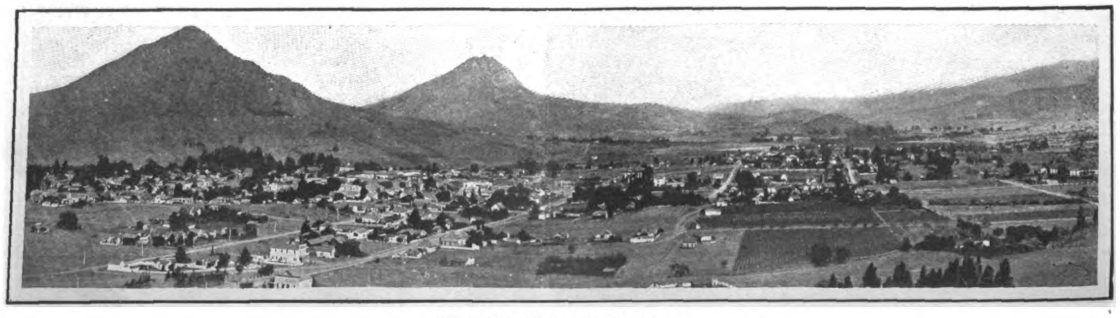
To the northeast of the Sierra Santa Lucia and between that range and the crests of the Diablo lies a section of San Luis Obispo County drained by the Salinas River and its tributary creeks. Possessing a much higher altitude than the section to the south of the mountains, its climate varys accordingly, the winters bringing more chill and the summers a greater degree of heat. The horticulture of this section, while limited to deciduous fruits, is none the less attractive, the lands to the west of the Salinas River showing many successful examples in this industry. The greater portion of this area is, however, given over to the production of cereals, in which it is particularly fruitful. To the east of the Salinas the land slopes gradually up to the foothills of the Diablo range, and is less valuable from an agricultural standpoint, but specially adapted to grazing, thousands of cattle being fed upon the native grasses of these plateaus.

The principal town of this northern section of the county is Paso Robles, with about two thousand inhabitants; it is noteworthy for its thermal springs and their accompanying baths.

Another noted mineral spring lies nine miles from San Luis and less than two miles from the beach at Port Harford. Those known as the San Luis Hot Springs are noted for their wonderful cures of rheumatic complaints; it is asserted that no instance is recorded of their failure to effect a cure where the treatment was maintained. In spite of their wonderful effects, these springs have, until recently, been operated without perfected accommodations for visitors and patients; but Eastern investors have now taken up the work of developing their features and attractions. Excellent accommodations in the way of a hotel and cottages have been erected, making the spot attractive to visitors.

San Miguel, another of the sites selected by the padres for the founding of a mission, lies north of Paso Robles, on the banks of the Salinas.

With its diversity of climate and variety of productions San Luis Obispo County presents an attractiveness excelled by no other county in the whole of California, and its future is certain to be one of prosperity and advancement.



The City of San Luis Obispo

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VENTURA COUNTY

BY EDWARD SHERIDAN

WHEN California was termed the Italy of America those who applied the name undoubtedly had in view that portion of the State known as southern California, and, in particular, that strip of land which borders the sea between Santa Barbara and San Pedro, the body of water known by the general name of the Santa Barbara Channel. The mainland, sheltered by the channel islands, is a land possessing the most wonderful climate of any spot on earth. In this compass lies what is known as Ventura County—one of the smallest counties in the State. Ventura County presents a south front to the sea for forty miles, the entire distance of one stretch of the triangle which it forms. It is along the sea-front that the greater portion of the arable land of the county lies, though the mountain chains in the eastern and northern portions are filled with well watered and productive valleys, where grow everything that can be grown out-of-doors, from the tenderest and most susceptible citrus fruits to the rugged fruits of the north temperate zones. The climate of this section is equable, its average highest temperature for the past five years, compiled from government records, being eighty-three degrees; the average lowest temperature in that time is forty, with a mean temperature of fifty-eight degrees, which is a remarkable record. The seasons are what are known as wet and dry. No rain falls from May to October, while between those months comes what is known as the rainy season — a misnomer, for while the land gets its rainfall during those intervening months, it cannot really be termed a rainy season, for the average rainfall is but sixteen inches, and the showers come so gently and with such stretches of sunshine between, that the winter in Ventura County is really the most acceptable part of the year, and the whole story is told when the statement is made that out of 365 days in the year there are fully 300 days on which men can work out-of-doors, and which may be enjoyed as thoroughly as are the balmiest spring days in the East. Of products, everything that can be raised in the temperate or semitropical zones grows in the county. For instance, the report from the books of the county assessor for the past year show that 40,000 acres were planted for lima beans, 18,000 acres for other beans, 18,500 acres for sugar-beets, 21,000 acres for wheat, 4300 acres for corn, 6500 acres for oats, 23,600 acres for hay, and 38,000 acres for barley. Of fruits the books of the assessor for the same season give these figures of bearing trees: 223,000 apricots, 92,000 oranges, 67,000 lemons, 63,000 English walnuts, 27,000 prunes, 6000 peaches, 43,000 olives, 8600 apples. The county boasts the largest lima-bean ranch in the world, the greatest lemon orchard, and the largest and finest walnut orchard.



Oxnard, the Sugar City

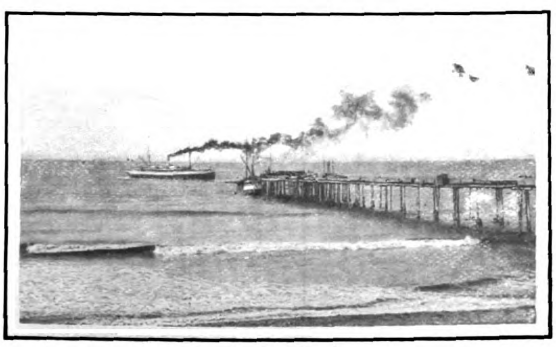
Ventura is joined on the east and southeast by Los Angeles County, on the north by Kern County, while Santa Barbara joins it to the westward. It is situated 300 miles south of San Francisco, and the southern boundary-line is about twenty-five miles northwest of Los Angeles. Its territory embraces some 1852 square miles, the larger portion of which consists of rugged mountains, but in which are many beautiful, well watered, and fertile valleys. Despite her enormous yield, less than one-fourth of the county's area is under cultivation. The mountains are well timbered with oak, sycamore, and cottonwood, and, further back to the northward, with pine, while many parts are rich in oil and various minerals.

The county is well watered, and this means much in southern California, where the rainfall is so light. There are many fine streams within its borders, and in the farming districts artesian wells are numerous and successful. Two fine streams flow through its two principal valleys—the Santa Clara River and the Ventura River. The former runs for forty miles through its chief valley —the Santa Clara. At the head the valley is narrow, but gradually widens until, where the valley skirts the ocean, its width is some twenty miles.

The Ventura River Valley is narrower; it includes what is known as the Ojai (Ohi), a beautiful section made famous by Charles Nordhoff, who first heralded it to the world as the ideal place for consumptives. The word Ojai is Indian for "Nest," and the name is certainly applicable. The valley is a veritable nest set down between high, rugged mountains, whose tops tower thousands of feet above. Within the valley are many beautiful homes and fruitful farms, and the climate is known far and wide for its mildness. The Ojai Valley is noted for its orange and olive orchards. Besides these, all kinds of fruit are grown within its borders. In the past year a large olive-mill has been erected in the valley, and Ojai olive-oil is in demand in the markets. Many Eastern people take advantage of the Ojai, either as a winter or a summer resort, and many have made homes there. Nordhoff, sixteen miles from the sea, is the one town of the valley. It contains several hundred people, has a good hotel, and Eastern men of means who have learned to love the region are now erecting a large and handsome hotel a mile from the town and which will overlook the entire valley. There is a good public school in the Ojai, together with the celebrated Casa de Piedra, a preparatory school for young men, conducted by Yale men and well-known Easterners. The valley is reached by rail from Ventura-by-the-Sea.

By far the greater part of the farming land of Ventura County lies in what is known as the Santa Clara Valley, a long stretch of land through which flows the river of the same name. The valley is some forty miles in length, with ranches along the entire length of the river. Twenty miles from the sea, at the town of Santa Paula, it widens out to many miles, and continues to grow wider until on the sea-front it is at least twenty miles from mountain range to mountain range. Within this valley the great crops of the county are turned out. Here, also, is the population centre of the county and its chief towns, comprising fine farms and homes. The soil is so rich and deep and the moisture so plentiful from artesian wells and full ditches that a failure of the yearly production is well-nigh impossible. It was this valley that made it possible last year for the farmers of the county to receive a million and a half dollars for their lima beans, $950,000 for sugar-beets, and $270,000 for the English-walnuts they raised, to say nothing of other products, fruits, and cereals. In the old Spanish days a few men owned this vast tract and grazed their herds over it. To-day most of the 20,000 people in the county find homes within its limits. The river divides the valley into about equal parts. While a few sugar-beets are raised on the west, or Ventura, side of the river, the greater number are raised on the east, or Oxnard, side. Beans, barley, corn, wheat, and fruits of all kinds are raised in all parts of the valley. Near Santa Paula is situated one of California's oldest orange orchards, planted thirty years ago, and still a prolific yielder. At Limoneira is the largest single lemon orchard in the world, while in the cañons of the adjacent mountains are some of the finest apiaries.

On the east side of the river and separated from the main valley by low ranges of hills are other extensive valleys containing large tracts of fine land. There are the great wheat-growing



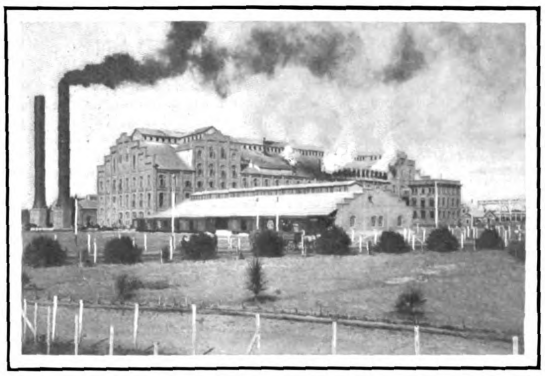
Harbor of Ventura-by-the-Sea



A Field of Ventura Callas

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sections of the Conejo and the Simi, Las Posas and Calleguas valleys. This section, being somewhat off the main lines of travel, is not so thickly settled, but a railroad has recently been built through the heart of the country, and the section promises to become as great a producer and as thickly settled as the other parts of the county. The soil of these various lands is of the same rich character as other favored sections of the county, while the climate is highly salubrious, and free from the sudden changes of extreme heat and cold which are felt in the East and Middle West.



The Centre of Oxnard's Beet-sugar Industry

There are a number of towns and villages throughout the county, the chief one being Ventura, the county-seat, founded as a mission town by the Catholic fathers in 1728 as San Buenaventura. The pretty Spanish name has long since been dropped as too cumbersome for twentieth-century usage, and the shorter name Ventura adopted. While the town still contains many of the quaint adobe buildings, including the mission itself, which the earlier settlers built, it is an up-to-date American town in every respect, and contains many modern stone and brick blocks. Its site is a beautiful one. It has been said of the mission fathers that they looked long before building their churches, always hunting out the most attractive spots. They followed this rule in founding the Mission of San Buenaventura, for the location of the town is as charming as any in California. At this point the foothills of the Coast Range creep down nearly to the ocean's edge. The breakers beat at the very foot of the hills, while between is a narrow strip of gently sloping land scarcely half a mile in width; on this strip is built the town. Ventura is situated in the southwestern corner of the county and on the edge of the Santa Clara Valley, with the Ventura River emptying into the sea immediately to the west of it. The town is well watered by a supply from the Ventura River, a reservoir being located some six miles up the Ventura River cañon. From thence to the town the water is carried by a gravity system. This water is of the best, and there is an unlimited quantity for the use of the town's population of 3000. Within a short time the supply will be greatly augmented by means of an extensive irrigation system which, besides rendering the city's supply a certainty, will bring under cultivation thousands of acres of foothill land that up to the present time has been valuable only for grazing. This system will take its supply from the mountains near Santa Paula, sixteen miles east of Ventura, and its ditches will follow the contour of the foothills from that point to the sea.

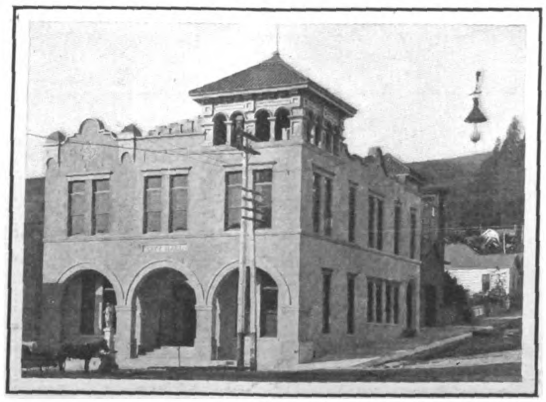
Ventura has an excellent electric-light plant. Some four miles up the river a company is now prospecting for natural gas, and has been so encouraged in its search that it has applied for and obtained a franchise to furnish natural gas to the town.

The schools of Ventura are of the best, there being two grammar-schools and a union high school. A certificate of graduation from the latter is all that is necessary to obtain admittance to the State University at Berkeley.

Adjoining Ventura on the east is the Dixie Thompson Ranch of 2500 acres, noted as being the largest lima-bean ranch in the world. It has been subdivided recently, and will be cut into six ranches.

On the east side of the Santa Clara River, occupying a position almost in the centre of the floor of the valley, lies the youngest city in southern California. It is but four years since the founding of Oxnard, now a bustling little community of over two thousand five hundred population. Surrounding the city's site spread thousands of acres of land as fertile as the richest fields along the Nile, and although they had for generations been known as among the most prolific of this rich southern country, science was to show how they might be made still more valuable.

The production of the sugar-beet was found to be a most advantageous departure from the grain and beans of early days, and the wonderful yield of these vegetables drew the attention of the Oxnard brothers. In the centre of the richest of Santa Clara's areas these two experts in the production of sugar decided to build an immense factory for the transformation of the roots into a household commodity. The result was the construction four years ago, at the present site of Oxnard, of a great beet-sugar plant, which, though exceeded in size, is by far the most perfectly equipped establishment of its kind in the world.



City Hall, Ventura

Oxnard is ten miles east from the county-seat, and is closely pressing that staid town in population and importance. She has already outstripped all of her older neighbors save the court-house city. A new line of the Southern Pacific system which, by means of the great tunnel under the Coast Range at Chatsworth Pass, will eliminate considerable time and distance between northern and southern California, passes directly through Oxnard, and will become the main trunk line of the north and south system before the year is finished. As a shipping-point Oxnard ranks sixth in the State.

Besides its great crop of sugar-beets, Oxnard's adjacent territory is the largest lima-bean producer in the world, having yielded in 1902 over 1000 carloads of beans, which brought in the world's markets over a round million. Other cereals brought over $100,000, and the use of the beet-tops and factory pulp for the feeding of stock has developed a most profitable industry in the fattening of beef for market.

The city is laid out on the level areas of the valley's floor. About her central plaza are gathered the principal business blocks, built substantially of brick and stone. There are two banks—the Bank of Oxnard and the bank of A. Levy, both carrying heavy deposits and transacting business with every principal city in the world. There is an excellent water and lighting system, operated by the original town-site company, good hotels, and a general air of wholesome prosperity. The educational features of Oxnard are well in front in this land of good schools. Her schools grade up to a union high school, now in its second year, and occupying a $20,000 home. An excellent hospital is among the public buildings, and there are four churches scattered within the town limits.

Santa Paula, known also as the "Oil City" of the coast, is another important point in the county. It is situated at the head of the Santa Clara Valley proper, and is surrounded by attractive small farms which are rich in all the products of the county. Santa Paula has a good back country, and is considered one of the steadiest and most reliable towns in southern California. Besides getting the benefit of the immense crops raised all about it, it is the centre of the oil industry of the county. Ventura County is rich in oil production. The annual output reaches 700,000 barrels, most of which comes from the region about Santa Paula. Much of it is transported to the outside world in tank-cars, but a pipe-line to Ventura carries much of it to that place, where it is run into tank steamers which carry it directly to Honolulu for use as fuel on the sugar plantations.

Ventura is connected with the outside world by rail and sea. The coast-line road of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company traverses the county through the Santa Clara Valley from north to south, connecting all the important points in the county with the sea at the county-seat. There is also a branch road to Nordhoff, in the Ojai Valley, and another to Oxnard. This latter will be changed into the main line between Los Angeles and San Francisco when the railroad has completed the great tunnel which it has recently cut through the Coast Range Mountains at the head of the Simi Valley. This new line will bring the city of Los Angeles one hour nearer the county-seat of Ventura, and will give the county three rail outlets. Steamers touch regularly at the ports of Ventura and Hueneme, and carry freight and passengers to and from San Francisco and Los Angeles.

It is thought that but a few years will see a gridironing of the county with electric roads. Lines have been surveyed from Ventura and Hueneme through the heart of the county and the mountains to the north into the town of Bakersfield, situated in the San Joaquin Valley. A surveying party is also in the field for the purpose of finding the best route for an electric line between Ventura and Los Angeles.

The future of Ventura County promises well. It has all the climatic advantages, the picturesqueness of sea and mountain scenery, with the restfulness which makes southern California so attractive to the Eastern tourist and wearied business man, while it presents strong inducements to the homeseeker. Game abounds in the hills and valleys, and anglers find sport in plenty on sea and mountain stream.

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Progress of the War

THE important results of the war in the Far East, up to the time when this issue goes to press, may be briefly summarized as follows: The Russians have had ten war-vessels disabled—the *Czarevitch, Retvisan, Poltava, Pallada, Novik, Askold, Diana, Variag, Korietz*, and the torpedo-boat *Stereguschtchi*. Of these several have been or are being repaired and made ready for further use; among these are the *Retvisan*, the *Askold*, the *Novik*, and the *Variag*. The Russian cruiser *Boyarin* and the cruiser *Yenesei* were sunk by accidental contact with a mine; but the *Boyarin* is reported to be again in use. Five Russian commercial steamers were captured by the Japanese during the first week of the war.

Japan is known to have lost one torpedo-boat, and several other of her ships are believed to have been injured in the Port Arthur engagements; but definite knowledge of this is withheld. Port Arthur has been repeatedly bombarded, with damaging effect, by the Japanese, and Vladivostok was attacked by them on March 6, though without serious damage to the port. There have been no land engagements of consequence.

March 17.—The news of this day contains a report to the effect that Russia is moving an army corps from Vladivostok toward Korea, and also that the Russian forces have established themselves in strong positions in the Newchwang region, the town of Ashan-Shan being mentioned.

March 18.—On his arrival in Manchuria, it is decided that General Kuropatkin will make his headquarters at Liao-Yang, instead of at Mukden, as was at first announced. Liao-Yang is ten miles west of the railroad. A branch which will connect it with the main line is now being built, and will soon be completed.

Marquis Ito, the Japanese statesman sent by the Mikado to Korea as a special ambassador, arrived at Chemulpo on March 17.

March 20.—News was received from Mukden to-day of an important engagement said to have taken place between the Russian and Japanese forces, in which, it is said, the Japanese were defeated, and 1800 of their men taken prisoners.

March 23.—The most important event of the week, the renewed attack on Port Arthur by the Japanese fleet under Admiral Togo on March 21 and 22, is thus described in official despatches from Viceroy Alexeieff:

"Lieutenant-General Stoessel reports that at midnight of March 21 Japanese torpedo-boats were discovered by our search-lights. Our guardships and fort batteries opened fire upon them, the firing lasting for twenty minutes. At four o'clock in the morning the attack was renewed. At half past six o'clock in the morning four of the enemy's ships appeared from the south, followed by the whole squadron of eleven ships and eight torpedo-boats. Our squadron left the roadstead to meet the enemy. At nine o'clock the enemy's battle-ships opened fire on Liaotishin, after which they took up a position behind the rocky eminence of Liaotishin and bombarded Port Arthur."

A later telegram from the Viceroy gives Vice-Admiral Makaroff's report as follows:

"At midnight of March 21 two of the enemy's torpedo-boats approached the outer roadstead, but were discovered by the search-lights of the batteries and fired upon by the forts and by the gunboats *Bohr* and *Otrajny*. They were obliged to retire. A second attack was made at four o'clock in the morning by three torpedo-boats, which also were repulsed. At daybreak three detachments of the enemy's fleet, consisting of six battle-ships, six armored cruisers, six second and third class cruisers, and eight torpedo-boats approached from all sides. At seven o'clock our squadron commenced to leave the inner harbor, the cruisers leading, with the *Askold*, flying my flag, at their head, and the battle-ships following. The enemy's battle-ships approached Liaotishin and fired 100 shells from their twelve-inch guns at Port Arthur and 108 shells at the environs of the town. Our shells, fired at a range of eighty cables, were well placed. About ten o'clock a Japanese battle-ship was struck by a shell and retired. We lost no men during the bombardment, which ceased at eleven o'clock, when the enemy's ships reassembled, and, after passing along the outer roadstead, drew off without attacking our fleet."

Our Taste for Chocolate

THE taste of the people of the United States for cacao and chocolate appears to be developing with rapidity. Figures compiled by the Department of Commerce and Labor show that the importation of cacao has grown from 9 million pounds in 1883 to 24 million pounds in 1893, and 63 million pounds in 1903. Cacao, as is well understood, is the product of the cacao-tree, which grows wild in tropical America, and is also much cultivated there, and to some extent in Asia and Africa. The fruit of this tree, a pear-shaped pod from 5 to 10 inches in length, contains numerous large seeds from which the chocolate of commerce is produced, while the shells are also utilized for the decoction known as cacao, or cocoa, used as a substitute for tea or coffee. It is the crude cacao, leaves, and shells which form the large and rapidly growing importation above referred to, which has increased from 9 million pounds in 1883 to 63 million pounds in 1903. The value of importations of cacao in this crude form has grown from 1 million dollars in 1883 to 4 million dollars in 1893, and nearly 8 million dollars in 1903.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Mardale is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Into her early life has come a mysterious influence which dominates and directs her whole career. What this strange influence is only two of her friends suspect—a young schoolmaster who knew her as a child at Roquebrune, and Alan Warrisden, who is in love with her, and who, though his proposal of marriage is refused, determines to win her. Late one night at a ball, Pamela and Warrisden, while seated on a balcony, observe a young couple leaving a house across the street. Warrisden remarks that there seems to be an air of mystery about them, and that no one appears to know who they are; whereupon Pamela says that she knows something about them, and she gives Warrisden what information she possesses. The young couple are husband and wife, Tony and Millicent Stretton, who live in a gloomy house presided over by the rich but unjust father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. This practice they keep up for a year, but finally both of them grow extremely weary of their monotonous life, and in a moment of exasperation Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune, while Millie is to be left behind and sent for as soon as her husband is able to establish a home. Tony has some misgivings about leaving Millie, for he has been warned by Pamela Mardale that she should never be left alone; but at last he departs, after Pamela has promised to be a stanch friend to his wife. Some months later, while Pamela is calling on Millie, two letters arrive. One is from Tony and contains the news that he has lost all of his small fortune and will have to make a new start: the other is from a friend, Lady Millingham, inviting Millie to stay with her at the beginning of the New-year. Millie accepts; and when Pamela, who has also been invited, arrives there she finds that her warning to Tony is having a disagreeable justification. For on the very evening of her arrival she discovers that Millie has become infatuated with Lionel Callon, a gentlemanly adventurer, who is also a member of Lady Millingham's house-party. Late that evening Pamela visits Millie in her room, and inquires about Tony. Millie tells Pamela of her husband's determination to stay in America and attempt to retrieve his failure, and Pamela learns from her that she has sent him discouraging letters, advising him to give up the struggle. She cannot understand why Tony had replied shortly, saying that she must not expect to hear from him until he had reestablished himself in her eyes. Millie tells Pamela that she believes her husband's reticence to be due to the fact that he no longer cares for her. Millie assures her that she must be mistaken, but she returns to her room much troubled. She is impelled to do something to help untangle the situation, although the recollection of her own history warns her. But she has given her promise to Tony to befriend his wife, and there is one thing she could do. The next day Lionel Callon announces that he has been chosen to stand for Parliament, and thenceforth he and Millie are often together. Then Pamela hears two pieces of good news—one, that the condition of Sir John Stretton will demand Millie's return to town; and the other, that of Warrisden's present stopping-place. She wires him to come down by an early train.

CHAPTER IX

THE NEW ROAD

ON the crest of that hill which was visible from the upper windows of Whitewebs a village straggled for a mile; and all day in the cottages the looms were heard. The sound of looms, indeed, was always associated with that village in the minds of Pamela Mardale and Alan Warrisden, though they drove along its broad street but once and a few hours included all their visit. Those few hours, however, were rich with consequence. For Pamela asked for help that day, and, in the mere asking, gave, as women must. And she neither asked nor gave in ignorance of what she did. The request might be small, the gift small too, but it set her and her friend in a new relation each to each, it linked them in a common effort, it brought a new and a sweet intimacy into both their lives. So that the noise of a loom was never heard by them in the after times, but there rose before their eyes, visible as a picture, that gray chill day of February, the red brick houses crowding on the broad street in a picturesque irregularity, and the three tall poplars tossing in the wind. The recollection brought always a smile of tenderness to their faces; and in their thoughts they had for the village a strange and fanciful name. It was just a little Lancashire village perched upon a hill, the village of looms, the village of the Three Poplars. But they called it Quetta.

At the very end of the street and exactly opposite to the small house from whose garden the poplars rose, there stood an inn. It was on the edge of the hill, for just beyond the road dipped steeply down between high hedges of brambles and elder-trees, and turning at the bottom of the incline wound thence through woods and level meadows towards Leicester. It was the old coach road, and the great paved yard of the inn and the long line of disused stables had once been noisy with the shouts of ostlers and the crack of whips. Now only the carrier's cart drove twice a week down the steep road to Leicester, and a faint whistle from the low-lying land and a trail of smoke showed where now the traffic ran. On the platform of the little road-side station, three miles from the village, Pamela met Alan Warrisden on the morning after she had sent off her telegram. She had a trap waiting at the door, and as they mounted into it, she said:

"I rode over to the village this morning and hired this dog-cart at the inn. I am not expected to be back at Whitewebs until the afternoon. So I thought we might lunch at the inn, and then a man can drive you back to the station, while I ride home again."

"It was bad going for a horse, wasn't it?" said Warrisden.

The thaw had fairly set in; the roads, still hard as cement, ran with water and were most slippery; on each side patches of snow hung upon the banks half-melted; and the air was raw.

"Yes, it was bad going," Pamela admitted. "But I could not wait. It was necessary that I should see you to-day."

She said no more at the moment, and Warrisden was content to sit by her side as she drove and wait. The road ran in a broad straight line over the sloping ground. There was no vehicle, not even another person, moving along it. Warrisden could see the line of houses ahead, huddled against the sky, the spire of a church, and on his right the three sentinel poplars. He was to see them all that afternoon.

Pamela drove straight to the inn, where she had already ordered luncheon. And it was not until luncheon was over that she drew up her chair to the fire and spoke.

"Won't you smoke?" she said, first of all. "I want you to listen to me."

Warrisden lit a pipe and listened.

"It is right that I should be very frank with you," she went on, "for I am going to ask you to help me."

"You need me, then?" said Warrisden. There was a leap in his voice which brought the color to her cheeks.

"Very much," she said, and with a smile she asked, "Are you glad?"

"Yes," he answered, simply.

"Yet the help may be difficult for you to give. It may occupy a long time besides. I am not asking you for a mere hour or a day."

The warning only brought a smile to Warrisden's face.

"I don't think you understand," he said, "how much one wants to be needed by those one needs."

Indeed, even when that simple truth was spoken to her, it took Pamela a little while to weigh it in her thoughts and give it credence. She had travelled a long distance during these last years down her solitary road. She began to understand that now. To need—actually to need people, to feel a joy in being needed—here were emotions, familiar to most, and no doubt at one time familiar to her, which were, nevertheless, now very new and strange. At present she only needed. Would a time come when she would go further still? When she would feel a joy in being needed? The question flashed across her mind.

"Yes," she admitted, "no doubt that is true. But, none the less, there must be no misunderstanding between you and me. I speak of myself, although it is not for myself that I need your help. But I am not blind. I know it will be for my sake that you give it, and I do not want you to give it in any ignorance of me, or perhaps"—and she glanced at him almost shyly—"or perhaps expecting too much."

Warrisden made no other answer than to lean forward in his chair, with his eyes upon Pamela's face. She was going to explain that isolation of hers which had so baffled him. He would not for worlds have interrupted her lest he should check the utterance on her lips. He saw clearly enough that she was taking a great step for her, a step, too, which meant much to him. The

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actual explanation was not the important thing. That she should confide it of her own accord—there was the real and valuable sign. And as she began to speak again, diffidence was even audible in her voice. She almost awaited his judgment.

"I must tell you something which I thought never to tell to any one," she said. "I meant to carry it as my secret out with me at the end of my life. I have been looking on all these last years. You noticed that; you thought perhaps I was just obeying my nature. But I wasn't. I did not begin life looking on. I began it as eager, as expectant of what life could give me as any girl that was ever born. And I had just my first season—that was all." She smiled rather wistfully, as her thoughts went back to it. "I enjoyed my first season. I had hardly ever been in London before. I was eighteen; and everybody was very nice to me. At the end of July I went to stay for a month with some friends of mine on the coast of Devonshire; and—some one else stayed there too. His name does not matter. I had met him during the season a good deal, but until he came down to Devonshire I had not thought of him more than as a friend. He was a little older than myself, not very much, and just as poor. He had no prospects, and his profession was diplomacy. . . . So that there was no possibility from the first. He meant never to say anything. But there came an hour and the truth was out between us."

She stopped and gazed into the fire. The waters of the Channel ran in sunlit ripples before her eyes; the red rocks of Bigbury Bay curved warmly out on her right and her left; farther away the towering headlands loomed misty in the hot still August air. A white yacht, her sails hardly drawing, moved slowly westwards, the black smoke of a steamer stained the sky far out; and on the beach there were just two figures visible—herself and the man who had not meant to speak.

"We parted at once," she went on, and it seemed there was the whole story told. But Pamela had not told it all, and never did. For her mother had played a part in its unfolding. It was Mrs. Mardale's ambition that her daughter should make a great marriage; it was her daughter's misfortune that she knew little of her daughter's character. Mrs. Mardale had remarked the growing friendship between Pamela and the man; she had realized that marriage was quite impossible, and she had thought, with her short-sighted ingenuity, that if Pamela fell in love and found love to be a thing of fruitless trouble, she would come the sooner to take a sensible view of the world and marry where marriage was to her worldly advantage. She thus had encouraged the couple to a greater friendliness, throwing them together when she could have hindered their companionship; she had even urged Pamela to accept that invitation to Devonshire, knowing who would be the other guests. She was disappointed afterwards when Pamela did not take the sensible view, but she did not blame herself at all. For she knew nothing of the suffering which her plan had brought about. Pamela had kept her secret. Even the months of ill health which followed upon that first season had not opened the mother's eyes, and certainly she never suspected the weary nights of sleeplessness and aching misery which Pamela endured. Some hint of the pain of that bad past time, however, Pamela now gave to Warrisden.

"I stayed as much at home in Leicestershire as possible," she said. "You see, there were my horses there. But even with them I was very lonely. The time was long in passing, and it wasn't pleasant to think that there would be so much of it yet before it passed altogether. I went up to London for the season each year, and I went out a great deal. It helped me to keep from thinking."

The very simplicity with which she spoke gave an intensity to her words. There was no affectation in Pamela Mardale. Warrisden was able to fill out her hints, to understand her distress.

"All this is a great surprise to me," he said. "I have thought of you always as one who had never known either great troubles or great joys. I have hoped that some day you would wake, that I should find you



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looking out on the world with the eagerness of youth. But I believed eagerness would be a new thing to you."

He looked at her as she sat. The firelight was bright upon her face, and touched her hair with light; her dark eyes shone. And his thought was that which the schoolmaster at Roquebrune had once sadly pondered. It seemed needlessly cruel, needlessly wanton that a girl so equipped for happiness, should, in her very first season, when the world was opening like a fairyland, have been blindly struck down. There were so many others who would have felt the blow less poignantly. She might surely have been spared.

"You can guess now," said Pamela, "why I have so persistently looked on. I determined that I would never go through such distress again. I felt that I would not dare to face it again." She suddenly covered her face with her hands. "I don't think I could!" she cried, in a low, piteous voice. "I don't know what I would do," as though once more the misery of that time were closing upon her, so vivid were her recollections.

And once more Warrisden felt, as he watched her, the shock of a surprise. He had thought her too sedate, too womanly for her years, and here she sat shrinking in a positive terror like any child from the imagined recurrence of her years of trouble. Warrisden was moved as he had seldom been. But he sat quite still, saying no word, and in a little while she took her hands from her face and went on:

"My life was over, you see, at the very beginning, and I was resolved it should be over. For the future I would get interested only in trifling, unimportant things; no one should ever be more to me than a friend whom I could relinquish; I would merely look on. I should grow narrow, no doubt, and selfish,"—and as Warrisden started, a smile came on to her face. "Yes, you have been thinking that, too, and you were right. But I didn't mind. I meant to take no risks. Nothing serious should ever come near me. If I saw it coming, I would push it away. And I have pushed it away."

"Until to-day, when you need my help," Warrisden interrupted.

"Yes, until to-day," Pamela repeated, softly.

Warrisden walked over to the window and stood with his back towards her. The three tall poplars stood leafless up in front of him; the sky was heavy with gray clouds; the wind was roaring about the chimneys; and the roads ran with water. It was as cheerless a day as February can produce, but to Warrisden it had something of a summer brightness. The change for which he had hoped so long in vain had actually come to pass.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked, turning again to the room.

"I want you to find Millie Stretton's husband," she replied, "and at all costs to bring him home again."

"Millie Stretton's husband?" he repeated, in perplexity.

"Yes. Don't you remember the couple who stepped out of the dark house in Berkley Square and dared not whistle for a hansom—the truants?"

Warrisden was startled. "Those two!" he exclaimed. "Well, that's strange! On the very night when we saw them you were saying that there was no road for you, no new road from Quetta to Seistan. I was puzzling my brains, too, as to how in the world you were to be roused out of your detachment. And there were the means visible all the time, perhaps—who knows?—ordained." He sat down again in his chair.

"Where shall I look for Mr. Stretton?" he asked.

"I don't know. He went away to New York, six months ago, to make a home for Millie and himself. He did not succeed, and he has disappeared."

"Disappeared?" cried Warrisden.

"Oh, but of his own accord," said Pamela. "I can't tell you why. It wouldn't be fair. I have no right to tell you. But he must be found. And he must be brought back. Again I can't tell you why. But it is most urgent."

"Is there any clue to help us?" Warrisden asked. "Had he friends in New York?"

"No, but he has a friend in England," said Pamela, "and I think it's just possible that the friend may know where he is to be found. For it was upon his advice that Mr. Stretton went to New York."

"Tell me his name."

"Mr. Chase," Pamela replied. "He is head of a mission in Stepney Green. Tony Stretton told me of him one morning in Hyde Park just before he went away. He seemed to rely very much upon his judgment."

Warrisden wrote the name down in his pocketbook.

"Will he tell me, do you think, where Stretton is, even if he knows? You say Stretton has disappeared of his own accord."

"I have thought of that difficulty," Pamela answered. "There is an argument which you can use. Sir John Stretton, Tony's father, is ill, and in all probability dying."

"I see. I can use the same argument to Stretton himself, I suppose, when I find him."

"I can give you no other," said Pamela. But you can add to it. Mr. Stretton will tell you that his father does not care whether he comes back in time or not. He is sure to say that. But you can answer that every night since he went away the candles have been lit in his dressing-room and his clothes laid out by his father's orders, on the chance that some evening he might walk in at the door."

That Sir John Stretton's illness was merely the pretext for Tony's return both understood. The real reason why he must come home Pamela did not tell. To her thinking Millie was not yet so deeply entangled with Lionel Callon but that Tony's home-coming might set the tangle right. A few weeks of companionship and surely he would resume his due place in his wife's thoughts. Pamela, besides, was loyal to her sex. She had promised to safeguard Millicent; she was in no mind to betray her.

"But bring him back," she cried, with a real passion. "So much depends on his return, for Millie, for him, and for me too! Yes, for me! If you fail, it is I who fail. And I don't want failure! Save me from it!"

"I'll try," Warrisden answered simply, and Pamela was satisfied.

Much depended for Warrisden too upon the success of his adventure. If he failed, Pamela would retire again behind her barrier, she would again resume the passive indifferent attitude of the very old, she would merely look on as before, and wait for things to cease. If, however, he succeeded she would be encouraged to move forward still; the common sympathies would have her in their grasp again; she might even pass that turnpike-gate of friendship and go boldly down the appointed road of life. Thus success meant much for him. The fortunes of the four people—Millicent, Tony, Pamela, and Warrisden—were knotted together at this one point.



Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence

"The new road," he said, softly

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"Indeed I'll try," he repeated.

Pamela's horse was brought round to the inn door. The dusk was coming on.

"Which way do you go?" asked Warrisden.

"Down the hill."

"I will walk to the bottom with you. The road will be dangerous."

They went slowly down between the high elder hedges, Pamela seated on her horse, Warrisden walking by her side. The wide level lowlands opened out beneath them fields of brown and green, black woods with swinging boughs, and the broad high road with its white wood rails. A thin mist swirled across the face of the country in the wind so that its every feature was softened and magnified. It loomed dim and strangely distant with a glamour upon it like a place of old romance. To Pamela and Warrisden, as the mists wove and unwove above it, it had a look of dreamland.

They reached the end of the incline and Pamela stopped her horse.

"This is my way," said she, pointing along the highway with her whip.

"Yes," answered Warrisden. The road ran straight for some distance, then crossed a wooden bridge, and curved out of sight round the edge of a clump of trees. "The new road," he said, softly. "The new road from Quetta to Seistan!"

Pamela smiled.

"This is Quetta," said she.

Warrisden laid his hand upon her horse's neck and looked suddenly up into her face.

"Where will be Seistan?" he asked, in a low voice.

Pamela returned the look frankly. There came a softness into her dark eyes. For a moment she let her hand rest lightly upon his sleeve and did not speak. She herself was wondering how far she was to travel upon this new road.

"I cannot tell," she said, very gently. "Nor, my friend, can you. Only," and her voice took on a lighter and a whimsical tone, "only I start alone on my new road."

And she went forward into the level country. Warrisden climbed the hill again and turned when he had reached the top. But Pamela was out of sight. The dusk and the mists had enclosed her.

To be Continued.

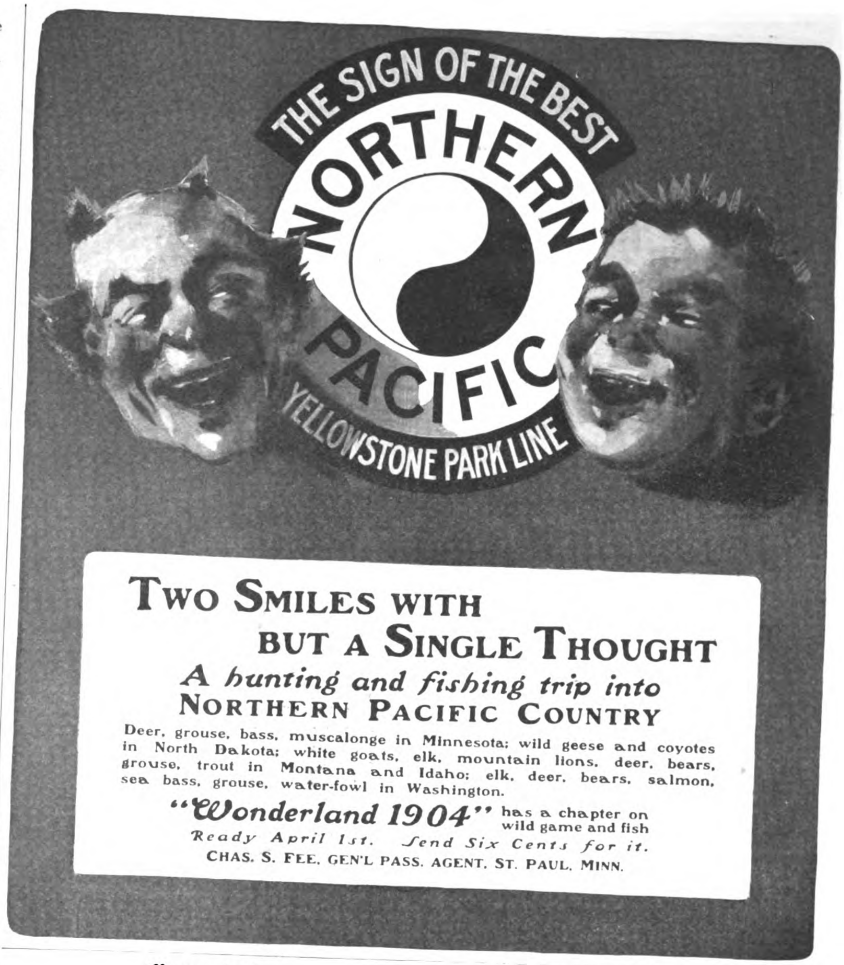
Every-day Life in Japan

(Continued from page 502.)

Thus every month has its distractions to break the monotony of the every-day life.

It is said that the Japanese woman is a slave to her husband, an upper servant of his household. She is a very happy slave and her lot is an enviable one. The husband takes upon his shoulders the burden of business and leaves her with the children. She shares in their joys and is as innocent as they. But one does not confide one's deepest thoughts, one's dearest hopes and ambitions to one's slave. One does not earnestly listen to and heed the advice of one's slave; one does not unquestioningly give one's children into the hands of one's slave, nor does one cherish one's slave as a pearl. So the Japanese woman is a very happy "slave."

Before the Restoration the better-class Japanese esteemed it a degradation to work. A tradesman was despised. To-day there is hardly a man of Japan who does not follow some calling. The older men, the grandfathers, may stay at home, but the sons—the restless, modern, progressive sons of the New Japan—are not happy unless employed. The spirit of modern Japan is in them. They are as devoted to their business as to their homes. But they keep them well separated and apart. The Japanese who can afford it has his office in the big city, but his home in the suburbs. During the day he is in the midst of the busy stir and whirl of the city, but about four in the afternoon he is hurrying toward the grateful peace and beauty of his country home. The first thing he does on reaching home is to bathe and remove all the clothes he has worn at his office or store. With the changing of his business clothes he lays aside all thought of business. In his home he finds desired rest and recreation. He is by nature a lover



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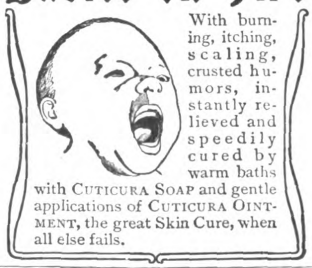
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of leisure. Few business men in America would leave their offices so early or would take so many holidays. The Japanese business man takes all the holidays he can afford. He is at home most of the fête-days. He goes with the family to see the carnivals, the temple, and flower festivals.

In the evening when the little ones are snugly sleeping the wife and husband enjoy each other's company. Each tells the other of the various happenings of the day. He gives her advice concerning the children, and she in turn advises him in matters she understands. Often they take little moonlight strolls together, or seek some pleasure-booth on a charming river, where they sip their sake or tea and listen to the music of the geishas. Often they entertain friends at a tea ceremony, and often are in turn entertained. Clad in her most charming dress the wife goes with her husband to visit their friends or relatives. Always they carry little lacquer boxes, for to show proper appreciation of the host and hostess the guests must either eat all placed before them or carry home with them what they cannot eat.

I have written chiefly of the daily life of the average Japanese of average means and education. There are the poorer people, whose lives are melancholy indeed. Yet if an American wrote on the home life of the Americans he would not describe the life of the slums. So I refrain from describing the pitiful ones. In the big cities of Japan people work rather than live. Many there be who from force of circumstances cannot afford a home in the suburbs. They are chiefly of the laboring class—pleasure women, such as geishas and tea-house establishments, shopkeepers, the families of factory hands, jinriki-men, and so forth. There are, too, many fairly well-off people who have city houses. The city has its attractions to many. It is not as healthful or as moral as the country, but it is exciting. Children play about in the open street; people use a common public bath; young men and women find their pleasures in tea houses and theatres and the story-teller's halls, and an occasional picnic in the country.

But a word regarding the farming people. They are the happy ones, rough and uncultivated as they seem. Ragged the farmer looks, and you will hear he is poor. But it is not truly so. The farmer has money in his ragged clothes; he is prosperous in comparison with the working-men in the big cities. He is proud too. His sons go out from home to make the brave army of the Emperor. Their homes are warm and comfortable. Look into one on a cold winter day. You will see the family gathered about an irori, a fireplace encircled by a wooden frame from which hangs a steaming kettle. The red-hot charcoal gleams warmly. The group seem to be enjoying themselves immensely. The features of these rurals are flat and coarse, but honest. It is hard to realize that the round-faced, snub-nosed woman with the baby on her back is of the same nationality as the lady of the Yamato type, pure and perfect of features, with white thin skin, small lips, dreamy eyes, straight nose, and exquisite hands. Yet the noisy rollicking laugh of the countrywoman seems almost as good to hear as the gentle, melodious voice of the lady, and within the countrywoman's heart as good and generous emotions stir.

Where some Famous Novels were Written

An English inquirer has gathered together some interesting facts about the birthplaces of certain famous novels. Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Robert Elsmere*, for example, was written in two different places. The larger portion, it appears, was written at Borough Farm, in Surrey, while the latter part was completed in Russell Square, London.

Adam Bede was written at Richmond, Surrey, where George Eliot was staying, about 1859. Here, also, Marian Evans wrote her first book, *Scenes from Clerical Life*.

John Halifax, Gentleman, Dinah Mulock Craik's famous novel, was composed at Rose Cottage, Amberley, in Sussex.

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Music

Strauss's New Tone-Poem

RICHARD STRAUSS'S latest and eagerly awaited tone-poem, the "Symphonia Domestica," as he styles it, had its first performance anywhere at the last of the Strauss festival concerts at Carnegie Hall, March 21. The work—his opus 53—is dedicated "To my dear Wife and our Boy," and is described, in a sub-title, as being "in one movement and three subdivisions: A, Introduction and Scherzo; B, Adagio; C, Double Fugue and Finale." Strauss's purpose has been, as he has confessed, to "illustrate a day in my family life. It will be partly lyrical, partly humorous—a triple fugue, the three subjects representing papa, mamma, and the baby!"—surely a sufficiently programmatic theme; and yet Strauss has expressly declared that, this time, he wishes his music to be listened to purely as music, and he refrained in advance from providing the commentators with material for an explanatory analysis.

Well, we have heard the work, and have endeavored to lend ourselves to the composer's purposes, so far as a prescribed attitude is concerned; and with what result? Frankly, that the effort, the intention, is absurd and anomalous. Admittedly, Strauss built his work upon a detailed and definite programme. But what is our master music-maker thinking of? Is he, as certain irreverent dissenters have brutally insinuated, simply trifling, in his herculean way, with his traditional enemies, the critics, as he put them to shame and confusion in his "Heldenleben"? The contention has an inviting plausibility; and yet one must accept the thing in the spirit in which it is offered, and conclude, at least from the judicial view-point, that Strauss is honestly abiding by the rules of the game. But if one must assume this attitude, what is one to think of the process of æsthetic reasoning by which Strauss seems to have justified his fantastic prank of offering us flagrantly programmatic music minus the programme? To present as absolute music a tone-poem which has palpably been modelled upon a dramatic or psychological framework, is as cryingly fatuous as it would be for a singer to sing without words, or in an incomprehensible tongue, a vividly expressive modern song.

But, granting the composer's premises, what are the initial impressions of this "Symphonia Domestica" as independent music? It is ridiculous and unjust to view it so, but one has, in the circumstances, no alternative. It may be said, then, that this opus 53 of Strauss is, as sheer music, fascinating, amusing, preposterous, delightful, egregiously dexterous, continually engrossing. There are pages of ravishing beauty; there are passages of obstreperous and whole-hearted cacophony—regarded, let it be remembered, simply as unexplained tone. As to those remoter, though inescapable, considerations to which the work invites, it can only be said at this time that the warmest adherents of the Straussian gospel (among whom we are happy to count ourselves) must demur at the attempt to give persuasive musical utterance to the quotidian activities of the family circle—to the inspiriting episode of a tiff between the master of the house and his lady; to the equally inspiriting episodes of the washing and putting to bed of the idolized infant and heir. If there is here a subject-matter to kindle the imagination, to enlarge and quicken the sense of life, as they are kindled and quickened in "Zarathustra," in "Heldenleben," in "Don Quixote," then indeed must we remodel our conception of poetic fitness—but again comes the disquieting reminder of that intimated jest!

Concerning Two Singers

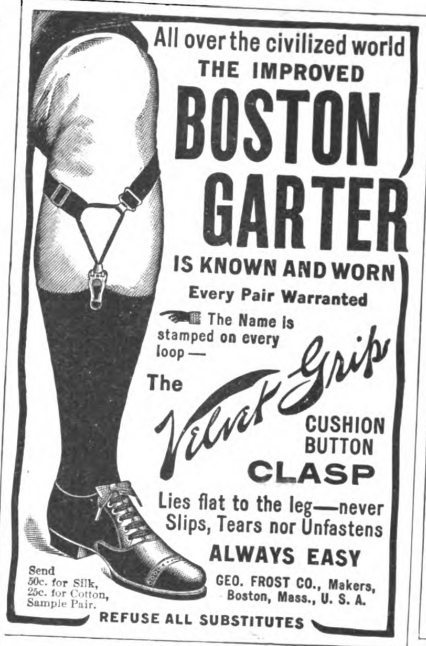
THE impression was unintentionally conveyed some weeks ago in this column that Mme. Norelli and Mr. Rivière were members of Mr. Savage's opera company when engaged by Mr. Conried. These singers were experimentally engaged by Mr. Savage at the opening of his season, but were dispensed with when they proved unsatisfactory.

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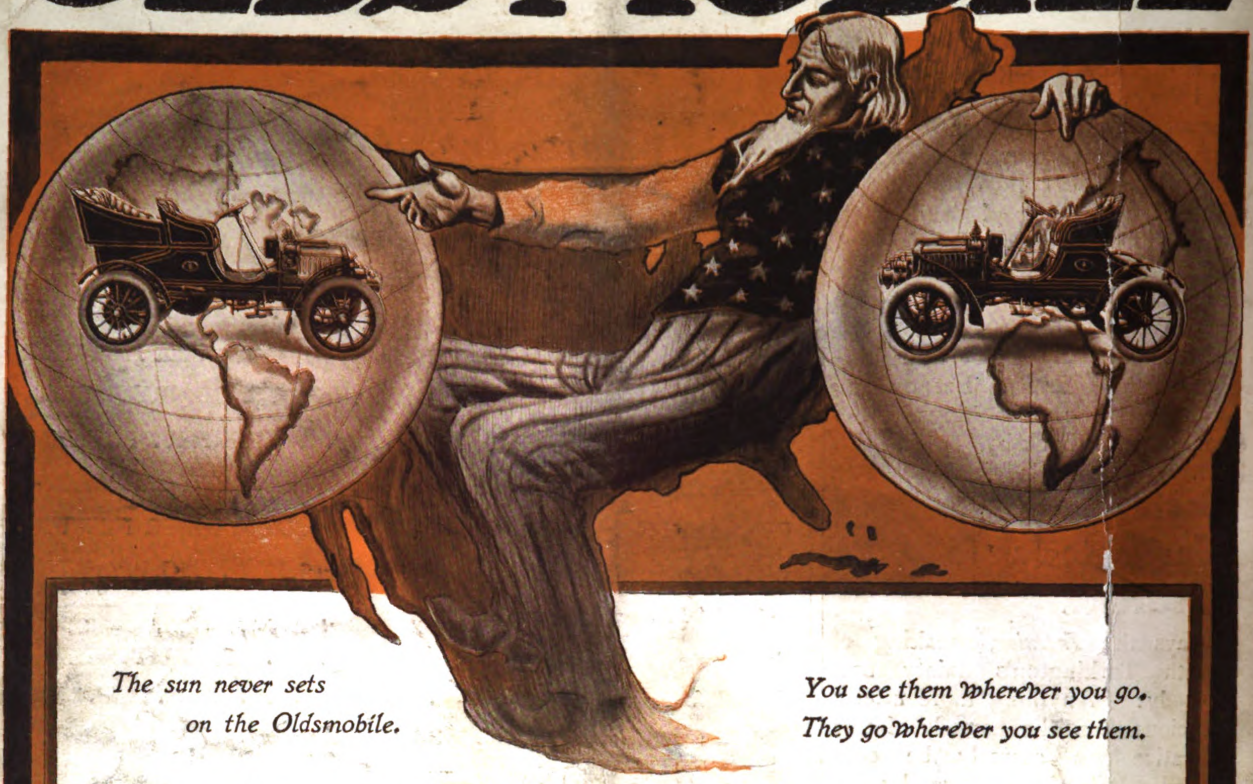
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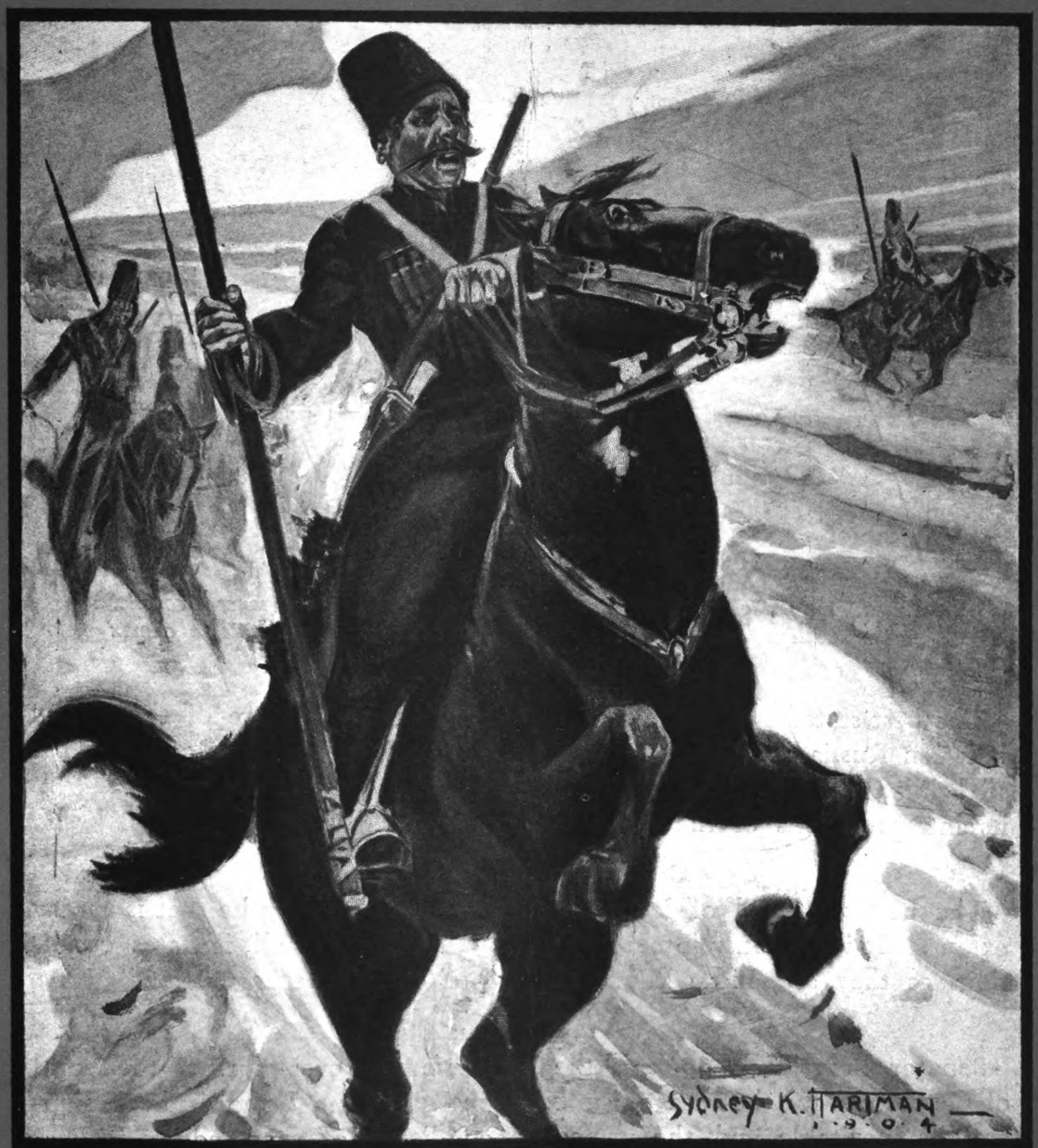
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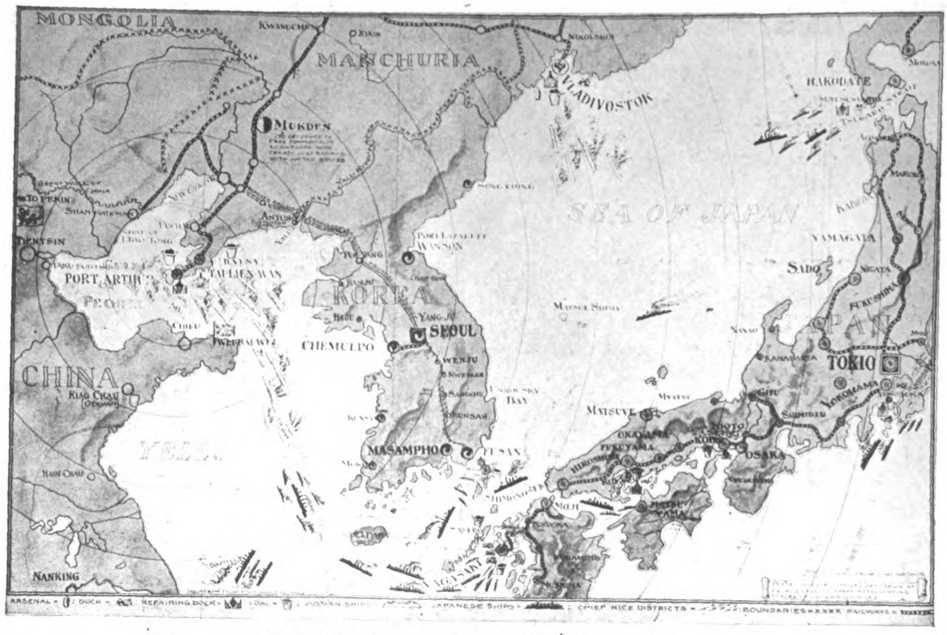


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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

WE take for granted that some means will be found of securing promptly from the United States Supreme Court a decision on the constitutionality of Pension-Commissioner Ware's recent ruling creating, without any act of Congress, new classes of pensioners and pensions. Commissioner Ware professes inability to compute the amount of the additional appropriations that will be needed to meet the cost of his arbitrary ruling. He admits, however, that there is a "great unknown army" that has never applied for pensions, because the qualifying disability required by acts of Congress did not exist or could not be proved; and he does not deny that every individual in that "great unknown army" who has reached the age of sixty-two may now be expected to apply, inasmuch as, under Mr. Ware's rulings, the attainment of that age is of itself conclusive proof of disability. Other persons whose opportunities for forming a trustworthy estimate are not inferior to the commissioner's calculate that the cost of his ruling, when it shall have become widely known, will range from $50,000,000 to $60,000,000 annually for a number of years. That is to say, when this extra outlay for pensions shall have been added to the sum (nearly $140,000,000) which pensions cost us last year, our annual disbursement for this purpose will range from about $190,000,000 to $200,000,000.

Now the total expenditure of the German Empire in 1903 for its colossal standing army and its portentously increasing navy —including the pensions allotted to both services—was only about $170,000,000. In other words, if Commissioner Ware's extraordinary ruling is permitted to stand, we shall have to pay for pensions to soldiers alone more money yearly than Germany allots for her whole stupendous system of military and naval defence. No country, however prosperous, should be called upon to bear such a burden; and no country, in view of the exigencies of the future, can afford to establish such a monstrous precedent. To our mind it is incredible that, with the sanction of the United States Supreme Court, from $50,000,000 to $60,000,000 can be drawn every year from the Federal Treasury by virtue of a mere ruling of a Federal official. There is no end to the dangers with which we might be confronted if so loose and arbitrary a construction of a statute should be upheld by the highest Federal tribunal. Mr. Roosevelt's friends have undertaken to defend the act of Commissioner Ware upon the ground that, under Mr. Cleveland's administration the Pension Office ruled that the age of seventy-five must be regarded as constituting disability within the meaning of the statute, and that under the McKinley administration the age held to imply disability was reduced to sixty-five. We believe that, as a matter of constitutional law, even the Cleveland ruling was improper; but it is obvious that the burden imposed by it on the Federal Treasury was comparatively trivial. The McKinley precedent was a bad one, and ought not to have been followed.

There are signs that conservative Southern Democrats, who have made up their minds that at St. Louis they will neither renominate Mr. Bryan nor nominate any man of the Bryan stamp, are beginning to consider the advisability of selecting a candidate from their own section. Some of their spokesmen in Congress say that such a course might be forced upon them if Chief-Judge Alton B. Parker should fail to secure the unanimous support of the New York delegation in the Democratic national convention; or if, while ostensibly securing such support through the enforcement of the unit rule, he should be known to be opposed by the Democratic organization in New York city, which would have to be relied upon to give the electoral votes of the State to the Democratic nominee for the Presidency. In either of those events, it is suggested that an old-fashioned Democrat from a Southern State might run better than Judge Parker, even in the Empire commonwealth. This is the position taken by Representative Burleson of Texas. Representative Kitchin of North Carolina is also disposed to eliminate the question of location in the selection of a candidate. Representative Swanson of Virginia has expressed the opinion that the time had come when the South could safely nominate one of her sons for the Presidency. It seems to him that throughout the country there is a disposition to disregard sectional prejudices, and that any person or party that should appeal to them would fail to strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the American people. Representative Sims of Tennessee can see no reason why the South, if she has a suitable man for President, should not present his name in the Democratic national convention. Representative Cowherd of Missouri is convinced that this year the Democratic party will not pay so much attention to location as to qualification.

There is much force in the declaration made by Representative Lever of South Carolina that, forty years having passed since the civil war, the South should now take the place to which her political services entitle her in the councils of the Democracy. Penitence, he says, has ceased to be a virtue, just as patience sometimes ceases to be. For nearly four decades the South, although she has cast the only solid Democratic vote, has not been permitted to exercise much influence on the formulation of the party's policy. In Mr. Lever's judgment, this state of things ought no longer to exist. For Southerners constitute not only the conservative element in the Democratic party, but the principal conservative element in the country, and the commonwealth needs conservatism in the management of its affairs. That there is no lack of Presidential timber at the South will be generally conceded. Senator Cockrell of Missouri, Senator Gorman of Maryland, and Senator Daniel of Virginia are all of Presidential stature. So are Senator Bailey of Texas and Representative John Sharp Williams of Mississippi. Not only are the two men last named recognized as statesmen of the first rank, but on their behalf it might be urged in doubtful Northern States that at the outbreak of the civil war they were altogether too young to take any part in that contest.

As only a majority vote is required for the purpose, we take for granted that the House of Representatives will adopt the report of the Committee on the Judiciary which recommends the impeachment of Charles Swayne, judge of the United States District Court for the Northern District of Florida. The report declares that by his own admission he was not for eight years a resident of the district, and therefore violated a Federal statute. It is further shown that he purchased for his wife property which was in litigation before his court, and that, because certain attorneys brought suit to recover he sentenced them to disbarment, to fines, and to imprisonment. Summing up these and other accusations which are pronounced well founded, the report submits that Judge Swayne has been not only tyrannical and oppressive, but a law-break-

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er, and the House of Representatives is called upon to impeach him for high misdemeanors. The development of the Swayne case will be watched with interest, not only because it is of obvious moment that the high reputation of the Federal judiciary shall be maintained intact, but also because the impeachment machinery provided by our Constitution has been so seldom set in motion during the one hundred and fifteen years that have elapsed since our Federal organic law became operative. Setting aside the impeachments of President Andrew Johnson and of Secretary-of-War William W. Belknap, neither of whom was convicted, we find that only four times in our national history has this method of trial and punishment been applied.

The first member of a Federal tribunal who had to defend himself in the Senate sitting as a court of impeachment, against charges brought by the House of Representatives, was Judge Pickering of the United States District Court for the District of New Hampshire. The requisite two-thirds vote having been cast against him, he was convicted in March, 1803, of drunkenness and profanity, which delinquencies, although not alleged to be high crimes and misdemeanors, were held to unfit him for judicial services. Having freed the bench from one Federalist, the Jeffersonian party tried to get rid of another, and John Randolph of Roanoke, who had been conspicuous in the successful demonstration against Pickering, was deputed by the House of Representatives to conduct, in conjunction with colleagues, the impeachment of Judge Samuel Chase of the United States Supreme Court. This second impeachment was provoked by the extraordinary energy with which Judge Chase had advocated Federalist principles and denounced those of the Jeffersonian party in a charge delivered to a grand jury at Baltimore. A two-thirds vote could not be secured against Judge Chase, and, accordingly, he was acquitted in 1805. The third attempt to use the impeaching machinery against a member of the Federal judiciary also resulted in a failure. We refer to the impeachment in 1830 of James H. Peck, judge of the United States District Court for the District of Missouri. In his case, the charge of arbitrary conduct on the bench was not sustained. In 1862, however, W. H. Humphreys, judge of the United States District Court for the District of Tennessee, was impeached by the House of Representatives, and, by a two-thirds vote in the Senate, was convicted for advocating secession and giving aid and comfort to the Southern Confederacy. There is, we presume, no doubt that the charges brought against Judge Swayne by the House of Representatives will be sustained by a two-thirds vote in the Senate. Whether the House of Representatives will have to remain in session pending the trial is uncertain. It is even possible that, in pursuance of a resolution introduced the other day by Senator Hoar, the evidence in support of the impeachment may be given before a committee of the Senate, instead of before the whole of that body.

What is meant by the constitutional provision that the President, *by and with the advice and consent* of the Senate, shall appoint all officers of the United States not otherwise provided for? Do the words mean that the President is at liberty to fill Federal offices in the several States without any reference to the advice and consent of the spokesmen of those States in the Senate provided a majority of the Senators, a majority exclusively made up of Senators from other States, not directly concerned in the filling of those offices, shall signify approval of such acts? That is the question which was raised in the Senate on March 24 by Mr. Bacon of Georgia. Mr. Bacon submitted that the framers of our organic law never intended that any one of our constituent States should be deprived of the right to be consulted, through its Senators, as to the selection of Federal officers who were to discharge their functions within such State. He went on to say that, as a matter of fact, in his own State of Georgia, which has 2,500,000 inhabitants, there is not a single Federal office-holder, with the exception of an occasional postmaster, who would have been selected by the people of that commonwealth. He added that Georgia is without a single representative in the consular service, and that what is true of Georgia is approximately true of every other Southern State—with the exception of Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri. Instead of consulting Southern Senators about appointments to Federal offices within their several States, the Federal Executive passes them by and consults men who represent nobody, and are appointed by no one, in such States, and who would not have been selected as spokesmen by such States.

In reply to a query put by Mr. Hoar, the Senator from Georgia subsequently admitted that, since the retirement of Mr. Cleveland from the Presidency, the nominations to judicial positions at the South had usually had the endorsement of Democratic Senators from Southern States, but he pointed out that such judicial positions were comparatively few. Mr. Hoar then put the searching question whether, if Mr. Bacon had been President during Mr. Cleveland's terms, he would have appointed all Federal office-holders in Massachusetts on the advice of the Republican Senators from that State. Mr. Bacon answered that, in a State where the men of intelligence, character, and property are distributed with a reasonable approach to equality between the two principal political parties, the party in power at the White House is justified in appointing men of its own political faith. Where, on the other hand, the conditions are abnormal, and almost all the men of intelligence, character, and property are concentrated in one of the political parties, the spokesmen of that party in the United States Senate ought, he thought, to be consulted by the Federal Executive. Such he believed to have been the intention of the framers of the Constitution. We are inclined to think that, as a matter of historical fact and of equity, Mr. Bacon is right. But to formulate a rule by which the principle that he advocates could be applied in concrete cases might prove difficult. There is no doubt, however, that the question deserves reflection and discussion, and Senator Bacon should be thanked for meeting it.

We have no reason to discredit the testimony of Mr. Samuel Gompers, the president of the American Federation of Labor, with regard to the condition of the mass of the wage-earners in Porto Rico. His evidence is the outcome of first-hand observation, made during a tour of the island. He, manifestly, cannot have gone thither with a determination to bring back anti-imperialist conclusions, because he denounces as untruthful some recent reports to the effect that the people of Porto Rico are dissatisfied with their relations to the United States. It must, however, be admitted, in view of what Mr. Gompers learned, that if the Porto-Ricans are not already discontented, they soon will be, and will have cause to be. Mr. Gompers refrains from saying a word about the coffee question, though it is manifest that if we levied a duty on foreign coffee, as we do on foreign sugar, the Porto-Rican output of the former commodity would soon secure in the United States the adequate market which it formerly possessed in Spain. As a matter of fact, the coffee industry, which used to be the principal employer of labor on the island, is in a state of prostration, the Spanish market having been lost, and only a very limited demand for the Porto-Rican product having as yet arisen in the United States. It is largely on this account, no doubt, that the wages paid in Porto Rico in many industries are now, on an average, fifty per cent. less than they were under the Spanish *régime*. This although the cost of living has been to some extent increased, both meat and rice, for instance, being higher.

Mr. Gompers testifies that everywhere he saw women and children in rags, while many of them wore only the atmosphere and the sunshine for garments. He adds that from starvation alone there is in the island a death-rate of from 450 to 500 a month. That such a state of things should be found existing anywhere under the American flag is certainly a shocking outcome of our so-called "colonial" policy. Do we, then, owe nothing to this people, whom we have forced to become, not citizens, but subjects, of the great American Republic? Is it creditable to us that the time is at hand when they will bitterly regret their forcible withdrawal from allegiance to the Spanish monarchy? We admit the sugar of Hawaii duty free, and to the sugar of Cuba, which is an independent republic, we grant a preference over the imports of the same commodity from other foreign countries. What have the Porto-Ricans done that a like protection, or even a like preference, should be withheld from their coffee industry? Passing from the economical to the political question, we note with interest Mr. Gompers's reference to the indubitable

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fact that Porto Rico was more equitably treated by the Spanish monarchy than she is by the American Republic. Under the Spanish *régime* the island had in both Chambers of the Madrid Cortes a representation proportionate to her population. It has not a vote in either House of the American Congress. Unless we wish the islanders to deplore their connection with the United States, we should accord to them two Senators and as many Representatives as the population calls for. In other words, we should admit Porto Rico as a State into the Union. There can be no pretext on the score of race for postponing such an act of justice, for in Porto Rico the whites outnumber the colored people two to one.

It was for several reasons a notable address on the prospects of the colored race in the United States which Booker T. Washington delivered on March 27 at Carnegie Hall in New York city. In directing attention to some of his remarks, we shall follow the logical order, rather than that in which they were made. Are negroes, considered as a race, capable of material improvement in respect of enlightenment and thrift? That is the fundamental question. If it be answered in the negative, those Southern whites are right who hold that money spent on the education of the blacks is thrown away. In view of the facts brought forward by Booker Washington, no fair-minded person will say that the negro does not profit mentally and morally by educational opportunities. It was pointed out that in Spain sixty-eight per cent. of the population are illiterate; in South America, eighty per cent. In the case of negroes in the United States, on the other hand, though they have possessed freedom for only forty years, only forty-four per cent. are illiterate. With but twoscore years of opportunity, they have blotted out more than half of their ignorance and degradation. Is the progress of the blacks in enlightenment due solely to educational opportunities provided by their white neighbors? Replying to this question, Booker Washington pointed out that while, in a recent year, the amount of public money expended for the education of negroes in eight counties of Florida was $19,000, the negroes of those counties contributed themselves for school purposes in the same year $22,000. He added that while in Mississippi $250,000, or twenty per cent. of the entire school fund, is set apart for negro pupils, the negroes of that State themselves contribute through taxation $280,000.

So much for the advance of the American negro in enlightenment, and for his desire to secure it. Does it follow that he has improved socially and morally by the acquisition of thrifty habits? Meeting this inquiry, Mr. Washington showed by statistics that in forty years the negroes who started with nothing have become the owners of one twenty-sixth of all the land in Virginia; and that in 1901 in the State of Georgia the negroes added $1,526,000 to the taxable value of their real estate, thus making the total appraisement of their holdings in that single commonwealth $16,700,000. Admitting that the American negroes have proved themselves capable of mental and moral improvement, must we infer that their presence in the Southern States is, on the whole, helpful or detrimental to the whites? We believe that it would be generally conceded that the Southern whites would prevent a wholesale deportation of negroes if such a thing were attempted. In that section of our country negro labor is indispensable. Are there more than three ways of making that labor effective, namely, slavery, peonage, and education? Slavery and peonage are out of the question. What is there left but education? Mr. Washington reminded his audience in Carnegie Hall that in South Africa there are some five million native blacks, yet in that country the mining industry languishes from lack of labor. The five million blacks refuse to work. Why? Because they have had no civilizing education; consequently, their wants are few and simple. To satisfy those wants they need work only one day in the week. They cannot be made to work any longer, for the incentive is lacking. In the Southern States, on the other hand, the negroes, as they become educated, find their wants increased, and to satisfy them are willing to work six days in the week. The Southern black wants to own his own cottage; he wants furniture and clothes and books. There is an incentive; and, so long as it exists, the negro cannot help being a useful, if not an indispensable, factor in the industrial progress of the South. Does it not follow, asks Booker Washington, that, from a purely economic view-point, the education of the negro should be promoted rather than discouraged by Southern whites? Another fact to which attention was directed was the absence among the Southern whites of that antipathy to the colored race which contact with negroes seems to excite at the North. That is why the business opportunity of the negroes lies in the South. In that section, if a black man has a grocery-store and keeps it clean, he will have as many white customers as black; and if a black mechanic is a good workman, he is as likely to be called upon to build a white man's house as would be a white carpenter. That is not the case at the North.

From time to time it has been rumored that Port Arthur has been abandoned by the Russians, and it is most probable that the cables from Chefoo, Tientsin, and Shanghai will reiterate the same piece of news at intervals during the weeks to come. The railroad has been open from Port Arthur to Mukden, and therefore to European Russia, continuously since the war broke out. Even if the fortress had been totally without supplies when the first torpedo-boat attack crippled the *Retvisan* and *Czarevitch*, which is somewhat unlikely, there has been ample time to fill its store-houses. Considerable color has been given to the theory that Port Arthur was ill supplied, by the extremely limited extent to which the Russian forts on Golden Hill, the Tiger's Tail, and other points around the city have responded to the storm of shells from the Japanese fleet, and this view has been strengthened by the known fact that an immense supply of Russian shells for the heavier guns fell into the hands of the Japanese with the captured transport *Manchuria*. But it must be remembered that the Russians are justified in saving their powder, the more so that the Japanese fleet rarely approaches near enough to make hits more than remotely possible. If Russia was short of ammunition at the opening of the campaign, she has had six or eight weeks to supply all deficiencies, and it is quite incredible that she should have failed to do so.

Russia is not likely to be forced to abandon Port Arthur at this stage of the war through fear of starvation or lack of ammunition. If she contemplates evacuation, it will be for other reasons. For Russia, Port Arthur is primarily an outlet to the sea; the point where her six million square miles of Asian empire can reach and be reached by her ships. So long as Russia has a single ship in commission in Far-Eastern waters, she must have a port. So long, therefore, as Russia has any fleet at all in the Yellow Sea, her abandonment of Port Arthur is wholly out of the question. If she abandons the port, she must also abandon the fleet, and she will not do that except under circumstances which would practically give her no choice. These circumstances would include the total loss of the Port Arthur fleet, or its transfer to other waters, and an isolation of Port Arthur by land, combined with an irresistible land attack.

As to that it must be remembered that Russia has now a large body of troops at Mukden, whence the railroad is open to Port Arthur, so that reinforcing the garrison there to any desired amount is only a question of a few hours. It would be still easier to rush troops from Mukden to any point on the Kwantung peninsula, at whose southern extremity Port Arthur and Dalny lie; so that for the Japanese to cut the railroad between Mukden and Port Arthur would not be an easy achievement, even supposing that they eluded Russian vigilance so far as to make a first landing somewhere on the Kwantung peninsula or near it. This contingency is improbable, since Russia, taken off her guard at the outbreak of hostilities, is the more likely to remain exceedingly vigilant in the face of evident and pressing peril. She can, in all probability, bring fifty or sixty thousand troops to any point between Mukden and Port Arthur at very short notice; and in the face of such a force a landing by Japan would be difficult. With a less force, Osman Pasha held the whole Russian army at bay from August till November at Plevna, a much weaker position strategically, and one ill supplied with provisions and ammunition. Japan could hardly hope to land more than twenty-five thousand men at once, even if all her transports were brought into service; and to attempt this would be an extreme hazard, so long as Russia had a single warship in the neighborhood. Add that the landing force would immediately find itself between two fires; the garrison of Port Arthur on the

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south, and the reinforcements from Mukden on the north; and it is evident that there are immense difficulties to be overcome before a land attack on Port Arthur could be undertaken. Even were such an attack begun, the example of Plevna just quoted shows that Russia could, in all likelihood, hold out for three or four months, against the greatest force that Japan could bring to bear. Until all these possibilities are exhausted, any abandonment of Port Arthur is likely to be no more than a sensational fiction.

Turner, the anarchist, who languished several months at Ellis Island, while his appeal against deportation was pending, was lately released on bail, and is filling his lecture engagements. At a recent meeting of anarchists in Cooper Union he was asked: "Is the assassination of rulers an advantage to the cause of anarchism?" It was a "funny" question, he said, and owned that he did not care to answer it. As far as he cared to go was to declare that for his part he was not in favor of "the advocacy of assassination." He thought it cowardly for a man to sit back and urge another to do something which he thought ought to be done. "Each one of you," he said, "must consider the subject for himself and act for himself." Turner seems a broad-minded person with no prejudice either for or against murder. The WEEKLY was glad to see his case go before a court, so that the law excluding anarchists might be interpreted, and a decision reached as to whether it warranted the exclusion of an incomer because of his reputed opinions. It is good to have him disclose the working of his mind as he is doing. There is such a thing as being too broad-minded, and if it turns out that a man with no prejudice against assassination is too liberal, under our laws, to be a welcome guest here, we shall have the satisfaction, when Turner is sent home, of knowing why. There never was much doubt that the man came here to make mischief. The important question has been whether more mischief would result from excluding him summarily, or letting him talk.

A man came to New York to spend a few days. He had pecuniary experiences as follows: A railroad cabman wanted 85 cents for bringing him to his hotel;—proper charge, 35 cents. The hotel news-stand wanted 10 cents for a newspaper;—proper charge, 3 cents. Fee to waiter for dinner, 15 cents; waiter grumbled and was reported. Cab to the theatre, charge, $2;—proper charge, $1. For one hundred violets, charge, $8; paid $4. Theatre, all seats sold; referred to speculators; summoned manager and got two excellent seats forthwith. Cab back to hotel, charge, $2 50; paid $1. Crackers and milk for lunch, charge, 60 cents;—appeal to manager; paid 20 cents. An antique shop wanted $75 for a bogus Delft plate; protest; plate reduced to $3. Five-dollar andirons offered to visitor for $40. Worked-over print offered him as original drawing. For hair-cut and shampoo, charge, $1; —paid 60 cents. For moving trunks, charge, $1 50;—paid 50 cents. Hack to ferry, charge, $2 50;—paid $1 25. Relating these experiences in greater detail than we have given, he winds up—"And I don't think I look 'from the country,' either." He was not from the country. His name is Edward Bok, and he divulged these experiences in his own periodical. What is there about Philadelphia that a man from there should make so curious an impression on industrial New York? Never mind. If Mr. Bok had gratified the demands of all the hackmen, barbers, waiters, and others who overcharged him, it would have cost him five or six dollars more than he paid. He didn't gratify them, but he went home and wrote a piece about them. The piece was worth at least $50. We see, therefore, that in a short time in New York he acquired fifty dollars' worth of experience for six dollars, which he did not have to pay. Where on earth are such bargains to be found as in New York?

It will not be necessary or even expedient, for the Americans who go to Oxford as Rhodes scholars, to employ press agents. Dr. Parkin, the representative of the Rhodes Scholarships Commission, came to this country from Oxford last month to arrange for the preliminary examinations for the scholarships, which are to be held at various places on April 13. He says the commissioners want the Rhodes scholars to dawn upon the consciousness of Oxford as quietly and unostentatiously as possible, as other students do. The more like violets on a mossy bank the Rhodes men can open, the better the commissioners will be pleased. They favor "a conspiracy of silence" about the Rhodes scholars, and Dr. Parkin thinks the less said about them until they have established a position at Oxford the better for themselves.

The reasonableness of these suggestions is apparent, and we hope the American scholars will appreciate it. What Freshmen do in a college depends very much on what is done to them. It is not the fashion at Oxford to play horse with newcomers, and no doubt the Rhodes scholars will shape their behavior according to the prevailing standards. That the American newspapers will not print wonder stories about them is hardly to be hoped for, but the American newspapers do not circulate extensively in England, and what they print will hardly disturb the peace of Oxford. The Oxford system of small colleges will tend to break up the mass of the Rhodes scholars and distribute them about in small groups; and that is favorable to their assimilation. For the benefit of the Rhodes scholars, the Oxford authorities determined last February that students who had done two years' work satisfactorily in a foreign university might be admitted to the status and privileges of a Junior Foreign student at Oxford, and those who had done three years' work might be rated as Seniors. This means that qualified students are to be allowed to get their Oxford degree in two years, or one, instead of three years as was formerly the rule. Taking advantage of this innovation, the Rhodes commissioners, through their representative here, seem to be stipulating that candidates here shall have passed two years in an American college. The stipulation brings dismay to many intending candidates who were not prepared for that requirement. The newspapers report President Remsen of Johns Hopkins as saying that of twenty-six young men who expected to take the Rhodes examinations in Baltimore, all but two or three are barred by unlooked-for requirements. That is hard on these young men, but the requirements themselves seem well advised, and will work advantageously in the end.

Dr. Edward Meyer, a distinguished professor of the University of Berlin, has been visiting the University of Chicago. Being invited to address the students, he confided to them among other things that beer is used in abundance by German students, and that their beer-drinking is a good custom. It induces the young men, he said, to grow up in happy spirits, and is beneficial in counteracting the effects of too much study. Dr. Meyer could not imagine a German student who neither sang nor drank. Such a man, he said, would not be a real German student.

American students have been known to drink beer, but they are rarely encouraged in it except by the brewers, and nowhere have they attained the proficiency in it that the German students enjoy. Dr. Meyer's talk made scandal in Chicago. The president of the W. C. T. U. grieved sorrowfully to hear a learned man advise "drinking, brawling, and good-fellowship." A representative of Northwestern University said: "If he had said such things at Northwestern I think we would have mobbed him." Perhaps more beer would make Northwestern more tolerant. We have heard Americans who have studied in German universities remark how hard they worked, how much they learned, and how much beer they drank. Beer and study really seem to go well together in Germany. But in this country the affinity between them is much less noticeable. We don't think our beer does our college boys any particular good. Harvard College rubs along in no-license Cambridge where beer is not publicly sold, and seems not to suffer scholastically from the deprivation. At Yale, we are told, students drink less beer than formerly, and more "high balls." Our habits are not the habits of Germany. Neither our climate, our viscera, nor our beer is made in that country. Dr. Meyer may not hope to introduce the German methods of scholarship here. Our doctors may go so far as to admit that beer is best drunk in America by persons whose livers are comparatively new, but that is about as much as they will concede. We drink beer here, but we dare not glory in it. Perhaps if we took as much pains as the Germans do to have our beer well made out of fit materials, we would have more confidence in its effects.

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The Republican Nominee for the Vice-Presidency?

It appears that Wisconsin has a candidate for the nomination for the Vice-Presidency on the Republican ticket in the person of a former Governor, and it is probable enough that other States will put forward "favorite sons" as competitors for the honor. At the hour when we write, however, the prevailing opinion in Washington is that the nomination will go to Mr. Charles Warren Fairbanks, one of the Senators from Indiana, although he declared only recently in a letter to the prospective controllers of a Congressional convention at Springfield, Ohio, that he was not a candidate for the office of Vice-President, and hoped that the convention would not instruct its delegates to vote for his nomination. Somewhat earlier, Republican managers in Congressional districts of Indiana had acquainted Senator Fairbanks with their purpose to send delegates instructed for him to Chicago, but in every instance he requested that such a step should not be taken. We infer that, in pursuance of the wish thus expressed, the delegates from Indiana will not be instructed for the Senator; but that, nevertheless, their votes will be given to him may be taken for granted. That Indiana's lead will be followed by States enough to assure to Mr. Fairbanks the nomination for the Vice-Presidency is believed by all well-informed observers of the situation.

Why should Mr. Fairbanks be selected for an office which will require him to preside over the United States Senate, and will place him first in the line of succession to the Presidency in the event of Mr. Roosevelt's death or disability? Are there not many other Republicans who may claim to be older, if not abler, statesmen? What of Senator Frye and Senator Hale of Maine; of Senator Proctor of Vermont; of Senator Hoar and Senator Lodge of Massachusetts; of Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island; of Senator Platt of Connecticut? Passing over the Republican Senators from the Middle States, what might not be said of the claims of Joseph B. Foraker, who has been Governor of Ohio, and has long represented his State in the Upper Chamber of the Federal Legislature?

What of Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois, and John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, who for decades have held places of eminence in the Upper House of Congress? There, too, are Senator Burrows of Michigan and Senator Mitchell of Oregon, who have had a far longer career in public life than has Mr. Fairbanks, and have been far more conspicuously identified with the Republican party. Relatively, indeed, Mr. Fairbanks is a novice on the political stage. He was a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1896, but he had never held a State or Federal office when, in January, 1897, he was elected to the United States Senate to succeed the late Daniel W. Voorhees. Yet he had occupied his seat only a short time when President McKinley appointed him one of the members of the Joint High Commission—in fact, he was made president of the United States Commissioners, the late Lord Herschell presiding over the representatives of Great Britain and Canada. The respectable position which, without possessing any claim to eloquence, he soon attained in debate, caused him to be reelected to the Senate for a second term, which will continue until March 4, 1909, unless he should resign his seat in order to become Vice-President.

Charles Warren Fairbanks is an example of the comparative ease with which in this country a poor boy can obtain, first, a college education; secondly, professional success; and, lastly, high political honors. Born on a small farm in Union County, Ohio, he secured such instruction as the local schools could afford, but it was only by practising the carpenter's trade that he was able to maintain himself at the Ohio Wesleyan College. After graduating in 1872, it was as an *attaché* of the Associated Press that he earned sufficient money to enable him to pursue the study of the law. Having been admitted to the bar, he removed to Indianapolis, where, having attracted the attention of Judge Gresham, at that time on the Federal bench, he soon procured opportunities of exhibiting his qualifications for his profession. He ultimately came to be regarded as one of the highest authorities on railroad law in the Middle West, and is understood to have accumulated a fortune considerably exceeding a million dollars. We are now approaching one of the reasons why many far-sighted Republicans believe that Mr. Fairbanks should be nominated for the Presidency in order to reassure those persons who look upon Mr. Roosevelt as "unsafe." Not only has he earned by his professional career the confidence of railway corporations, but he has strongly commended himself to sound-money men by the position which he took with reference to the monetary question at a critical conjuncture. As the head of the Indiana delegation in 1896 to the St. Louis convention, and as the temporary chairman of that body, he is thought to have contributed powerfully to fixing the status of the party with regard to bimetallism. There is no doubt that for some years previous, many distinguished Republicans of the Central and Further West, including Mr. McKinley himself, had wavered in their attitude towards silver, and it is undoubtedly true that the action of the Indiana State convention in 1896 helped materially to induce the Republican national convention of the same year to declare for the gold standard.

That is one obvious reason why Senator Fairbanks should be chosen for the second place on the Republican ticket this year. The second reason is the importance of securing the electoral votes of Indiana, a State which very seldom has failed to recognize the claims of its own citizens. It did fail to give its electoral votes to Benjamin Harrison in 1892; but that was an extraordinary exception, due, unquestionably, to the repudiation of the Republican candidate by Judge Gresham and his friends. It would, no doubt, take a tidal-wave, such as that which swept over the country twelve years ago, to give Indiana to the Democracy, should Mr. Fairbanks be nominated for Vice-President on the Republican ticket.

Run Amuck—Or go Slow?

There are already indications that some Democratic tacticians think it would be good policy to try to force President Roosevelt and his Attorney-General to use forthwith against other combinations of capital the weapon which, as some people imagine, has been forged by the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Northern Securities case. It might be well for these tacticians, if they are sincere opponents of "the trusts," to pause and consider whether—if the President should take their advice, or if, dispensing with his assistance, they should practise what they preach in States under their control—they might not find themselves hoist with their own petard? Can they not read between the lines of Mr. Justice Brewer's opinion the warning that the instrument, presumed to have been fashioned by the court's decision, may snap in the fingers if too furiously or promiscuously wielded?

We are doubtless justified in assuming that Attorney-General Knox has read and pondered every word of the four opinions read on March 14 by members of the United States Supreme Court in the Northern Securities case. It cannot have escaped him that the grounds on which Mr. Justice Harlan and three of his colleagues upheld the decision of the tribunal differ fundamentally from those on which Mr. Justice Brewer concurred in that decision. It must be as clear to the Attorney-General as it is to every other careful reader of the document, that when Mr. Justice Brewer says that he concurs in upholding the decree of the United States Circuit Court for the District of Minnesota against the Northern Securities Company because he believes that corporation to be exercising an "unreasonable" restraint on interstate trade, he virtually gives notice that he abjures the principle propounded by *himself* and others in the Trans-Missouri and Joint Traffic cases; that every future case of alleged violation of the Anti-Trust Act will have *to be* tried on its merits; and that, unless "unreasonable" restraint of trade can be shown, he, Justice Brewer, will concur with Justice Holmes, Chief-Justice Fuller, and Justices Peckham and White in refusing to dissolve the accused corporation. The grounds on which the five justices just named would take such a position might differ, but their decision would be univocal.

In view of this logical and, indeed, inevitable deduction from the opinions read by Justice Brewer, Justice White, and Justice Holmes, the Federal Attorney-General would be unfit for the function with which he is charged did he not recognize that the weapon which he imagined himself to possess in the Anti-Trust Act turns out to be far less efficient and less formidable than it seemed to be when the meaning of that act could only be deduced from the decisions of the United States Supreme Court in the Trans-Missouri and Joint Traffic cases. That definition has been set aside. It will no longer suffice to show that a given combination of capital might conceivably exercise restraint, whether reasonable or unreasonable, on interstate trade. It will hereafter be indispensable, in order to secure the concurrence of five out of the nine justices, to prove, first, that restraint is actually exercised, and, secondly, that it is unreasonable.

It is manifest that, under the circumstances, Attorney-General Knox would be guilty not only of folly, but of deliberately betraying the interests of those who desire to hold the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court in the Northern Securities case, such as it is, *in terrorem* over trusts, organized or contemplated, should he undertake to "run amuck" among corporations with what is left of the Anti-Trust Act.

Mr. John Sharp Williams professes to be an enemy of the "trusts," yet he is trying to goad Attorney-General Knox into a course that might result in a decision rendered by the five justices last named, a decision that, fairly or unfairly, would be acclaimed all over the country as a victory for huge aggregations of capital. He wants the House of Representatives to compel the Department of Justice to explain why it has not expended more than $25,000 out of the $500,000 appropriated by the last Congress for the prosecution of "trusts." The expenditure of $25,000 has resulted in whittling down almost to nothing the principle which had seemed to be established in the Trans-Missouri and Joint Traffic cases.

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Is Mr. Williams pleased with the investment? Does he want to throw good money after bad?

We would also suggest the expediency of mature reflection and a wary calculation of possibilities to the Attorney-General of Virginia, if it be true, as a telegram from Richmond asserts, that he is considering the advisability of bringing a suit against the Pennsylvania Railroad on the ground that, as owner of controlling interests in the Chesapeake and Ohio, and in the Norfolk and Western lines, it is acting in restraint of trade. Suppose such a suit should be brought, and five of the nine justices of the United States should hold either that no restraint was exercised or that the restraint was not unreasonable, and that, consequently, the accused road had not violated the Anti-Trust Act. Does the Attorney-General of Virginia think that the outcome of such a proceeding would leave the so-called trusts in a weaker or in a stronger position than that which they now occupy? A sober second thought will probably cause the trust-busters to deem it safer to "go slow" than to "run amuck."

The Latest of Latin-American Commonwealths

INASMUCH as we have bound ourselves by treaty to protect against foreign aggression and against internal disorder the new Republic of Panama, it behooves us to examine what sort of a government it is to which we have assumed this tutelary relation. All the light we need upon the subject is obtainable from the Constitution which was lately adopted by the new commonwealth, and of which a copy has been sent to us. We may say at once that Panama is a unified rather than a federal republic, and that its polity should be classified as belonging to the "Parliamentary" rather than the "Presidential" type. In other words, the organic law of the infant commonwealth is modelled rather on that of the present French Republic than on that of the United States. The seven provinces among which the independent isthmian territory is divided, far from being comparable to the States within our Union, have no more local autonomy than is possessed by French departments. The governor of a province, like the prefect of a French department, will be appointed by the President of the republic. An isthmian province will not even have a local council of its own corresponding to the *Conseil Général* of a French department. Inside of a province, however, the inhabitants of a municipality are empowered to elect a municipal council which is charged with local administration. The Constitution leaves it for the national legislature to say how the mayors of municipalities shall be designated. But it is probable that they will be appointed either by the President of the republic, or by his appointees, the provincial governors. The excuse given for the extreme centralization carried out in the isthmian Constitution is that almost all the educated white citizens in the republic reside either in the city of Panama or in the town of Colon; and there is no prospect of any early change in this particular.

Although, as regards his control of local officials, the Panama Executive has relatively much more power than the President of the United States, he is decidedly less powerful as regards his relation to the national Legislature. Like our President, he is elected by the people for four years, but he is not eligible for the term succeeding his own. He can veto bills, but his veto can be overruled by two-thirds of the national Legislature, except when the question of constitutionality is raised, when the matter is referred for prompt and definite decision to the national Supreme Court. No act of the Executive, however, is valid unless endorsed with the signature of that member of the cabinet to whom cognizance of the matter would naturally belong. Nominally, the Panama Executive can appoint and remove his secretaries, but as they are required to render reports to the Legislature at the beginning of every session, and as they may introduce bills and defend them on the floor of the House, their tenure of office will, in practice, come to depend on the good-will of a majority of the legislators. That is exactly what has come to pass in France. Nominally, under the Constitution of 1875, the President of the French Republic can appoint and remove the ministers, but, practically, it is by a majority of the Chamber of Deputies that they are designated or ousted. That is why we say that, essentially, the polity of the Republic of Panama belongs to the Parliamentary rather than to the Presidential type.

The Legislature of the Panama Republic is not bicameral, like that of Great Britain, the United States, France, and most other countries that have Parliamentary institutions. It is unicameral, like the legislature of Greece, of Servia, of Bulgaria, or of Norway. That is to say, it consists of a single chamber, which will be known as the National Assembly, and which will be chosen by adult male suffrage in the ratio of one Deputy to ten thousand inhabitants, and of one additional Deputy to a surplus of five thousand or more. The National Assembly has great power, not only because, as we have said, it can override the veto of the Executive by a two-thirds vote, and can, practically, hold the members of the cabinet to a strict and perpetual accountability, but also because it is clothed with the power of amending the national Constitution. The process of constitutional amendation is the following: The National Assembly embodies the proposed change in a bill and passes it. If the bill is approved by the Executive it is submitted to the Assembly at the next ordinary session, and, if then approved by two-thirds of the Deputies, is held to have become a part of the organic law. We should further mention that the National Assembly has the power which, under our Constitution, is vested in the Senate, of approving or disapproving treaties, and of sitting as a court of impeachment to try the President himself, the members of his cabinet, and the members of the Supreme Court of Justice. We add that the National Assembly has the power of electing at an ordinary session, and for the term of two years, three Presidents-Designato, who, in the event of the death or disability of the President of the republic, shall, in the order of their designation, assume charge of the Executive power.

A feature of the Panama Constitution which, obviously, is modelled on our own Federal organic law, rather than on that of the present French Republic, is the establishment of a national judiciary as a cognate department of the national government. The Supreme Court of Justice, which is composed of five magistrates named by the Executive for the term of four years, is made the ultimate expounder of the national Constitution. Its expository function is, normally, invoked in the following way: If a bill passed by the National Assembly is vetoed by the Executive on the score of unconstitutionality, the bill is forthwith submitted to the Supreme Court of Justice, and this tribunal within six days must pass upon its constitutionality. An affirmative decision by the court makes it obligatory for the Executive to sanction and promulgate the law. In the event of a negative decision the proposal is dead.

We note, finally, that, although Liberals or Anti-Clericals preponderated in the convention by which the Panama Constitution was framed, the references to the Roman Catholic religion in the document are, evidently, the outcome of a compromise. The profession of any religion whatsoever is proclaimed free, as is also any form of outward worship, without any limitation, except the exaction of respect for Christian morals and public order. At the same time it is recognized that Roman Catholicism is the religion of the majority of the inhabitants of the republic, and the Constitution directs the National Assembly to set aside in the interests of that religion an auxiliary fund for the foundation of a "Conciliatory Seminary," and for missionaries to the native tribes.

Japan's Financial Position

JAPAN'S striking naval successes in the first three or four days of the war led to expectations that hostilities would soon come to an end. Russia had already lost ten or twelve ships, we were told, amounting to two-thirds of the fighting force of her Far-Eastern fleet; and the army was said to be no better prepared than the navy. But subsequent events have not borne out the expectations thus raised. Russia has suffered no more important losses; on the contrary, many of the ships at first reported destroyed are again in commission, and, with the exception of the *Variag*, the *Korietz*, and one or two destroyers and torpedo-boats, the Russian navy may be said to be intact. Even the *Czareritch* will soon be completely repaired.

The hopes that the war would soon be over were, therefore, based on insecure foundations. This is emphasized by General Kuropatkin's declaration that he expected hostilities to continue for two years, and by the statement just made, in the Tokyo Diet, that the Japanese must be patient, and not look for sudden and brilliant successes. Another element of delay is now recognized to lie in the fact that Russia is bringing from the Baltic certain important naval reserves, which cannot arrive at Port Arthur before September. The question naturally arises: How long can Japan keep it up? What are the financial resources of Japan?

We must recognize, at the outset, that Japan is a poor country, like nearly all Oriental lands, though not quite so poor as British India. With a population equal to that of Germany, Japan has less than a fourth of Germany's revenue; or, to take her ally England as the basis of comparison, Japan, with a population half as great again as England, has less than a fifth of the revenue of England. We may make the view even clearer in this way: the revenue of France is about twenty dollars per head; that of Japan is about three dollars per head. The imports of England are about sixty dollars per head; those of the Netherlands, drawn from an immense East-Indian Empire, about a hundred and fifty dollars per head; while those of Japan are only three dollars per head, about one-fiftieth the imports of Holland.

Japan is very densely populated. Nearly forty millions of her population are settled at from 400 to 475 to the square mile, nearly thirty millions approaching the latter figure in density. This population is largely agricultural, the average farm being about

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two acres in extent, and having rather the character of a garden tilled wholly by hand labor than of a farm in our sense. This prevalence of hand labor accounts for the extreme difficulty in finding horses for the Japanese cavalry; the country people have no horses, because they are too poor to own them and have no room on their diminutive farms to use them. Another comparison: Japan has only eight towns of a hundred thousand inhabitants and over, as against thirty-three for Germany, with about the same total population. Only two of these towns, Tokyo and Osaka, have over four hundred thousand inhabitants.

Let us now see in detail how much revenue Japan is able to raise from this immense population of small gardeners. Owing to a dissolution of the Diet, the estimates for the year ending March 31, 1904, were not passed; the estimates for the preceding year were, therefore, repeated. Taking the nearest round numbers, the chief items and totals of Japan's revenue were as follows:

Excise (alcohol and sugar)	$35,000,000
Land tax	23,000,000
Total of direct taxes	$84,000,000
Government undertakings:	
Posts, telegraphs, and railroads	$17,000,000
Tobacco monopoly	6,000,000
Total ordinary revenue	$112,000,000
Sale of Chinese bonds	$16,000,000
Chinese indemnity	4,000,000
Total extraordinary revenue	$24,000,000
Total revenue	$136,000,000

The Japanese government, therefore, is a business earning about thirty million dollars a year, raising about eighty-five millions more, chiefly by liquor and sugar excise and land tax, and supplementing these two sources of income by indemnities from China, from the Chinese war of 1894-5, and the Boxer outbreak. As we saw, this is less than a fourth of Germany's revenue, and less than a fifth of England's.

This moderate income is spent in the following way:

Debt charges and finance	$30,000,000
Army and navy	30,000,000
Interior Department	5,000,000
Foreign Office	1,000,000
Justice	5,000,000
Schools	2,000,000
Total ordinary expenditure	$90,000,000
To reserve fund	$16,000,000
Army and navy	7,000,000
Total extraordinary expenditure	$46,000,000
Total expenditure	$135,000,000

Thus we see that half the total expenditure, or two-thirds of the ordinary expenditure, is spent either on the army and navy directly or to pay the interest on money borrowed to buy battleships and war materials. This policy of militarism, which is costing Japan so high a price, was inaugurated by her statesmen after the Chinese war ten years ago. A few years earlier, say for the five years preceding the war, Japan's total expenditure amounted to only $40,000,000, hardly more than one-fourth of the present expenditure. To meet this immense outlay the taxes have been greatly increased, so that, to quote a recent writer in the *Fortnightly*, we have "in six years the ordinary revenue doubled and the extraordinary quadrupled; in the same period, the ordinary expenditure doubled and the extraordinary increased about sevenfold." Only a small part of this greatly increased expenditure is covered by the Chinese indemnity. The ten years' programme of militarism was estimated to cost $300,000,000; of this one-third has been paid by the indemnity of 1895, and the remaining two-thirds, or $200,000,000, has been raised by additional taxation or by borrowing.

For this immense outlay Japan got her modern navy of six heavy battle-ships and six large armored cruisers, purchased for the most part from England, as well as a few smaller ships. She also got her arsenals and her war-supplies, as she now makes her own rifles and field-artillery. Add to this the training, feeding, and uniforming of a standing army of about a quarter of a million, with considerable reserves, and its becomes evident that for the last ten years Japan has made extraordinary efforts and extraordinary sacrifices to build up the naval and military forces at present in the field against Russia. She has devoted most of her income to this end, besides borrowing heavily, and has evidently staked her entire resources on the chance of complete success. To accomplish this end, the taxes paid by a poor population have been largely increased, not only in the years before the war, but since war broke out, and the withdrawal of the best part of Japan's merchant marine to serve as transports also makes a great call on her normal resources. Japan has evidently taxed herself to the utmost, and is, therefore, literally fighting against national bankruptcy, if not national collapse. Only the fullest success could justify this tremendous risk.

The Latin Peoples

THAT the so-called Latin peoples—the French, Italians, and Spanish—are in a state of decline has been so generally held by Anglo-Saxons, and admitted by so many thinkers and writers among the Latins themselves, that it comes as an agreeable surprise to have such an authority as Dr. Emil Reich find reasons for declaring a firm belief in the vitality of each of the three supposedly infirm nations. This belief he states in the current *Contemporary Review*. There is no justification, he says, for carrying the methods of the naturalist into the study of history. He admits that Spain has declined from her high estate of the sixteenth century; but her might had been fostered into greatness by peculiarly artificial means, and when those means were cut off, she was bound to relapse into her former line of progress. She is and must be a backward nation, because she has not the superabundant fertility of a country like France, and her land is very much underpopulated. Her geographical position, too, is a great drawback. Situated behind the barrier of the Pyrenees, at the extreme end of the Continent, she is cut off from close intercourse with other nations. Few travellers pass through her territory; and she lacks the stimulus of the importation by foreigners of novel ideas and excess of energy which is such a powerful incentive to progress. Irrigation is some day going to do great things for Spain, and there is no reason to despair of her future. She is likely to lag behind her neighbors, for the reasons mentioned. But, mentally and bodily, the Spanish are sane and sound.

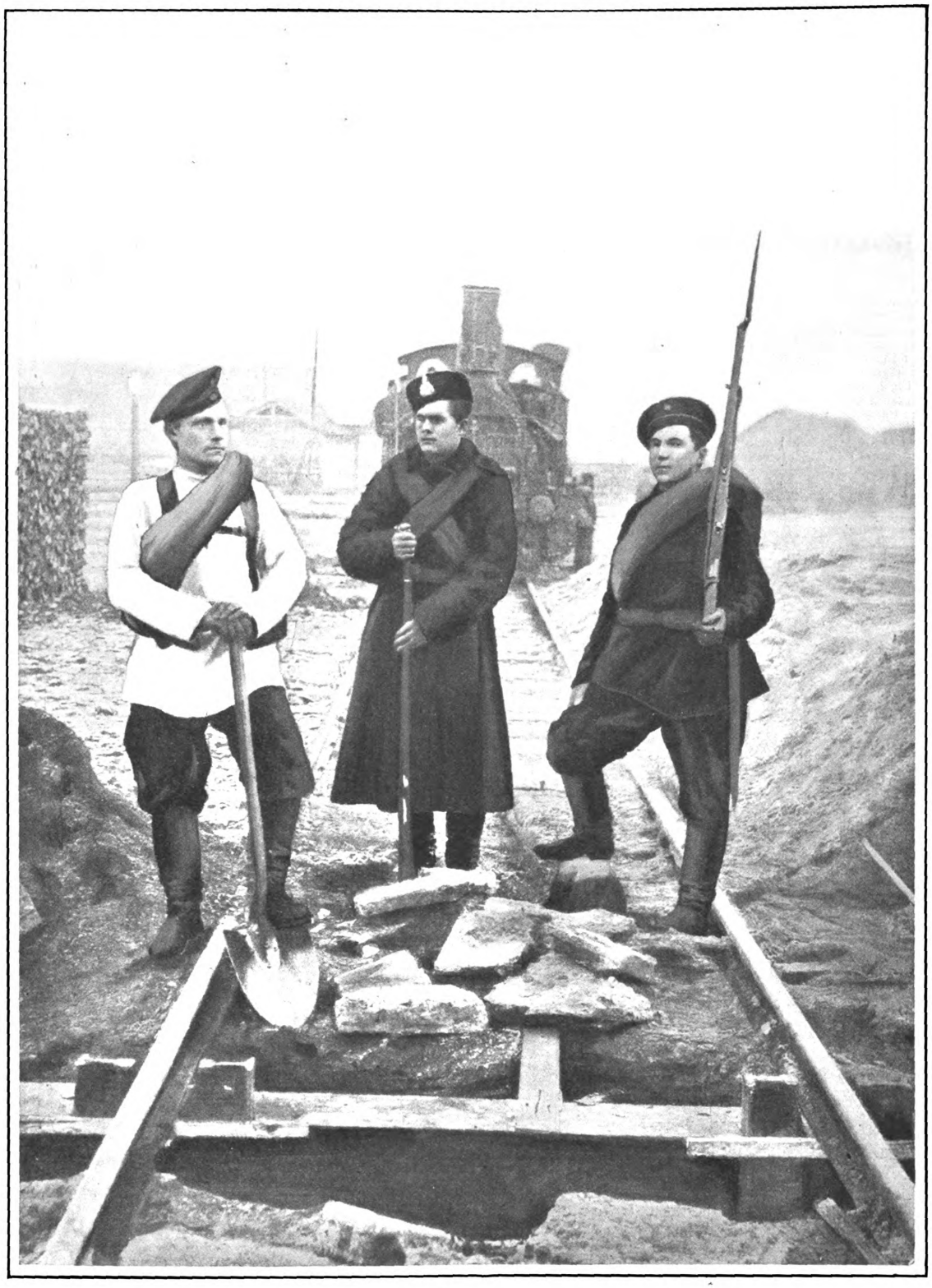
Dr. Reich thinks that the Italians are the most gifted nation in Europe. What characterizes them above all is their initiative. The Italians have always been ready to take the first step in action and able to take the first step in science. Their mental activity and the diversity of their attainments are extraordinary. The history of Italy teems, for the last eight centuries, with the most intense personalities. And this wonderful display of individuality among Italy's great men is repeated in the country itself. Each province, each city, has its distinctive character; and while political union should give the land political strength, its intellectual disunion should be no less a source of intellectual strength.

But Italy's best hope for the future is probably her fine geographical position. As of old, she is the centre of the Mediterranean world, but of a regenerated Mediterranean world, in which the going to and fro of commerce is increasing every day. She has now reassumed her former position midway between the Orient and the Western world. She has had great evils at home which have prevented her from utilizing to the full the advantages of her newly acquired position. But her geographical situation will inevitably, and almost automatically, confer prosperity on her. Her union has not had as a sequence that leap forward in prosperity which was confidently expected of it, because her independence was not her own achievement and because the union is by no means so thorough as externals would seem to indicate. The one great shadow which Dr. Reich sees on the brilliant future of Italy is the immense power of latent hostility to the government which the Roman Church controls.

The greater part of this illuminating article is devoted to an investigation of the conditions underlying the situation of France. It is common to hear France classed among the decadent nations: but, says Dr. Reich, even when apparently unmistakable symptoms of decay can be observed in a people, it is very rash to predict an approaching downfall and dissolution. Such predictions have nearly always fallen wide of the mark, as in the case of England after her fruitless effort to crush the revolt of her American colonists (1783), when it was predicted that she would no longer be able to interfere in European affairs. France's position to-day is very much what England's was a hundred years ago, one of political isolation, and her resources are such as to enable her to reap great advantages from it, just as England did. Dr. Reich gives a very interesting account and estimate of the advantages and drawbacks of the French manner of training youths and maidens, and he pays a handsome tribute to the character and personality of French women, avowing that they constitute an element of great strength and stability in the nation. But what is least realized by outsiders concerning France is her immense wealth. Statisticians know she is the richest country in Europe: but to the general public her wealth seems incredible, for it leads to very little outward display. Peasant dowries ranging between ten and fifty thousand francs are common enough, and the figures rise in the social scale. The statistical returns of moneys devolving by inheritance show a total for France nearly thirty times as great as those for England, Austria, or Germany. Germany thought that France would be crippled for years by the payment of her indemnity of $1,000,000,000; but this was paid with astounding rapidity, though the French losses during the period of actual warfare must have been some $5,000,000,000. A few years later France was already hoarding again, and municipal corporations requiring loans were able to get them at moderate rates of interest.

Another of France's safeguards against decline is her wonderful homogeneity. She is more united and consolidated than any other European country.

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SNAP-SHOT OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS ON THE UNCOMPLETED RAILROAD AROUND THE SOUTHERN PART OF LAKE BAIKAL

The Siberian Railway extends 6990 miles from the Russian capital to Vladivostok and Port Arthur, with a division at Harbin. There is only one track, and it is estimated that a force of 25,000 reinforcements could not be moved to Mukden in less than thirty-six days after leaving St. Petersburg. An interesting article about the Trans-Siberian Railway, based on the personal experiences of an engineer who was engaged in its construction, will be found on another page of this issue

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Russia's Work in Manchuria

By Sergei Iulitch Witte

Former Russian Minister of Finance, now President of the Committee of Ministers

THE Chinese Eastern Railroad was constructed through Manchuria under quite peculiar conditions. To meet these conditions a plan was devised by Engineer Kerbedz and approved by me, altogether *different from* that usually followed in the construction of railroads in Russia. This plan consisted in laying the rails as fast as possible, so far as the profile of the ground permitted, dispensing even with grading, overcoming obstacles by gradients as steep as the traction power of the locomotives permitted, building temporary bridges, and other like expedients. This makeshift line was then used for the transport of building material, which was very unevenly distributed along the line of the railroad; for example, on the western half of the road, towards Mongolia, the line goes for more than a thousand versts (660 miles) through wholly treeless regions, while in the eastern half, approaching the province of Ussuria and Vladivostok, wood is abundant; and there are places where *not* a stone is to be found for hundreds of versts. By this plan the carriage of laborers was also assured, a matter of vast importance in building the railroad, and especially the main line; as the latter was carried for a great distance through an almost or even wholly uninhabited region, so that most of the laborers were Chinamen from Chefoo, Tientsin, and other points even further south. As the work of grading was carried forward, and the construction of bridges and the like was completed, the temporary road was changed into a permanent way, and assumed its destined appearance.

In parts of the country where the adoption of steep gradients was necessary, as well as curves of short radius, the surveyors were able to concentrate them within comparatively short mountain sections. At each mountain crossing a station platform was built at the beginning of the ascent, at the top of the crossing, and at the end of the descent; at the first and last of these stations an engine-house for auxiliary engines was built. Thanks to this, a train of normal size can traverse the whole line without uncoupling, an auxiliary engine being attached to it over the mountain crossings. In this way the Manchurian line admits of much heavier trains throughout its whole length than the Siberian Railroad, in spite of local obstacles, which were very considerable. In the western division the line cuts through the Hingan Range, and in its eastern division, up to the frontier of the maritime province, near Vladivostok, it traverses broken and hilly country, cutting through four watersheds with steep slopes; while the south Manchurian branch cuts several ridges on the Kwang-tung peninsula, precipitous, though of moderate height. The rest of the line, with the exception of parts of the Mongolian plateau, the plains between Tsitsihar and Harbin, and certain sections on the southern line, consist chiefly of undulating foothills.

Fourteen bridges were constructed on the Manchurian line, with a span of more than seven hundred feet each; of these bridges, those at the two crossings over the Sungari River and at the Hunhai River have a span of from 2100 to 3100 feet, so that amongst bridges of Russian construction the bridge over the Sungari near Harbin holds one of the first places in regard to length, being surpassed only by the bridges over the Amur and the Volga. All the larger bridges have metal frames, resting on stone piers, founded on caissons. Amongst the bridges, those of stone are worth notice, as they last forever, and need no repairs. All the bridges and similar works are well built, and special attention has been given to assuring the bridges a sufficiently wide span, and to carrying the foundations deep enough to secure them against floods. The works which I examined were most intelligently carried out, with all modern technical improvements. In connection with the construction of the railroad it was necessary to provide also for the moral and spiritual needs of the employees, to build churches, schools, libraries, and the like.

Nearly all the works, with very slight exceptions, were not carried out through contractors, as is generally the case with Russian railroads, but by the government directly; and, at the same time, it was necessary to teach the local Chinese workmen processes and kinds of work till then wholly unknown to them, and to organize a very extensive system, both for the works and the collection of material. The course of the work was several times completely interrupted, especially by the Boxer outbreak of 1900, which broke off all work for nearly a year; there were rarely periods of work without threats of cholera epidemics or the plague, and the cholera epidemic of 1902 covered nearly two months of the best season for work. From 1901 onwards, along the whole of the main line to Vladivostok, and over the south Manchurian branch to Port Arthur, passengers and freight have been carried at intervals, while since June, 1902, mail-trains have been run from the frontier at the Manchuria station to Port Arthur on a schedule of 125 hours. When I went over the line the special train which carried me went from the Manchuria station to Harbin station in fifty hours, from Harbin to Vladivostok in forty hours, and from Harbin to Dalny in fifty hours, although I made stoppages for inspection at every station and also at several of the more important works; while the speed of the train on the circuitous temporary sections was very cautious, and, generally speaking, the train went slower than the condition of the line demanded. Consequently, the trip from St. Petersburg to Dalny will take about sixteen days, with a half-day less to Vladivostok.

Two great works proceeded simultaneously with the construction of the Chinese Eastern Railroad: the new cities of Harbin and Dalny, the latter with a port on the sea. Harbin, which, almost from the beginning of the Russian railroad construction in Manchuria, was manifestly destined to be the chief centre of railroad administration, sprang up on the right bank of the Sungari River, at the point on the main line from which the branch line goes south to Port Arthur and Dalny. The position of this city is especially convenient and advantageous: it is in the centre of Manchuria, and branches of the railroad diverging from it penetrate almost the entire country, and touch its vital artery, the Sungari River, which waters the greater part of Manchurian territory. Foreseeing the creation of a great commercial centre here, the railroad administration took measures, from the outset, to secure the greatest possible quantity of land, and at present the area of Harbin with its future suburbs covers 3500 desatins (10,000 acres). On this area, which, only five years ago, was a perfect wilderness, a row of buildings was first set up by the railroad administration, for railroad purposes, the housing of its employees and workmen, and so on. Crowds of merchants, manufacturers, and people of various occupations hurried thither, eager to find a permanent home in this new city with its great future. Under these conditions Harbin soon developed three considerable settlements—Old Harbin, New Harbin, and Pristan.

Old Harbin consists almost entirely of temporary mud houses grouped round the large hanshin (vodka distillery). This settlement was the first shelter of the railroad constructors; even now a part of the staff of the chief engineer constructing the Chinese Eastern Railroad and his officials live there. Here also are the dwelling-houses of some of the local firms. In this part of Harbin there is a temporary church for a hundred and fifty people, which it is proposed to replace by a permanent one, for which the necessary ground will be given free.



M. Witte, former Russian Minister of Finance

The second settlement, which, in view of its later construction, has received the name of New Harbin, is destined to serve as the centre of the city's entire population. It is on high ground, which is not reached by the river when in flood.

Here three hundred stone houses have already been built, and the construction of various kinds of official buildings goes on rapidly; there are also a boys' and girls' school, a club, a hotel, quarters for the railroad officials, and other buildings. To supply the spiritual needs of the population a permanent church was built there to hold five hundred, in the Old Vologda style. Besides these buildings, it is proposed to build a commercial college for men and women, after the model of an eight-class *gymnasium*.

The third settlement, which

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bears the name of Pristan, grouped itself around the railroad workshops and the warehouses along the bank of the Sungari, on a low stretch of ground, which is sometimes flooded when the river is high. In consequence of this, this site was not chosen for the centre of the future city, but, by the force of circumstances, as the landing-place of ships and steamers, it is at present the liveliest part of Harbin; here the trade is concentrated, and a row of stores has sprung up, and also many private enterprises. The police headquarters and the fire brigade are at present located in Pristan. The railroad has erected many buildings here, including a school to hold ninety pupils. Here also are the railroad machine-shops, and the permanent shops will be erected in the same place. Thanks to this fact, the chief contingent of the population of Pristan will consist of working people occupied in the machine-shops.

At present the population of Harbin is about twenty thousand. The rapid growth of the town is the more remarkable because, owing to the fact that the amount of ground likely to be required by the Chinese Eastern Railroad was at first not accurately known, private persons were not permitted to buy land, and were only allowed to build there on lease on the condition that they would remove the buildings on the demand of the administration. But, as this regulation greatly hindered the regular construction of Harbin, and therefore the settlement of substantial merchants and productive enterprises there, parcels of land are now sold to private individuals outright.

Among the detours of the railroad, the line near the city of Mukden, about sixty-one versts (forty miles) in length deserves special attention. In the original agreement with the Chinese government it was at first decided that the line should pass the imperial tombs near the city of Mukden at a distance of fifteen versts (ten miles), and work was begun on the detour.

After the Boxer outbreaks of 1900, at the time when the parts of the line destroyed by the insurgents were being repaired, new negotiations were begun with the local representatives of the Chinese government, with reference to bringing the railroad towards Mukden and to its passing outside the imperial tombs, but not at such a great distance as before; in this way it would come closer to the suburbs of the town, a thing which the local population also desired. When the consent of the authorities was obtained, the direct line was begun, coming straight to the city of Mukden and saving fifteen versts (ten miles) of the previous distance. A large bridge has been built for this direct line over the Hunhai River, which is 2300 feet wide at this point.

Dalny is the terminus of the Chinese Eastern Railroad, or, to be more correct, of its southern branch. The fertile idea of building, at the terminal of the greatest railroad in the world, and on the ice-free Yellow Sea, a first-class commercial port arose at the time when the treaty was concluded with the Chinese government providing for leasing to us the right of occupation of the Kwan-tung district.

This idea even found a place in the text of the treaty, where it was specifically indicated that, while Port Arthur should be open only to the war-ships of China and Russia, the Gulf of Talien-Wan, with the exception of one of its inner bays destined equally with Port Arthur for the exclusive use of the Russian and Chinese fleets, should be considered open for foreign commerce, and free access to it would be permitted to the ships of all nations. At the same time the Russian government announced in the *Gazette* its intention to make Talien-Wan an extensive port for the commercial and manufacturing undertakings of foreign nations in the Far East. On my visit to this city, holding in mind the purpose of its foundation, I turned my chief attention to making clear its position and needs, from the point of view of the best possible fulfilment of these purposes.

The site of the town of Dalny and its port is admirably chosen, on the shore of the Talien-Wan Gulf, which is wide, but sheltered from wind and sea. The hills which surround the gulf serve as an admirable shelter from the wind, and make the city very picturesque. The area included by the town, though it has a somewhat uneven and rocky surface, offers no special difficulties in the laying out of the streets with easy grades, and at the same time on a large enough scale for the probable future growth of the population.

The territory of Dalny is divided into three parts—the administrative and two commercial, the European and the Chinese quarters. The administrative city is already completely built; in it are the houses of the constructors of the city and port, the offices of the steamships of the Chinese Eastern Railroad, the municipal offices, the dwellings of the officials of the port, the railroad, the steamships, as well as of the Russian and Chinese workmen employed on these works. Here are also the church, the school, the hospital, the hotel, the club, and the temporary building of the Russo-Chinese Bank. The streets are paved; there are gardens around the houses; the drainage is good, and there are electric lighting and a water-supply.



The Czar riding at the Head of a Cavalry Troop

In the commercial sections of the town, European and Chinese alike, the railroad administration only intended to put up public buildings and lay out streets. When I was there all the streets were already graded and the building ground was levelled and filled in.

The European quarter of the city ends in a large park, partly consisting of shrubberies, surrounding a Chinese village which was there; the park has hothouses and a greenhouse. Beyond the park is the area of the Chinese town, where a large Chinese theatre has already been built.

But probably the most important undertaking in Dalny, in view of its future commercial growth, is the construction of the port, to the proper completion of which I turned my best attention from the outset.

History measures not by years, but by centuries; and, from this point of view, by the building of the Chinese Eastern Railroad to Port Arthur and Dalny, a mighty work is completed, a historical problem is solved, and one of the last steps is taken in the advance of Russia to the Far East, in her effort to find an outlet to the open sea, to the ice-free shores of the Pacific Ocean.

An Appeal

By Ernest Neal Lyon

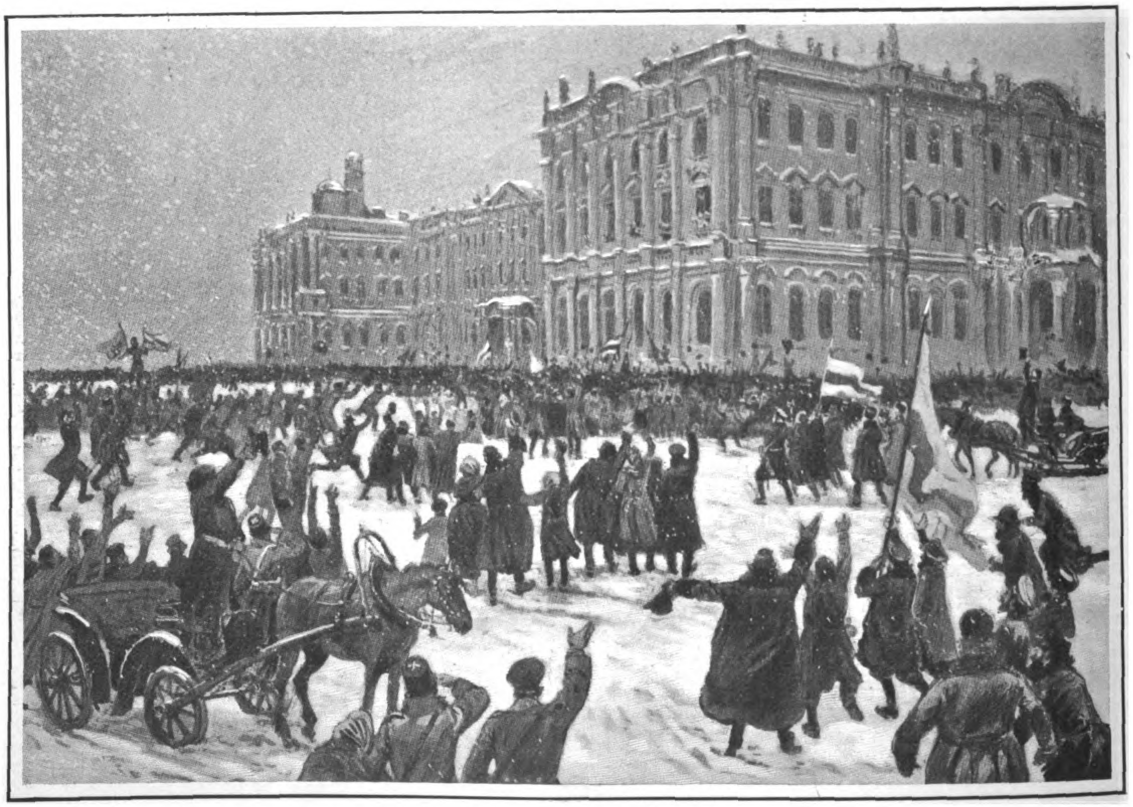
YOU offer eulogy or song
To ears that cannot hear.
The living soldier listens long
For one loud "Onward!" cheer.

Upon the graves of heroes fall
Uncounted roses fair.
Have you no bud among them all
A fighting man may wear?

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The Russian General Tcherkoff, Governor of Warsaw, reviewing Troops for the Far East

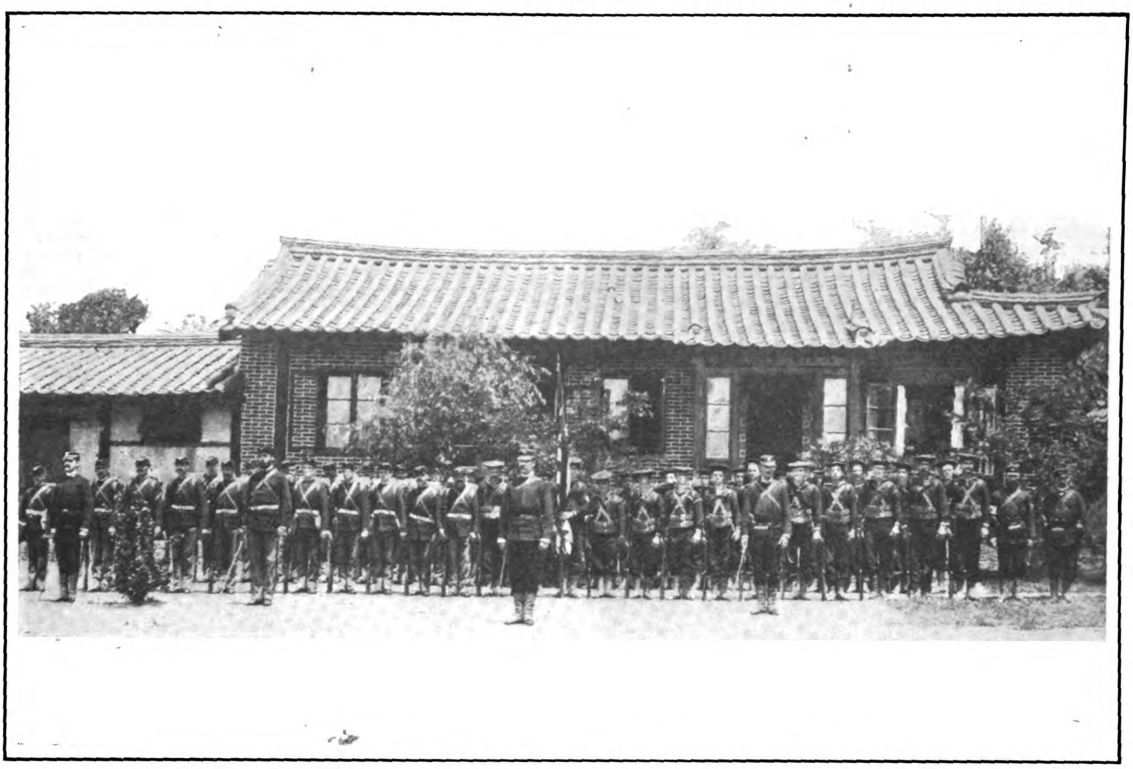


A Scene in Front of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg—Cheering Troops on their Departure for the War

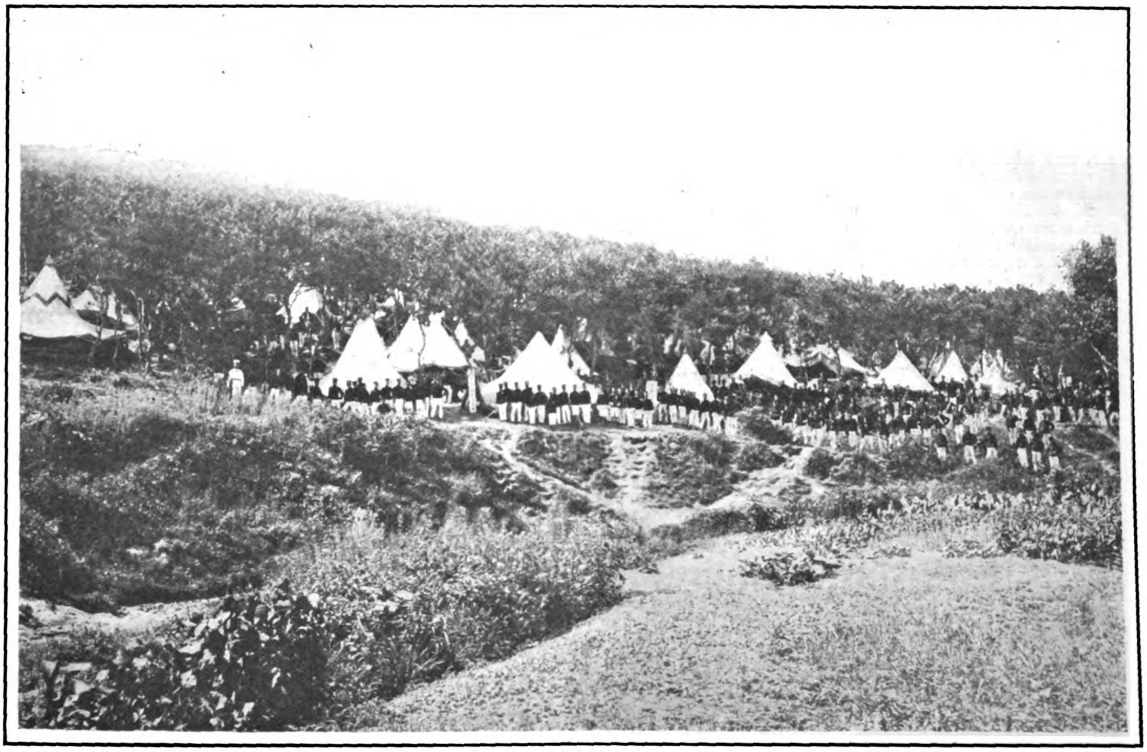
MILITARY SCENES IN ST. PETERSBURG AND WARSAW

It is reported that the Czar's forces at the front will be divided as soon as General Kuropatkin arrives at Mukden. One division will be assigned to the Liao-Tung peninsula, including the Port Arthur garrison, in charge of General Stoessel; a second, or central, army will be commanded by General Linevitch; and a third, or northern, army will be in charge of Baron Stackelburg

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American Marines before the United States Legation at Seoul, the Korean Capital



A Japanese Encampment in Korea

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE SCENE OF WAR IN KOREA

The most recent war news from Korea, where the military situation is likely to come to an early focus, is that the Japanese outposts are approaching nearer to the Yalu River, and have reached Un-San. The Russians are said to have fortified both sides of the river at Wiju, and the approach from Un-San is very strongly guarded. Minor skirmishes between the outposts are reported almost daily. An army of about 40,000 Japanese is said to have landed at Wonsan, on the east coast of the peninsula

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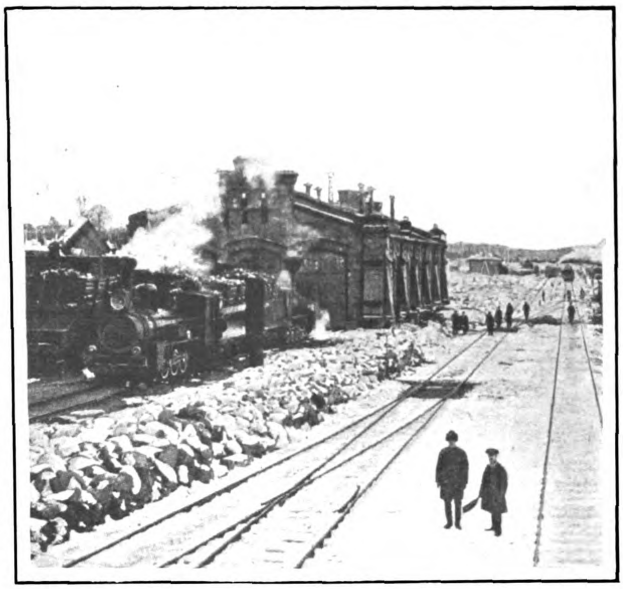
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An Engineer's Views of the Trans-Siberian

By L. Lodian, C.E.

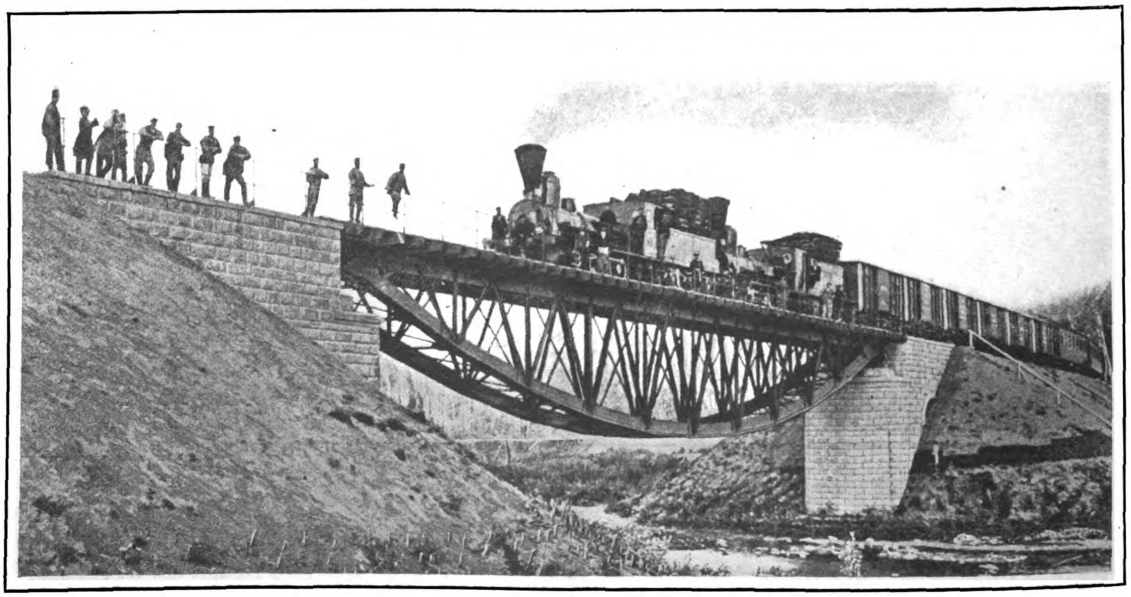
IT is more than a dozen years since Russia began at Vladivostok the construction of her thousand-million-ruble (roundly, $500,000,000) trans-Asiatic railroad, and it is still unfinished; for Russian engineers have not yet solved the problem of getting around Lake Baikal except by a provisional ice-railway over the surface of the lake. The ice-laid railroad over Lake Baikal is the largest over-ice line ever attempted in the history of railroading. It is more than forty verstas (a versta is two-thirds of a statute mile) in length, and has been completed more rapidly than any section of the Trans-Siberian. Russia's railroad engineers have always been expert in rapid work of this kind, for in all railroad construction work in Russia and Siberia, trans-glacial makeshifts have always been resorted to for the transportation of material, stores, etc., though rarely for passengers.

From shore to shore the opposite coasts are plainly visible on clear days. Unfortunately, this railway, built at a cost of a quarter of a million rubles, will be put out of operation within a few weeks by the thawing of the ice, although none but the ice-breakers will be able to navigate the lake for six weeks later. The track will probably be able to float intact during the short open-water summer season, and, with care from the ice-breakers, might be made ready to do service during the next winter. Here the double utility of the tree-length sleepers of the track becomes patent: for, being made of light pine and naturally impregnated with water-repelling resin, they will not only support the rails well out of water, but will serve to carry small parties of from five to six persons, transported on the *dpizinas* (hand-operated trolleys), with scarcely any deflection. This method has been experimentally tried on the Siberian rivers, but had to be discontinued because it interfered with navigation. So far as Lake Baikal is concerned, the only sources of danger in the summer use of the floating track would be an exceptionally severe gale, which might break it up, or the corroding action of the wetting which the waves would give the rails in rough weather. But the track would probably last through one season, at least. This forty-mile floating railroad will be watched with interest as a factor in Russia's transportation problem; although it will not, of course, serve for the passage of anything but small parties on the hand-worked *dpizinas*.



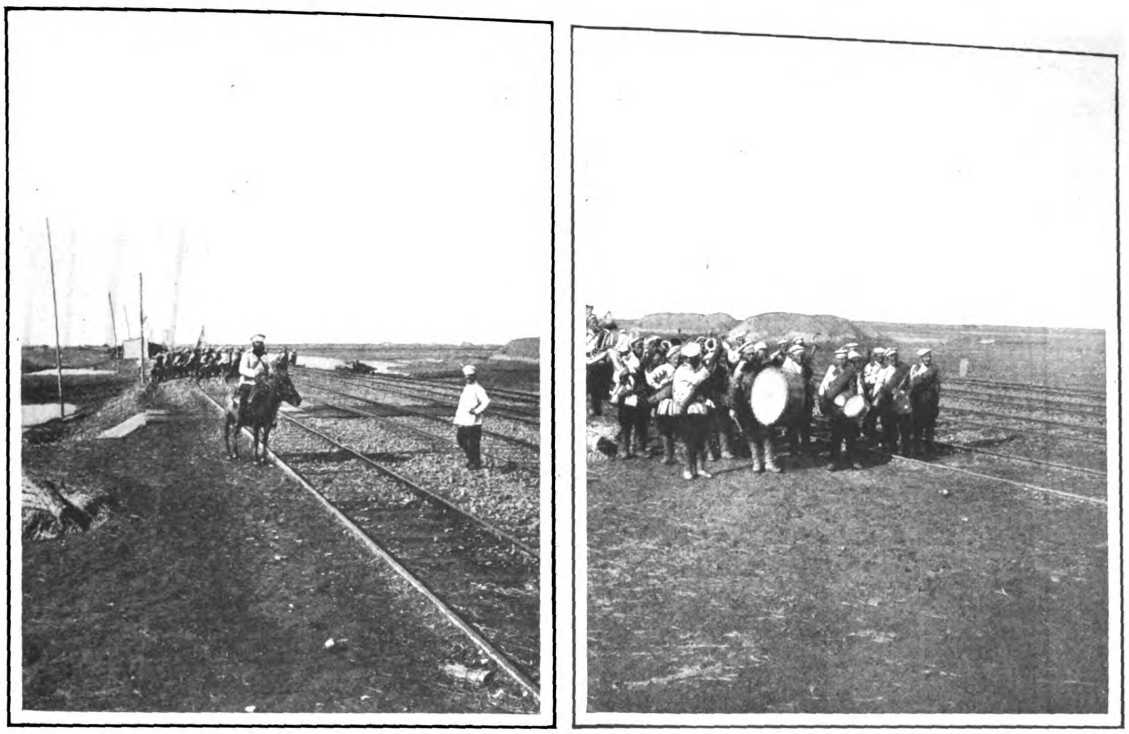
An Engine-house on Russia's Trans-Siberian Railroad—How the Road looks in Winter

The method of building the over-ice railroad across Baikal may be described briefly as follows: The rails and tree-sleepers were carried out on the sledges and ice-breaking ferries, and were dropped at designated intervals along the route. The ice is of such thickness that the ferry channel can safely occupy a position within sixty or eighty yards of the railroad track, for constructing or operating; even the daily ice-breaking upheavals of the ferry do not affect the stability of the line, although they crack and fissue the ice all about. Ordinary sleepers are not used, for they do not offer a surface sufficiently self-supporting in case of a rupture of the always uncertain ice under the influence of tidal action and the winds. Instead, whole tree-lengths are used, forty, fifty, and sixty feet wide; for, being provisional, no attempt is made to unify widths. The railroad presents, in consequence, a singularly awkward and uneven appearance, but it answers its purpose adequately. The rails are not heavy — about twenty-five pounds per foot; although there are heavier rails used on parts of the trans-Siberian land lines. The rails are in thirty-foot lengths, made in Russia. Eight or nine of the tree-length sleepers are apportioned to every thirty feet of the rails, which are spiked to them as to ordinary sleepers. As the road is of a purely provisionary nature, not much labor is expended on details. It is left to do its own ballasting, for which a hard snowstorm will more than suffice, the tree-lengths and rails soon catching the drift of the gale-swept and snow-covered waste. In an hour the snow will be banked high; but as too much



A "Low-bow" Bridge on the Trans-Siberian Railroad

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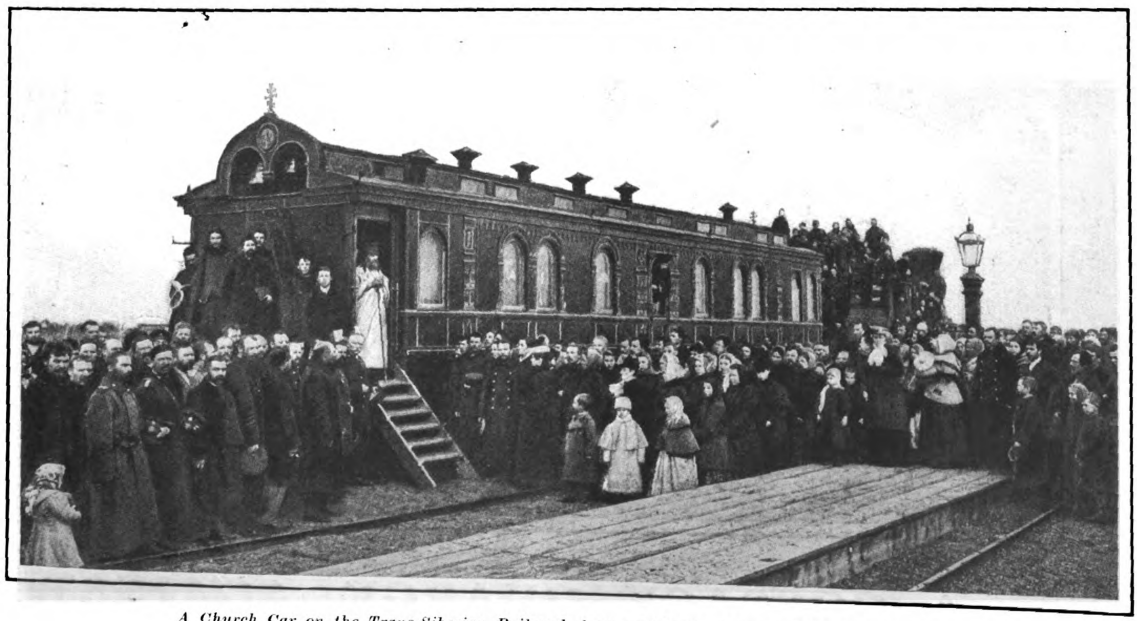
Russian Troops marching along the Line of the Trans-Siberian Railroad on their Way to the Front
From stereographs copyright, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

of it of course interferes with traffic, gangs of workmen, supplied with big timber shovels, assist the snow-drifts in the work of ballasting by ramming and compacting the rail-covered snow down between the sleepers. In a few days this turns to snow-ice, so that the railroad becomes not alone laid *on* ice, but actually *in* ice; and, through this assistance of nature, speed is increased on the road from eight to fifteen miles an hour.

The construction of the circum-Baikal line may be compared, in the matter of difficulty, with the problems presented to the builders of the Colorado Midland Railroad. The circum-Baikal line winds in and out and through and over the spurs of the Altai Range. From the Ural Range to Ipkytck (Irkutsk)—the capital in the heart of Siberia—a distance of 3000 miles, there is not a single tunnel; but, after leaving Ipkytck, one enters almost at once a region of tunnels. Immediately after leaving Ipkytck the line runs into a mountain; and it will continue to tunnel the circum-Baikal scenery for two years to come, or until it pulls out on the level at the village of Micobaia. My tour of the circum-Baikal route convinced me that the borders of the lake should have been followed more closely, which would have made it possible to transport material both by water and land, instead of entirely by land. There will be numerous tunnels on the line—some of them from three to four miles in length. The country through which the road traverses is very scantily inhabited, and all supplies have to be brought from a distance.

The laborers employed in the surface grading of the line endure many discomforts. The mosquitoes ("komapi" to the Russians) are such a severe trial for six months of the year that the cart horses used for the removal of excavated material become unmanageable, and it is necessary to keep peat fires going constantly wherever the work is in progress. This mitigates the discomfort somewhat, but presents the alternative annoyance of inhaling the stifling smoke from the burning heaps. In the tunnels, on the

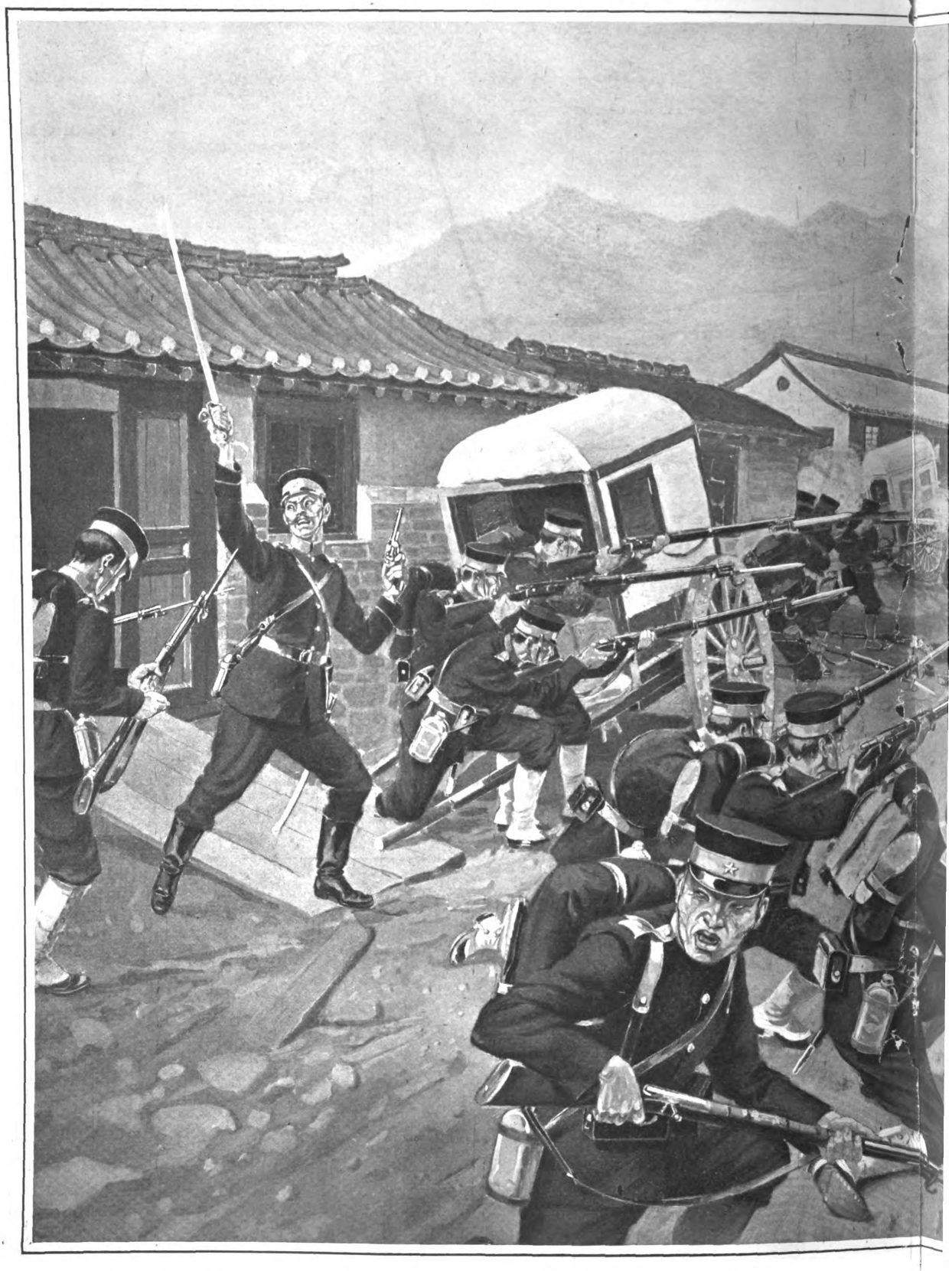
(Continued on page 563.)



A Church Car on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, from which Services are held along the Route

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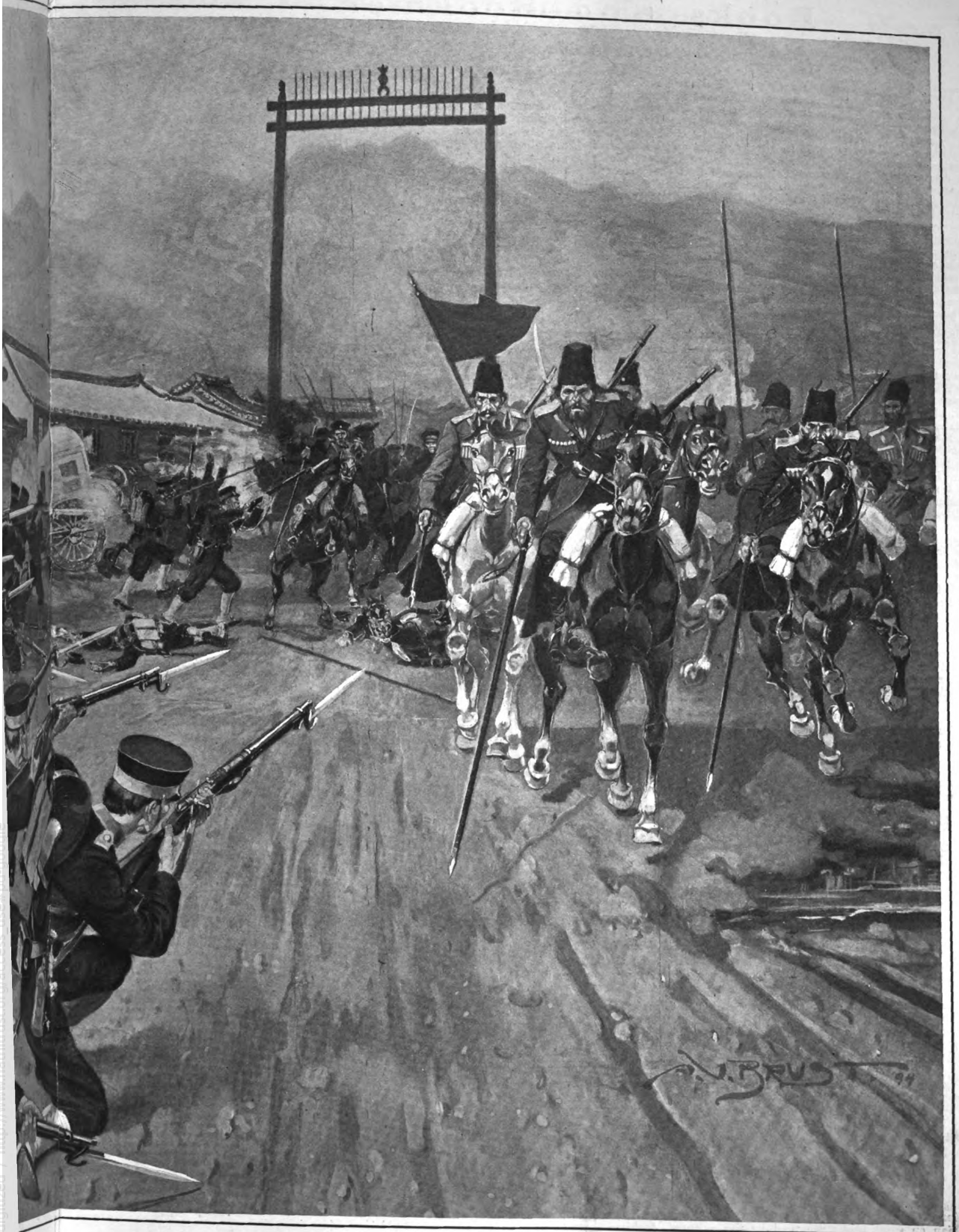
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A COSSACK CHARGE AGAINST JAPANE

A report from the scene of war in the Far East dated March 29 tells of an encounter between the Cossacks and the of battle in this region. The main body of the Russian forces remain on the Manchurian side of the Yalu, while the

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Drawn by A. J. Brust

JAPANESE TROOPS IN NORTHERN KOREA

...and the outposts of the Japanese in Korea, in which 50 Japanese were killed. The armies are forming in line ...e the Japanese hold strong positions at Ping Yang and on the Miokak-San range, between Hwang-Ju and Seoul

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Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

THE clever cartoon, forecasting Mr. Balfour's resignation, which appears on this page, was the first to be printed in the new series of the London *Daily Chronicle*, recently reduced from one penny to one halfpenny. The distinguishing feature of the *Chronicle*, and its chief attraction for men and women of letters, is its literary page, and I note with satisfaction that there is to be no diminution of interest shown in this department. It was conceded long ago that the increased prominence given in recent years to literature in British journalism was due to the vigorous experiment of Mr. Fletcher when he resolved to devote every day a page, or the larger part of a page, to reviews, literary notes, and special articles in the *Chronicle*. Under the energetic direction of Mr. H. W. Massingham, one of the most brilliant and venturesome of London journalists, the *Chronicle* subsequently became the favorite vehicle of publishers' advertisements and a weighty authority in the book world. Later, when the attraction of politics proved too much for Mr. Massingham, the literary page came into Mr. Henry Norman's charge who, besides being a frequent contributor himself, gathered about him some of the best English writers. He was particularly successful in the collection of literary news. When *The World's Work* was started in London, Mr. Heinemann proved anew his sagacity by choosing Mr. Norman—of all men the best for the task—to edit it. Since Mr. Norman's day, Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, as I stated last week, has conducted the *Chronicle's* literary page, and until last autumn he was ably supported in maintaining the freshness and variety of its literary paragraphs by Mr. James Milne, who left the *Chronicle* to start a literary journal of his own called *The Book Monthly*, which bears the marks of Mr. Milne's wide literary knowledge and sympathy, and his editorial resourcefulness. The literary page of the *Chronicle* has never been so well done as it is now under the care of Mr. Nevinson. Among its stanchest and ablest contributors are the vivacious Mr. Archer, the witty L. F. Austin, Arthur Waugh, Sydney Brooks, Justin McCarthy, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Max Pemberton, George Bernard Shaw, Clement Shorter, Frederic Harrison, Richard Le Gallienne, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Israel Zangwill, and many others distinguished in the world of letters in England.



Mr. Balfour in "The Only Way"
'It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known"

I have frequently urged a well-known American actress, during the last three or four years, to write out her reminiscences, but her plea is always—not lack of material, dear me, no!—but want of time. By and by—at some more convenient season—she hopes to settle down to the task. *The Book Monthly* for March tells how Madame Sarah Bernhardt got over this difficulty when she began the autobiography upon which she is now engaged. It appears that every evening when she drives from her house in Paris to the theatre a literary friend accompanies her in her carriage, and that he acts as scribe while she reels off her recollections. When he has arranged the matter and put it in shape for her to read, the actress goes over it carefully, and then it is sent to the printer. I wonder if my friend, the American actress, could be induced to follow this plan—an excellent one, let me add, for good talk and a story well told, thrown off with the grace and verve of the raconteur, are the best elements of autobiography.

The editor of *The Book Monthly* has been interviewing a West End librarian on what books are read by the cultured, fashionable, and wealthy people of London. Mr. Thomas Verrinder has been for twenty years the librarian of the Grosvenor Gallery Library. He gives some personal recollections of Gladstone, Lord Goschen, and Lord Randolph Churchill, but there is little else that is new in what Mr. Verrinder has to say about the books read by London society. Commenting on the fact, with some regret, that readers do not want advice nowadays as they used to from librarians as to what they should read, but make a rush for the book in vogue, Mr. Verrinder recalls two amusing incidents showing how a librarian's advice was resented by a fashionable lady and a well-known clergyman in London. One day two charming young girls called at a popular library and asked for Zola's *La Terre*, then in its first English translation. It was handed to them by an assistant, but happening to notice this, the librarian stepped up and said courteously to the elder of the two that he was sure there must be some mistake, and would she allow him to assist her to choose another book. Being a persuasive librarian, he was allowed to have his way, and the young girls departed, not, however, altogether pleased, as, indeed, was shown next day, when their mother, a lady of title, walked in upon the librarian, and demanded to know by what right he presumed to dictate to her daughters what they should read. After crushing the offender for his presumption she wound up by carrying away the book which had been the cause of the trouble.

"You see," said Mr. Verrinder, "that was a case where good—or, at all events, well intended—advice was resented." The other experience of the same librarian lay in giving advice which was also resented, but adopted. An elderly divine, whose name and works are generally known, was a constant visitor with whom the librarian had almost daily intercourse. "Well, Mr. Librarian," said the divine, dropping in one forenoon, when Zola, some years ago, was on a visit to England—"well, there is a great fuss over M. Zola's visit to London. For myself, I have doubts whether he is a proper subject of so much adulation." "Zola," answered the librarian, "is one of the chief representatives of French literature, and although his realistic literary methods may be questionable, he is undoubtedly a master writer, and sincere to a fault." "That may be," quoth the divine, "but still the subjects of his books are unnecessary and unpardonable. I judge from what I am told, because I would not look at one of them for the world." "I can only say," urged the librarian, "that they seem to be written with a good object, and that they may have good results." "No right-thinking man or woman," concluded the divine, "would think of reading Zola's books, and, as I have said, I would not open one of them." Thereupon the scandalized divine went away. That very afternoon the librarian noticed him again at one of the counters. Curious to learn whether this second visit had anything to do with the talk of the morning, he inquired of the clerk what book Dr. So-and-So had taken out. The answer was "*Nana*, sir!"

This reminds me of a good story which the author of *The Refugees* tells on himself. In a little Irish town there is a convent ruled by a Mother Superior whose eyes have seen their best days. Going into the local bookseller's shop, she picked up a volume which she took for a work by Canon Doyle, a dignitary of renown in those parts. She bought it, and had it read aloud for edification at the midday meal. The edification in the opening chapters seemed far to seek. Never had love-making been so freely alluded to within those secluded walls. The novices were thrilled. "Well, well," said the Mother Superior, "the dear Canon is preparing us for a miracle of grace. The frivolous flirt, by the mercy of heaven, no doubt ends by taking the veil." Then came the awakening. Some one perceived that the title-page bore the word "Conan" and not "Canon." The discovery reached the ears of the Mother Superior. "Well, well," said she, "the bookseller of whom we bought the book is a pious man, and now that we have paid for it, we should be wasteful not to read it to the end."

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How Li Hung-Chang Foretold the War

By Carl Frederick Ackerman

ONE man at least knew that trouble must come in the Far East. That man was Li Hung-Chang. He knew that the day would come when the Japanese would be strong enough to pit their pigmy strength against their now giant foe, Russia, whose aim for many long years has been to seek by every means a channel to the seaboard. During the days the allied troops occupied Peking, and pending the return of the Emperor and the Empress Dowager and the Chinese court, the Viceroy was almost a daily visitor to the Russian legation, and, indeed, his palacan, with its highly uniformed, swift-footed carriers, was hours at a time in Legation Street while the Russian diplomats were discussing Manchuria. Li Hung-Chang spoke no English. If he spoke the Russian language, and of this I am in doubt, he gave no evidence of this knowledge to the members of the Russian legation. Manchuria, then as now, was a plum for which Russia reached, and the hand of the Viceroy was loaned for the moment to aid in plucking it. That is one reason Li Hung-Chang understood the purpose of Japan in increasing her army, and creating a naval force the power of which recently was so potent off Port Arthur.

The Viceroy told me that the trouble in the Pi-chi-li province was merely a riotous movement which should have occasioned little alarm. Yet he said the European race might well feel concern in years to come when a greater and more violent movement would be undertaken to drive into the sea all foreign residents of the Empire. He meant that all China would rise. He frankly stated that a great tidal wave of Chinese hatred and viciousness, engendered by years of bitter animosity, would swoop up the Yangtse-Kiang Valley and engulf those hapless foreign residents along its banks, rush with irresistless force into the interior to annihilate white people wherever they may be found. Li Hung-Chang intimated that it was to Japan to whom China might eventually look for the brains with which to train her millions into an overwhelming machine of war.

As I stated, Li Hung-Chang spoke no English. If he did he was crafty enough to conceal the fact. During the two days I spent in his presence there were moments when he dreaded to talk. At other times he was anxious to say something which might place him upon record as prophecying the future. We spoke of the Boxer uprising. Every word was translated by his secretary.

"Now that the war is over will the Emperor and the court return to Peking?" I asked. He was seated in an armchair upon his veranda, his head far back and his breathing labored.

"Do you think the war is at an end? Will the Chinese court return? How can I tell? You want to know if the Pi-chi-li province will begin to thrive again? When something that must exist has been destroyed it must be reconstructed. Villages have been levelled to the ground, women and children driven to sleep under the stars. The fields are barren. There is no rice nor fish in the corner where once stood the mud abode. The people must eat. Soldiers have trampled upon one of China's greatest provinces, set foot in her capital, and penetrated the confines of the oldest and most sacred city in the world. Temples have been defiled, their ornaments stolen, their decorations ruined, and traditions of temple and palace destroyed."

Li Hung-Chang did not refer to Russia at that time. It was with difficulty that he was prevailed upon to refer to that country at all.

"Russia will settle in Manchuria; she has come to stay?" I ventured.

"What makes you think Russia will stay in Manchuria?"

"It is generally understood that Russia would like to acquire Manchuria. It would give her an outlet to the seaboard. Then there is the railroad which she must protect against any uprising by the Chinese in that province."

He laughed, or, rather, he cackled, and it was not pleasant to look at him. His body shook slightly and the mirth ended in a spasm of pain. He was serious in an instant. That laugh reminded me of the state of mind in which Li Hung-Chang must have found himself after the massacre of the soldiers at Port Arthur by the Japanese. That event in China's history cost Li his yellow jacket. The money invested in him by the government with which to purchase arms was used in collecting a dangerous complement of rapid-fire rifles which the Austrian government had discarded. Many Chinese at Port Arthur were killed by the explosion of their own arms. Li bought them cheap. He pocketed the few million dollars as a result of his perfidy. Yes, he surely must have laughed when he heard of the slaughter at Port Arthur. His humor ofttimes took a peculiar vein. He continued:

"Russia may want Manchuria. It is no news. But how can I tell you?"

"You go to the Russian legation every day. You favor Russia, and you are the chief adviser of the Chinese court," I suggested. He did not like the question, and he said something in Chinese that sounded like a swear-word.

"Can I not visit my friends? There is no intrigue. I know these men a long time. Just a friendly visit."

All the same these friendly visits were the means of bringing Russia and Japan to each other's throats.

"The powers will not permit Russia to acquire this territory," I ventured. "Then, there is Japan. What will Japan say?"

Now he snarled. One could not blame him. It was touching a delicate subject with the old man.

"What can Japan say? And are not the Mikado's soldiers the best equipped in the world? Why did they perform so well on the march to Peking? They had been trained, they are being disciplined to-day for some great trouble that is to come. No one knows the resources of the Japanese Empire. Her navy is in-



The last Interview with Li Hung-Chang, in which he gave his Views of the "Yellow Peril," and foretold the War between Russia and Japan

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creasing, her regular army is immense, and her regiments in reserve are without number. She is preparing."

"Do you mean that Japan will some day fight Russia?"

"Russia took Port Arthur after Japan had taken it from the Chinese. That is all I will say. There is a term in your country, 'Get even.' I heard General Grant, the greatest soldier in the world, use it. Perhaps Russia—"

He paused. Complaining of fatigue he called to his henchmen and asked that the curtain which separated him from his apartments be removed. He would retire. He further asked to be excused for the day. At that time I paid little attention to the remarks. They are as vivid to-day as when they were rolled from the mouth of his scowling, overworked secretary and translator.

There was no doubt about Li Hung-Chang's attitude at that time. He had something to say that in later years he wished the world to remember. He did not wish to be misquoted nor did he care to have his remarks repeated while he lived. He was emphatic as to this point.

At eleven o'clock the next morning he posed for what were the last photographs taken of him. He was in much better humor over the report of his physician, and appeared to walk with less effort. He talked about the Japanese and the excellent work done by these soldiers in the march to the relief of the legations. At times I could not understand him. He spoke in parables, but enough of his thought reached me to make me believe that he really saw that Russia and Japan might meet in conflict in Chinese territory. I caught one remark to the effect that Japan would become the friend of China; that their interests were mutual.

I asked him, "Do you think the secret societies of China will again revolt?"

"Not now; not so soon; they have been punished, these naughty children. The allied troops left many dead and wounded behind them, and many of the innocent suffered; suffered not only bodily, but saw their fields trampled upon and the means of obtaining a livelihood swept away. But the day will come," and the eyes of the octogenarian flashed fire, if those beady, fishy eyes could gleam, "when no foreign resident will be safe. There will be trouble in Manchuria long before the Chinese hordes will move against the missionaries and the people with white skins."

"Russia and Japan will war?" I asked, in surprise.

"What is Japan arming for, for what great epoch in her history is she preparing?"

He saw that he spoke too quickly and upon a subject that might cause him trouble before his soul left the earth. Life, even then, was very sweet to him.

"It is only my idea, my prophecy," he hastened to explain. "How can I tell? Of the Chinese I will talk, because concerning my own race I am familiar with their traits, their character. The world has been led to believe that the Chinese are cowards and will not fight. I know better. My 5000 men have fought, and fought well under me. The Chinese troops under General Gordon swept everything before them. It only requires an efficient officer to enthuse the men of my race and teach them to shoot straight and stand while they are shooting. They can be trained. Their foes will learn to know them better some day, some day, I say, and you, young man, may live to see the day when millions of Chinese will fight under their standards as their brothers of the same skin, the Japanese, are now able to battle for the honor of their Emperor and their empire."

"Who will train them?" I was impolite enough to yell into the face of his yellow-skinned interpreter. His sinister words had a bad effect. It opened a channel of thought to the awfulness of a situation with Chinese troops overrunning Europe and Asia. He had talked too much and he knew it. His face was benign now and innocent as that of a child. All the fire and animation had departed.

"The Japanese may need help some day. Should they need power they may look across the Yellow Sea. What would Japanese officers do with the apparently indolent and peace-loving Chinese of to-day? What did the English do with the Chinese at Wei-hai-wei? The English made hard-fighting men of them, and I myself have made them fight as no Chinese ever fought before. We smothered rebellions as easily as your thumb and finger can snuff the life from a candle-flame. We reached the offenders and we punished them."

And, indeed, Li Hung-Chang knew how well he had punished them—knew better than their own kin who were allowed to bury the maimed and mutilated bodies of the men who had been tortured for leading intrepid spirits like their own against the word of the Emperor and for jeopardizing the peace of the empire.

"You think the Chinese will rise again? Have they not been taught a lesson?"

"Yes, yes, they have been taught—not to forget. You touch the Chinaman's stomach, you render conditions such that his family must suffer for want of food, and you have got a bad man to deal with."

"Do you know that fifty million people in China are dependent upon the waterways for a livelihood? Even now syndicates have asked for concessions in the southern provinces and those along the Yangtse-Kiang River. For what purpose? Why, for the construction of railroads connecting Hongkong with Hankow, on the upper waters of the great river. What do you suppose this means to millions of my people? It means that those who made their living by handling freight on the river will find the transportation absorbed by the railroad corporation. This river traffic is a serious asset in the wealth of the river. It is no uncommon thing for a boy to be born upon one of these Chinese junks, live to become a great-grandfather without leaving it. They sleep and eat upon the junks; all moving within a little world of your own."

"You mean to infer that should the railroad displace this river traffic it would cause the people to rise?"

"Was not the Taku-Peking Railroad largely responsible for the outbreak in Pe-chi-li? I tell you yes."

"It would be a terrible menace to all foreign residents in China?"

"Menace, indeed! The rioting in Pe-chi-li would be small compared to it. Think of the thousands and thousands of incensed Chinese who would hasten to the arsenals to arm themselves. Much white blood would be shed, and it would take the allies a much greater time to subdue these southern Chinese."

Li Hung-Chang spoke at some length along this line of thought, but when the subject touched the Japanese he became reticent. He was thinking at that time of the hour when Japan might be called upon to preach to her natural ally the hope that some day the yellow race might dominate the globe.

The beginning of this war in the East is not the end by any means. Should Japan be driven to declare peace and recoup her losses as best she may, she has only one ally towards whom she may look. Russia will never be able to subdue the Chinese. An affiliation with a white race is distasteful to those of the yellow skins.

Japan to-day is an object of admiration to the men of affairs of the Chinese Empire. If the latter would emulate the example in progress and development displayed by Japan, China will become a powerful factor in the future of the world. If the Japanese officers swarm to China with the purpose of instructing the millions of Chinese, who would willingly become soldiers, it would mark an epoch in the history of military life of the nations of incalculable import.

Never can the powers permit China to arm herself; never can she be permitted to float a formidable navy. Suppose China bids defiance to the world, as she can do allied with Japan, as victorious as Japan has been upon the water. China can build ships; she can make powder and lead, and she can make her own guns. She can march into Europe with her legions. She needs the services of five thousand Japanese officers, and with five years from this date the foundations of republic and monarchy would be shaken by the awful truth that an overpowering army lay in the Orient, capable in numbers of sweeping around the world.

Li Hung-Chang looked into the future, though he said little. He spoke enough, however, and heaven forbid that his dreams shall ever be realized.

Japan

By Archibald Hopkins

ROUSED from the slumber of an age-long night,
She dropped the lacquered armor She had borne,
Nor thought Herself a recreant, forsworn,
Fronting with steadfast eyes the growing light,
Her nightmare dreams all put to instant flight.
Hers not the part, unfruitful years to mourn,
Hers not to cling to what She saw outworn.
She planned anew, based on Her ancient right,
A fabric, strong Time's wasting to defy,
Then turned Her thought to choose from out the West,
Whate'er Her wisdom taught would serve Her best;
And now She stands Queen of the rising East,
To lead its Peoples higher paths to try,
Till Nations clash no more, and wars have ceased.

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The Situation in Russia

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *March 23, 1904.*

EXILED Russians are like emigrant Irishmen. Their enmity towards the country that has driven them forth is unbending and half ferocious. The English have never realized, and even now do not understand, how much they might have saved themselves had the exodus after the Irish famine been assisted and guided by a sympathetic government. The Russian bureaucracy is perhaps just as little aware how enormously Czardom is prejudiced abroad by the bitter activities of Russian exiles. The public side of those activities is well illustrated by the case of the London *Times*. About a year ago the Russian authorities expelled the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Times*. It was a fantastically foolish step. So far from stopping the flow of Russian news to Printing-House Square it immensely increased it. The *Times* lost its regular correspondent and gained a score of irregular ones; and the irregulars were naturally members of the disaffected classes. The result is that for the past twelve months every weak spot in the Russian polity has been exposed in the columns of the most powerful paper in the world, every grievance of the "intellectuals" aired, and a searching light thrown on the details of Russian administration. The *Times* at this moment is vehemently pro-Japanese and even more vehemently anti-Russian; and the influence of the *Times* not only in England but throughout Europe is immense. That it should have been converted through the stupidity of the bureaucracy into the organ of the revolutionaries who feed it with abundant and singularly accurate information of the kind that the Russian government most objects to seeing in print, shows the quickness of the Russian "opposition" to seize upon every chance of injuring the autocracy. But even more pronounced is the attitude of individual Russians whose "liberalism," unacceptable to the pure gospel of absolutism and orthodoxy, has obliged them to seek a home outside the empire. Brilliant Russian women, ardent and implacable men, are to be met with by the score in London, and to listen to them holding forth on the war is a strange and almost uncanny experience. They are literally praying for a Russian defeat, not for the gratification of their private grievances against the autocracy, but from the conviction that Russia to be reformed must first be humiliated, and that the triumph of Japan would so weaken the bureaucracy and so enrage the people as to make the demand for a wider and more representative system irresistible.

This is a view well worth examining. I have already given some reasons for doubting the widely spread opinion that Russia's effectiveness in the field may be hampered by an internal explosion at home. It is not a conclusion which any one who has really studied Russian history and character is likely to accept. Those who adopt it fall, as it seems to me, into the common fallacy of thinking that no system can be representative which does not conform to Western models. They argue that the war is not a really national war, because the people have not sanctioned it, because the bureaucracy is alone responsible for it, because the Far East, anyway, is not a question that really touches the *muzhik*. But to this it may be answered that Russian patriotism—and no patriotism is more intense because none is so impregnated with religious sentiment—centres not in the bureaucracy, but in the Czar, and that an appeal to arms emanating from the Czar closes all gaps and makes the Russian millions more truly one than was England during the Boer war. War always consolidates, and to suppose that while it lasts all Russia will not be passionately united, because a certain number of elected delegates have not debated and voted on the war and taken a hand in the negotiations that preceded it is utterly to misconceive the spirit and scope of the autocratic system. Again, this is a war waged by a Christian against a non-Christian power. For that reason alone it thrills the Russian consciousness with a fervor that to us may seem mediæval in its intensity. Nor is it true that the *muzhik* has no interest in the Far-Eastern question. Running all through the tale of Russian history you find this ceaseless ideal, instinct, ambition, aspiration, policy—call it what you will—that drags Russia towards the domination of the East. It is the *muzhik's* imperialism, vague, inchoate, formless no doubt by the side of Roman or German or British imperialism, but stirring, nevertheless, in the depths of his being, and needing only the shock of war to make it vital. When to all this you add that the enormous majority of Russians have no political longings in the Western sense whatever, that autocracy and orthodoxy perfectly satisfy them, and that the disaffected elements are scattered, fragmentary, and unorganized, it will be seen that the chances of anything like a formidable *émeute* are of the slightest, and that in this war, as in all others, Russia may rely without misgiving on the self-sacrifice, loyalty, and determination of her peoples.

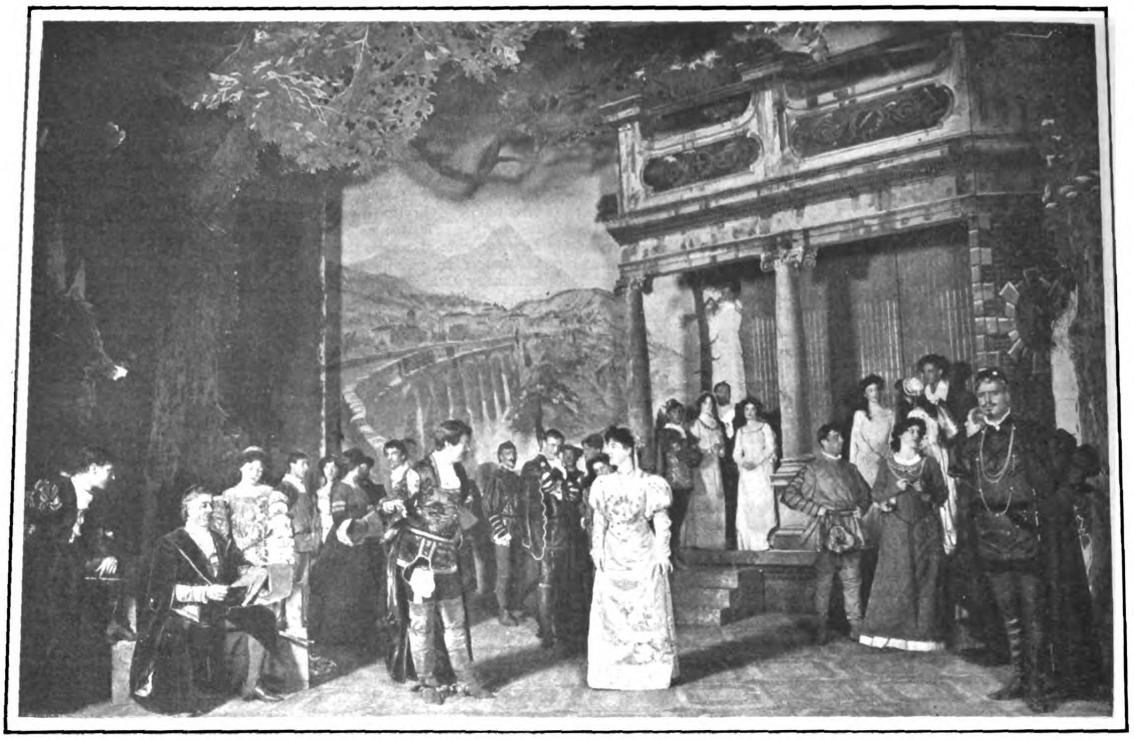
Nevertheless, the conflict synchronizes with a critical phase in Russia's internal development, and its after-effects may be of real moment. We are all overapt to think that stability and continuity of policy must be one of the attributes of an autocracy. As a matter of fact, at any rate in domestic affairs, the Russian autocracy has always shown itself singularly undecided and inconsistent. Take, for instance, its attitude towards education, now liberal and helpful, now restive and alarmed, now capricious and even repressive. A Czar of spirit and determination like Alexander II. can in a few years reorganize the state almost from top to bottom, leaving it to his successors to complete or stifle his work at will. As a rule, they prefer to stifle it. Conservatism takes alarm, and a reforming Czar is automatically followed by a reactionary Czar, who spends the best part of his life quietly nullifying his predecessor's innovations. That is why progress in Russia advances, when it advances at all, by fits and starts and sudden hurried jumps. That is why hardly one of the many great reforms that ushered in the second half of the last century has escaped mutilation. That also is why one need never despair of Russia, because even if a reactionary Czar succeeds a liberal Czar, there is always an even chance that a liberal Czar may succeed a reactionary Czar; and the frontiers of progress, once pushed forward, are never pushed back quite to their original position—each time there is a gain. The opening of the Russo-Japanese war roughly coincided with an upward movement towards liberalism. For the past five or six years there have been signs that the policy of repression, after a sway of thirty years, was beginning to ebb, and that Nicholas II. might, after all, leave behind him a name as a reformer. He has the reformer's temperament, but not the reformer's decision, and too much should not, therefore, be expected from him. It is not so much insight as strength of will that is required of a Czar who means his liberalism to be effective.

The most striking sign of the reaction from the obscurantism of the past generation was, of course, the manifesto issued by the Czar in March, 1903. It was, in effect, a programme of reform on which "our ministers and the chief officials concerned in the matter" were commanded to submit "their views as to the execution of our intentions." The manifesto pledged the Czar to a policy of religious tolerance, to the improvement of the position of the rural clergy, to a relaxation of the passport system, an abridgment of the authority of the commune over the individual, and an extension of local self-government. These reforms have not yet been carried out. Some of them perhaps never will be carried out. The Orthodox Church, for instance, is not going to take any practical steps yet awhile towards securing freedom of worship for all sects. It is not going to amend that fruitful law which prescribes that every child, whose father or mother is or has been a member of the Church, shall be brought up in that communion, even against the wishes of both parents. The really vital promises in the manifesto were those which held out a prospect of restricting the power of the commune over the individual and those which foreshadowed a revision of the agrarian laws, to be discussed in the zemstvos (provincial councils) "with the closest collaboration of the worthiest public men invested with the confidence of the public." Their essence, of course, is not revolution, but readjustment—readjustment, however, that enlarges liberty and makes for at least local self-government; and whether they are carried out to the last letter or not, their significance remains. They are a recognition from the highest quarter that conditions are changing in Russia as everywhere else. Wherein does the change consist? Education, for one thing, has rapidly advanced of late years, especially primary education among the poor. With a falling percentage of illiteracy has arisen a growing taste for reading, and reading leads to discussion, healthy curiosity, and mental alertness. Religion, too, especially the teaching and example of such evangelical sects as the Stundists and Pashkovites, has been within the last decade an exceptionally powerful impulse in the direction of self-help, cleaner living, and social improvement. But the most decisive change that has taken place in Russia of late years is the rise of an industrial class.

How M. Witte, when he became Minister of Finance, set deliberately to work to stimulate manufactures, to call on the towns to make good the deficits of the country, is a thricetold tale. Whether he had altogether worked out the effects of his policy on the Russian character and the Russian system of government is another question. But it is worth noting that under his inspiration Russia has gone further than any other nation in the direction of state monopolies, and that railways, vodka, tea, and sugar already are, or soon will be, the exclusive property of the government. It is quite conceivable that M. Witte intended that the state should eventually own everything ownable, and that the bureaucracy should be extended till it practically embraced all the able-bodied artisans of the empire. However that may be, it is undeniable that the Russian *muzhik*, drafted into the towns and turned into an industrial working-man, has proved a formidable problem. Even under a factory system which is nothing if not paternal he has learned to strike, to develop grievances, to organize demonstrations; and those demonstrations, far too large to be dispersed by the police, have been taking on a more and more political tone. At the same time the peasants left in the communes have been hard hit by the rigidly protective tariff necessary for M. Witte's industrial policy, and have been driven into intimidation, arson, and all those terrible methods of coercion employed by the Irish Land League. Students' riots, again, have multiplied within the last five years at an excessive rate, and are beginning to assume a more decisively political character than ever. Finally, the landowners and country gentlemen, who control the provincial councils, took advantage of an official inquiry into the state of agriculture in 1902 to formulate a list of political measures that, if carried out, would amount to a peaceful revolution.

For these and many other symptoms it had become apparent that Russia was on the eve of a considerable change, and the Czar's manifesto had therefore the additional importance of being the product of forces long at work. Will those forces be more or less operative when the war is over? I think one may fairly reason that their effectiveness will be increased rather than diminished by the struggle with Japan, and that they will profit by the intellectual stimulus, the stir in the national life, which every war produces.

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The Century Players in "Much Ado About Nothing"

The Century Players, under the direction of Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld, produced Shakespeare's comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing," at the Princess Theatre, New York, on March 14. Miss Jessie Millward was "Beatrice," Miss Florence Rockwell "Hero," Miss Cora Williams "Margaret," Eugenia Flagg "Ursula," William Morris "Benedick," J. W. Albaugh, Jr., "Claudio," Theodore Roberts "Leonato," Boyd Putnam "Don Pedro," Martin L. Alsop "Don John," and Frank Hetch "Dogberry." Mr. Rosenfeld's aim in this enterprise is to return to the stock-company system of the days of Lester Wallack, producing the best modern plays by native and foreign dramatists, and reviving the classic comedies. Among the productions in contemplation are Shakespeare's "Othello" and Robertson's "Ours"



A Scene from "The Ruling Power"

"The Ruling Power," a new play by Elwyn Barron, an American living abroad, was produced March 14 at the Garrick Theatre, New York, introducing Miss Katherine Kennedy as a star. The play has for its theme the evil power of hypnotism in contrast with the love of a woman, both exerted on the character of a weak man. "Dr. Edward Maxwell," a hypnotist and friend of "Hawley Harwood," loves "Harwood's" wife "Eleanor." He succeeds in getting "Harwood" completely under his power, and gradually demoralizes him through gambling and dissipation, while he makes himself obnoxious to "Eleanor." Finally "Maxwell" exacts a promise of suicide from the hypnotized man; but at the crucial moment "Eleanor" confronts them. "Harwood" falls in a faint, apparently dead. "Maxwell" refuses to revive him, but "Eleanor," by the power of her love and will, succeeds in bringing him to life, his strength and self-respect restored, while "Maxwell's" purposes are defeated. "Maxwell" is played by Vincent Serrano, "Harwood" by Orrin Johnson

NEW PRODUCTIONS ON THE NEW YORK STAGE

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MISS JULIA MARLOWE

Miss Julia Marlowe, who has not been seen in New York this season, is playing on tour. She appeared recently at Pittsburg as "Mary Tudor" in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and as "Parthenia" in "Ingomar." Next season, it is announced, Miss Marlowe will be seen in Shakespearean rôles, appearing with Mr. E. H. Sothern in leading parts

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Correspondence

SOME INTERESTING VIEWS FROM A NEGRO CORRESPONDENT

LAFAYETTE ALA *Mar 17th 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper Weekly

sir. I see from Week to Week in your paper Wher some Southern White people is Charging the Negros of South as Wanting social Equality With White People that I denicy as untrue and without foundation All the Negro Wants ore has Ever Wanted is Equal rights Before the law of his Country and I ask any Man North ore South if that is wrong for him to aske. that much if so Why so fare as setting down to the same table and eating With White People ore setting their Palar talking with Them I think my self as far above that as they do I live on my own labor sleep in my own bed and I think I have about as good a one as any body ore suit Me as Well at lest they say let us alone Well. We dont so What we Want is help from North and South to help us in Educating and training our people to attain to Highest type of Civilization When that standard reach then Well Will feel our responsibility as a nation All this talk of Southern Representative about Negro Equality is untrue and reliable as any Statement ever fell from human lips let them show one Case Where Negroes have Ever attempted Social Equality in the South so fare as Booker T. Washington is concerned he Belongs to the White race as much so as he dose to the Black for I am told that his father Was White Man and I have never seen where he has aske for social Equality

I take it as compliment confered upon me When a White Man Says that he dont Want to associate with me all Negroes should so Consider it I Want No White Man in My house unless it is on business and I am sure I am not going to his house unless he send for me ore I go to see him on some business And We all have that to do some times but So fare as going there to associate With him We dont do it and there is no excuse for it as I see Now We have a mix race Among us Who some times May Want to associate with them that is perfectly Naual for them to follow the lust of their fathers but I am talking of fullblooded Negros

the South has tried every thing to Justify themselves About their treatment of the Negro and all of them has failed there is but one Way to solve the Negro problum And that is do unto him As You Would that he do unto you that is the Way the Way the Divine Master said for us to do if Education unfite him for good service then the Missionaries business ought to Be stoped in other countries. Because they are governed by some other powers probly at Peace With them and if you go there instructing them your Way they Will soon revolt against their ruler as did panama But I am glad to say that that statement is untrue the better a people is Educated the better it will be for the World No Good thinking man will deny this to say that Education Breed crimes cannot possibly be true Because if it did the White people Would be heathan for they Been Educating over thousand years look at the record and see the Crimes committed by them then Why should they Expect the Negro to quit it when it is every day occurence among them there notherthing saved the religion of the lord Jesus Christ Will Keep us from Crime the Negro I mean the Black Race is no more responsible for what the Yellow race dose than the White Man is Responsible Because he Belong to the one as much as the other I Wish that When Crimes are committed against the White race they would state his color so We Will Know where to Please him to Charge all the crimes against the Afean race is unjust

So fare as White Women is Concerned I dont never give that a thought I Believe in Lafayette a White Woman can go Where she Pleases at any time of night in perfect safty A White Man can go from Home and Be gone for month and leave a hundred Negro men on the Pleace with his Wife and Children and Every thing gose on all right Youse Respectfuly,

JOSEPH LILES

[Our correspondent's orthography is imperfect, but his sentiments are worth consideration. What he says of the divided responsibility for the behavior of mulattoes is not less indisputable than it is important.—EDITOR.]

NEGRO BURNING *VS.* JEW-BAITING

DETROIT, *March 7, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—On page 346 of the March 5 issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY you state that the people of the United States "do not like Russian Jew-baiting"; but what about the beam in our own eye?

Is it becoming in us to criticise the treatment of Russian Jews in Russia when such conditions prevail in our Southern States? There they burn people—tie them to a stake while alive and burn them! In the last case Mr. Washington tells us the man was not a proven murderer, but was accused of having murdered a man—white, of course. One is reminded of the times of Charles X. and Philip II.—and this is the twentieth century! What must the nations of Europe think of us and our boastings of progress and respect for the rights of others? Then you further say that "Russian bureaucracy does not strike us favorably." Are our own departments free from scandals? Certainly not at present, and would you offer as exemplars to Russia the conditions prevailing in the majority of our municipal governments?

That of New York city for the last quarter of a century was a subject of comment in the English Parliament a few days ago. Sometimes one must doubt whether this is a nation of high ideals when one considers that it is only eight years since our country came near to being turned into a nation of thieves. It was a very humbling experience that campaign of 1896. Is it not well for us to see ourselves as others see us? I am, sir,

HARRIET STRONG WITBECK.

[For our part, negro burning in the United States does not make us favorable to Jew-baiting in Russia. We like neither.—EDITOR.]

A KENTUCKIAN CALLED TO ORDER

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, *March 8, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—In the House of Representatives, on the 29th of February, George C. Gilbert, of Kentucky, in a set address, without immediate provocation calling for charitable extenuation, referred to an honorable fellow citizen, as "A black odoriferous geranium by the name of Dr. Crum." Does the State of Kentucky acknowledge that she is well represented by such exhibition of refined sensibilities? Next in order he mentions a man whose pluck, self-denial, splendid talents, administrative success and soundness of judgment are the comment of all enlightened nations, a "a certain other darky by the name of Booker Washington." And still the South is saying: "Let us alone. We understand the negro. We are his best friends."

The negro problem will never be settled until it is settled right. And it will never be settled right until the negro's manhood is respected as much as the white man's manhood and both according to its actual individual worth. Grover Cleveland never disappointed me more than when he hastened to nail as a lie the implication that he had ever suffered a negro to dine at his table, without so much as a single word of noble recognition that he would be honored by the presence at his table of any educator so justly eminent as the President of Tuskegee.

A short time ago an Ohio college president invited me to dine with him at the Hollenden House, Cleveland. Among his guests at the table were two deep-black black men—one a professor in a Southern university and the other a notable orator and financier. The conversation took a wide range of intellectual subjects, and I can scarcely recall a time when there was better play of words or deeper wisdom in serious comment. In gentlemanly decorum, in sensitive courtesy, in self-respecting dignity, these two were the equals of any and examples to more. Sometimes I wonder if the real men of the South have not been silenced by fear of personal harm, and so allow a Vardaman, a Tillman, a Gilbert, and such coarse-tongued vociferators to talk on unrebuked and uncorrected. If these men be fairly representative of Southern sentiment, then men who are trying to be Christian men in a Christ sense can never consent to leave the question of negro franchise, negro education, or negro recognition to be determined by such a perverted public opinion. I am, sir, O. W. WILLITS.

"NATIVE SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST" FOR HEARST?

SAN FRANCISCO, *March 15, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—So far as California is concerned, it is hazarding nothing to say that its delegation to the St. Louis convention will be unanimously for Mr. Hearst. It is fair to say, however, that all Democratic papers in this State are not advocating his candidacy.

Mr. Hearst, while a citizen of New York State, and Representative in the Lower House of Congress for a Congressional district of that State, is a native of California, and is a member of the fraternal organization, "Native Sons of the Golden West." This organization is politically non-partisan in a party sense. But when it is a question of extending honor by political preferment to one of its members, then, to a man, the organization is partisan in support of the "Native Son" candidate. It includes several thousand voters. State pride would carry California for Mr. Hearst, by a handsome plurality. Furthermore, Mr. Hearst has effected, or is effecting, in many if not all the States, such an organization as constitutes a good working machine to turn out delegates in his support. I am, sir, JNO. AUBREY JONES.

ROOSEVELT IN CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO, *March 11, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In the last number of the WEEKLY I see a letter published by you from J. Aubrey Jones, intimating that our President is not strong in this State.

This is a mistaken view. California will send a solid delegation to Chicago instructed for the President. I estimate a majority of at least 20,000 as against a conservative Democratic candidate, and from 30,000 to 50,000 if the Democrats make the issue *class hatred.*

I have lived in this State for over forty years, and I think I know something as to the political feeling here. I am, sir,

F. P. STONE.

President Bancroft-Whitney Co., Law-Book Publishers.

LOS GATOS, CAL., *March 15, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—Your correspondent J. Aubrey Jones speaks of himself as "a Republican (as was Lincoln) albeit he has not always voted that ticket during the past ten years." It is hard on Republicans in California to have this kind of a Republican (a committeeman in a rabid Democratic club) mislead the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY. He had an off year in 1896, also in 1900, and now apparently again in 1904. I am, sir, F. H. MCCULLOCH.

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Progress of the War

THE important results of the war in the Far East prior to March 25 may be briefly summarized as follows: The Russians have had ten war-vessels disabled—the *Czarevitch, Retvisan, Poltava, Pallada, Novik, Askold, Diana, Variag, Korietz*, and the torpedo-boat *Stereguschtchi*. Of these several have been or are being repaired and made ready for further use. The Russian cruiser *Boyarin* and the cruiser *Yenesei* were sunk by accidental contact with a mine; but the *Boyarin* is reported to be again in use. Five Russian commercial steamers were captured by the Japanese during the first week of the war. Japan is known to have lost one torpedo-boat, and several other of her ships are believed to have been injured in the Port Arthur engagements; but definite knowledge of this is withheld. Port Arthur has been repeatedly bombarded, with damaging effect, by the Japanese, and Vladivostok was attacked by them on March 6, though without serious damage to the port. According to the most reliable reports, there have been no land engagements of consequence.

March 25.—On March 22 the Japanese fleet, under Vice-Admiral Togo, made another attack on the Russians at Port Arthur, which is described as follows in an official report from the Vice-Admiral made public on this date:

"The combined fleet acted according to the plan arranged. Two flotillas of destroyers were outside Port Arthur, as instructed, from the night of the 21st until the morning of the 22d. Although during this time our destroyers were under the fire of the enemy, they sustained no damage. The main fleet arrived off Port Arthur at eight o'clock on the morning of the 22d. I despatched a part of the fleet in the direction of Pigeon Bay, and ordered the battle-ships *Fuji* and *Yashima* to make an indirect bombardment against the inner side of the port. During the bombardment the enemy's ships gradually came out of the harbor, and at the time when the indirect bombardment stopped, which was about two o'clock, the number of Russian ships was five battle-ships, four cruisers, and several destroyers. . . . The enemy's ships shelled us indirectly, and many of their shots fell near the battle-ship *Fuji*, but our ships sustained no damage. About three o'clock our vessels withdrew off the port."

March 26.—News was received to-day of the appointment, on March 24, of Adjutant-General Sakharoff, Chief of the General Staff, to succeed General Kuropatkin as Minister of War.

March 27.—A telegram from Vice-Admiral Makaroff, dated March 26, tells of an important move of the Russian squadron:

"I have the honor to report to your Majesty that I left Port Arthur to-day with battle-ships, cruisers, and torpedo-boats in order to make a reconnaissance of some adjacent islands."

Admiral Makaroff's daring exploit is believed to have been undertaken with the aim of locating a possible Japanese base in the neighborhood of the Russian stronghold.

March 28.—The most important event of the week occurred on March 27, when an attempt made by the Japanese to block the harbor entrance at Port Arthur was again defeated by the Russians. The Russian torpedo-boat *Silni*, commanded by Lieutenant Krinizki, attacked and repulsed the six Japanese destroyers escorting the four merchant steamers which were intended to be sunk.

Vice-Admiral Makaroff's official despatch to the Emperor describing the engagement is as follows:

"I beg most humbly to report that at two o'clock this morning the enemy made a second attempt to block the entrance to the inner roadstead. For this purpose they despatched four large merchant steamers, convoyed by six torpedo-boats, to the entrance. The enemy's ships were promptly discovered by the search-lights and were bombarded by the batteries and by the guard-ships *Bohr* and *Otvajny*. Fearing the enemy's ships might break through, Lieutenant Krinizki, commanding the guard torpedo-boat *Silni*, attacked the enemy and destroyed the bow of the foremost Japanese steamer with a torpedo. This steamer turned to the right and was followed by two others, with the result that the three were stranded to the right of the entrance. A fourth steamer went to the right of the enemy's ships, and likewise sank to the side of the fairway. The *Silni* then battled with the enemy's six torpedo-boats. Engineer Artificer Swyereff and six seamen were killed, and the commander and twelve seamen were wounded. At daybreak the enemy's battle-ship and cruiser squadrons appeared, and I proceeded with the fleet under my charge to meet the enemy. The second attempt of the Japanese to block the entrance to Port Arthur has failed, thanks to the energetic defence by the sea and land forces."

March 29.—It was reported to-day that Russia has seized the treaty port of Newchwang, declaring it to be in a state of war.

March 30.—It was reported to-day that on Monday, March 28, an engagement occurred between the Russians (commanded by General Mishtchenko) and Japanese at Chongju, Korea, forty miles south of the Yalu River. The Russians lost three killed and sixteen wounded, and the Japanese lost heavily, though to what extent is not known at the time of writing.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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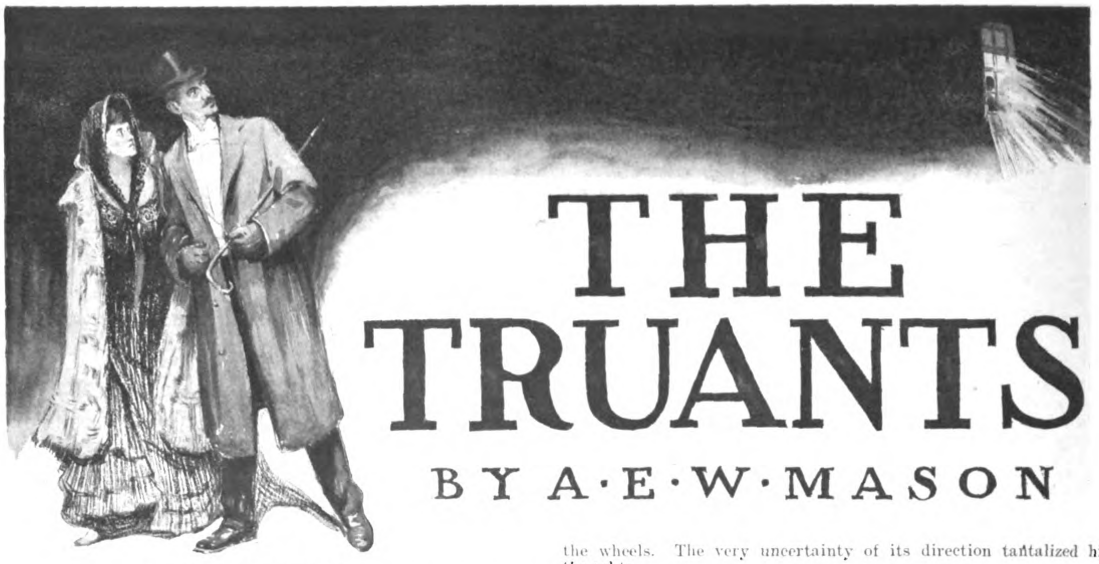


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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Mardale is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Into her early life has come a mysterious influence which dominates and directs her whole career. What this strange influence is only two of her friends suspect—a young schoolmaster who knew her as a child at Roquebrune, and Alan Warrisden, who is in love with her, and who, though his proposal of marriage is refused, determines to win her. Late one night at a ball, Pamela and Warrisden, while seated on a balcony, observe a young couple leaving a house across the street. Warrisden remarks that there seems to be an air of mystery about them, and that no one appears to know who they are; whereupon Pamela says that she knows something about them, and she gives Warrisden what information she possesses. The young couple are husband and wife, Tony and Millicent Stretton, who live in a gloomy house presided over by the rich but unjust father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. This practice they keep up for a year, but finally both of them grow extremely weary of their monotonous life, and in a moment of exasperation Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune, while Millie is to be left behind and sent for as soon as her husband is able to establish a home. Tony has some misgivings about leaving Millie, for he has been warned by Pamela Mardale that she should never be left alone; but at last he departs, after Pamela has promised to be a stanch friend to his wife. Some months later, while Pamela is calling on Millie, two letters arrive. One is from Tony and contains the news that he has lost all of his small fortune and will have to make a new start: the other is from a friend, Lady Millingham, inviting Millie to stay with her at the beginning of the New-year. Millie accepts; and when Pamela, who has also been invited, arrives there she finds that her warning to Tony is having a disagreeable justification. For on the very evening of her arrival she discovers that Millie has become infatuated with Lionel Callon, a gentlemanly adventurer, who is also a member of Lady Millingham's house-party. Late that evening Pamela visits Millie in her room, and inquires about Tony. Millie tells Pamela of her husband's determination to stay in America and attempt to retrieve his failure, and Pamela learns from her that she has sent him discouraging letters, advising him to give up the struggle. She cannot understand why Tony had replied shortly, saying that she must not expect to hear from him until he had reestablished himself in her eyes. Millie tells Pamela that she believes her husband's reticence to be due to the fact that he no longer cares for her. Pamela assures her that she must be mistaken, but she returns to her room much troubled. She is impelled to do something to help untangle the situation, although the recollection of her own history warns her. But she has given her promise to Tony to befriend his wife, and that is one thing she could do. She wires Warrisden to come down by an early train. When he arrives, Pamela tells him that she needs him, and that she is going to ask him to help her. She has been, she says, a looker-on in life ever since an unfortunate affair of her youth. She was eighteen then, and loved a man who, like herself, was poor. It was her mother's ambition that her daughter should make a great marriage; and thinking that if Pamela fell in love and found love to be a thing of fruitless trouble, she would come the sooner to take a sensible view of the world and marry where marriage was to her worldly advantage. So she had short-sightedly encouraged the affair, which had ended as she knew that it must—the man had no prospects, and he and Pamela had had to part. After that, Pamela had put all thought of serious things out of her life—"Until to-day," Warrisden interrupts, "when you need my help." Then Pamela tells him that what she wants of him is that he shall find Tony and bring him home again. Warrisden accepts the commission, and starts on his return to town. Pamela has advised him to call on a Mr. Chase, head of a London mission, at whose suggestion Tony had chosen New York as a field of adventure.

CHAPTER X

MR. CHASE

THE night had come when Warrisden stepped from the platform of the station into the train. Pamela was by this time back at Whitewebs; he himself was travelling to London; their day was over. He looked out of the window. Somewhere, three miles away, the village of the Three Poplars crowned the hill, but a thick wall of darkness and fog hid it from his eyes. It seemed almost as if Pamela and he had met that day only in thought at some village which existed only in a dream. The train, however, rattled upon its way. Gradually he became conscious of a familiar exhilaration. The day had been real. Not merely had it signalled the change in Pamela, for which for so long he had wished, not merely had it borne a blossom of promise for himself, but something was to be done immediately, and the thing to be done was of all things that which most chimed with his own desires. He was to take the road again, and the craving for the road was seldom stilled for long within his heart. He heard its call sung like a song to the rhythm of the wheels. The very uncertainty of its direction tantalized his thoughts.

Warrisden lodged upon the Embankment, and his rooms overlooked the Thames. The mist lay heavy upon London, and all that night the steamboats hooted as they passed from bridge to bridge. Warrisden lay long awake listening to them; each blast had its message for him, each was like the greeting of a friend; each one summoned him, and to each he answered with a rising joy, "I shall follow, I shall follow." The boats passed down to the sea through the night mist. Many a time he had heard them before, picturing the dark deck and the side-lights, red and green, and the yellow light upon the mast, and the man silent at the wheel, with the light from the binnacle striking up upon the lines of his face. They were little river or coasting-boats for the most part, but he had never failed to be stirred by the long-drawn melancholy of their whistles. They talked of distant lands and an alien foliage.

He spent the following morning and the afternoon in the arrangement of his affairs, and in the evening drove down to the mission-house. It stood in a dull by-street close to Stepney Green, a rambling building with five rooms upon the ground-floor panelled with varnished deal and furnished with forms and rough tables, and, on the floor above, a big billiard-room, a bagatelle-room, and a carpenter's workshop. Mr. Chase was superintending a boxing-class in one of the lower rooms, and Warrisden, when he was led up to him, received a shock of surprise. He had never seen a man to the outward eye so unfitted for his work. He had expected a strong burly person, cheery of manner and confident of voice; he saw, however, a tall young man with a long pale face and a fragile body. Mr. Chase was clothed in a clerical frock-coat of unusual length, he wore bands of an irreproachable whiteness, and his hands were fine and delicate as a woman's. He seemed, indeed, the typical High Church curate fresh that very instant from the tea-cups of a drawing-room.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," said the ex-army sergeant who had brought forward Warrisden. He handed Warrisden's card to Chase, who turned about and showed Warrisden his full face. Surprise had been Warrisden's first sentiment, but it gave place in an instant to distaste. The face which he saw was not ugly, but he disliked it. It almost repelled him. There was no light in the eyes at all; they were veiled and sunken; and the features repelled by reason of a queer antagonism. Mr. Chase had the high narrow forehead of an ascetic, the loose mouth of a sensualist, and a thin crop of pale and almost colorless hair. Warrisden wondered why any should come to this man for advice, most of all a Tony Stretton. What could they have in common, the simple, good-humored, unintellectual subaltern of the Coldstream and this clerical exquisite? The problem was perplexing.

"You wish to see me?" asked Chase.

"If you please."

"Now? As you see, I am busy."

"I can wait."

"Thank you. The mission closes at eleven. If you can wait till then, you might come home with me and we could talk in comfort."

It was nine o'clock. For two hours Warrisden followed Chase about the mission, and with each half-hour his interest increased. However irreconcilable with his surroundings Chase might appear to be, neither he nor any of the members of the mission were aware of it. He was at ease alike with the boys and the men; and the boys and the men were at ease with him. Moreover, he was absolute master, although there were rough men enough among his subjects. The fiercest boxing-contest was stopped in a second by a motion of that delicate hand.

"I used to have a little trouble," he said to Warrisden, "before I had those wire frames fixed over the gas-jets. You see they cover the gas-taps. Before that was done, if there was any trouble, the first thing which happened was that the room was in darkness. It took some time to restore order," and he passed on to the swimming-bath.

Mr. Chase was certainly indefatigable. Now he was giving a lesson in wood-carving to a boy, now he was arranging for an apprenticeship with another in the carpenter's shop. Finally he

(Continued on page 562.)

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Progress of Science

Further Experiments with N-Rays

THE claim made by many scientists that the N-rays discovered by M. Blondlot have no real existence, but are merely subjective phenomena occurring in the brain of the observer, are strenuously denied by that physicist, who recently has carried on further experiments to disprove this assertion. He has exposed a photographic plate beneath a small electric spark, and noted the effect when the N-rays were allowed to fall on the spark and when they were intercepted. The spark was enclosed in a light-tight cover through whose top the N-rays could pass. Between the cover and the source of N-rays was a screen of lead and moistened paper, which was opaque to the rays and which could be withdrawn when it was desired that they should fall on the spark. The same photographic plate was exposed successively to the spark with the screen in position to cut off the rays and with it withdrawn. It was found in the latter case that the plate was more blackened, showing that the rays had made the spark brighter. In these experiments N-rays from several sources, including a Nernst lamp, compressed steel, and Rupert's drops where the glass was under strain, were employed, but the same effect was observed. It has recently been reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences that there are other sources of N-rays besides those already found. M. P. B. Jegou has discovered that any wire carrying an electric current emits N-rays, and states that the effect can be observed with a simple Leclanché cell whose circuit has been closed for some time. His explanation is that the N-rays emitted were stored in the liquid of the cell which becomes a powerful source. There are also further physiological experiments and discoveries in this interesting field. According to G. Ballet, the N-rays may be used to diagnose diseases of the nervous system. In myopathic (muscular) and other diseases where diseased muscles are involved, if the latter are paralyzed or atrophied there is a diminution of the N-rays. Again, A. Charpentier and E. Meyer report that the radiation of N-rays from certain muscles is influenced by the intoxication and curarization (paralysis from administration of curare) of the nerves which control them. Thus fewer rays are emitted when the heart is placed in diastole, or expanded, by its inhibitory nerves, and still more when these are not excited. To observe the N-rays requires the most delicate manipulation, and this reason is assigned by M. Blondlot to explain the fact that they were not discovered before, and that the majority of experimenters have been unable to observe them. The French investigators, however, convinced of the importance of the subject, are accumulating considerable material, much of which seems destined to play a useful part in scientific work.

Effects of Phototherapy

An interesting report has recently been published dealing with the Finsen Medical Light Institute at Copenhagen, where diseased skin and tissue is bathed with rays of light from a specially constructed arc lamp, so arranged as to supply light rich in violet and ultra-violet rays. The treatment, which was established in 1886 by Professor Niels R. Finsen, is particularly useful in cases of tuberculosis of the skin, or *lupus vulgaris*, and the institute is now operated under state control, though the same methods are now used elsewhere, both in Europe and America. Naturally the Copenhagen Institute has led in the number of cases treated, which, up to May, 1903, aggregated 1367. In the report referred to, which deals with the first 800 cases of *lupus vulgaris*, it is stated that in fifty-one per cent. of the cases the treatment has resulted in apparent cures, in thirty-five per cent. there has been satisfactory improvement, in five per cent. the results have been unsatisfactory, while the remaining nine per cent. have disappeared from observation. It is success of this kind that leads physicians to expect great results from radium, and they are paying careful attention to the various cases which are undergoing this form of treatment.

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by

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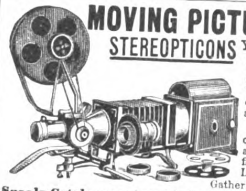
Author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," etc.

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(Continued from page 560.)

led the way into the great billiard-room where only the older men were allowed.

"It is here that Stretton used to keep order?" said Warrisden, and Chase at once turned quickly towards him.

"Oh," he said, slowly, in a voice of comprehension, "I was wondering what brought you here. Yes, this was the room."

Chase moved carelessly away and spoke to some of the men about the tables. But for the rest of the evening he was on his guard. More than once his eyes turned curiously and furtively towards Warrisden. His face grew stubborn and wore a look of weariness. Warrisden began to fear lest he should get no answer to the question he had to put. No appeal would be of any use—of that he felt sure. His argument must serve—and would it serve?

Chase, at all events, made no attempt to avoid the interview. As the hands of the clock marked eleven and the rooms emptied, he came at once to Warrisden.

"We can go now," he said, and unlocking a drawer, to Warrisden's perplexity, he filled his pockets with racket-balls. The motive for that proceeding became apparent as they walked to the house where Chase lodged. Their way led through alleys, and as they walked the children clustered about them, and Chase's pockets were emptied.

"We keep this house because men from the universities come down and put in a week now and then at the mission. My rooms are up-stairs."

Chase's sitting-room was in the strangest contrast to the bareness of the mission and the squalor of the streets. It was furnished with luxury, but the luxury was that of a man of taste and knowledge. There was hardly a piece of furniture which had not an interesting history; the engravings and the brass ornaments upon the walls had been picked up here and there in Italy. A bright fire blazed upon the hearth.

"What will you drink?" Chase asked, and brought from a cupboard bottle after bottle of liqueurs. It seemed to Warrisden that the procession of bottles would never end; some held liqueurs of which he had never even heard the name; but concerning all of them Mr. Chase discoursed with great knowledge and infinite appreciation.

"I can recommend this," he said, tentatively, as he took up one fat round bottle and held it up to the light. "It is difficult, perhaps, to say definitely which is the best, but—yes, I can recommend this."

"Can't I have a whiskey and soda?" asked Warrisden, plaintively.

Mr. Chase looked at his companion with a stare.

"Of course you can," he replied. But his voice was one of disappointment, and with an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders he fetched a Tantalus and a siphon of seltzer.

"Help yourself," he said, and lighting a gold-tipped cigarette he drew up a chair and began to talk. And so Warrisden came at last to understand how Tony Stretton had gained his great faith in Mr. Chase. Chase was a talker of a rare quality. He sat stooping over the fire with his thin hands outspread to the blaze, and for half an hour Warrisden was enchained. All that had repelled him in the man, all that had aroused his curiosity, was soon lost to sight. He yielded himself up as if to some magician. Chase talked not at all of his work or of the many strange incidents which he must needs have witnessed in its discharge. He spoke of other climates and bright towns with a scholarship which had nothing of pedantry, and an observation human as it was keen. Chase with the help of his Livy had traced Hannibal's road across the Alps, and had followed it on foot; he spoke of another march across snow-mountains of which Warrisden had never till this moment heard—the hundred days of a dead Sultan of Morocco on the Passes of the Atlas, during which he led his forces back from Tafilet to Rabat. Chase knew nothing of this retreat but what he had read. Yet he made it real to Warrisden, so vividly did his imagination fill up the outlines of the written history. He knew his Paris, his Constantinople. He had bathed from the Lido and dreamed on the Grand Canal. He spoke of the peeling frescoes in the villa of the Countess Guiccioli above Leghorn, of the outlook from the terrace over the vines and the olive-trees to the sea where Shelley was drowned; and where Byron's brig used to round into the wind, and with its sails flapping drop anchor under the hill. For half an hour Warrisden wandered through Europe in the pleasantest companionship, and then Chase stopped abruptly and leaned back in his chair.



Drawn by Willlam Hurd Lawrence

He sat in his armchair listening

"I was forgetting," he said, "that you had come upon a particular errand. It sometimes happens that I see no one outside the mission people for a good while, and during those periods when I get an occasion I am apt to talk too much. What can I do for you?"

The spirit had gone from his voice, his face. He leaned back in his chair, a man tired out. Warrisden looked at the liqueur bottles crowded on the table, with Chase's conversation still fresh in his mind. Was Chase a man at war with himself, he wondered, who was living a life for which he had no taste that he might the more completely escape a life which his conscience disapproved? Or was he deliberately both hedonist and Puritan, giving to each side of his strange nature in turn, its outlet and gratification?

"You have something to say to me," Chase continued. "I know quite well what it is about."

"Stretton," said Warrisden.

"Yes, you mentioned him in the billiard-room. Well?"

Chase was not looking at Warrisden. He sat with his eyes half-closed, his elbows on the arms of his chair, his finger-tips joined under his chin, and his head thrown back. There was no expression upon his face but one of weariness. Would he answer? Could he answer? Warrisden was in doubt, indeed, in fear. He led up to his question, warily.

"It was you who recommended Stretton to try horse-breeding in Kentucky."

"Yes," said Chase, and he added: "After he had decided of his own accord to go away."

"He failed."

"Yes."

"And he has disappeared."

Chase opened his eyes but did not turn them to his companion.

"I did not advise his disappearance," he said. "That, like his departure, was his own doing."

"No doubt," Warrisden agreed. "But it is thought that you might have heard from him since his disappearance."

Chase nodded his head.

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"I have."

"It is thought that you might know where he is now."

"I do," said Mr. Chase. Warrisden was sensibly relieved. One-half of his fear was taken from him. Chase knew at all events where Stretton was to be found. Now he must disclose his knowledge. But before he could put a question, Chase said, languidly:

"You say 'it is thought,' Mr. Warrisden. By whom is it thought? By his wife?"

"No. But by a friend of hers and his."

"Oh," said Chase, "by Miss Pamela Mardale then."

Warrisden started forward.

"You know her?" he asked.

"No. But Stretton mentioned her to me in a letter. She has sent you to me in fulfilment of a promise. I understand."

The words were not very intelligible to Warrisden. He knew nothing of Pamela's promise to Tony Stretton. But, on the other hand, he saw that Mr. Chase was giving a more attentive ear to what he said. He betrayed no ignorance of the promise.

"I am sent to fetch Stretton home," he said. "I want you to tell me where he is."

Chase shook his head.

"No," he said, gently.

"It is absolutely necessary that Stretton should come back," Warrisden declared with great deliberation, and with no less deliberation Chase replied,

"In Stretton's view it is absolutely necessary that he should stay away."

"His father's dying."

Chase started forward in his chair, and stared at Warrisden for a long time.

"Is that an excuse?" he said at length.

It was as Warrisden was aware. He did not answer the question.

"It is the truth," he replied; and he replied truthfully.

Chase rose from his chair and walked once or twice across the room. He came back to the fire and leaning an elbow on the mantelpiece stared into the coals. Warrisden sat very still. He had used his one argument; he could add nothing to it; he could only wait for the answer in a great anxiety. So much hung upon that answer for Stretton and his wife, for Pamela, for himself! The fortunes of all four were knotted together. At last the answer came.

"I promised Tony that I would keep his secret," said Chase. "But when he asked for the promise and when I gave it, the possibility of his father dying was not either in his mind or mine. We considered—in letters, of course—other possibilities, but not this one. I don't think I have the right to remain silent. Even in the face of this possibility I should have kept my promise. I think, if you had come from his wife—for I know why he disappeared. But as things are, I will tell you. Tony Stretton is in the North Sea on a trawler."

"In the North Sea!" exclaimed Warrisden. And he smiled. After all, the steamboats on the river had last night called to him with a particular summons.

"Yes," continued Chase, and he fetched from his writing-resk a letter in Tony's hand. "He came back to England two months ago. He drifted across the country. He found himself at Yarmouth with a few shillings in his pocket. He knew something of the sea. He had sailed his own yacht in happier times. He was in great trouble. He needed time to think out a new course of life. He hung about on Gorleston pier for a day or two and then was taken on by a skipper who was starting out short of hands. He signed for eight weeks, and he wrote to me the day before he started. That's four weeks ago."

"Can I reach him?" Warrisden asked.

"Yes. The boat's the *Perseverance* and belongs to the Blue Fleet. A steam-cutter goes out every day from Billingsgate to fetch the fish. I know one of the owners. His son comes down to the mission. I can get you a passage. When can you start?"

"At any time," replied Warrisden. "The sooner the better."

"To-morrow, then," said Chase. "Meet me at the entrance to Billingsgate Market at half past eleven. It will take you forty-eight hours with ordinary luck to reach the Dogger Bank. Of course if there's a fog in the Thames the time will be longer. And I warn you the living's rough on a fish-carrier."

"I don't mind that," said Warrisden, with a smile. He went away with a light heart and that night wrote a letter to Pamela, telling her of his interview with Mr. Chase. The new road seemed, after all, likely to prove a smooth one. As he wrote, every now and then, a steamboat hooted from the river, and the rain pattered upon his window. He flung it up and looked out. There was no fog to-night, only the rain fell, and fell gently. He prayed that there might be no fog upon the Thames to-morrow.

Mr. Chase, too, heard the rain that night. He sat in his armchair listening to it with a decanter at his elbow half-filled with a liquid like brown sherry. At times he poured a little into his glass and drank it slowly, crouching over his fire. Somewhere in the darkness of the North Sea Tony Stretton was hidden. Very likely at this moment he was standing upon the deck of his trawler with his hands upon the spokes of the wheel, and his eyes peering forward through the rain, keeping his long night-watch while the light from the binnacle struck upwards upon the lines of his face. Mr. Chase sat late in a muse. But before he went to bed he locked the decanter and the glass away in a private cupboard and took the key with him into his bedroom.

To be Continued.

An Engineer's Views of the Trans-Siberian

(Continued from page 549.)

contrary, the men work in an arctic temperature. The borings must be made through masses of rock and ice, or ice and other strata of a formidable character. In the tunnel these conditions are the same, winter and summer; but the outside work is discontinued during the cold weather, and the men are employed indoors in the shops, working on bridge spans that will be placed in position when spring brings more temperative weather conditions.

It is not generally known that there is a fairly good military road around the lake, with posting stations from twenty-five to thirty verstas apart. Its grades are steep and fatiguing, but probably the Russians are now making use of it. The circum-Baikal détour increases the length of the trans-Asiatic journey, as compared with the direct route across the length, by 150 verstas (approximately, 100 miles).

Concerning the important question of the capacity of the Trans-Siberian in Russia's present emergency, I should say, from my knowledge of the road, that it is doubtful if it can be successfully operated during the time of the spring freshets, which may be looked for during the next two months. The probability is that the system will break down temporarily here and there along the line. But this may not present an insurmountable difficulty, for if the through trains are stopped the troops could be transferred to sections of the trains in waiting on the other side of the gap in the line. The greatest danger lies in the possible dynamiting of the long and costly bridges over the larger rivers; this would mean a very serious delay in the transportation of troops, for even the cable ferries could not attempt without peril the passage of the rivers, filled as they are with enormous ice-floes until, in some seasons, as late as the middle of May.

The average speed of the troop-trains cannot be more than eight or ten miles an hour when all possible delays are taken into account. Much loss of time will be entailed by the returning of empty cars over the single-track road.

It is the question of a food-supply for her Manchurian forces that presents the most difficult problem for Russia's War Department to solve. It is my opinion that the Japanese have counted all along on this disadvantage to their enemies, realizing the difficulty of feeding the Czar's troops in the Far East. In parts of Siberia the villages are several hundred verstas apart, and even if the troops should draw on them for sustenance they would soon bring the villagers to absolute famine; for the Russian *muzhiks* are not thrifty, and have no stores beyond a season's wants.



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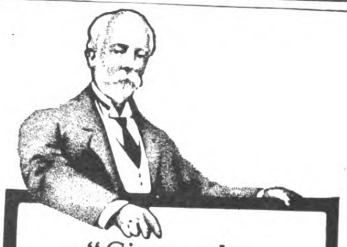
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NEWS FROM THE WAR

THE PROGRESS Of The SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT At The FRONT

SKETCHES FROM TELEGRAPHIC DESCRIPTION BY ALBERT LEVERING



February 17 (special).—Arrived at the scene of difficulties to-day; received by the Czar and the Mikado; they were much relieved by my presence here; at a conference we decided to continue the war.



February 18 (special).—I began hostilities to-day; the Japanese torpedoed fifteen Russian battle-ships, about. (The engagement was witnessed by your correspondent from a special torpedo hired for the occasion.)



February 20 (special). (This despatch was carried on horseback eight hundred miles through northern Manchuria.)—Lake Baikal is full of water, but frozen over.



February 21 (special).—General Pflug desired the number of vessels bombarding Port Arthur; I informed him; he sends special thanks through me.



February 23 (special).—Great battle on the Yalu River; immense loss; Russians victorious. (Your correspondent was at this battle, and can safely say it did not occur.)



February 24 (special).—In an interview with the Chinese Empress, she emphatically denies engagement to a Russian Grand Duke, as telegraphed yesterday.



Feb. 26 (special).—The war council met to-day. I was present. It was decided to continue the war.



I am now on my way to the scene of the next important battle.

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Music

A Woman Song-writer

For the woman composer whose artistic purposes are dignified and sincere there is little encouragement in the traditional estimate of the value of feminine inspiration in creative music. That women have done nothing of first-rate importance as constructive musicians is a commonplace of critical history. As to why they have not, there are many theories: but the fact itself is undisputed. It is, therefore, surprising to the masculine observer to realize the genuineness of the resolution with which the woman composer in our day pursues her career. That so little of what she produces is of consequence, while it increases one's wonder at the persistence of the producers, makes correspondingly welcome any manifestation of inspired ability. Such a manifestation is at hand in the work of a young American, Miss Gertrude Normand-Smith, more than a dozen of whose songs have been published of late years; her last printed work, a group of three Gypsy Songs, is of recent publication.

Miss Normand-Smith is that artistic anomaly, a woman composer whose writing has not alone dexterity and sensibility, but an authentic and personal gift of inspiration. We know nothing of hers in which the musical thought is trivial, conventional, stereotyped; what she puts upon paper is of uncommon distinction, of unfailing individuality; and her feeling for beautiful expression—more marked than her feeling for characterization—is memorably fine and true. With a full comprehension of all that the estimate implies, we do not hesitate to say that we believe Miss Normand-Smith to be among the most subtle and finely-tempered of living song-writers. She has little capacity for the weightier accents of dramatic effect—her talent is lyric, intimately declarative, rather than emphatically virile and commanding. Her music is of a near approach to the sort that one likes to imagine the ideal woman composer as writing: for it is feminine in the best, in the unique, sense.

Miss Normand-Smith embodies in her work the familiar traditions of the German *Lied:* her musical style, no less than her musical feeling, is a product of the artistic soil which nourished Schumann, Franz, and Brahms. How Brahms-like in nobility of sentiment is her song, "Verschwiegene Liebe"! She is as admirable, as poetic—perhaps, here, she is at her finest—in "Auf der Heide," and in two songs, of rare loveliness and distinction, as yet in manuscript: "Liebessorgen" and "Schlafen, Schlafen." This is music that needs no apologies on the score of sex—music that belongs securely among the best.

Concerning Brahms

The music of Brahms seems still to be a bone of contention in England, although in this country those who have considered most dispassionately the work of the German master have arrived at a fairly definite conclusion regarding it. Mr. Vernon Blackburn, an appreciator whose criticism is as keen and charming as it is, at times, curiously wrong-headed, has recently been showing marked irritation over the matter. Brahms, he affirms, no longer appeals to the general public or to the critic of the time—a dictum which provoked the music critic of the London *Academy* to the sarcastic rejoinder that "the fact being as stated, it is clearly idle for misguided concert-givers, such as Richter, Nikisch, Richard Strauss, H. J. Wood, and the rest, to continue their vain attempts to popularize that music which 'does no longer appeal either to the general public or to the critic of the time.'" All this is, of course, highly diverting, but not particularly informing. The truth of the matter seems to be that Brahms, one of the greatest of musical architects, has given us some of the most engrossing and noble, and some of the most insurpassably stupid, music that we possess. To attempt, as Mr. Blackburn attempts, to make him out wholly dull, or, as Brahms's apostles do, wholly inspired, merely retards the day when we shall all know, precisely and incontestably, where Brahms—among others—is excellent and delightful, and where he is not.

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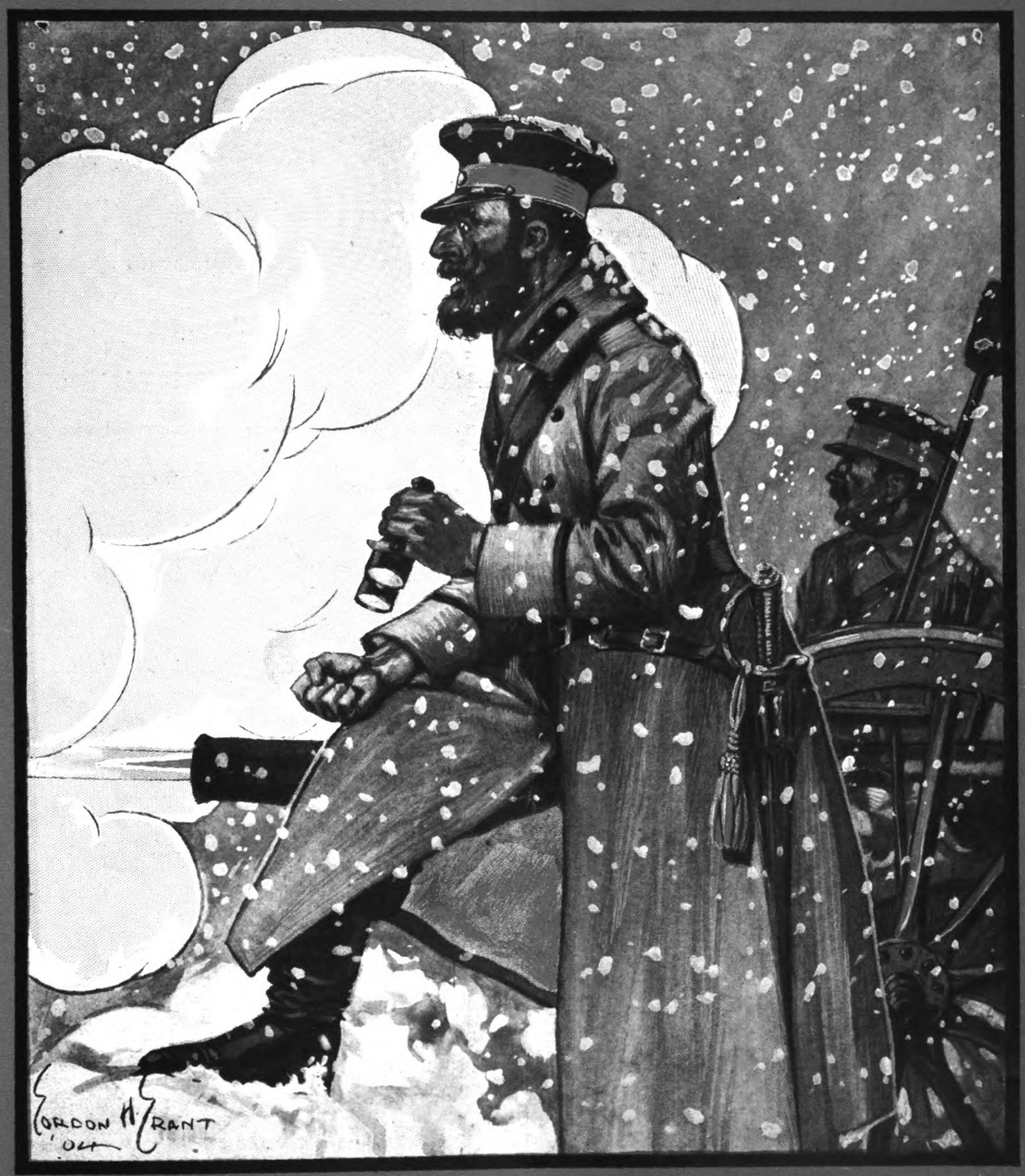
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Edited by George Harvey



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COMMENT

THE reaction which the Hearst boom was certain to provoke has come. The knowledge that the friends of Chief-Judge Alton B. Parker will control the Democratic State convention of New York—they seem likely to have at least three hundred out of four hundred and fifty delegates—has impelled many leading Democrats in Congress to array themselves on the same side. This is true, for instance, of Senator Carmack of Tennessee, of Senator Bacon of Georgia, and of Senator Foster of Louisiana. Whether Senator Gorman has privately expressed a preference for the New-Yorker is disputed. Senator Bailey of Texas has no faith, it is alleged, in the success of the Democracy this year, no matter who may be its nominee. That is not the conclusion reached by well-informed persons in those Northern States that are generally admitted to be doubtful. On the contrary, there is a widespread and deepening conviction that any Democrat of unchallenged ability and high character, who in principles and temperament should be recognized as the opposite of Mr. Roosevelt, would have a fair chance of carrying New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Indiana. The conviction is based on the belief that the campaign is destined to turn on the question whether it would be safe to entrust Mr. Roosevelt with the vast and elastic powers of the Presidency for four years more. If Mr. Roosevelt's fitness for the office of Chief Magistrate is really to be the pivotal issue it would obviously be expedient to select for his opponent a man preeminently distinguished for the qualities in which the present President seems lacking.

This is as clear to Republican politicians as it ought to be to Democratic. There is no doubt that Mr. Roosevelt's friends have evinced signs of panic whenever Democratic sentiment has seemed to be drifting toward ex-President Cleveland. Neither have they looked with equanimity on the suggestion of Judge Gray, whose popularity among labor-unionists is known to be equal, if not superior, to the President's. That Judge Gray would be the second choice of Mr. Olney's friends may doubtless be taken for granted, provided, of course, ex-President Cleveland should persist in his refusal to permit his name to be considered. That he does so persist is generally inferred from the declarations recently made by some of his oldest and firmest friends in favor of Judge Parker. We are told, for instance, by Representative Bartlett of Georgia that Mr. Hoke Smith, once a member of a Cleveland cabinet, is not in favor of his former chief's nomination, but is actively promoting Judge Parker's candidacy in the State named. Mr. Hoke Smith thinks, so it is alleged, that Mr. Cleveland would not give strength to the ticket at the present time, but, on the contrary, would cause dissension in the Democratic party. Senator Daniel of Virginia says that if it be true that New York is going to instruct for Parker, he will undoubtedly be nominated. Senator Daniel adds that, in his opinion, Judge Parker suits the times, and the true Democracy that would lead to better things. Judge Parker would represent to the popular eye the calm, thoughtful attitude of men of experience and observation who know that all genuine reforms must be gradual, not sudden and destructive. Senator Overman of North Carolina declares that his State will give Parker loyal support if the judge comes to the convention with the New York delegation behind him. Senator Money of Mississippi has no doubt that conservatives will control the next Democratic national convention, and that they will nominate Judge Parker, if the latter is supported by his native State. Senator Teller of Colorado concurs in the forecast. He is confident that if New York shall instruct for Parker the conservative Democracy of the South and West will do the rest.

We have said that Mr. Cleveland's nearest friends seem to have renounced the hope that the ex-President under any circumstances would accept a nomination for the Presidency. We have in mind published interviews with Mr. Everett P. Wheeler, Mr. William B. Hornblower, Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham, and Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson. The last-named gentleman, who was once Mr. Cleveland's law partner, declares his belief that Judge Parker possesses peculiar strength which makes it certain that New York will give its electoral votes to him should he be his party's nominee. Mr. Stetson added that he had no reason to doubt the finality of Mr. Cleveland's published declination to be considered a candidate. Mr. Peckham, while disappointed that Mr. Cleveland should show himself so inflexibly opposed to being considered as a candidate, can see no other figure on the Democratic horizon that looms so large as that of Chief-Judge Parker. He declares unhesitatingly that, if Mr. Cleveland is determined not to run, he, Peckham, knows no better man than Alton B. Parker. As to the suggestion that Judge Parker's election might assure political eminence and influence to Mr. David B. Hill, the opinion is expressed that Judge Parker is not a man to be unduly influenced by any one. It was only after mature deliberation and consultation with his friends that Mr. William B. Hornblower consented to be interviewed. Premising that he understood Mr. Cleveland's position to be that he absolutely refused to allow himself to be mooted as a candidate, Mr. Hornblower avowed his conviction that Chief-Judge Parker was not only the most available, but, in all respects, the best candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. He believes, not only that Judge Parker can carry the State of New York next autumn, but would have a better chance than any other candidate of carrying enough of the doubtful States to secure a majority of the nation's electoral vote. He added that, from what he knew of Judge Parker's strength of character, he did not believe that he would be under the control of Mr. David B. Hill, or of the leader of any other faction in the Democratic party. By temperament and training eminently conservative, Judge Parker would, in Mr. Hornblower's opinion, give the country a safe and a wise administration.

Mr. E. P. Wheeler predicted that it would prove impossible for Eastern Democrats to conciliate their brethren of the South and West unless they should put forward a candidate entirely free from the suspicions and animosities engendered by the controversies of the past. Such a man, he said, was Judge Alton B. Parker. About him all Democrats could be rallied, and past differences would be forgotten. Although a warm friend of Grover Cleveland, Mr. Wheeler is disposed to take the ex-President at his word, and believes that any attempt to put him forward as a candidate for a third term would be a mistake. I do not think, Mr. Wheeler says with emphasis, that Mr. Cleveland should in any sense be considered as a candidate. "I know him so well that I feel confident that he meant what he said" in his published statement. Mr. Wheeler concurs with Mr. Hornblower and Mr. Peckham in declaring that there is not the slightest ground for suspecting that Mr. David B. Hill would have more influence with Judge Parker than would any other man in the party. He believes that Judge Parker as President would be as independent of dictation as any man who could be named. Mr. Wheeler, by the way, after expressing admiration for Mr. Charles F. Murphy's ability as an organizer, indicated a be-

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lief that, at the proper time, Tammany Hall would be found working for the nomination of Judge Parker for the Presidency.

Senator W. J. Stone, of Missouri, while on his way to St. Louis, accompanied by Colonel J. M. Guffey, leader of the Pennsylvania Democracy, was interviewed at Pittsburg, and is reported to have expressed a doubt whether either Parker or Hearst would have a majority of the delegates to the St. Louis convention when that body should convene. As to what might happen later he ventured no prediction. That Mr. Hearst will not have a majority, either at the opening of the convention or later, may be taken for granted. On the other hand, Senator Stone's forecast with regard to Chief-Judge Parker does not seem to be borne out by the figures compiled for the New York *Herald*—figures based on the results of primaries already held, or on the most trustworthy information obtainable with regard to States that, at the present time, are believed to be doubtful. The *Herald's* computation assigns to Judge Parker three Eastern States—Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Vermont—which will have collectively 30 delegates; three Middle States—New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania—the aggregate strength of which in the St. Louis convention will be 170; such former slave States as Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, which will have among them 256 delegates; and such Western States as Indiana, Michigan, one-half of Minnesota, Colorado, Idaho, and Montana, which, in the aggregate, will be represented by 91 delegates. The total, obviously, is 547. As there will be one thousand delegates in the Democratic national convention, it is plain that, if the estimate just given is correct, Judge Parker will have 47 more than half. Unless, however, the two-thirds rule will be abolished, he would have to have 666 2-3. Whether he could secure so many depends upon the view taken of his prospects in States not yet named.

To Hearst the *Herald* awards Rhode Island, Maine, and the District of Columbia; and west of the Mississippi, Kansas, Nebraska, one-half of Minnesota, South Dakota, North Dakota, Wyoming, Nevada, Utah, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Hawaii, Alaska, and Porto Rico. These States and Territories have, collectively, 169 delegates. It is manifest that 165 more must be secured by Mr. Hearst if he is to attain the 334 which would enable him to veto a nomination provided the two-thirds rule should be upheld. Where can he get those delegates? It has been hitherto supposed that 72 of them could be secured from Mississippi, Kentucky, and Iowa, but now we are told that every one of those States is doubtful. Mr. Hearst's boomers claim Oregon and Washington, which have, both together, 18 delegates, but it remains to be seen whether their claim is well founded. There is no doubt that Mayor Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, will try to give Mr. Hearst the 46 delegates of Ohio, but he will have to reckon with John R. McLean. Even if Mr. Hearst should get all six of the States just named, they would give him but 136 delegates, or 29 short of a third of the convention. The missing votes would be forthcoming if he could carry Illinois, but there now seems to be no doubt that the delegation from that State will be instructed for Representative James R. Williams. The instructions are understood to mean that when the 54 votes of Illinois are needed for Judge Parker, they will go to him. The same thing may doubtless be said for the 32 votes of Massachusetts, the 36 votes of Missouri, and the 26 votes of Wisconsin, which on the first ballot will be cast respectively for Richard Olney, for F. M. Cockrell, and for F. E. Wall. On the face of these figures, it certainly looks, at the hour when we write, as if the conservative Democrats would be able at St. Louis not only to frame the platform, but to designate by a two-thirds vote the nominee.

On March 28, Joseph R. Burton, a Republican United States Senator from Kansas, was convicted by a jury, in a United States District Court held in St. Louis, of having accepted compensation while a United States Senator for protecting the interests of a "get-rich-quick" concern, the Rialto Grain and Securities Company, before the Post-office Department. A Federal statute enacted in 1864 prohibits members of Congress from accepting compensation in any case that involves the interests of the Federal government. The maximum penalty prescribed for the offence is ten thousand dollars fine and two years' imprisonment, and the convict is forever barred from holding any public office in the United States. Mr. Burton has appealed to the United States Circuit Court, and we presume that, pending the action of the appellate tribunal, no formal action will be taken by the United States Senate for the purpose of declaring his seat vacant. Although the law declares that a person found guilty is rendered incapable for holding office under the government of the United States, it is held that this provision does not apply to a Senator, because, under the Federal Constitution, the Senate itself must judge of the qualifications of its members. That it can expel a member by a two-thirds vote is unquestionable. So much time may be occupied in appeals, first to the United States Circuit Court, and then to the United States Supreme Court, that, possibly, the question of Mr. Burton's expulsion may not be mooted in the Senate before the expiration of his term, which will end on March 3, 1907.

Curiously enough, this is not only the first conviction of a member of Congress under the statute of 1864, but it is the first conviction of a United States Senator for crime in the history of the government. Senator Dietrich of Nebraska, it will be remembered, was indicted for selling his influence in the matter of an Executive appointment, but he escaped conviction on the plea that the offence charged was committed after his election to the Senate, but before he took the oath of office. There is no doubt that Mr. Burton would have been as guilty under the statute if, instead of accepting money for the use of his influence, he had accepted stock in a corporation. The importance of the precedent established in his case is obvious, for there is a widespread impression that a good many Senators and Representatives have, in times past, accepted stock, if not money, for the exercise of their influence in matters wherein the Federal government was undoubtedly interested. We have said that no other United States Senator has ever undergone conviction for a crime committed after he took the oath of office. That is true, but several Senators have either been expelled, or forced to resign in order to avoid expulsion. For example, William Blount, who was a Senator from Tennessee between 1796 and 1799, wrote a letter which, by an investigating committee of the Senate, was pronounced inconsistent with the interests of the United States. By a two-thirds vote he was found guilty of a high misdemeanor and was expelled. Jesse D. Bright, a Senator from Indiana, was expelled in February, 1862, on the charge of disloyalty to the United States, he having been found guilty of writing a letter to Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, for the purpose of introducing a person who desired to dispose of an improvement in firearms. In the same year Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, laid before the Senate the charge that Senator Simmons of Rhode Island had contracted, in consideration of the sum of fifty thousand dollars, to secure the adoption of a certain kind of firearms by the Federal government. The committee of the Senate by which the matter was investigated reported that the accusation was well founded, and recommended the expulsion of the Rhode Island Senator, but before the Senate could act Simmons resigned.

On March 28 there was an interesting discussion of the negro question in the House of Representatives. Mr. Gillette of Massachusetts, a Republican, declared that nobody wanted the South to submit to negro domination, but he deemed it neither fair nor wise for Southern Democrats to say that they intend to prevent forever the negro from participating in government. That is to say, he would disapprove, we presume, of the franchise measure which has lately been carried through the Maryland Legislature, because the apparent aim of that measure is permanently to deprive negroes of the suffrage. According to Mr. Gillette, the colored people ought not to be told that never under any circumstances should they be permitted to exercise the privilege of voting. As a matter of fact, the Maryland measure makes no such assertion. It prescribes an educational qualification for the franchise, from which white men are practically exempted.

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but which is binding upon colored men, who, if they wish to vote in a given precinct, must explain a clause of the Federal Constitution to the satisfaction of the election officers in that precinct. It remains to be seen whether an unfair advantage would be taken of the condition. If an unfair advantage should be taken, we presume that a Federal court would interpose. Mr. Warfield, the Democratic Governor of Maryland, is opposed to the measure, on the ground that, under it, negroes would be exposed to unfair treatment at the hands of local officials.

We note Mr. Gillette's admission that the feeling of instinctive repugnance toward the negro is stronger among white people at the North than at the South. In reply to a question, he said that, personally, he had never invited a negro to his table, though he would not dispute Mr. Roosevelt's right to invite Booker Washington to the White House. He went on to express surprise that no one on the Democratic side of the House had denounced the lynching of negroes. Mr. Richardson of Alabama interposed to say that whenever the negroes should cease committing assaults upon white women, lynchings and burnings would no longer occur. Mr. Champ Clark of Missouri concurred in the averment that only when men of all races should stop perpetrating assaults upon women would lynchings come to an end. He had known, he said, white men to be lynched for such assaults, and in his opinion they ought to have been lynched. Mr. Burgess of Texas denied that it is the purpose of the South to use the negro question for political purposes. He declared that the Republican party, on the contrary, regarded the negro as an asset. On the whole, he opined that the less said about the negro question among those who do not live among colored people, and do not know of what they speak, the better. That is, practically, the position taken by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, to whose discussion of the matter in *McClure's Magazine* we refer elsewhere.

We are glad to learn that the Panama Canal Commission is alive to the tremendous responsibilities which it has assumed, and that it has no intention of beginning work on the waterway until adequate precautions have been taken to safeguard human life throughout the canal zone, and in the terminal towns, Panama and Colon. There is only too much ground for the tradition that every sleeper laid on the roadbed of the Panama Railway represents a victim. Awful, too, is the record of mortality which has attended the work of the Lesseps Company and of its successor. From the statement attributed to a member of our Canal Commission, the statement that at least a year will be required for the sanitation of the isthmus, we infer that he does not underrate the magnitude of the task. The purification of Havana, of Santiago, and of other towns in Cuba was, by comparison, easily accomplished. There is reason to fear that the drainage of Colon is impracticable, for the reason that the town is built on a swamp, and is surrounded by marshy land. Then, again, it will prove difficult to enforce sanitary regulations upon a multitude of laborers scattered over the canal zone, which covers an area of some five hundred square miles, or about half that of Rhode Island. Moreover, it must be remembered that centres of infection on the borders of the belt might neutralize the work done within the canal zone proper. Fortunately, our treaty with the new republic gives us the right to supervise the sanitation of the terminal towns, and there is no doubt that the Panama Legislature would extend the privilege to any collateral district along the line of the canal. It is indispensable that at the start we should recognize the immense proportions of the prophylactic problem which confronts us. Then, although we may prove unable to command success, owing to the almost insuperable difficulties presented by a tropical locality, we shall at least deserve it.

There is no doubt that in October, 1862, a material change took place in the attitude of the Palmerston-Russell ministry with reference to the recognition of the independence of the Southern Confederacy by Great Britain. On October 7, Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, had declared at Newcastle that Jefferson Davis had created a nation, a declaration which was believed by Minister Charles Francis Adams to foreshadow a recognition of the Confederacy. Yet, on October 23, Minister Adams was informed by Earl Russell, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, that the British government had decided to adhere to a strict neutrality, and to leave the struggle to settle itself. What had happened in the interim? As we have previously pointed out, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in a paper lately read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, evinces an inclination to believe that at some time during October, 1862, Queen Victoria, being then at Gotha, made known to the Palmerston-Russell cabinet her unwillingness to sanction the step which they contemplated. An amusing attempt has been made by an Anglophobist to show that the change of front on the part of the Palmerston-Russell cabinet in October, 1862, was due not to any interposition on Queen Victoria's part, but to the refusal of Alexander II. to unite with France and England in a recognition of the Confederacy, a refusal accompanied by the despatch of Russian war-vessels to New York and San Francisco. The objection to this explanation is that the Russian war-vessels were not sent to American harbors until 1863, or about a year after the Palmerston-Russell cabinet had given up the idea of intervention. For the part played by Alexander II. in 1863 we have the evidence of Mr. Wharton Barker, who, as he has lately pointed out in a published article, derived his information from the lips of the Czar himself. There is no doubt that the government of Napoleon III. was as eager to interfere on the part of the Southern Confederacy in 1863 as it had been in 1862; but never again did the British ministry come so near cooperating with the French Emperor in such a mood as it had come in the first fortnight of October in the year last named. We opine that the explanation of its change of heart which Mr. C. F. Adams is disposed to accept is the correct one, although we may never have conclusive proofs, unless such shall be found in the papers of Lord Granville.

It is expected in Canada that the settlement of the old dispute between Newfoundland and France will pave the way for the confederation of the former with the Dominion. This will mean a change of political status, affecting the island of Newfoundland and the vast dependent territory of Labrador. The obstacle to the coalescence of Newfoundland with Canada is a financial one, relating to the amount of debt which the Dominion is to assume for the island colony. In 1864 Newfoundland was invited to join the Canadas, and proposals believed to be liberal were made. But the island colony declined. In 1869 it was the turn of the Newfoundland government to make proposals. They held that Newfoundland should have a debt allowance equal to $25 per head of the population, $35,000 a year for legislative expenses, a subsidy of 80 cents per head, and $150,000 in lieu of crown lands. Canada was quite willing to accept these terms, but the island colony withdrew them at the last moment. In 1888 Sir Charles Tupper renewed the negotiation. To his proposals the government of Newfoundland replied that the question was then under discussion, and that a deputation would presently be sent to offer terms. Then arose the dispute over the Bond-Blaine treaty, in which Canada objected to Newfoundland making a fisheries arrangement with Washington without consulting the Dominion. Newfoundland retorted by refusing to supply the Canadians with bait. Finally a compromise was reached, but the dispute prevented the solution of the larger question of confederation at that time.

In 1895 the island colony was on the verge of bankruptcy, and the negotiations were resumed. Sir Mackenzie Bowell offered to assume a Newfoundland debt of $8,350,000, and to pay interest on $2,000,000. This amounted to fifty dollars per head of the population, double the proposal of 1869. The colony was offered an annual subsidy of $465,000, including allowance for legislation, a per capita subsidy, an allowance for crown lands, timber, and mines, and a payment of five per cent. of the excess debt. Newfoundland asked for about $354,000 a year more than this offer. She wished Canada to assume an additional $6,000,000 of debt, incurred on account of the island railway, which Canada was asked to complete to Port aux Basques. This railroad has since been completed. This difference was not bridged over, and the island colony

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remained independent of the Dominion. The great obstacle on Canada's side is that if she allowed Newfoundland's public-debt claims, the other members of the confederation would be entitled to demand like privileges, and this would cost the Dominion an additional $65,000,000. While very willing to come to terms with her island neighbor, the Dominion hesitates at the thought of this large consequent liability.

To add to Mr. Balfour's sorrows, his government is confronted with a deficit budget. The revenue for the financial year just closed shows a net decrease of nearly fifty million dollars. The chief items which have fallen off are the income tax, which accounts for forty millions of the decline, and which is due, of course, to a reduction in the rate of the tax; the customs, which have fallen three million dollars; stamps, estate duties, excise, and certain small miscellaneous items. The Post-office, which is one of the most uniformly prosperous departments of the British government, and quite the most enterprising and best managed, has this year added three and a half million dollars to its earnings, while other items have advanced about a million. The total revenue for the year was $756,062,495. It is calculated that this will cause a full budget deficit of $35,000,000, of which $15,000,000, lent to the Transvaal, will be repaid, leaving twenty millions to be raised by some form of new taxation. It is over this last item that Mr. Austen Chamberlain is most in danger of losing votes for his government; for he cannot very well reimpose any part of the income tax, fourpence on the pound, removed by his predecessor, Mr. C. T. Ritchie. Nor can he restore the corn duties, which brought ten millions last year, and the removal of which was so strenuously opposed by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in a series of speeches, from which the whole fiscal campaign may be said to have sprung. Even more likely to diminish the government's supporters at the coming general election is the movement, which is steadily gaining force with Mr. Balfour's adherents, to diminish the number of liquor licenses in the United Kingdom. The liquor interest, after the landlord class, is the most conservative force in English politics, not merely because the peerage is recruited from the "beerage," but because the licensed houses represent a vast amount of capital, estimated at $300,000,000.

Senator Burton of Kansas, the statesman lately found guilty of conduct unbecoming a Senator, says in a letter to a friend: "If it could all be told just as it is—the absolute truth—it would appall the world. Some time it will all be known." Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, who testified the other day in the Bay State Gas case that he and a small group of other men, made a profit of forty-six millions in a single deal, declared later that he had understated those profits by twenty millions. He recalled his own prediction that the Gas hearing would furnish "a series of flash-light pictures to which the United States Ship-building fandango will look like a midnight silhouette." The appalling facts of which Senator Burton claims to have knowledge and the Gas pictures which Mr. Lawson anticipates with such confident expectation will all be hospitably received by an interested public. We are all concerned to know how a Senator justifies to his own conscience the sale of his influence with the Washington departments, and what sort of transactions those were which in a short time showed a profit of sixty-six millions to a very small group of men. The public is always glad to learn what is, or has been, going on. It is getting a good deal of profitable information nowadays about politics and about business from one source or another, but most of it is still incomplete, and any brother, erring or otherwise, who has a whole story to tell will not lack attentive hearers. An occasional view of the under side of things is extremely instructive. Especially after a period of great business and speculative activity, the great army of losers are curious to know how the winners won.

Among other observing gentlemen who went to last winter's famous portrait show in the American Art Galleries in New York was Mr. H. D. Sedgwick. A piece in the *Atlantic Monthly*, called "The New American Type," embodies some results of his observations there. He saw some old pictures and some new ones, and was profoundly impressed by the contrast between the subjects of portraiture in the eighteenth century and those in the twentieth. The change in American men and women between the time of President Washington and President McKinley left him saturated with astonishment. He calls Stuart and Trumbull to witness that a hundred years ago a British type of body, face, and mind prevailed from Massachusetts to Virginia. In Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Van Rensselaer he sees eighteenth-century Englishmen. Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Hoppner were at hand to tell what eighteenth-century English people were. Mr. Sedgwick finds the men calm, hardy, untroubled by doubts, sustained by definite principles. And the women were simple, natural, serene, lovely, and, above all, calm. The eighteenth-century portraits, whether English, French, or American, seemed to Mr. Sedgwick to make a most happy and attractive picture of life. They chant a chorus of praise, he says, for national character, for class distinctions, for dogma and belief, for character, for good manners, for honor, for contemplation. They portray a pure national breed wherein like bred with like in happy homogeneity, deep affinities herded together, the disquiet and distress of cross-breeding were avoided, and peace of body begot peace of mind.

Turning from the eighteenth century to Mr. Sargent, the *Atlantic's* commentator is conscious of sensations such as result from a blow in the solar plexus. Sargent, he says, was born to depict a hybrid people, vagabonds of the mind; to portray the strain of psychological and physiological transformation in the evolution of a new species. The obvious qualities in his portraits are disquiet, lack of equilibrium, absence of principle. His women, physically delicate, reveal the strain of physical and psychical maladjustment. The testimony he bears is sustained by his contemporaries, who show American womanhood restless, physically frail, in eager pursuit of an unknown good. The men, as the painters show them, have lost the old English calm and poise, and show adaptive characters. In Zorn's portrait of Mr. Daniel Lamont, Mr. Sedgwick finds no trace of imagination, logic, intellect, or faith. Craft, promptitude, and vigor are there, but not reason; amiability and domestic kindliness are present, but the logical faculty is omitted. The chief trait in this typical portrait Mr. Sedgwick finds to be ability to react quickly and effectively to stimuli of the immediate present. In Senator W. A. Clark's portrait by Besnard he finds a nervous spirit that "ramps wildly in the strait compass of the present, knowing no past, unhampered by reverence or respect, foreseeing no future, unhindered by faith or upliftedness." He thinks, though, that it is an exaggerated example of certain American traits, and that Zorn's portrait represents the normal type of the present generation.

Recognizing the possibility that Messrs. Clark and Lamont may wait on Mr. Sedgwick and constrain him to some amendment of his reflections on their looks, we may still admit that he has caught and caged an impression of much interest, and probably of considerable truth. It is possible that in a hundred years the American people has gone off its looks. It is certain that our head men don't look so much like eighteenth-century Englishmen as they did in the days of the Revolution. It may be fairly doubted, however, whether any collection of modern portraits of Americans affords a safe basis for generalizations about the contemporaneous American type. The persons who have their portraits painted by the best painters in these times are, as a rule, persons who are exposed to the wear and tear of expending exceptionally large annual incomes, and trying to get the worth of their money. It is the rich Americans for the most part that Sargent and the other eminent painters depict, and it is the rich Americans who are the most restless. They plunge from end to end of the country, pass and repass the seas, live in a dozen places in the course of the years, and seem to feel the crust growing always hot under their dancing feet. The common run of us take life somewhat easier, and though we may not rival the calmness of the eighteenth-century British squires and the placidity of their dames, yet our wheels certainly do not revolve as fast as Senator Clark's, and it is probable that competent portraits of a scratch lot of us would show a somewhat higher average of peace of mind than Mr. Sedgwick noticed at the portrait show. Moreover, there is not in actual life quite so much mixing of breeds as he suggests, though there is a good deal.

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A Native Virginian on the Negro Question

Some interesting and valuable testimony concerning the relations of the blacks to the whites in the Southern States at the date of the emancipation and for some time afterwards is furnished in *McClure's Magazine* by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, who is a Virginian by descent, birth, and long residence, and who is familiar with the experience of many Virginian families. He reminds us that Mr. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation of January 1, 1863, which, on its face, purported to be issued, not as a matter of principle, but as a concession to "military necessity," was applicable only to "States and parts of States," then "in rebellion." Negroes within territory controlled by the Federal government were expressly excepted from the operation of the edict. A natural outcome of the exception was that some slave-owners dwelling near the Federal lines sent their bond servants into territory occupied by the Federal troops in order to evade the proclamation. A fact mentioned by Mr. Page, but to us hitherto unknown, is the emancipation by General R. E. Lee of all slaves owned by him within eight days after the issuance of the proclamation. The writer of these papers adds that General Henry A. Wise, one of most ultra-Democratic leaders in the South, testified before the Joint Commission on Reconstruction of the Thirty-ninth Congress that, had the Confederacy succeeded, he had intended to set his own slaves free and canvass Virginia for the abolition of slavery. From his own experience, and that of his kinfolk and acquaintances, Mr. Page bears witness that no race ever behaved better than the negroes behaved during the war. Not only were there no massacres on the defenceless plantations, but the number of deserters was not large. The writer avers that, personally, he never knew of one case of desertion on the part of a slave. Viewed collectively, the blacks acted rather like clansmen than like bondmen. Not only did they remain loyal, but they were nearly always faithful to any trust that had been committed to them. Many a master going off to the war confided his wife and children to the care of his black servants with as much confidence as if they had been of his own blood. Mr. Page himself believes that, had negroes been allowed to fight for the South, more of them would have followed their masters than ever volunteered to serve the Union. As Henry Grady once said, "A thousand torches lighted amid the helpless plantations would have disbanded the Confederate army; but there was not one." This exhibition of fidelity is often construed as reflecting credit exclusively on the colored race, but, as Mr. Page perceives, it is really a tribute to both races. Had slavery at the South been the frightful institution that it has frequently been alleged to be, it is inconceivable that the blacks would have so generally refrained from seizing the opportunities for gaining their freedom that were offered them. It is true, however, as Mr. Page recognizes, that the slaves may have been restrained by fear as much as by love. The slave in whom respect for his white masters was inherited, and, so to speak, congenital, could not bring himself to believe that they would not be victors in the end. Nor was it, as Mr. Page reminds us, a new thing for a servile population to shrink from rising against their owners in time of war. Plutarch relates how the besiegers of a certain city not only offered freedom to the slaves, but promised to give them their master's property and wives if they would rebel. Nevertheless, the offer was rejected. The fact is also recalled that during the American Revolution freedom was tendered on the same terms to slaves in Virginia and the Carolinas by British authorities, but with little effect.

Did these friendly relations between white masters and black servants come to an end with the issuance of the emancipation proclamation, or even with the close of the war? Mr. Page testifies that never was the friendship between the races stronger than it was when the war came to an end. The return of a master, we are told, was hailed with as much joy in the negro quarters as it was in the mansion. The first sounds that caught the veteran's ears, as, coming from Appomatox, he neared his plantation gate, were shouts of welcome from the blacks. So, too, the rejoicing with which the slaves hailed emancipation did not relax the ties of affection between them and their former masters and mistresses. The transition from servitude to freedom was accomplished without an outbreak or an outrage; and, so far as Mr. Page's experience and information go, there was not an instance of insolence or rudeness incident to the breakup of the old relation. For years after the civil war, the older negroes remained the faithful guardians of the white women and children belonging to their master's family. Mr. Page gives an adequate reason for the good-will that existed between the races during the civil war, and that contributed to maintain kindly relations for some time afterward—the fact, namely, that, in the slave-owning class, there was scarcely a child who had not been rocked in a colored mammy's arms; whose first ride had not been taken with a negro at his horse's head; and whose playmates in youth had not been the young blacks on the plantation. The whole generation of whites which grew up during and just after the war grew up with the young negroes, and preserved for them the sympathy and consideration which their fathers had exhibited before them. Mr. Page suggests that the feeling may have partaken of a feudal or clan instinct; at all events, the feeling is not easily comprehended by those who have not experienced it.

In the April number of the magazine Mr. Page contends that the conduct of the North towards the negroes was founded on three principles, every one of which is considered by the South fundamentally erroneous. These principles are, first, that all men are equal, and, inferentially, that the negro is the equal of the white; secondly, that the negro needed to be sustained by the Federal government; and, thirdly, that the interests of the negro and those of the white were necessarily opposed. With the practical renunciation of those principles on the part of the Federal authorities, with the overthrow of the carpet-bag State governments, and the extinction of negro domination in the Southern States, the South began to shoot up into the light of a new prosperity. Burdened as she was by debt; staggering under disasters that had well-nigh destroyed her; scarred by the struggle through which she had gone, and scorched by the passions of that fearful time, she set herself with all her energies to recovering through the arts of peace her old place in the path of progress.

It would not be easy to exaggerate the usefulness of Mr. Page's exposition of the conditions of the negro problem. The only criticism that we have to make upon his papers is that he insists upon describing the negro question as the "Southerner's problem." So long as our Federal Constitution and its amendments exist it will be indispensable to commend to the good sense and fair-mindedness of Northerners as well as Southerners a given solution of the negro problem as the right one. This Mr. Page virtually concedes when he publishes his own admirable contribution to such a solution in a Northern magazine.

The English in Tibet

Colonel Younghusband's mission to Tibet had been almost forgotten by the outside world when the news came, the other day, of a sanguinary engagement, in which seven hundred Tibetan soldiers were killed in an hour by the Sikhs fighting under the British flag, the loss to the English party being so slight that the whole thing was more of a slaughter than a battle. Colonel Younghusband seems to have done all in his power to avoid fighting. He was visited at his camp at Guru by a general from Lhassa with a quaint retinue in mediæval garb, and armed with swords and matchlocks, and requested to retire down the valley to Yatung, where negotiations might be carried on without disturbing the interior of the country. Colonel Younghusband replied that he could not consider this proposal, as he had been negotiating fruitlessly for fifteen years—in fact, ever since the Gnatong agreement of 1890, the breach of which by the Tibetans is the cause of the present expedition. The Tibetan general then withdrew, and Colonel Younghusband ordered his troops to try to disperse the Tibetans, who blocked the road, without firing on them. It seemed at first that this could be done, but Captain MacDonald, second in command of the British force, decided that it would be necessary to disarm the Tibetans before they could be dispersed. At this point the Tibetans seem to have advanced against the British force, armed with their matchlocks and swords, and, as they numbered fifteen hundred men, they were evidently in a position to deliver a serious attack, and at this time Colonel Younghusband believed his opponents had five or six hundred rifles. As he was outnumbered three to one, his position was evidently precarious, and it was, as he said, impossible for him to retreat or to avoid an engagement without retreating.

The slaughter which followed has been described by the cables. Amongst the dead, who numbered seven hundred, were the Lhassa general, the military commandant of Phari and Lata, and the representative of the Golden Monastery, to whose influence and rooted hostility to foreign intercourse the present strain between India and Tibet are attributed. The British lost only a dozen in killed and wounded, and returned to their camp at Tuna, whence they will presently begin an advance which is likely to end only at Lhassa, the sacred and mysterious city which has so long attracted our curiosity by its seclusion and by the religious and mystical atmosphere which surrounds it. Tuna, which was the temporary halting-point of Colonel Younghusband's force, is in the Chumbi Valley, a fertile tract which stretches down towards India from the Tibetan highlands, and which lies between Nepal on the west and Bhutan on the east—two states which are in relations of semi-independence with the British-Indian government. Nepal is especially interesting, as being the home of the Gurkas, the plucky race of little hillmen, whose features and fighting have been made familiar to us by Rudyard Kipling.

A timely article in the *Fortnightly Review*, by the celebrated traveller Demetrius Boulger, gives a vigorous statement of the British policy and views which led to this expedition, and helps us to understand its probable progress and ultimate outcome. Tibet is a lofty wilderness, with an area of half a million square miles and a population of only six or seven millions. Large tracts are wholly unproductive, being bare rock or sandy wastes, and

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winter, throughout the whole country, is extremely rigorous, owing to its great altitude, as the loftiest table-land in the world. So small is the cultivable area, and so close does the population press on the means of subsistence, that this shadow of starvation is believed to be the origin of Tibet's peculiar institution—polyandry—under which a woman becomes the wife of all the brothers of a family at once, thus diminishing the likelihood of children. It is, further, the custom for one son of every family to enter a monastery, thus still more reducing the parentage of the race, and these monasteries are the real centre of interest of the remote mountain region to the north of the Himalayas. In part, this interest is due to the known presence in their libraries of numbers of Buddhist scriptures which are still unknown to our scholars, and which are believed to contain the secrets and esoteric teachings of Buddhism, and in part to the reputation which some of the Lamas have enjoyed, ever since the days of Marco Polo, of possessing certain mystical and magical powers, as a result of their philosophic studies. The Indian government has for years sought to penetrate the mystery of the hidden Tibetan books, by sending natives of India, like the learned Sarat Chandra Das, deeply versed in the language and lore of Tibet, to study in the Lamaist monasteries and to make copies and translations of the religious works found there. It is certain, therefore, that the present expedition will be well able to appreciate and utilize whatever opportunities it may have to master the secrets of Buddhism as they are hidden in the Lamaist libraries.

It was not, however, any desire to study Buddhistic literature, or to test the mystical powers of the priests and monks, that led to the present attempt to penetrate Tibet's seclusion. Nor can it very reasonably be said that trade is an important object, since a land so unproductive has little to offer, unless it be hitherto unrecognized mineral riches or unknown gold-mines capable of turning it into another Transvaal. M. Boulger attributes the advance of Colonel Younghusband to the ever-present jealousy of Russia, which is, and has been for a half-century, the mainspring of England's foreign policy, from the Mediterranean to the Pacific. England and Russia tend to divide Asia between them, and England has felt herself impelled to expand in every direction from her formerly isolated Indian realm, in order to forestall the advances of her rival. Within recent years the British-Indian government has in this way expanded its frontiers to embrace parts of Baluchistan, the frontiers of Afghanistan, a series of states like Hunza and Nagyr, in the Hindu-kush, to say nothing of Burma, which is, of course, more remote from Russian influence. The new territory thus added to the British Empire, or brought under its preponderant influence, considerably exceeds Manchuria in extent. Tibet itself, which is the present objective of British expansion, is twice as large as Manchuria, and, like Manchuria, a part of the Chinese Empire.

Another motive suggested for the British policy is to gain such an ascendency over the Buddhist Lama hierarchy as will enable England to touch the imaginations of the entire Buddhist population of Asia, and thus consolidate her political influence by a religious sanction. To do this effectually will require a permanent occupation of Tibet, or, at any rate, the establishment of a residency there, such as England already maintains in the tributary states of British India. The British resident in these states, while nominally an adviser, becomes the virtual ruler of the state, and his advice is invariably followed, because it is understood that it will in the last resort be supported by physical force.

It is, of course, true that Russia's war with Japan is England's opportunity to advance her frontiers through the regions of Asia which lie beyond her borders. But if the final truth be told, the cause of the present expedition lies deeper than these logical excuses; it springs from a necessity of adventure in the British character, from an excess of the administrative talent, which is ever seeking new lands to conquer.

The Centenary of Humboldt's Journey

In the year 1804 Alexander von Humboldt completed the epoch-making journey in Latin America which not only gave him his commanding position among scientists, but, by inspiring Charles Darwin with a passionate desire to study nature in the same regions, led to the discovery of the laws of evolution.

Few events in the history of the Western Hemisphere deserve to be more gratefully remembered by Americans on both sides of that line across the Isthmus of Panama which it is to divide, yet bring nearer together, the northern and southern continents; and no event of the past suggests more clearly a method of *rapprochement* which (if our government can take a hint from the great traveller) may prove as valuable in the future as the ship-canal itself. Humboldt writes in the *Personal Narrative:* "We succeeded in conciliating the friendship of the natives, and that of the Europeans entrusted with the administration of these vast countries. During the five years that we travelled throughout the new continent, we did not perceive the slightest mark of mistrust; and we remember with pleasure that, amidst the most painful privations, and whilst we were struggling against the obstacles which arose from the savage state of those regions, we never had to complain of the injustice of men." This splendid result was attained through simple means which are mentioned in the following terms: "During my abode in America, I presented the governors of provinces with a duplicate of the materials which I had collected, and which might interest the mother country by throwing some light on the geography and the statistics of the colonies." Both the Latin-Americans and their European associates were permitted to realize their full and equal participation in whatever gains were to be made. Moreover, all were convinced that the purpose of the journey was not commercial or political; and it was found to be true, as Humboldt has written in another place, that "partial enmities disappear before the advancement of general knowledge, which is the general cause of all nations."

When Darwin was studying at Cambridge he read Humboldt's *Personal Narrative,* and, as he has himself said, all his preconceived ideas of the intertropical regions were taken from the vivid descriptions in that book, "which far exceed in merit anything I have read on the subject." One of his biographers has told us how the Cambridge student tried to communicate to his college friends, "by vehement preachings on the splendors of Brazilian forests," the burning enthusiasm for the travels of naturalists that the book had raised in him; but his opportunity, as is well known, came in 1831, when the British admiralty sent the *Beagle,* under Robert Fitz-Roy, to extend the survey of South-American coasts which had been begun under Captain King in 1826.

While our manufacturers and merchants, and the statisticians of the Treasury Department and other branches of the government at Washington, have been pretty constantly engaged in deploring the control of South-American trade by Germany and Great Britain, and have brought forward ingenious explanations of that unsatisfactory state of affairs, not one of them has suggested that the German Humboldt and the English Darwin opened paths for the commerce of their respective nations. The principle which appeals so strongly to good taste and common sense in Humboldt's method has guided many Germans of later generations, including colonists and plain business men.

"When a government," said Humboldt, "undertakes one of those maritime expeditions which contribute to the knowledge of the globe and the progress of natural philosophy, there is no obstacle to the accomplishment of its purpose." The government of the United States has undertaken a few expeditions to Latin America during the century 1804-1904. Omitting those which related principally to the isthmian canal problem or to political conditions in the extreme south or the West-Indian islands, we may mention the Wilkes exploring expedition (1838-1842) to the Southern Ocean. Again, in 1849-52, a small appropriation was used in carrying on the work of the "United States Naval Astronomical Expeditions to the Southern Hemisphere"—or, more exactly, to parts of Chile and Argentina; and, a little later, certain parts of the valley of the Amazon were explored, not very deliberately, by two officers under the direction of the Navy Department, their orders stating that "the geographical situation and the commercial position of the Amazon indicate the future importance, to this country, of the free navigation of that river." In recent years a number of specialists have been sent out by our learned societies to study archæology, ethnology, etc., within limited areas; since 1900 the most important contributions to the world's knowledge of South-American geography have been made by English and Peruvian expeditions in the western Sierra, and by the Austrian expedition in eastern Brazil. American achievements in this field show as yet like very small plants in the shadow of Köelus and Schomburgk—not to mention again the two greater figures. But the international work of discovery is still far, very far, from being finished there; of the southern continent little more than its rim, and certain tracks leading into or across the vast central region (that fertile desert), have ever been fairly studied by competent persons. The best and latest maps of one-half of the New World are one-half guesswork. The greatest rewards are perhaps still kept in reserve for future scientific travellers.

Assorted Pennsylvanians

It seems that the members of the Pennsylvania Commission charged with the supervision of the State exhibit at St. Louis have decided to place in the Pennsylvania Building some forty portraits of eminent citizens of the Keystone Commonwealth, from the time of Penn down to the present day. Among the forty we find the names of Senator Quay and Senator Penrose, of Governor Pennypacker, United States Attorney-General Knox, and Lieutenant-Governor William M. Brown. General Meade, General Hancock, and General Reynolds are properly enough admitted, but why was General George B. McClellan excluded? Was it because Mr. Roosevelt did not mention that eminent commander in the address delivered by him on the field of Antietam?

Another curious feature of the list is the portrait of Simon Cam-

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eron, Secretary of War. When one recalls the brevity of the period during which Mr. Cameron held that office, and the circumstances under which he left it, one marvels at the selection of his name instead of that of Edwin M. Stanton, the great war minister of modern times. Is Mr. P. C. Knox the most distinguished son of Pennsylvania who has held the office of United States Attorney-General? What of Mr. Wayne MacVeagh; of Jeremiah S. Black, who was also Secretary of State in the Buchanan administration, and Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania? What of Richard Rush, who was not only Attorney-General, but Secretary of the Treasury, and minister to the Court of St. James's? We note some other extraordinary omissions in the list of distinguished Pennsylvanians. Why does not the gallery of portraits include William M. Meredith, who was Secretary of the Treasury in the Taylor administration; Joseph R. Ingersoll, whom President Fillmore made minister to the Court of St. James's; George M. Dallas, who was successively minister to the Court of St. Petersburg, Vice-President of the United States, and minister to the Court of St. James's; Judge William Wilkins, who was minister to the Court of St. Petersburg, Secretary of War, and United States Senator; and Alexander James Dallas, who was simultaneously Secretary of the Treasury and Secretary of War in the Madison administration?

Most astonishing of all is the omission from the list of Albert Gallatin, who for thirteen years was Secretary of the Treasury and, with the sole exception of Alexander Hamilton, the most illustrious tenant of that office. Mr. Albert Gallatin, it is well known, was subsequently minister to France and minister to the Court of St. James's. It cannot be that the portraits of Albert Gallatin and Alexander James Dallas have been excluded from this gallery on the ground that they were born in Europe. The same objection would apply to Robert Morris, who was born in Liverpool; to James Wilson, who was born in Scotland; to Commodore John Barry, who was born in Ireland; and to General Meade, who was born in Cadiz. We should also be glad to learn why the tory Benjamin Chew is admitted to the list, while the patriot John Dickinson, the great opponent of the Stamp Act, is excluded. On the whole, we imagine that the gallery of portraits which is intended to adorn the Pennsylvania Building at St. Louis will chiefly impress the visitor by its omissions:

> As Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus's bust,
> Did but of Rome's great son remind her more.

The Delights of the Unexpected

Unless one return to Wordsworth's "trailing clouds of glory," it would be difficult to say just why the most delightful conversationalists in the world are those who have not yet attained to a concrete vision of more than five years' standing. But it is true that we never hang with quite such wide-eyed and breathless expectancy upon the lips of the great sage or fluent orator as we do upon the oracular utterances of a child just viewing the world. Perhaps it is a faint adumbration of that rarest of God-given faculties, originality, pure and unobstructed, that holds us. At any rate, we are rarely disappointed of a little thrill of surprise when we turn to childhood for comment on life.

No two first visions of the universe are alike. "I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation, and that to me it is hindrance," said that eternal child, William Blake. "What, when the sun rises, do you not see a round disk of fire larger than a guinea? it will be questioned. Oh no, no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty!'"

Even so is the perception of the child created from the inner thought and untainted by the traditions and presuppositions of man.

"Let me see," said a tiny fellow, under two, upon being shown the moon for the first time—"let me see; I'll look around and find some more moons," and he scanned the sky hopefully. But the same experiment brought forth a widely varying result from a more literary little maid, who, on being shown the moon for the first time, commented, dejectedly, "Not any cow."

Even the dangers of literature are lessened for the very young by their free powers of rearrangement and application. A little girl of four who had been taken to church reproduced the whole scene with much ingenuity, taking for a text, as she stood in her high-chair, "Lead me in the paths of righteousness in the presence of mine enemies"; and then descending and donning her father's old college cap, she sang with vim and endless reiterations, "Let your light so shine, little brother, let your light so shine that God will not put you in a bushel."

Religious instruction as sifted through the childish intelligence often results oddly, and one little girl of strong theological predilections was heard instructing a younger child thus: "Now, I'll tell you exactly how I am made. First, there is little round me that is busy and does things; over that I wear a skeleton of bones and then all the sinful lusts of the flesh." Upon the superficiality of sin she might have been interpreted as having definite convictions, but when it came to the nature of Deity, patriotism obstructed her vision, for she wavered and finally confessed, "I don't know much about God, anyway; only one thing for sure, He is a Virginian."

A little boy, gazing with real joy at a full moon, said, confidently, "It is very beautiful, and I made it myself." He was taken aside and reprimanded for laxity in integrity, but prolonged argument only resulted in the sobbing protestation, "Perhaps I did not make the realness of it, but I know I made its shape and its shining." Such was the appearance of good faith that the disconfited representative of stern morality retired with a confused sense of dealing with a full-fledged Fichtian philosopher of five.

At that early age not only life, but art, is full of suggestion, and much theory of life is built up upon pictorial representations. A small chubby baby, upon being reprimanded for escaping while he was being undressed, and running about his room in a state of nature, turned at once to a Raphael Madonna over the fireplace, and pointing to the infant Jesus, said, triumphantly, "He used to done it."

"When they bury the body," he asked a sister a year or two older, "how do they start the soul up to God?"

"Why, don't you know?" she said, surprised. "They chop the head off and tie little wings to the neck, and it wings straight up."

On being told of a friend's death, a little girl of six stood wondering, round-eyed and rosy, at the foot of her bed, and swiftly propounded these questions:

"Did her body get to heaven?

"Will her soul take up her skeleton?

"Does a soul have any kind of feet?

"When she gets there will God put an angel head upon her?

"Will she wear a shirt-waist and skirt?

"Will Jesus walk down to the gate and hand her out a judgment?

"When will she get her judgment?

"Will she climb up the steps to heaven or will angels carry her? My hymn says *steps* up to heaven.

"Will she see Jesus at last, *in the real?*

"And will she see God, *in the real?*

"I don't want to die, because of the valley of the shadow of death; that must be very dark."

Then, without a pause, came, as a conclusion, a quick laying aside of the whole sad matter, as she sang out, cheerily, "I am going to hop to my bath on one foot," and she did, chanting as she went, "D-e-a-d—dead, dead, dead."

It is worthy of note that in earliest life the intimacy with great mysteries is closest, and the same child who at six set the questions above, at three, when she was asked by a little brother, "What was the names of those angels that brang me down from heaven?" she responded, without an instant's hesitation, "One was Star-Bright and the other was Pleine-de-grâce." When she was cross-examined as to how she knew, she looked inscrutable and only said, "I always knowed."

To the gentleness and delicacy of childish methods too high a praise cannot be given. No childish comment bears a sting, and when it is unfavorable it is apt to be conveyed in a negative and reluctant way. "Is that lady's back broken?" asked the little girl of the caller that had just left. "No? I thought it might be; she's so *un*tall." And the nurse was referred to, in a hushed aside, as "pretty unpatient and discomsatisfied to-day."

Little boys seem to be born with a greater feeling of independence and less desire to deal tenderly with the universe. "How can you be naughty when you're just off your knees after asking God to make you good?" But the little boy answered, sturdily, "I told Him to do it, but if He can't do it by Hisself I won't help Him."

As a remedy for the disease of world-weariness, as a refuge from all that is "flat, stale, and unprofitable," there is nothing more delightful than a daily hour in the nursery when conversation flows freely.

Prison Reform Needed

The Prison Association of New York, of which Mr. Charlton T. Lewis is chairman, sets forth in its annual report the very serious defects in the prison system of the State. One great trouble is that no State authority exercises any control over county jails or county penitentiaries, and the jails, and even the State prisons, differ so much in unpleasantness that the penalties of courts do not represent any uniformity in punishment or discipline. Moreover, the constitutional amendment which provides that prison-made goods shall not be sold in the open market has destroyed the industries of the county penitentiaries, so that thousands of county prisoners are practically condemned to absolute idleness, and are maintained in that condition by the taxpayers. It is a very bad state of things, due to the fact that prisoners have no votes and little influence. Our jails need more influential inmates. A little precautionary interest in prison reform by able citizens who find their present profit in breaking laws and buying legislation might be very seasonably bestowed.

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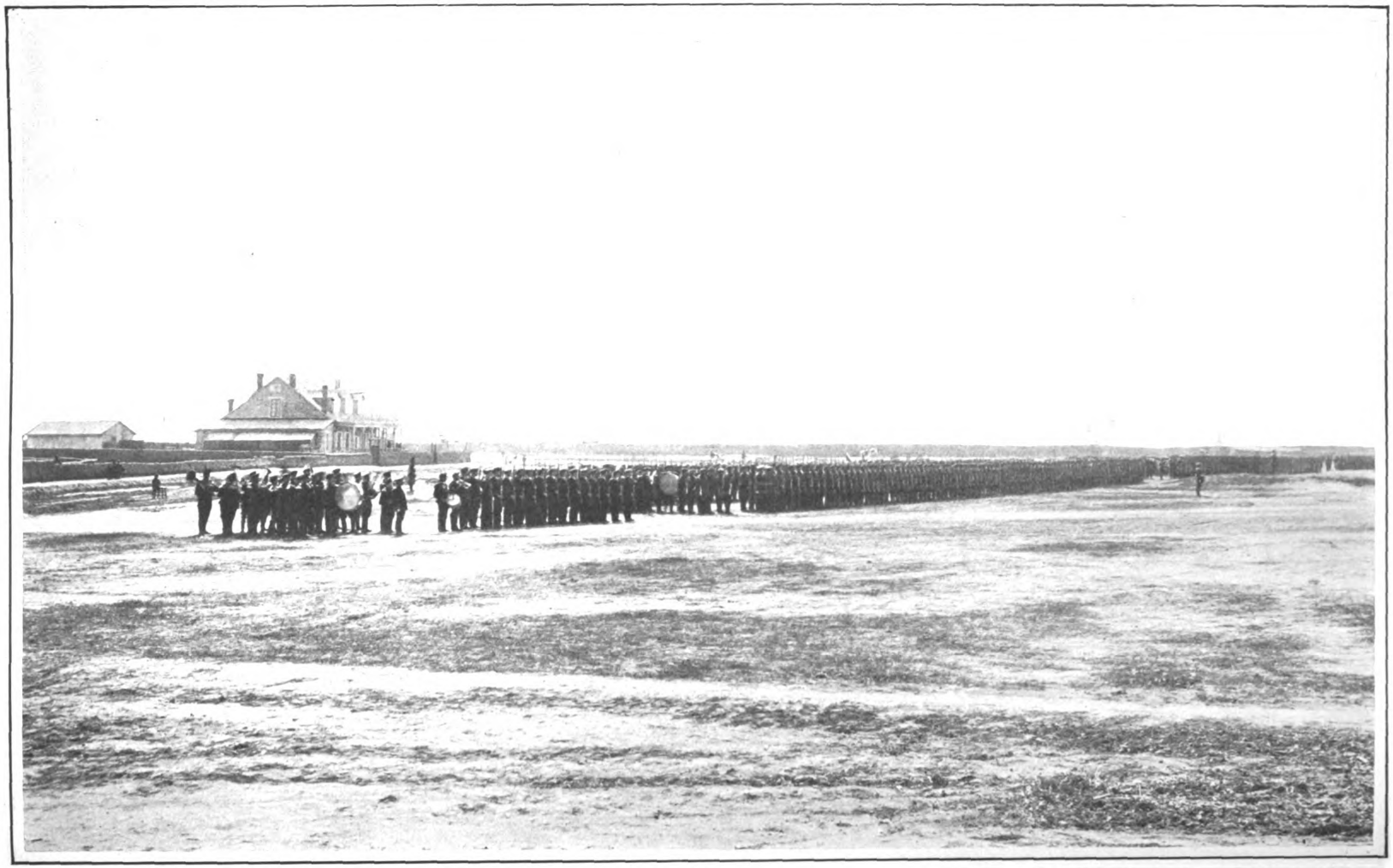
PHOTOGRAPH OF RUSSIAN OUTPOSTS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTHERN KOREA

Recent reports from the Far East indicate that the Russians and Japanese continue to increase their forces in northern Korea. With the arrival of General Kuropatkin at the front it is expected that the Russians will begin a more aggressive campaign, and within the last three weeks skirmishes between the outposts have become more frequent. The photograph shows a detachment of Russian sharpshooters in the mountains of northern Korea on March 1 preparing to meet a company of Japanese scouts

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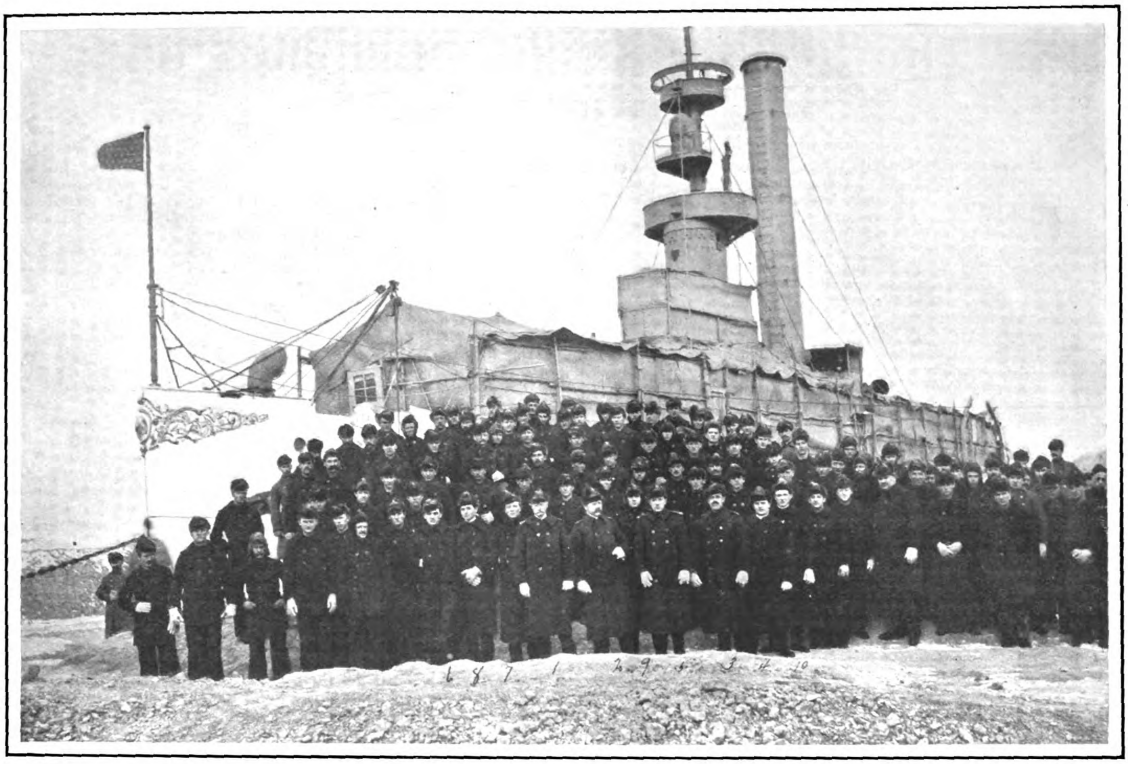
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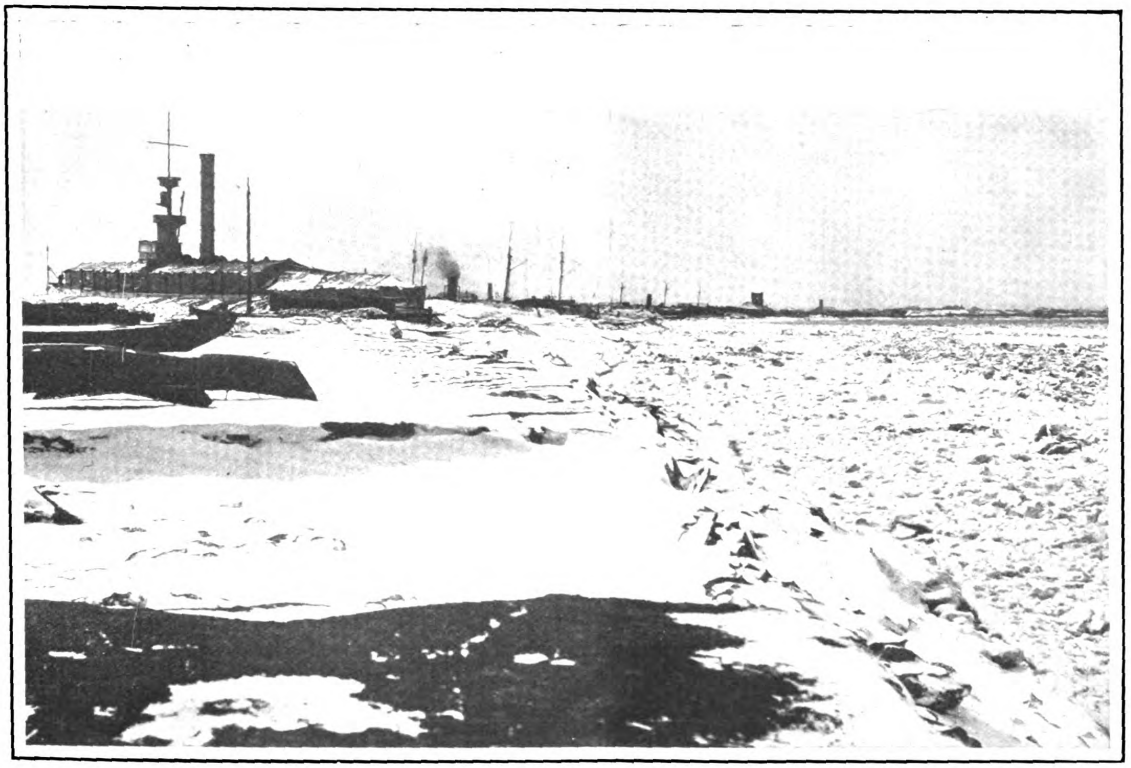
PHOTOGRAPH OF RUSSIAN TROOPS INSIDE THE WALLS AT NEWCHWANG

It is reported from reliable sources that Russia now has in Manchuria an armed force of nearly 200,000 men. In a despatch from St. Petersburg, giving a list of the troops in the Far East, the following figures are given: At the end of March there were in Manchuria 170,000 infantry, 17,000 cavalry, and 256 cannon. Of this force, the larger part is concentrated in southern Manchuria, although the strategical front extends from Vladivostok to Newchwang. It is estimated that by the end of June 130,000 more infantry, 30,000 cavalry, and 250 cannon will have been sent to the front. The photograph shows an infantry drill of Russian troops inside the walls at Newchwang, which Russia has recently declared a war-port

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Officers and crew of the United States S. S. "Helena," in Winter Dock at Newchwang. 1. Captain F. E. Sawyer; 2. Lieut.-Com. Harry Phelps; 3. Lieut. R. D. Hasbrouck; 4. Asst. Surgeon J. W. Backus; 5. P. A. Paymaster F. R. Holt; 6. Ensign Larimer; 7. Ensign C. R. Train; 8. Midshipman W. W. Smith; 9. Midshipman J. C. Townsend; 10. Pay Clerk L. S. Abbott



View of the frozen harbor of Newchwang, showing the United States S. S. "Helena," the Russian Gunboat "Sivoutch," the British Gunboat "Espiegle," and the Newchwang Bund

SCENES FROM NEWCHWANG, RUSSIAN WAR-PORT IN MANCHURIA

On March 27 Viceroy Alexeieff issued orders declaring Newchwang under martial law. All foreign consuls and residents were notified, and American and British flags were removed from the property of citizens by the Russian admiralty. The rumor that the foreign governments would protest against the action of Russia has been denied, and it is now officially announced that no opposition to the Russian declaration will be made by the United States or by the other powers

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The Russians in Manchuria

By Frank Madison

NEWCHWANG, CHINA, *March 5, 1904.*

FROM the moment I arrived here I found that the Chinese loathed the Russians, who have treated them harshly and enforced upon them many despotic laws. They have prevented the Chinese from having firearms, and thus rendered the farmers and those living in small villages helpless against the bands of brigands that infest Manchuria. However, this order has not prevented many from secretly obtaining rifles—generally modern Mauser infantry rifles—which they keep hidden.

The Russians have forced the Chinese to make many improvements of undoubted advantage; but the forceful methods used have been very distasteful and irritating to the Chinese. The fines imposed have been unreasonably large. Chinamen are arrested for trivial offences, which in most cases are practically not offences at all, and heavily fined for them. The Russians have charge of the Chinese native taxes, the revenues from which they spend for the improvements in Manchuria, which are costing *the Russian government* so dearly! These revenues are paying for many of the improvements which the home government is supposed to be making. The Chinese resent this treatment and bitterly hate the Russians, and they have no hesitancy in telling you their opinion of them—"No likee Lussian man, tleat Chinaman velly bad, makee steal, makee 'squeeze,' no pay money. Lussian man no belong ploper."

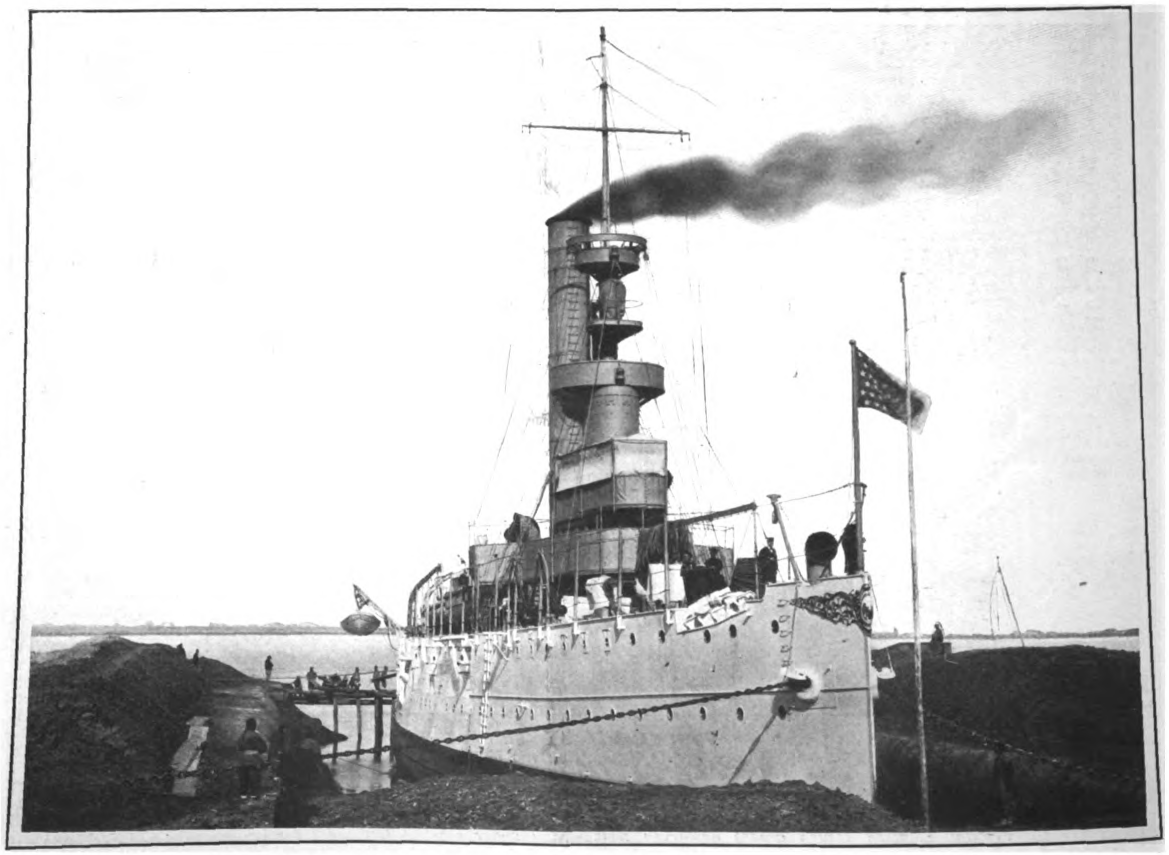
The Japanese have spies throughout Manchuria, dressed like Chinese and wearing pigtails, so that it is next to impossible for the Russians to detect them. There is nothing going on in Manchuria that the Japanese authorities do not learn of very shortly afterwards. Their system of intelligence is comprehensive and efficient, and the Russians know it, but can do nothing to prevent them getting this information. It is the general opinion that the Japanese spies and the Chinese, with whom they are on friendly terms, will cause much damage by blowing up bridges on the Russian railway and cutting telegraph lines.

The Russian army in Manchuria is far from being ready for war, according to the statements of Russian officers. A Russian officer told me a few days before the Japanese attacked the Russian fleet at Port Arthur that, if the Japs should declare war and make an invasion of Manchuria, the Russian army would be defeated and driven back, but that they had no fear of the Japs declaring war for some time, and by that time Russia would be ready, and would defeat the Japanese army in Manchuria, then take Japan, and the war would be finished!

The news of the Japanese attack on the fleet at Port Arthur struck the Russians like a thunderbolt. They expected Japan to wait until Russia's procrastinating diplomats had killed time pending Russia's preparations! On the night of the torpedo-boat attack on the fleet at Port Arthur most of the Russian officers were ashore attending a ball given by Admiral Alexeieff, or enjoying themselves otherwise. When they heard that the Japanese had attacked their fleet they refused to believe it, as war had not been declared, and continued their merrymaking until officially summoned to join their ships. They evidently expected the Japs to send them notice that war had been declared, and, with true Oriental courtesy, to wait until they were ready; then, after notifying them what time the Russians might expect them, make their attack when the enemy was ready and waiting! They were very indignant and irate at the underhanded manner in which the Japs had taken them by surprise.

The following incident is told of the captain of the Russian battle-ship *Retvisan*, which was torpedoed in the night attack of February 9: The officer of the watch on the *Retvisan* discovered the Japanese torpedo-boats steaming in towards the harbor and close aboard. He hurriedly went below and reported to the captain that Japanese torpedo-boats were entering the harbor. The captain told him that this could not be so, and that it must be some Russian torpedo-boats that were expected that night. Just then a tremendous explosion which shook the huge battle-ship from stem to stern, convincing the captain that the torpedo-boats were Japanese, after all. When the Japanese government issued the order recalling their subjects from Manchuria, the Japanese consul at Tientsin chartered a steamer to take all of the Japanese away from Port Arthur, taking with him on the steamer his personal servant. This Japanese coolie who was waiting on the consul was Captain Moorè of the Japanese navy. He went in disguise to obtain information in Port Arthur, and found out just how the Russian fleet was anchored and all of the other information he wanted. A few days later three of the best Russian ships at Port Arthur were torpedoed.

The Chinese in the interior of Manchuria are rising, and are forming bands to harass the Russians. These bands are called *Hung Hoodzas* (Red Beards) by the Chinese, and are composed mostly of robbers and bandits who know the country so well that the Russians will have little chance of capturing them. With the Japanese army advancing from the south and the *Hung Hoodzas* harassing them on the north, the railroad blown up so that



A Photograph of the United States S. S. "Helena" in Mud Dock at Newchwang. For Views of the Harbor and Battleships in Winter, just received from Newchwang, the Reader is referred to page 581 of this Issue of the "Weekly"

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THE WORK OF CONSTRUCTION ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN LINE AROUND THE SOUTHERN SHORE OF LAKE BAIKAL

The construction of the railroad around the south shore of Lake Baikal is the most difficult problem which has confronted the Russian government in the building of the Trans-Siberian Railway. The mountainous country makes it necessary to tunnel frequently, and the laborers suffer great hardships on account of the intense cold. The Russian government has abandoned the idea of transporting troops across the lake on the ice railway, which is now being used to carry supplies only. Work on the circum-Baikal route is being hurried forward, but it is not thought the line will be finished before fall. Meanwhile the troops arriving from St. Petersburg for the East are carried across Lake Baikal on sledges

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reinforcements will be long delayed, and the telegraph lines cut, the situation of the Russian army is becoming insecure.

The United States steamer *Helena*, which represents our navy here, arrived in Newchwang on the 5th of last November, and immediately went into mud dock for the winter. As the winters here are very severe, the river having ice three or four feet thick upon it, it is necessary for a ship remaining here during the winter to have a hole dug in the river bank to fit her, and remain in this mud dock, as it is called, until the river opens in the spring. There are three gunboats wintering in Newchwang this winter—the British gunboat *Espiègle*, the Russian gunboat *Sivoutch*, and the *Helena*.

To protect the upper deck from the cold, the ship is housed over with matting, so that drills may be held during the cold weather. The dock is sealed at the end by a mud dam, and contains water, the level of which is just below the draft of the ship, so that the ship rests lightly upon the bottom. The auxiliary machinery of the ship is used as in ordinary service, the dock water being used for condensing. The hot condensing water that is discharged into the dock keeps the water warm in spite of the cold weather. The mercury has several times been down as low as twelve below zero, but the lowest temperature that the dock water has reached is fifty-seven degrees, and the mean is about sixty-seven degrees.

The *Helena's* men have a gymnasium, recreation hall, and reading-room ashore, which they enjoy immensely, as the first two cannot be had on board ship. During November, before the weather became too cold, every Wednesday and Saturday would see two bluejacket teams lined up for football. Basketball is also popular, teams from the different divisions playing every day until it became too cold. The bowling alley in the recreation hall is the source of the greatest enjoyment, as it is not interfered with by the weather. The men are bowling with great interest for a silver loving-cup which is to be given to the one who makes the highest score during their stay here.

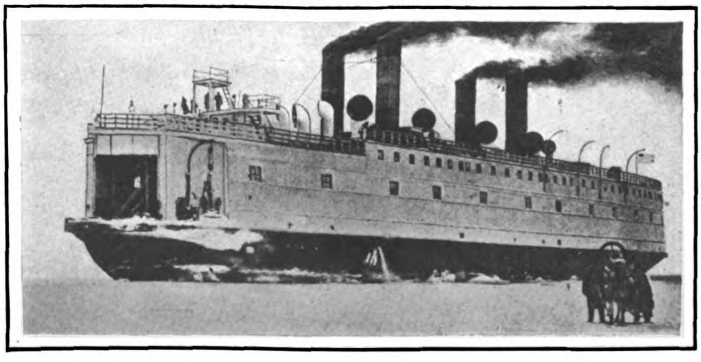
The officers have Manchurian ponies, and form a polo-team which plays the Newchwang team. Although the polo is not of the most scientific quality, it is quite a novelty for seafaring officers, and is the only *all-navy* polo-team on record.

The Strength of Russia on Land and Sea

By Charles Johnston

FIRST among Russia's still untouched resources must be reckoned the Vladivostok flying squadron, of which we have heard so much and seen so little. It was at first under the command of Baron Stachelberg, a veteran of the Russo-Turkish war; but Baron Stachelberg suffers from an old wound in the head, which brings relapses of epilepsy, and his command has been transferred to Captain Reitzenstein, one of the innumerable officers of German extraction in the service of Russia. The biggest ship in the Vladivostok squadron is the *Gromoboi*, of 12,336 tons displacement, and therefore heavier by two thousand five hundred tons than the heaviest cruiser in the Japanese fleet, and outstripping our own heaviest cruiser by an even greater amount. She has a primary battery of four 8-inch quick-firing guns in armor casemates, supported by sixteen 6-inch quick-firing guns, and no less than forty-eight of lesser calibre, with five torpedo-tubes. This big ship can do twenty knots, and is exceeded in weight by only four cruisers in the British navy, there being nothing else of her class to equal her elsewhere in the navies of the world. Second in the Vladivostok squadron comes the *Rossia*, launched three years earlier, and within two hundred tons of the same displacement. She has also four 8-inch and sixteen 6-inch quick-firing guns, and forty-eight of lesser calibre. She has a belt of armor five to eight inches thick, but her batteries are not so well guarded as those of her bigger sister. She can also do about twenty knots, which would take her across the Atlantic in about six days. This ship has six torpedo-tubes. Of less speed is the *Rurik*, displacing 11,000 tons, or about twelve hundred more than Japan's best cruiser; she has a similar armament, though not quite so extensive, and only four torpedo-tubes. Add the *Bogatyr*, built in Germany, a much lighter, but also much faster ship, doing twenty-three knots, and thus able to keep up with the fastest ocean-greyhound. She displaces 6500 tons, and has twelve 6-inch quick-firing guns and eighteen of less weight. This new and rapid ship will doubtless scout for the squadron, and there are only four Japanese ships, all cruisers of less tonnage, that could keep up with her. The work of this Vladivostok squadron will be to attempt to prevent Japan landing troops anywhere on the outer coast of Korea, whether at Wonson, at Possyet Bay, or anywhere between. At the beginning of the war the only ships fit to cope with this squadron were the six Japanese battle-ships, two of which are at present disabled, according to the best information, while the other four are at Port Arthur. It would seem, therefore, that the Vladivostok squadron will be equal to its task, and that Japanese troops will be able to land only on the inner coast of Korea, at Chemulpo, and other harbors of the Yellow Sea.

Let us now take stock of the Port Arthur squadron, so far as it is known to be still effective. Leaving out the two battle-ships at present and for some time likely to be under repairs, Russia has still no less than five large battle-ships at Port Arthur, to meet the four battle-ships of Japan. These are the twin ships *Perisvet* and *Pobieda*, each displacing 12,674 tons, with a primary battery of four 10-inch guns, supported by eleven 6-inch quick-firers, and no less than fifty smaller guns, once more exemplifying the fact that the Russian ships are the most heavily armed in the world. These are eighteen-knot ships. They have Belleville boilers, and a very large coal-supply; their big guns are in turrets, and their armor is Harvey steel. Admiral Makaroff has three more battle-ships still intact: the *Petropavlovsk*, the *Poltava*, and the *Sevastopol*, each of 11,000 tons displacement, and with a primary battery of four 12-inch guns; each of these three ships has also twelve 6-inch quick-firing guns, and thirty-four guns of smaller calibre, as well as six torpedo-tubes. They can do from seventeen to eighteen knots, and have the peculiarity that eight of their 6-inch guns, like the 12-inch guns, are carried in pairs in turrets on the upper deck.



A Photograph of the Russian Ice-Breaker in Vladivostok Harbor

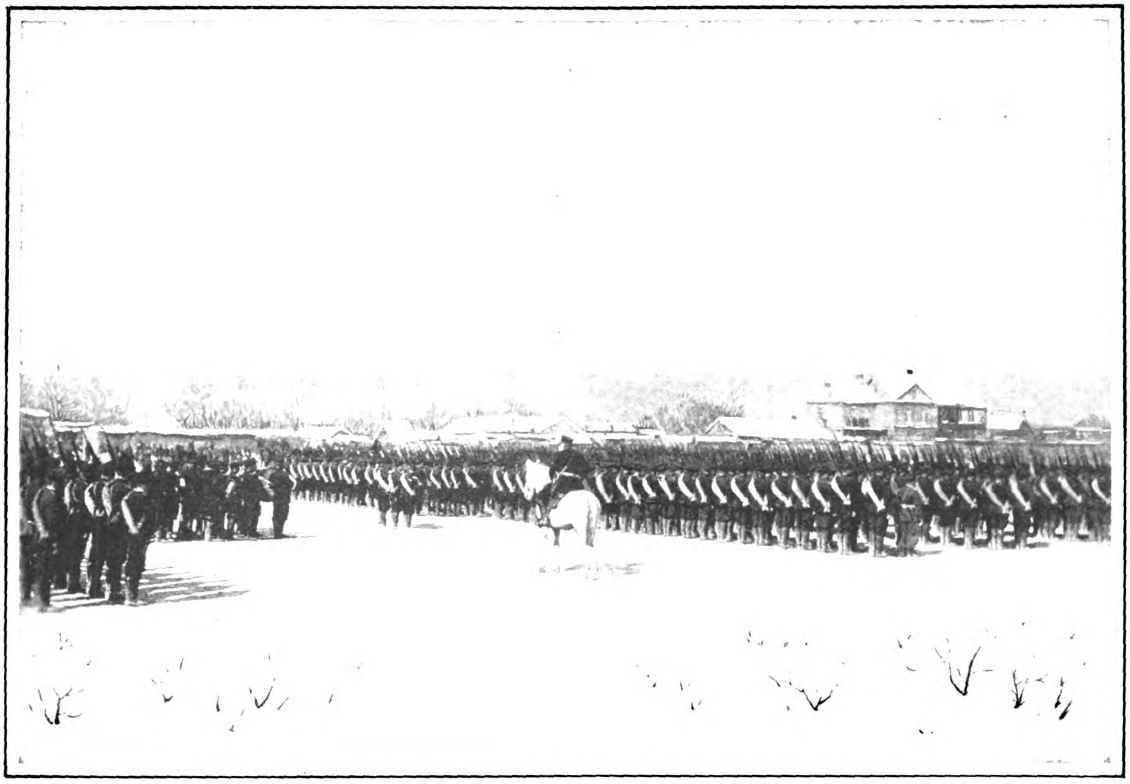
This gives Admiral Makaroff a battle-ship tonnage at Port Arthur of 58,230 tons. Let us compare this with the present force of Japan. The latter, we are reliably informed, has two of her six battle-ships, the *Mikasa* and *Yashima*, under repairs at Sasebo or Nagasaki; we may count them out against the *Retvisan* and *Czarevitch*, repairing in the Port Arthur docks. Their absence leaves Japan a battle-ship tonnage of 58,420 tons, within two hundred tons of that at the disposal of Admiral Makaroff. The willingness of the latter to take the offensive becomes the more intelligible; and that this was not done before is almost certainly due to the fact that the Port Arthur channel was blocked by the *Retvisan*, which has only recently been floated, thus allowing the ships in the harbor to get out. It is less easy to take accurate stock of Admiral Makaroff's strength in cruisers. The *Pallada*, a 6500-ton protected cruiser, is under repairs, and will shortly be ready for service; at present, however, she is not effective. The *Boyarin*, a twenty-five-knot ship, displacing 3000 tons, was reported to have been blown up, by striking a Russian mine, and her name has not recently appeared in accounts of naval skirmishes, so that we may omit her provisionally. This leaves Admiral Makaroff four cruisers—the *Bayan*, an armored cruiser launched in 1900, and displacing about 8000 tons, thus coming close to the best ship of her class in our own navy; she carries two 8-inch quick-firing guns, eight 6-inch quick-firing guns, and twenty-seven guns of smaller calibre; the *Askold*, a protected cruiser, a twin ship to the *Bogatyr*, already described; the *Diana*, also displacing 6500 tons, with eight 6-inch quick-firing guns, and thirty-two of lesser weight; and, finally, the *Novik*, used by Admiral Makaroff as his flag-ship recently, and having a speed of twenty-five knots, about equal to that of an ordinary fast train; this rapid boat displaces 3000 tons, with six 4.7-inch quick-firing guns, and is a sister ship to the *Boyarin*, about whose loss there is some doubt. Add to these five battle-ships and four cruisers some four or five destroyers and six or eight torpedo-boats, and it is evident that the Port Arthur squadron is still quite formidable, being of almost identical tonnage with the Japanese fleet opposed to it.

These two squadrons will in due time be reinforced. I believe it quite certain that the Black Sea fleet will remain where it is, and that no attempt, diplomatic or otherwise, will be made to bring it through the Dardanelles. But there is still the Baltic fleet to fall back on, and here Russia has her great naval reserve. Plans have been perfected for sending the Baltic fleet, with an army of colliers, rigged with special apparatus enabling them to coal at sea; so that there is at present nothing to prevent the reinforcement of the Vladivostok and Port

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Arthur squadrons in three or four months' time. These reinforcements will consist, first of all, of three ships which were on their way East when the war broke out, but which returned, it will be remembered, to the Mediterranean. First comes the *Oslabya*, a sister ship to the *Perisvet* and *Pobieda*, displacing 12,674 tons, and carrying sixty-five guns from 10-inch down. Besides this battle-ship, there are the armored cruiser *Dmitri Donskoi*, of about 6000 tons displacement; and the *Aurora*, displacing 6500 tons, and sister to the *Diana* and *Pallada*. These three ships were in the Red Sea when the war broke out; but Russia had far more important reserves at Cronstadt and in the Baltic. They are likely to start East in June or July, though some of them may go earlier. This second reserve includes, as its most important element, three recently launched battle-ships, the *Borodino*, the *Alexander III.*, and the *Orel* (*Eagle*), each displacing 13,400 tons, with eleven inches of armor, and very heavily armed. Each of these ships is heavier than any battle-ship Russia had in the East at the beginning of the war, and our own navy has as yet launched nothing to equal them. Next we have the two battle-ships *Kniaz* (*Prince*) *Suvoroff* and *Slava* (*Glory*), each displacing 13,100 tons, and with the same armor and armament. All these five battle-ships are bigger and heavier than anything in our navy, and the oldest of them was launched only three years ago. There are four more battle-ships still to be added, the *Emperor Alexander III.*, the *Emperor Nicholas I.*, and the *Navarin*, each displacing 10,000 tons, and the *Sissoi Veliki*, displacing about 9000. Russia has, therefore, still about a hundred thousand tons displacement of battle-ships as an untouched reserve, while Japan has all her ships in commission or under repair. As we saw, the Port Arthur and Vladivostok squadrons are about equal in both battle-ship and cruiser tonnage to the presently effective ships of Japan, while the battle-ship reserve available for Russia is about double that of the present battle-ship strength of the Japanese navy. Excluding the Black Sea fleet, therefore, Russia will, in three or four months, have about three times the weight of battle-ships in the East that Japan has; or, supposing that the present equally balanced fleets destroy each other, Russia has still a battle-ship fleet half as large again as that of Japan at the beginning of the war with which to renew hostilities. One cannot avoid the reflection that this is the factor likely to involve the British navy, as England would almost certainly come to the aid of her ally Japan should the latter lose heavily in new naval engagements.

To turn now to Russia's land forces. Let us consider first the total available from all sources, and then that part of this total at present in the Far East, or on the way thither. Every year nearly a million young Russians reach the age of twenty-one, and are thus liable to conscription. Of these something over 200,000 are annually recruited and drilled. It will be remembered that this is slightly more than four times as many as the new recruits annually added to the Japanese army. The term of service is also longer, being five years in the European Russian army. Thus, multiplying by five, we have something over a million men at any time in the Russian garrisons, in time of peace, with four or five times as many young men between twenty-one and twenty-six, who might be recruited to fill their places. The First Reserve of the Russian army consists of men who have completed their five years' service in the active army, as described, and they form part of this reserve for the next thirteen years—that is, until the age of thirty-nine. Allowing for the average number of deaths there are about two and a half million of these first reservists at any moment ready for service with the colors; the oldest of them is about thirty-nine, and they have all had five years' drill and training. The Second Reserve consists of men who have served in both the active army and the First Reserve, and they keep this status until they are forty-four—that is, for five years longer. Of these second reservists there are about three-quarters of a million available at any time.



The Mobilization of Russian Forces in the Far East—A Regiment in Heavy Marching Order drawn up for Review inside the Wall of Newchwang

We must add the Cossack regiments, of which there are a large number, both cavalry and infantry. Of the Cossack horsemen there are some fifty thousand in the Russian army, in part distributed among the Russian cavalry as seasoning, in part formed in exclusively Cossack regiments. There are also about ten thousand Cossacks formed in infantry regiments; and a large proportion of these are in the outposts of the Far East.

We may gain a general idea of the vastness of the Russian army if we remember that it has at present, in war-time, seventy-five thousand commissioned officers—that is to say, Russia could substitute a commissioned officer for every enlisted man in our own army and still have some fifteen or twenty thousand officers left over: far more than sufficient to officer the entire British army. It must be remembered, of course, that Russia has an immense frontier to guard, beginning with Finland, passing by Poland to the Austrian and Turkish frontier; continuing along Asiatic Turkey and Persia, to Afghanistan, Turkestan, and China, and ending with the north of Korea, near Vladivostok. The forts cannot be denuded, especially along the European frontier, no matter how excellent may be the relations of Russia with the Triple Alliance, no matter how fair may be the speeches of Abdul Hamid in the Balkan peninsula. Therefore only a part of the vast army described can possibly go to the Far East to fight Japan. Let us try to estimate the numbers of troops there or on the way.

Ordinarily speaking, the forces of Russia in the Far East in-

(Continued on page 600.)

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THE RED CROSS IN THE FIELD
AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT OF F

The photograph shows a wounded Russian soldier being transported from the scene of a skirmish bet
men on skees are Red Cross representatives, of whom it is estimated that there are now at the sce

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FIELD—CARING FOR THE WOUNDED OF FEBRUARY 25, NEAR PING YANG

A battle between the Russian and Japanese outposts near Ping Yang, Korea, reported on February 26. The scene of war in the Far East between two and three thousand, including nurses and physicians.

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Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

"HERE is a book," said a well-known New York editor the other day, tapping the open pages of Gertrude Atherton's new novel, *Rulers of Kings*, lying on his desk, "which everybody is going to be reading and talking about. Why? Because it is a book of the moment. Because it deals with people and interests and movements that are big and real in everybody's mind this very minute. Furthermore, because it is as romantic as any historical romance I have ever read." And I believe he is right. With the passing of the vogue of the historical novel we have been asking: What will take its place? The reading public still loves romance—it will love it as long as there is a lover and his lass—but it has grown tired of the paraphernalia of historical fiction, and craves something vital and immediate, something that stirs in the blood of its own generation, and calls clamorously to be heard. It reads as it lives in the present tense. I think it is Professor Brander Matthews who has said that the best of all historical novels is that which deals with contemporary history. The description fits *Rulers of Kings* exactly. Nowhere has the attempt to write an historical novel of the present day, with portraits of actual royalties, emperors, princes and princesses, written as one writes of the past, been so daringly yet successfully achieved. Again, we must record, as we were moved to do two years ago, on the appearance of *The Conqueror*, that Mrs. Atherton is a woman of surprises and unbounded resources. She has given us a new thing.

With the publication of *The Aristocrats* some three years ago Gertrude Atherton may be said to have entered upon a literary career which has gained her the admiration and respect of the literary world. However we may differ about the character of her work previous to this event, it is undeniable that a line of cleavage separates the books she has written before and since that time. Yet one point must be granted. Mrs. Atherton's literary power and aggressive personality were forceful enough even to surmount the test of anonymity. When she elected to publish *The Aristocrats* anonymously she took a step that bore the best results for her subsequent career, it was the wisest thing she could have done, and was characteristic of her wonderful sagacity. It had become the custom in this country to greet each successive work of hers with a certain amount of abuse, and it seemed impossible for her to expect fairness and justice from her reviewers. Curiously enough, the papers which had been most consistent and constant in denunciation were the loudest in applauding *The Aristocrats*. When *The Conqueror* followed this book a year later, the tide of favor was at flood, and no author could count on a warmer welcome for a new work than the author of *Ruler of Kings*.

Mrs. Atherton plunges into the heart of the matter without parleying. "When Fessenden Abbott heard that he was to inherit four hundred million of dollars," so runs the opening paragraph, "he experienced the profoundest discouragement he was ever to know, except on that midnight ten years later when he stood on a moonlit balcony in Hungary, alone with the daughter of an emperor, and opened his contemptuous American mind to the deeper problems of Europe." But before he was to learn of his inheritance, he had to undergo a long and hardy apprenticeship, first as child and boy in the bracing atmosphere of the Adirondacks, and later as a youth of mounting dreams and levelling aims in a Western university. Not until he was fitted in body and mind and ready to acquit himself as a leader of men and movements, not until he had undergone the most arduous training in self-help and self-reliance and had planted himself broadly and firmly on his own feet, did his multi-millionaire father disclose to him the fact of which he had kept him designedly in ignorance that he was the heir of millions of dollars. When he was ten years old his father furnished him with a companion and a tutor who was in his confidence. On that occasion, Abbott senior taught Abbott junior the following words, and enjoined him, should he forget them, to rise in the coldest and darkest night, stand in the middle of the room, and repeat them twice: "Life is a fight. Millions fail. Only the strong win. Failure is worse than death. Man's internal strength is created by watching circumstance like a hawk, meeting her every spring stiff and straight, laughing at her pitfalls—which in the beginning of life are excess, excess, and always excess, and all manner of dishonor. Strength is created by adversity, by trying to win first the small battles of life, then the great, by casting out fear, by training the mind to rule in all things—the heart, the passions, the impulses, which if indulged make the brain the slave instead of the master. Success, for which alone a man lives, if he be honest with himself, comes to those who are strong, strong, strong." Then he added: "When you have finished that I want you to repeat 'No' aloud for ten minutes. The time will come when you will rejoice that 'No' flies instead of moving reluctantly to your tongue. As for that prayer I have given you, you may not understand it all now, but you will as you grow older, better and better; you will analyze and ponder upon it. Life is choked and gasping with young men trying to get a decent living, with thousands besides struggling for a career, a reputation. I shall do my best to educate you, but I want you to grow up with the distinct understanding that you must support yourself when that preparatory period is over."

Such was the start and of such the stuff with which young Abbott had to carve his way out into the world of men. The first part of the book is devoted to the making and building of his character in the bracing solitude of the Adirondacks and the isolation of university life in the West. No one knows the West and the Adirondacks and their silent resistless influences better than Mrs. Atherton. The second part follows young Abbott's career, briefly upon certain vast enterprises and triumphs among the republics of South America, and for the most part in Europe. There he meets and forms a friendship with Kaiser William of Germany, who plays a formidable part in the development of the story. There, too, he meets the Archduchess Ranata Theresia of the Austrian court, through his sister Alexandra, who has been an intimate friend of the princess for some years previous. The grand passion that involves Fessenden Abbott and the Archduchess partakes of their strong and commanding personalities; the issue of their conflicting wills is foreordained, but the difficulties in the way of an American citizen overcoming the pride and patriotism of a royal princess seem insurmountable. The turmoil of politics and the fate of nations are intermingled with the passionate strife for conquest in two great hearts, and Mars and Venus fight in their courses for the lovers. How the American won his princess, how he met the Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of Austria in high conclave, and demanded and wrested from the latter his consent to his marriage with the Emperor's daughter must be left to the reader. The charm of the idyllic current that flows quietly through the earlier period of Fessenden's life, gives way in these later chapters to the fascination of the romantic surge that rocks and reels with stupendous issues for Europe, while this young lord of the earth holds the future in the hollow of his hand. It is the most dramatic and daring of climaxes, yet in no wise improbable or unsatisfactory to the scientific imagination, whatever canons of art may be advanced to dispute the dénouement. It is impossible to do more in any review of the book than barely to hint at the trend of the story. It must be read to enjoy and appreciate adequately the extraordinary nature of its supreme interest and attraction. It is unquestionably the book of the moment.

The Magic of Radium

By Louis Bell, Ph.D.

A NIMBUS of speculation soon surrounds any important discovery in science, but rarely with so lurid an effect as in the case of radium. Radium is startling enough on the most conservative terms, but when recently some of the phenomena connected with it were adduced as actual evidence for the transmutation of metals, and there began to be grave discussion as to the probable result of a wholesale manufacture of gold, it was time for cautious investigators to call a halt and to consider the matter soberly. Traced to its source, the sensational rumor had its origin in a brief and business-like paper presented to the Royal Society by Sir William Ramsay, announcing that the rare gas helium had been produced from the gaseous emanations of radium bromide. To get a clear notion of what this implies one must recur to the relations already established between the so-called chemical elements. When the properties of these elements, so far as known, have been classified, it is found that the whole list, some eighty or ninety in number, can be divided into a set of groups, the members of which are allied in a very systematic fashion. A typical group of this sort is composed of the metals lithium, sodium, potassium, rubidium, and cæsium. The physical and chemical properties of these present regular gradations, so that if, for instance, potassium were not yet discovered, its properties and those of its principal compounds could be very accurately predicted. Several times, in fact, such predictions have been made to fill up apparent gaps in existing groups, and the metals, afterwards discovered, have verified these predictions with remarkable precision. The kinship of the allied elements is often so close and striking as almost irresistibly to compel a belief in their structural similarity and possible derivation from some common basic stuff. And since the several groups glide into each other by rather easy gradations, the idea of a single fundamental form of matter is a rather old and common one. But it is a long way from the hypothesis to a demonstration and farther still to the production of one element from another.

Nevertheless, there have been some systematic, but thus far futile, attempts at breaking down one element into another, and some twenty years ago a very distinguished scientist thought that he had actually produced zinc from cadmium, and announced the discovery in a communication to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. That body shrewdly and quietly passed it over to its committee on papers, which in turn referred it back to the author, with a poisonously polite request for further particulars, and that was the end of the matter. Later, the reputed discoverer found zinc as an impurity in his cadmium, as had been suspected. More recent attempts in similar directions have been likewise fruitless, although in more than one instance some rare substance, at first supposed

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to be a well-defined element, has proved to be a mixture of elements separable by chemical processes only with extreme difficulty.

After this excursion into first principles one may better judge the evidence in the radium case, premising that by the term radium is meant here, as generally, not the metal which has not yet been isolated, but more or less impure radium bromide derived from uranium ores by a very tedious and troublesome chemical process. The facts are substantially as follows: Radium gives off spontaneously a heavy gas endowed with radioactive powers akin to those of radium itself. These properties it retains, and remains unaltered in spite of the most drastic chemical treatment. The gas is thus apparently very stable and singularly inert, but can be condensed by the intense cold of liquid air, extracted by an air-pump, and in other respects treated like an inert gas of far less spectacular attributes. Now one of the most remarkable properties of radium bromide is that it sets up a slow spontaneous decomposition of water, in which it is dissolved. In the resulting gases, after separation of the hydrogen and oxygen and the chilling out of the less volative components by liquid air, traces of helium were detected by the spectroscope, together with traces of something else, which gave a spectrum not yet identified. This was an interesting discovery, but since helium was already known to exist in minerals containing uranium, its appearance was perhaps not altogether surprising. At the next step in the investigation, however, something happened. Radium gas, such as has just been described, purified by condensation with liquid air, was passed into a vacuum-tube and sealed up. An examination of the spectrum showed no trace of helium, but after four or five days the helium spectrum appeared distinctly, and with it the undetermined spectrum previously mentioned. Originally, the radium gas showed a spectrum different from either of these new-comers. In short, the radium gas appeared to have broken up spontaneously into helium and a gas hitherto unknown. This is the actual physical basis of the brilliantly colored reports, involving the transmutation of metals, with roseate visions of making gold by the ton looming large against the horizon. The evidence, did it concern any other substance than radium, with its glamour of mystery, would be regarded as showing conclusively that radium gas is not an element, but merely an unusually stable chemical compound. Of course it is somewhat difficult to see how a gas which resists very violent chemical treatment can break up merely by standing, but this difficulty is not diminished by supposing the gas to be an element instead of a chemical compound, and, in either case, radium gas is known to attack glass, giving it a violet tinge even in a single night. And substances are already known which resist very violent treatment for hours completely, but yield quite freely when sufficient time is taken.

Just now a popular hypothesis regarding radium is that it eventually disintegrates through its radioactive action, and in the light of this doctrine radium gas has been supposed to be an element derived from radium, and in its turn giving helium as one of the final products. If this hypothesis be correct, one element has been converted into a simpler one, and this again into one or more still simpler. It is certainly a very attractive notion, and in view of the known relations between elementary substances (so called), is not inherently highly improbable. If radium were a fairly common substance the question would soon be settled one way or the other. But working with almost infinitely small quantities of it excludes many important methods of investigation, and from a chemical standpoint the evidence of transmutation of one element into another is as yet extremely inconclusive. It is surely a long reach from the facts already demonstrated even to the breaking down of radium into helium, and a much longer one to the recomposition of radium from helium. It would be cold comfort, indeed, to break down gold into helium, or something equally tenuous, and then to be unable to reverse the process. "*Facile descensus Averni, sed retrorsus, hic labor, hoc opus est*," as the Latin poet pleasantly remarked, and even the most rampant silverite would recoil from the prospect of the alchemy that would change gold into silver and fail to get it back again.

From Japan to Korea

By H. G. Ponting

IT was from the charmingly situated and busy port of Kobe, Japan, at the foot of the mountain of Settsu, by the waters of Izuma Nada, that I embarked on one of the steamers of the Nippon-Yusen-Kaisha for Chemulpo, Korea.

At ten o'clock one night we weighed anchor, and in the glorious light of a full moon entered the Strait of Akashi, the passage between the Isle of Awaji and the mainland of Nippon, that forms the principal eastern passage to the Inland Sea. All next day we were passing through narrow channels where the current ran swift and strong, or wide and open sheets of water that seemed like enormous lakes.

Past curiously shaped islands clad with gnarled and twisted pine-trees we steamed, the vessel's course being altered at times almost every minute to navigate the tortuous winding channels. At one place the good ship appeared to be in imminent risk of being wrecked as we steered straight for a rocky and precipitous cliff of the land which apparently locked us in on all sides. Just as the crash seemed about to come the hitherto unseen opening appeared. Quickly, and timed to the second, went the word of command, hard-over went the helm, and, sharply responding to it, the vessel, heeling over, swung around and slowly glided into a narrow channel with a dashing current like that of a swift river, in the midst of which a great stone lantern stood. On either side of us were quaint villages almost within a stone's throw of the ship, and we could look through the open doors into the houses of the inhabitants. Sampans lined the shores, men were fishing, women were washing and threshing grain, children were playing. But there was time for impressions only as the narrow was a short one, and in a few minutes we had passed it by and gained another open stretch of water. All that morning we steamed through swift races and open reaches and past islands innumerable until we reached Suwo Nada, the widest part of the Inland Sea, so wide that the shores appeared only as a faint blue line on the horizon.

Late that night we arrived at the Strait of Shimonoseki, the western entrance to these landlocked waters, named from the town of Shimonoseki, famous forever in Japanese history as the spot where occurred the most unjust incident that has marked the intercourse of the foreign powers with Japan—the so-called "Shimonoseki affair," which occurred in 1860, when the war-ships of Great Britain, France, Holland, and the United States arrived off the town, and an indemnity of $3,000,000 was exacted from the Japanese government as recompense for injury to their prestige and damage to their ships by the Daimyo of Choshu, who had attempted to close the straits against the ships of all foreigners.



Minister Allen (on the Right) and his Wife on the Steps of the United States Legation at Seoul
From stereograph by the author, copyright by C. H. Graves, Philadelphia

Opposite Shimonoseki lies the port of Moji, a great coaling-station, where we stayed long enough to replenish our bunkers.

We were storm-bound near Moji, and lay at anchor all night, while a fierce hurricane raged. The next morning, the storm having abated, we made for the open sea, and, after a rough passage, arrived at Nagasaki just before dark. Nagasaki is one of the most beautiful small harbors in the world. Surrounded on all sides save the west by green terraced hills on which rice and barley crops are grown, with the neat, flat houses of the town rising up the hillsides from the sea on the right as one enters, and with numerous junks, sampans, and steamers lying at anchor or sailing in and out through the channel, the sight presented here is always one of animation and great beauty.

After leaving Nagasaki we again ran into a terrible storm, which became fiercer each minute until finally, when we were four hours out, the captain decided to turn back and wait for better weather, as the inhospitable Korean coast was no place to be off in such weather as we were then experiencing. We were thus delayed another sixteen hours, but when the wind subsided and we again started out, it was on a clear sunshiny and almost windless day, and the coast-line stood out boldly in the strong clear light. In places the cliffs are very steep, while in others gentle slopes of rice and barley descend to the sea.

We crept into the harbor of Fusan the next morning under a sky of unflecked azure. There are three jagged peaks of rock at the entrance which remind one of the Needles off the south of England coast. Having passed these, we entered a peaceful bay, completely landbound, on the placid waters of which a few junks and two small steamers floated lazily, their images reflected in unbroken detail in the blue mirror beneath them. All around the bay the hills are devoid of almost every vestige of woodland growth, and they presented a strong contrast to the verdant shores of the lovely land we had so recently left.

As we steamed up the harbor our widening wake was the only ripple that marred the perfect calm of the

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water, but as we neared the town, which in the distance looks like a great batch of toadstools on the hillside, a number of sampans came hurrying out to meet us. On the barren hills a thin line of slowly moving white spots attracted my attention.

"What is that long line of specks over there that looks so much like a train of white ants?" I asked a fellow passenger who had been here before.

"Those are the natives," he replied, "and they are passing to and fro along the road that connects the Japanese settlement with Old Fusan." And, sure enough, they were, for on turning a powerful glass on the spot the white ants were seen to be full-grown human beings, clad in white, who with stately measured steps passed like ghosts along the barren sun-baked highway.

By the time we had finished our inspection of this strange procession the sampans had drawn nearer. As they approached the ship we saw that they were all manned by Japanese, and, indeed, there was a very Japanese appearance about everything. Japanese sampans with Japanese at the *yulos* were not at all what I had expected to see. Where, then, were the Koreans? During our first half hour in Korean waters they were certainly conspicuous by their absence, and, for all I could see, we might have been off some port in Japan, less bustling and less attractive than usual. Presently, however, a steam-launch approached, towing a lighter on which there were a number of what at first appeared to be animated and very dirty flour-sacks. As it came nearer I realized that the flour-sacks were men, but different from any other kind of men I had ever seen before. Each had his hair done up in a small knot on top of his head, and most of them wore long, slender beards. These, at last, were the Koreans: they are much better-looking and different in every way from the Japanese or Chinese. Tall, well featured, and well built, they seemed a very superior type to the busy little Japs who had come on board and who were already at work on the cargo. But these fine-looking men in such dirty white clothing, listless and lazy though they at first seemed to be, held their own when it came to lightering the ship, and under their combined efforts the barges, which one after another came alongside, were rapidly filled up and *yuloed* shorewards.

We embarked on a sampan for the shore, and when we had landed we might still have been in Japan were it not for the numbers of dirty people in dirtier clothing who crowded the street; for Fusan swarms with Japanese, and commerce of every description is in their hands. Neat Japanese buildings with neat little women in them line the street, for this is New Fusan, the Japanese settlement, and the native town, or Old Fusan, lies a couple of miles away. Korean shops are few, but the principal streets are fringed with stalls at which the venders squat and sell their pipes, mirrors, goggles, eating utensils, knives, and other such things.

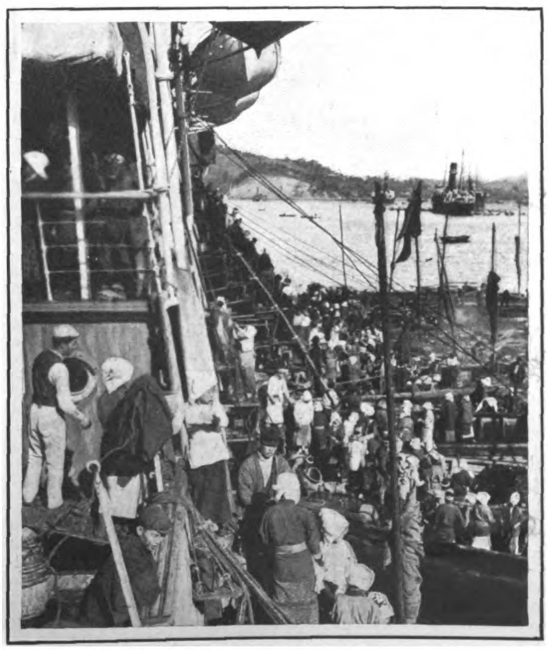
It is only the lower classes of Koreans whose garments are dirty. The better-class Korean wears an attire the immaculate cleanliness of which is probably unexcelled anywhere on earth. It is certainly the quaintest in the Orient, and as its owner invariably swings along with a supercilious swagger, as if he and he alone were the owner of the street and all he surveyed besides, the incongruity of his manly gait contrasted with his exceedingly effeminate dress is a thing which must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. He is clothed in white from head to foot, the white being sometimes varied by cream-colored silk, every garment being of spotless cleanliness. He wears the baggiest of baggy breeches, tightened just above the ankles, and his padded white socks are partially enclosed in white and black cloth sandals. He wears—in summer—a silk or grass-cloth coat of gauzy texture, which is tightened under the armpits and spreads loosely from there downwards, and, being stiffly laundered, sticks out in a ridiculous manner all round his legs like the starched frock of a little child. On his head he wears a hat not unlike that formerly worn by Welsh fisherwomen, only the crown is not so high. The hat is black and glossy, and a close inspection of that of a yang-ban (aristocrat) showed that it was made of finely woven silk and bamboo in an open mesh that resembled crinoline, while those worn by the less prosperous are made of horse hair. The truncated cone does not fit the head, but perches jauntily on top of it. At its base is a round brim about four inches wide, and the whole is kept in place by a black cord or band tied under the chin. The office of this peculiar capillary attire is not alone to protect the head from the weather, but to form a receptacle for an equally curiously shaped skull-cap which in turn contains the topknot. This hat is worn on all occasions, both on the street and in the house, and its gauzy construction enables the topknot to be plainly seen within its airy walls.

Only when he goes into mourning does the Korean abandon this headgear, and then it is exchanged for an enormous affair of bamboo three feet or so in width, with a scalloped brim, under which sequestered retreat he conceals his sorrow for his father's death for a period of three long years.

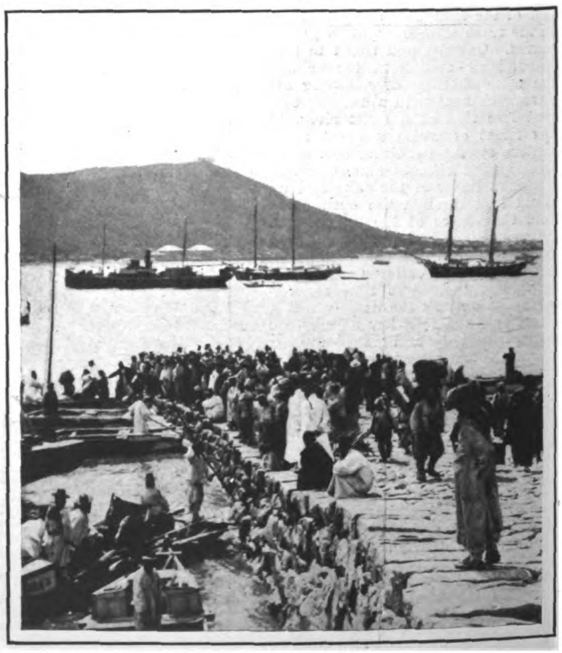
The topknot of the Korean is to him an even more cherished possession than is the queue to a Chinaman. It is assumed only at betrothal, and its assumption is a very painful process indeed: the scalp is shaved and the hair all round is gathered together and tied tightly into a knot, while a black band is fastened round the head and worn always afterwards. So tightly is it applied that I have seen cases where it had made a deep impression even on the bone. Only the Christians cut their hair, and though the quaint hat is still retained, there is no topknot beneath it. Up to the time of betrothal all boys wear their splendid hair in a long thick plait down the back. Korean boys have a very girlish appearance, and probably there are few travellers who do not at first think that the demure and handsome boys, with magnificent thin hair hanging down their backs, are girls.

Marriage to the Korean is the key which opens to him the door of life. Up to the time he secures a partner he remains a boy—no matter what his age may be—and is not admitted to the companionship of those who, though perhaps many years his junior, have become men by marrying.

Marriage is literally, in Korea, a lottery. Neither of the parties to the contract has any voice in the matter. Everything is arranged, through the medium of a matrimonial agent, by the parents of the bride-and-groom-to-be, and not until the actual hour of the ceremony does either of the principals concerned ever see the other. Indeed, as far as the bride is concerned, unless she is of low degree, her husband is probably the only man, excepting her own father and brothers, whom she has ever seen since the days of her childhood, for in Korea a girl from the age of seven is rigidly secluded from the gaze of all masculine eyes. Lucky is the bride of Korea who may at first sight of her husband find the vision pleasing. To her he is all in all, for henceforth she will see no other man. To the husband, however, greater latitude is allowed.



Coaling the Japanese Steamer "Nippon Maru" at Nagasaki



The Harbor and Landing-place, Chemulpo

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The chief subjects of remark in Korea are the laziness of the general population and the filthiness of the lower classes. It is well to keep to windward of the Korean coolie, but there is no keeping away from the squalor and smells of the native dwellings. Fusan, however, is of but passing interest, and a great portion of it is Japanese, therefore clean. We shall see more of Korean dirt and methods of living as we come nearer to the capital. We stayed but ten hours at Fusan, but that was time enough for us to see the few sights the place has to show. One leaves the port with mingled feelings of approval and disgust—approval of the neat Japanese buildings with their cleanly spotless interiors, and disgust for the filthy hovels in which the Koreans eke out their slothful, aimless existence.

At five that evening we weighed anchor and steamed once more past those great guardian rocks. Thence we turned southwest and skirted the southern shore of Chol-yong-to, the "Isle of the Interrupted Shadow," commonly known as Deer Island, that shelters Fusan from the frequent storms of the Pacific. From Fusan to Chemulpo, where the first naval engagement of the war took place, a voyage of about thirty hours in fine weather, is probably as difficult and dangerous a course as any to be found the wide world over. A scattered archipelago of desolate islands, lofty crags, and jagged ridges—which are islands at low tide and treacherous sunken reefs at high water,—this forbidding coast, beset with danger for every mile and subject to sudden and impenetrable fogs, has been the grave of many a mariner's hopes.

Chemulpo has no harbor. A few islands which are joined to the mainland at low tide, and a vast expanse of mud-flats with a shallow roadstead suitable only for vessels of the lightest draught, are the chief topographical features. It takes an hour or more to reach the shore in a sampan. The mud-flats extended for miles seaward, for it was low water, but the high-water mark on the wharf revealed the fact that the tide here rises and falls from thirty to forty feet. Chemulpo at high tide and Chemulpo at low tide are almost unrecognizable as the same place, and the flood sweeps in over the slimy ooze with almost the speed that it rushes over the rippled sands of the Solway Firth.

Being the port for Seoul, the capital and the headquarters of all the foreign traders in Korea, as well as the location of the present headquarters of the Japanese army in Korea, Chemulpo at first sight presents a most industrious and very European appearance.

Long rows of great red brick warehouses line the strand, and in front of them, when a ship is in port, may be seen the only evidence of genuine commercial activity in the land. The stone quay at which we disembark is crowded with eager coolies, each with a jiggy on his back. The Korean jiggy is a crutch made of two prong-shaped branches of a tree, joined together by two cross pieces, and on the projecting horns immense loads are carried.

The principal native trade of Chemulpo is in rice, dried fish, and barley. As in Japan, barley is the staple food of the poorer classes, and rice is more or less of a luxury. Dried fish, however, is the food of one and all. There are usually scores of junks moored alongside the wharves, as an immense fleet is engaged in supplying this demand.

The British consulate, on a high wooded knoll near the landing-wharf, is the most noticeable feature, and the pleasantly situated club, with billiard-tables, tennis-grounds, and a well-equipped library, goes far towards making Chemulpo the most desirable place of residence in Korea.

From Chemulpo to Seoul is a distance of thirty miles, traversed by a railroad owned and built by the Japanese. There is a good deal of picturesque beauty along the railroad. The passing panorama is of rolling green hills and rice-fields, alternating with great barren patches which apparently have never been used for any purpose whatever, though the soil bore evidence of being deep and fertile. We crossed the river Han, a few miles out from Seoul, and shortly afterwards the train drew up under the walls of the capital.

Seoul is a walled city of nearly a quarter of a million inhabitants, about a third of whom live in extensive extra mural suburbs. The wall is pierced by eight gateways of massive stone, each with a pagoda-shaped tower of one or two stories above it. The nearest of these to the railway station is the west gate, "The Gate of Bright Amiability," and it is by this portal that almost every visitor enters the capital of the Hermit Kingdom. The name of the city, by the way, is pronounced precisely as we would pronounce the female pig with an l added—*i. e., Sowl.* I have never heard a Korean pronounce the name in any other way.

The word means "Capital," nothing more; but if there is small beauty or originality about the name of the city, there certainly is about its location, for anything more strikingly picturesque than the site of the Korean metropolis would indeed be difficult to find. The city stands in a little valley almost surrounded by rugged, corrugated peaks. High along the top of this mountain ridge runs the city wall. Deep into the gullies it dips, rising now and again to scale the steepest slopes and crown the summits of the loftiest pinnacles. Enclosed within this snakelike barrier is such a strange contrast between wretched hovels and splendid palaces, purposeless loafers and hurrying crowds, broad streets and labyrinthine alleys, spotless cleanliness and unspeakable filth, as I doubt could be equalled elsewhere on earth.

The capital is divided in twain by a thoroughfare of great width running the length of the city from east to west. This street is bisected by another of equal width, one end of which terminates at the Palace gates and the other at the south portal of the city. A few minutes' walk from the west gate is the American Legation. Here I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Horace N. Allen, the United States minister, his wife, and Mr. Gordon Paddock, secretary of the legation. Owing to the kindness of these gentlemen, I secured the valued privilege of admission to the precincts of the old palaces and many other favors, for which I am deeply grateful.

Once inside the west gate, we are drawn irresistibly eastwards by the surging stream of humanity that flows towards the centre of the city, for it is early morning, and the streets are crowded with heavily laden men and bulls bearing their burdens to the open markets on the broad thoroughfares in the heart of this quaint Far-Eastern Mecca.

Along several of the main streets are trolley-lines, and every few minutes a modern American electric car whirls past us well patronized with Koreans, both men and women.

Seoul of the past is fast becoming extinct. A modern red brick building, headquarters of the American Electric Company, rises in the centre of the town, and from its tower stately churches and legation buildings can be seen towering above the squat houses of the natives.



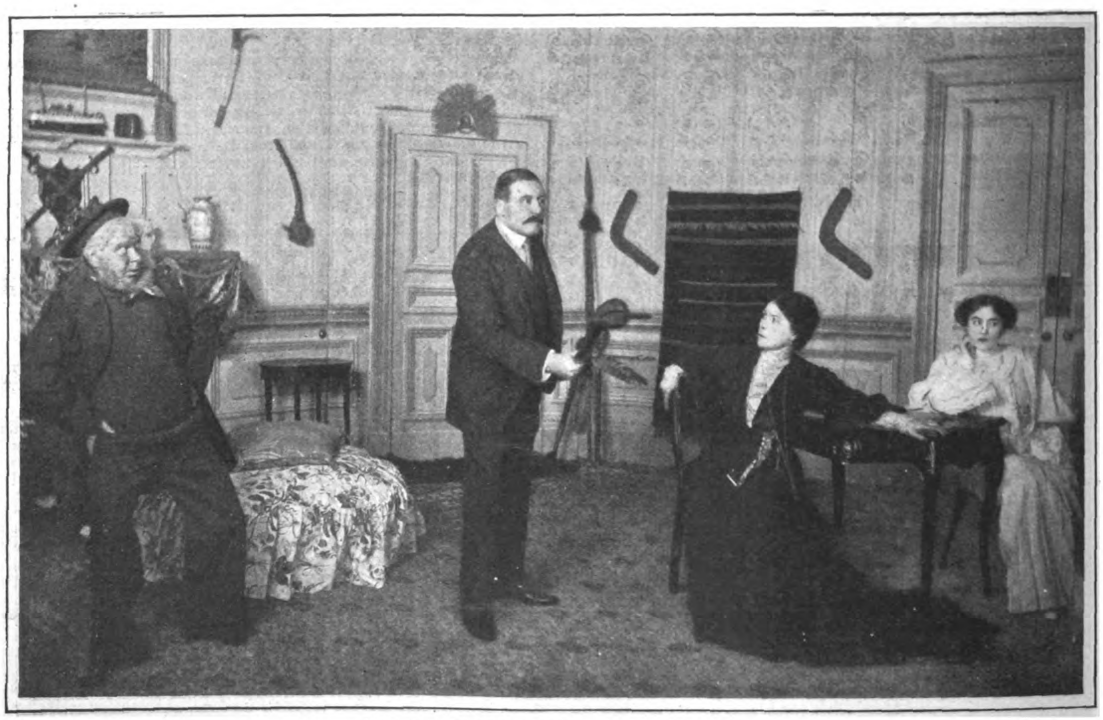
Japanese Army Headquarters, near Seoul, Korea

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"The Dictator" at the Criterion

"The Dictator," a new play by Richard Harding Davis, was produced at the Criterion Theatre April 4, with William Collier in the leading rôle. "Brooke Travers," a young New-Yorker, has accidentally killed a cabman during an altercation, and, in order to escape the consequences, takes a steamer for Porto Baños, Central America. During the voyage he meets "Colonel John Bowie," United States Consul at Porto Baños, and former Dictator under the Central-American President. On their arrival they learn that a revolution has occurred, and that there is a new President; also that a secret service officer is looking for "Travers." "Travers" offers the colonel $5000 for his job, and goes ashore, where he is arrested by the new President and condemned to be shot. Meanwhile the secret service detective has arrested an innocent clergyman, the "Rev. Arthur Bostick," supposing him to be "Travers," with whose fiancée "Travers" is in love. These complications are solved in the end, and "Travers," to whose aid the men of the United States battle-ship "Oregon" have come, returns to New York with the girl of his choice, the "Rev. Arthur Bostick" having consoled himself with a native señora



"Saucy Sally" at the New Lyceum

Mr. Charles Hawtrey appeared at the New Lyceum Theatre on April 4 in "Saucy Sally," a new comedy by F. C. Burnand, the editor of "Punch." Mr. Hawtrey plays the part of "Herbert Jocelyn," a young man who won the affections of his wife by posing as an intrepid explorer and sea captain, although actually he is quite unqualified for either rôle. His mother-in-law, who lives with the young couple, vigorously opposes "Jocelyn" whenever he discusses the wisdom of abandoning his supposed sea life and his pursuit abroad in the cause of science, in order that he may adopt a calling that will enable him to be nearer to his wife. This vigilance on the part of the mother-in-law obliges "Jocelyn" to keep up his imaginary occupations by staying away from home for more or less protracted periods. During one of these enforced disappearances he makes the acquaintance of a pretty girl who is a school mistress and teacher of music. He regales her with tales of his adventures at sea and of exciting encounters with savage tribes and wild animals, impressing her so deeply that she becomes infatuated with him. Though but newly married, "Jocelyn" is so overcome by her hero-worship that he promises to marry her. Complications arise later by the arrival of the real captain of "Jocelyn's" supposed ship, the "Saucy Sally." Then follow differences between "Jocelyn" and his wife, his mother-in-law, and his newly acquired fiancée, which furnish the fun of the play

SCENES FROM TWO NEW PLAYS

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GERTRUDE ATHERTON, AUTHOR OF "RULERS OF KINGS"

Gertrude Atherton, whose new novel, "Rulers of Kings," is published this week by Harper & Brothers, holds high rank among contemporary novelists. Mrs. Atherton was born in San Francisco, and is a great grandniece of Benjamin Franklin. She has spent much of her time abroad, and is at present living in London. Her novels, "The Aristocrats" and "The Conqueror," have been among the most popular fiction of recent years. For a description of "Rulers of Kings," which is likely to be one of the most widely read novels of the year, the reader is referred to page 588 of this issue of the "Weekly"

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Correspondence

NOT SO IN VIRGINIA

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *March 30, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Personally, I do not think much good is done by continual agitation of the negro question, as the mass of whites and negroes are getting on perfectly well together, but I was much amused by a communication from one Melville Cancryne, dated from Savannah, Georgia, inviting you to come down and kill a few negroes, and see whether or not you would be punished. You very wisely declined the invitation with thanks. I do not pretend to know anything of the situation in Chatham County, Georgia, but I know that a white man in Virginia who killed a negro in cold blood would come pretty near hanging unless it were proven he were insane. I think there are plenty of cases in Virginia where white men have been hung for killing negroes. I know, as a boy at school, several of my white playmates were arrested and fined for molesting negroes, I mean by that, throwing snowballs and like boyish pranks. Would Mr. Cancryne under existing circumstances advise the migration of any great number of negroes from Chatham County to Springfield, Ohio, or Pana, Illinois? According to the latest reports from Ohio a negro fellow citizen of Mr. Cancryne's was strung up to a post and his body filled with bullets by a mob, who seemed to take it as a great joke. There is no evidence as yet of any one's being punished for the crime of lynching this negro in Springfield. Will Mr. Cancryne contrast the lack of precautions taken to protect this negro charged with murder with the expensive and elaborate precautions taken by Governor Montague of Virginia and Governor Vardaman of Mississippi to protect two brutes charged with criminal assault upon unprotected and defenceless women. In the Virginia case eighteen companies of militia were ordered out at an expense to the State of $10,000. In Virginia no negro has ever been burned to death.

I am, sir, WILLIAM GREEN.

AS TO THE TWO-THIRDS RULE.

1033 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.,
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, *March 27, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In urging the abolishment of the two-thirds rule by the Democratic national convention, as you do in your issue of this date, do you not have any apprehension that to do so might have the opposite effect from what you desire, assuming your desire is the defeat of Mr. Hearst. For it is more than possible that Mr. Hearst will have enough to count a majority of the convention, and then what are you going to do about it? The fact is, the conservative element in the Democratic party have very much underrated the anti-Cleveland feeling among the rank and file of the voters of the party. This comes from the fact that most of the influential papers, or rather those papers of large capital and circulation, while not all in favor of the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, yet sympathize with that element of the party that is best represented by him. That HARPER'S WEEKLY has not gauged this feeling properly is shown by a reference to some of its back numbers. On February 20, in its *Comments* it said: "We still adhere to the belief that Mr. Bryan, ex-Mayor Johnson of Ohio, and Mr. W. R. Hearst of New York, will be unable, in spite of their evident though unavowed cooperation, to control a third of the delegates to the St. Louis convention." In to-day's issue, however, and without having known that the Rhode Island delegates were to be instructed for Mr. Hearst, it has concluded that: "On the whole, it is needful for prudent Democrats to confront the possibility that the Bryan-Hearst combination may control a little more than a third of the members of the Democratic national convention. This fact should be accepted as conclusive proof of abolishing the two-thirds rule." But if Mr. Hearst should have a majority of the delegates, and the showing he has made so far justifies the apprehension, the abolishment of the two-thirds rule would prove a boomerang indeed. For it should be remembered that the strength of the Hearst movement in Rhode Island was not understood until after the convention had assembled. On the whole, you may yet conclude that the two-thirds rule is a good thing and should be continued.

I am, sir, L. D. MITCHELL.

NORTHERNERS IN THE SOUTH

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., *April 1, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Not the South alone, but in time the entire country, must profit by the discussions of the negro problem appearing from week to week in the columns of HARPER'S WEEKLY. You are doing more, it is the writer's belief, to bring to public view the unvarnished facts bearing upon this question than any other publication.

There is one very significant fact, however, of which I have observed no mention in either your editorial comments or in your correspondence, and I would respectfully beg to call your attention to it. This is the fact that the thousands of persons who have removed from Northern to Southern States since the civil war have promptly and unanimously taken the Southerner's view of this question. Among my circle of friends and acquaintances in Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama, are scores of such transplanted Northerners with whom I have conversed on this subject times without number, and absolutely without exception I find that their views in no sense differ from my own, which in no sense differs from that held by the great body of Southern whites. So far as I have been able to ascertain (and I have made diligent use of exceptional opportunities for doing this), what is true in this particular of the Northerners whom I have the honor to number among my personal friends, is true of all other Northerners throughout the South.

These people have come down to us from the North, imbued with the usual Northern idea of political and social equality, but after one or two years of residence in the South they have without exception undergone a complete conversion. The conclusion is inevitable that this question has but one aspect for both Northern and Southern eyes, when viewed from the same close range.

I am, sir, H. J. STEWART.

SOME VIEWS OF A CALIFORNIA PESSIMIST

SANTA ROSA, CAL., *April 2, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—There is much being said these days concerning the pending Oriental war, with sundry and varied expressions of sympathy, and much speculation as to the ultimate result and what figure, if any, this country will cut in the imbroglio. This evidences a profound public interest in the situation.

It seems quite clear to me that we will not be able to keep out of it, even if we wished to do so. Whether we wish to is a debatable question. I was talking a few days ago with a half dozen Americans, of average intelligence and standing, and all of them were expressing in a general way their hopes that we would not be drawn into it. To test them I asked each one to express his sincere wish about it. Over half of them frankly admitted a desire that our government should have offered it any fair excuse to get in, and the others were similarly disposed if they could see how we would be benefited by it. It occurs to me that this is about a fair expression of how our people stand on the matter. These men were at first *talking* along the lines of time-honored trends of thought; they were *feeling* along the new lines of American life. Once and for all we had just as well be square with ourselves and admit that deep down, behind the pose, elemental and basic, there is a great big, lusty, full-grown spirit of imperialism in this nation. I am not speaking of the "higher thinker," the moralist, or the doctrinaire, but of the masses of our people—the average men.

When interference begins it will set the world on fire. One step by England, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, China, or this nation would make them all take sides, and it is inevitable that England, Japan, and this country will go together. They cannot help it. Their interests demand it. If there is such a thing as projecting the future by reasoning along lines of human interest and natural alignment we must conclude that this will be the combination against all the rest who take a hand, and that we will soon be at it "hammer and tongs."

Is it best for us to do so? If the combination be this nation with Japan and England against the rest, I say, yes. Of course there would be much blood spilled, but God made man a fighting animal (at least I suppose so, or he would not be always at it), and the millennium has not yet come, and no signs of its early advent are apparent.

Japan, England, and this country could wipe the navies of all the other nations off the face of the earth, and if the fight comes they will be fools if they do not do just that thing, and do it thoroughly. In this commercial age that would make this triumvirate masters of the commerce of all peoples and all lands. They could dictate to all the other nations, for they would hold all commerce at their mercy; and commerce is the life of modern nations. They could then force a cessation from the burdens of the present immense naval and military armaments that are weighing so heavily upon men all over the world.

What a splendid picture of beneficent imperialism! How much would the words of "the fathers" amount to when this lusty young giant, greedy for his first great fling in dominating big things, saw that picture before him? It would be as it always has been: he would find a way to reconcile what he wanted to do with those precepts that would satisfy himself, or he would say, "Oh, well, the old boys were all right; they meant well enough, but they did not know about this thing."

The theoretical philosophy that tries to put nations on a higher plane is not more than a veneering scarcely hiding the Tartar of old human nature. It is good in a way, just as the fiction that all men know the law is useful, but is just as false and unnatural all the same. Nor will it ever stand much of a strain. It is all right under ordinary conditions, and may, while only a theory, seem to be the very groundwork of a people's policy, but when confronted by an adverse condition it has much of the quality of a rope of sand. I am, sir,

JAMES W. OATES.

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Progress of the War

THE important results of the war in the Far East prior to March 31 may be briefly summarized as follows: The Russians have had ten war-vessels disabled—the *Czarevitch*, *Retvisan*, *Poltava*, *Pallada*, *Novik*, *Askold*, *Diana*, *Variag*, *Koricta*, and the torpedo-boat *Stereguschtchi*. Of these several have been or are being repaired and made ready for further use. The Russian cruiser *Boyarin* and the cruiser *Yenesei* were sunk by accidental contact with a mine; but the *Boyarin* is reported to be again in use. Five Russian commercial steamers were captured by the Japanese during the first week of the war. Japan is known to have lost one torpedo-boat, and several other of her ships are believed to have been injured in the Port Arthur engagements; but definite knowledge of this is withheld. Port Arthur has been repeatedly bombarded, with damaging effect, by the Japanese, and Vladivostok was attacked by them on March 6, though without serious damage to the port. Admiral Togo has made two attempts to blockade the entrance to the inner roadstead at Port Arthur by sinking merchant steamers in the chanel. Both attempts were unsuccessful. The first land engagement of any importance took place at Chongju, Korea, on March 28 and resulted in a Japanese victory.

March 31.—The Japanese official report of the land battle at Chongju, Korea, on March 28, made public to-day, gives the Japanese loss as five killed, including a lieutenant, and twelve wounded. As previously reported, the Russians have announced that their loss was three killed and sixteen wounded.

It is reported to-day that on March 28 the entire Russian squadron left the harbor of Port Arthur and proceeded to the Miactas Islands. The cruiser *Novik* fired upon and sank the Japanese steamer *Hanien Maru*, which refused to stop when ordered. The squadron then returned to port.

April 1.—There is continuous skirmishing between the advance guard of the Russian and Japanese armies along the Yalu River, and it is reported that many on both sides have been killed. General Kuropatkin has proceeded to Liao-Yang, and it is believed that he intends soon to attack the Japanese in northern Korea. The disarmament of the Russian gunboat *Mandjur*, which has been at Shanghai since the opening of the war, has been completed to the satisfaction of the Japanese consul, and the Japanese cruiser *Akitsushima*, which was lying in wait outside the harbor, sailed to-day.

April 2.—It is reported that during the night of March 30 and 31 Admiral Togo made another attack on Port Arthur for the purpose of ascertaining the effects of the last attempt to bottle up the Russian fleet. The report is not officially confirmed. Viceroy Alexeieff has arrived at Port Arthur. Together with Admiral Makaroff and General Stoessel, the commanders of the Russian naval and military forces at Port Arthur, he made an inspection of the war-ships which have been injured during the various engagements since the opening of the war.

Marquis Ito has returned to Tokyo from Seoul, where he went as the special envoy of the Mikado.

The Paris *Figaro* to-day publishes the following estimate of the strength of the Russian forces in the Far East, which is regarded as semiofficial:

"The list was drawn up on the evening of March 28 by the general staff at Harbin. There were then in Manchuria 170,000 infantry, 17,000 cavalry, and 256 cannon. Of this number 20,000 infantry, 5000 cavalry, and 32 cannon have been told off to guard the railway.

"Although the bulk of the troops are concentrated opposite Korea, the strategical front extends 1600 kilometres from Vladivostok to Newchwang, on the left bank of the Liao River, the right bank being considered neutral territory.

"By June 28,130 more infantry, 30,000 cavalry, and 250 cannon will have been sent out."

April 3.—A telegram from Seoul states that 2000 Russian troops, including Cossacks and infantrymen, have encamped on the south side of Wiju. The Russian authorities at Newchwang to-day arrested an American press boat having aboard two Japanese servants, on whom maps were found, and who were evidently spies. The Japanese were imprisoned, and the press boat was later released by order of General Kuropatkin.

April 4.—The Japanese land forces continue to advance northward toward the Yalu. They have occupied without opposition the town of Seng-Chang (Son-Chon), about forty miles south of Wiju, and are reported to have reached Chel-Sam, thirty miles south of Wiju. The Russians have been gradually withdrawing their forces across the Yalu, and the Russian scouts are retreating northward. The ice on the Yalu is now well broken up, and in the future the river must be crossed either in junks or over pontoon bridges.

April 5.—It was reported to-day that Japanese scouts entered Wiju on April 4 and found no signs of the Russians, the latter apparently having retreated beyond the Yalu River.

Admiral Alexeieff has left Port Arthur. The Japanese fleet has not been seen there for several days, and its whereabouts is unknown.

April 6.—Reports were to-day received to the effect that the Japanese first army, consisting of 45,000 men, which had been concentrated at Anju, is moving on towards Wiju by three different routes. It is believed that the Russians have evacuated Korea, and it is expected that the Japanese forces will soon be lined up along the south bank of the Yalu River.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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Diet in Illness

By ALICE WORTHINGTON WINTHROP

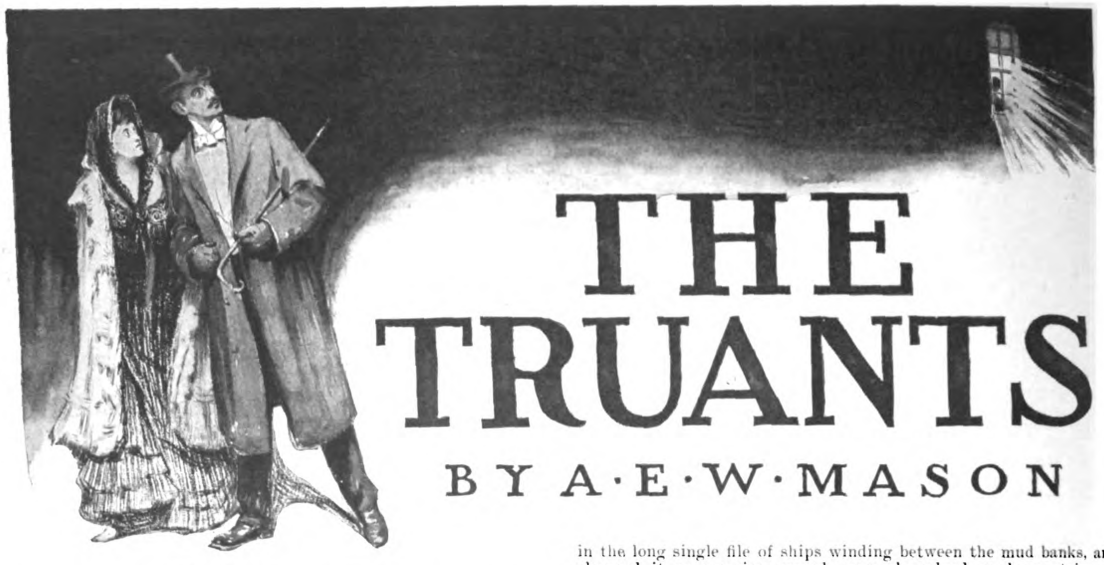
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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Mardale is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Into her early life has come a mysterious influence which dominates and directs her whole career. What this strange influence is only two of her friends suspect—a young schoolmaster who knew her as a child at Roquebrune, and Alan Warrisden, who is in love with her, and who, though his proposal of marriage is refused, determines to win her. Late one night at a ball, Pamela and Warrisden, while seated on a balcony, observe a young couple leaving the opposite house. They are Tony and Millicent Stretton, who live in a gloomy home presided over by the rich but unjust father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. This practice they keep up for a year, but finally both of them grow extremely weary of their monotonous life, and in a moment of exasperation Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune, while Millie is to be left behind and sent for as soon as her husband is able to establish a home. Tony has some misgivings about leaving Millie, for he has been warned by Pamela Mardale that she should never be left alone; but at last he departs, after Pamela has promised to be a stanch friend to his wife. Some months later, while Pamela is calling on Millie, two letters arrive. One is from Tony and contains the news that he has lost all of his small fortune and will have to make a new start; the other is from a friend, Lady Millingham, inviting Millie to stay with her at the beginning of the New-year. Millie accepts; and when Pamela, who has also been invited, arrives there she finds that her warning to Tony is having a disagreeable justification. For on the very evening of her arrival she discovers that Millie has become infatuated with Lionel Callon, a gentlemanly adventurer, who is also a member of Lady Millingham's house-party. Late that evening Pamela visits Millie in her room, and inquires about Tony. Millie tells Pamela of her husband's determination to stay in America and attempt to retrieve his failure, and Pamela learns from her that she has sent him discouraging letters, advising him to give up the struggle. She cannot understand why Tony had replied shortly, saying that she must not expect to hear from him until he had reestablished himself in her eyes. Millie tells Pamela that she believes her husband's reticence to be due to the fact that he no longer cares for her. Pamela assures her that she must be mistaken, but she returns to her room much troubled. She is impelled to do something to help untangle the situation, although the recollection of her own history warns her. But she has given her promise to Tony to befriend his wife, and that is one thing she could do. She wires Warrisden to come down by an early train. When he arrives, Pamela tells him that she needs him, and that she is going to ask him to help her. She has been, she says, a looker-on in life ever since an unfortunate affair of her youth. She was eighteen then, and loved a man who, like herself, was poor. It was her mother's ambition that her daughter should make a great marriage; and thinking that if Pamela fell in love and found love to be a thing of fruitless trouble, she would come the sooner to take a sensible view of the world and marry where marriage was to her worldly advantage. So she had short-sightedly encouraged the affair, which had ended as she knew that it must—the man had no prospects, and he and Pamela had had to part. After that, Pamela had put all thought of serious things out of her life—"Until to-day." Warrisden interrupts, "when you need my help." Then Pamela tells him that what she wants of him is that he shall find Tony and bring him home again. Warrisden accepts the commission, and starts on his return to town. Pamela has advised him to call on a Mr. Chase, head of a London mission, at whose suggestion Tony had chosen New York as a field of adventure. Warrisden applies to Mr. Chase, an eccentric cleric, for information as to Tony's whereabouts. Warrisden tells him that it is absolutely necessary that Tony should return. Mr. Chase at first refuses to give the desired information, but on learning that Tony's father is dying, he tells Warrisden that Tony is in the North Sea on a trawler, and he offers to assist Warrisden in reaching him. He makes an appointment to meet him the next morning and arrange for his passage.

CHAPTER XI

ON THE DOGGER BANK

THE *City of Bristol* swung out of the huddle of boats off Billingsgate Wharf at one o'clock on the next afternoon. Mr. Chase, who stood on the quay amongst the porters and white-jacketed salesmen, turned away with an Episcopal wave of the hand. Warrisden leaned over the rail of the steamer's bridge, between the captain and the pilot, and shouted a reply. The *City of Bristol*, fish-cutter of 300 tons, was a boat built for speed, long and narrow, setting low on the water, with an upstanding forecastle forward, a small saloon in the stern, and a tiny cabin for the captain under the bridge on deck. She sidled out into the fairway, and went forward upon her slow intricate journey to the sea. Below the Tower she took her place in the long single file of ships winding between the mud banks, and changed it as occasion served; now she edged up by a string of barges, now in a clear broad space she made a spurt and took the lead of a barkentine, which swam in indolence with bare masts behind a tug, and at times she stopped altogether, like a carriage blocked in Piccadilly. The screw thrashed the water, ceased, and struck again with a suggestion of petulance at the obstacles which barred the boat's way. Warrisden, too, chafed upon the bridge. A question pressed continually upon his mind—"Would Stretton return?" He had discovered where Stretton was to be found. The tall gray spire of Stepney Church rose from behind an inlet thick with masts upon the left; he was already on his way to find him. But the critical moment was yet to come. He had still to use his arguments, and as he stood watching the shipping with indifferent eyes the arguments appeared most weak and unpersuasive. Stretton's father was dying, it was true. The son's return was no doubt a natural obligation. But would the natural obligation hold when the father was unnatural? Those months in New York had revealed one quality in Tony Stretton, at all events; he could persist. The very name of the trawler in which he was at work, seemed to Warrisden, of a bad augury for his success. The *Perseverance!*

Greenwich, with its hill of grass, slipped behind on the right; at the Albert Docks, a huge Peninsula and Oriental steamer, deck towering above deck, swung into the line; the high chimneys of the cement-works on the Essex Flats began to stand out against the pale gray sky, each one crowned with white smake like a tuft of wool; the barges, under their big brown spritsails, now tacked this way and that, across a wider stream; the village of Greenhithe and the white portholes of the *Worcester* showed upon the right.

"Would Stretton return?" The question revolved in Warrisden's mind as the propeller revolved in the thick brown water. The fortunes of four people hung upon the answer, and no answer could be given until a night and a day and another night had passed, until he saw the "Blue Fleet" tossing far away upon the Dogger Bank. Suppose that the answer were "No!" He imagined Pamela sinking back into lassitude, narrowing to that selfishness which she, no less than he foresaw, looking on again at the world's show with the lack-lustre indifference of the very old.

At Gravesend the *City of Bristol* dropped her pilot, a little white-bearded wizened man, who, all the way down the river, balancing himself upon the toprail of the bridge like some nautical Blondin, had run from side to side, the while he exchanged greetings with the anchored ships; and just opposite to Tilbury Fort, with its scanty fringe of trees, ran alongside of a hulk and she took in a load of coal.

"We'll go down and have tea while they are loading her," said the captain.

The dusk was falling when Warrisden came again on deck and a cold wind was blowing from the northwest. The sharp stem of the boat was cutting swiftly through the quiet water; the lift of the sea under her forefoot gave to her a buoyancy of motion; she seemed to have become a thing alive. The propeller cleft the surface regularly; there was no longer any sound of petulance in its revolutions; rather there was a throb of joy as it did its work unhindered. Throughout the ship a steady hum, a steady vibration, ran. The *City of Bristol* was not merely a thing alive; it was a thing satisfied.

Upon Warrisden, too, there descended a sense of peace. He was *en rapport* with the ship. The fever of his questioning left him. On either side the arms of the shore melted into the gathering night. Far away upon his right the lights of Margate shone brightly, like a chain of gold stretched out upon the sea; in front of him there lay a wide and misty bay, into which the boat drove steadily. All the unknown seemed hidden there; all the secret, unrevealed, beyond. There came whispers out of that illimitable bay to Warrisden's ears; whispers breathed upon the north wind, and all the whispers were whispers of promise, bidding him take heart. Warrisden listened and believed, uplifted by the grave quiet of the sea and its mysterious width.

The *City of Bristol* turned northward into the great channel of the Swin, keeping close to the lightships on the left, so close that

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Warrisden from the bridge could look straight down upon their decks. The night had altogether come — a night of stars. Clusters of lights low down upon the left showed where the towns of Essex stood; upon the right hand the homeward-bound ships loomed up ghostlike and passed by; on the right, too, shone out the great green globes of the Mouse light like Neptune's reading-lamps. Sheltered behind the canvas screen at the corner of the bridge, Warrisden looked along the rake of the unlighted deck below. He thought of Pamela waiting for his return at Whiteweb's, but without impatience. The great peace and silence of the night were the most impressive things he had ever known. The captain's voice complaining of the sea jarred upon him.

"It's no Bobby's job," said the captain, in a low voice. "It's home once in three weeks from Saturday to Monday if you are in luck, and the rest of your time you're in carpet slippers on the bridge. You'll sleep in my chatoo to-night. I sha'n't turn in until we have passed the Outer Gabbard and come to the open sea. That won't be till four in the morning."

Warrisden understood that he was being offered the captain's cabin.

"No, thanks," said he. "The bench of the saloon will do very well for me."

The captain did not press his offer.

"Yes, there's more company in the saloon," he said. "I often sleep there myself. You are bound for the mission ship, I suppose."

"No. I want to find a man on the trawler *Perseverance*."

The captain turned. Warrisden could not see his face, but he knew from his attitude that he was staring at him in amazement.

"Then you must want to see him pretty badly," he commented. "The North Sea in February and March is not a Bobby's job."

"Bad weather is to be expected?" asked Warrisden.

"It has been known," said the captain, dryly; and before the lights of the Outer Gabbard winked good-by on the starboard quarter at four o'clock in the morning the *City of Bristol* was taking the water over her deck.

Warrisden rolled on the floor of the saloon —for he could not keep his balance on the narrow bench — and tried in vain to sleep. But the strong light of a lamp glared upon his eyes. Moreover, the heat was intolerable. Five men slept in the bunks; Warrisden made a sixth; at four in the morning the captain joined the party through his love of company. The skylight and the door were both tightly closed; a big fire burned in the stove, and a boiling kettle of tea perpetually puffed from its spout a column of warm, moist steam. Warrisden felt his skin prickly beneath his clothes; he gasped for fresh air.

Living would be rough upon the fish-carrier, Chase had told him, and rough Warrisden found it. In the morning the steward rose, and made tea by the simple process of dropping a handful of tea into the kettle and filling it up with water. A few minutes later he brought a dish of ham and eggs from the galley and slapped it down on the table.

"Breakfast," he cried, and the five men opened their eyes, rubbed them, and without any other preparation sat down and ate. Warrisden slipped up the companion, unscrewed the skylight, and opened it for the space of an inch. Then he returned.

The *City of Bristol* was rolling heavily, and Warrisden noticed with surprise that all of the five men gave signs of discomfort. Surely, he thought, they must be used to heavy weather. But, nevertheless, something was wrong. They did not talk; finally the captain looked upwards and brought his hand down upon the table.

"I felt something was wrong," said he, "the skylight's open."

All stared up to the roof.

"So it is!" they exclaimed, blankly.

"I did that," Warrisden said, humbly.

At once all the faces were turned on him in great anxiety.

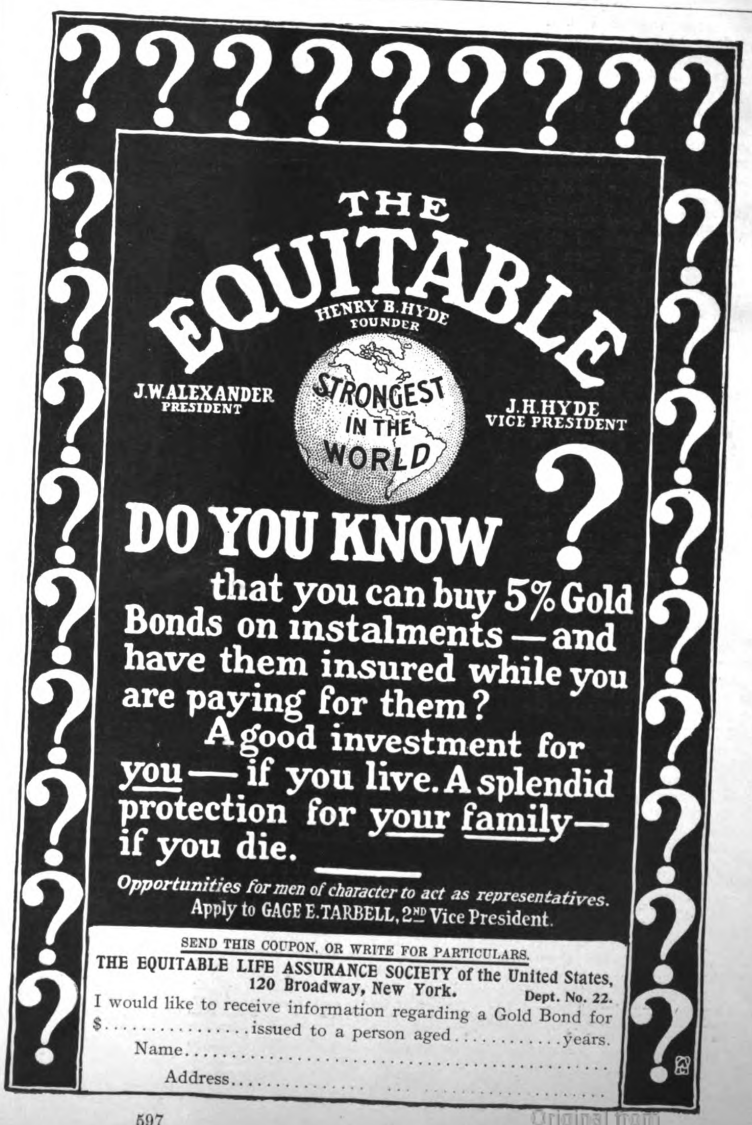
"Now why?" asked the captain. "Don't you like it nice and snug?"

"Yes, oh yes," Warrisden said, hurriedly.

"Well, then," said the captain, and the steward went on deck and screwed the skylight down.

"After all, it's only for thirty-six hours."





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thought Warrisden, as he subsequently bathed in a pail on deck. But he was wrong. For the Blue Fleet had gone a hundred miles north to the Fisher Bank, and thither the *City of Bristol* followed it.

The *City of Bristol* sailed on to the Fisher Bank and found an empty sea. It hunted the Blue Fleet for half a dozen hours, and as night fell it came upon a single trawler with a great flare-light suspended from its yard.

"They're getting in their trawl," said the captain, and he edged up within earshot.

"Where's the Blue Fleet?" he cried.

"Gone back to the Dogger," came the answer.

The captain swore and turned southwards. For four days and nights Warrisden pitched about on the fish-carrier and learned many things, such as the real meaning of tannin in tea and the innumerable medical uses to which "Friar's Balsam" can be put. On the morning of the fifth day the *City of Bristol* steamed into the middle of the fleet and her engines stopped.

These were the days before the steam-trawler. The sailing ships were not as yet laid up, two by two, alongside Gorleston Quay, and knocked down for a song to any purchaser. Warrisden looked over a gray, savage sea. The air was thick with spindrift. The waves leaped exultingly up from windward and roared away to leeward from under the cutter's keel in a steep uprising hill of foam. All about him the sailing-boats headed to the wind, sinking and rising in the furrows, so that Warrisden would just see a brown topsail over the edge of a steep roller like a shark's fin, and the next instant the dripping hull of the boat flung out upon a breaking crest.

"You will have to look slippy when the punt from the *Perseverance* comes alongside with her fish," the captain shouted. "The punt will give you a passage back to the *Perseverance*, but I don't think you will be able to return here. There's a northwesterly gale blowing up and the sea is increasing every moment. However, there will be another cutter up to-morrow, and if it's not too rough you could be put on board of her."

It took Warrisden a full minute to realize the meaning of the captain's words. He looked at the tumbling, breaking waves; he listened to the roar of the wind through the rigging.

"The boats won't come alongside to-day!" he cried.

"Won't they?" the skipper replied. "Look!"

Certainly some manœuvre was in progress. The trawlers were all forming to windward in a rough semicircle about the cutter. Warrisden could see boat tackle being rigged to the main yards and men standing about the boats capsized on deck. They were actually intending to put their fish on board in the face of the storm.

"You see, with the gale blowing up, they mayn't get a chance to put their fish on board for three or four days after this," the captain explained. "Oh, you can take it from me. The No'th Sea is not a Bobby's job."

As Warrisden watched, one by one the trawlers dropped their boats and loaded them with fish-boxes. The boats pushed off, three men to each, with their life-belts about their oilskins, and came down with the wind towards the fish-carrier. The trawlers bore away, circled round the *City of Bristol*, and took up their formation to leeward, so that, having discharged their fish, the boats might go down again with the wind to their respective ships. Warrisden watched the boats piled up with fish-boxes coming through the welter of the sea. It seemed some desperate race was being rowed.

"Can you tell me which is the boat from the *Perseverance*?" he asked.

"I think it's the fifth," said the captain.

The boats came down, each one the kernel of a globe of spray. Warrisden watched, admiring how cleverly they chose the little gaps and valleys in the crests of the waves. Each moment he looked to see a boat tossed upwards and overturned; each moment he dreaded that boat would be the fifth. But no boat was overturned. One by one they passed under the stern of the *City of Bristol* and came alongside under the shelter of its wall.

The fifth boat ranged up. A man stood up in the stern.

"The *Perseverance*," he cried. "Fourteen boxes," and as he spoke a great sea leaped up against the windward bow of the cutter. The cutter rolled from it suddenly, her low bulwarks dipped under water on the leeward side, close by the *Perseverance's* boat.

"Shove off!" the man cried who was standing up, and as he shouted he lurched and fell into the bottom of the boat. The two men in the bow pushed off with their oars, but they were too late. The cutter's bulwark caught the boat under the keel; it seemed she must be upset and men and boxes whelmed in the sea unless a miracle happened. But the miracle did happen. As the fish-cutter righted she scooped on to her deck the boat with its boxes and its crew. The incident all seemed to happen within the fraction of a second. Not a man upon the fish-cutter had the time to throw out a rope. Warrisden saw the cutter's bulwarks dip, the sailor falling in the boat, and the boat upon the deck of the cutter in so swift a succession that he had not yet realized disaster was inevitable before disaster was avoided.

The sailor rose from the bottom of the boat and stepped on deck, a stalwart, dripping figure.

"From the *Perseverance*, sir. Fourteen boxes," he said, looking up to the captain on the bridge. And Warrisden, leaning by the captain's side upon the rail, knew the sailor to be Tony Stretton. The accent of the voice would have been enough to assure him; but Warrisden knew the face too.



Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence

He stood in front of Warrisden, firmly planted, swaying to the motion of the ship

"This is the man I want," he said to the captain.

"You must be quick, then," the captain replied. "Speak to him while the boat is being unloaded."

Warrisden descended on to the deck.

"Mr. Stretton," said he.

The sailor swung round quickly. There was a look of annoyance upon his face.

"You are surely making a mistake," said he, abruptly. "We are not acquainted," and he turned back to the fish-boxes.

"I'm not making a mistake," replied Warrisden. "I have come out to the North Sea in order to find you."

Stretton ceased from his work and stood up. He led the way to the stern of the cutter, where the two men were out of earshot.

"Now," he said. He stood in front of Warrisden in his sea-boots and his oilskins, firmly planted, yet swaying to the motion of the ship. There was not merely annoyance in his face, but he had the stubborn and resolute look of a man not lightly to be persuaded. Standing there on the cutter's deck, backed by the

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swinging seas, there was even an air of mastery about him which Warrisden had not expected. His attitude seemed, somehow, not quite consistent with his record of failure.

"Now," said Stretton, "we must be quick. The sea is getting worse each minute, and I have to get back to the *Perseverance*. You are—?"

"Alan Warrisden," said Warrisden, "a stranger to you."

"Yes," Stretton interrupted; "how did you find me out?"

"Chase told me."

Stretton's face flushed, angrily.

"He had no right to tell you. I wished for these few weeks to be alone. He gave me his word he would tell no one."

"He had to break his word," said Warrisden, firmly. "It is necessary that you should come home at once."

Stretton laughed. Warrisden was clinging to a wire stay from the cutter's mizzen-mast and even so could hardly keep his feet. He had a sense of coming failure from the very ease with which Stretton stood resting his hands upon his hips, unsupported, on the unsteady deck.

"I cannot come," said Stretton, abruptly, and he turned away. As he turned Warrisden shouted, for in that high wind words carried in no other way,

"Your father, Sir John Stretton, is dying."

Stretton stopped. He looked for a time thoughtfully into Warrisden's face. But there was no change in his expression by which Warrisden could gather whether the argument would prevail or no. And when at last he spoke it was to say,

"But he has not sent for me?"

It was the weak point in Warrisden's argument, and Stretton had, in his direct way, come to it at once. Warrisden was silent.

"Well?" asked Stretton. "He has not sent for me?"

"No," Warrisden admitted, "that is true."

"Then I will not come."

"But though he has not sent for you, it is very certain that he wishes for your return," Warrisden urged. "Every night since you have been away the candles have been lighted in your dressing-room and your clothes laid out in the hope that on one evening you will walk in at the door. On the very first night, the night of the day on which you went, that was done. It was done by Sir John Stretton's orders, and by his orders it has always since been done."

Just for a moment Warrisden thought that his argument would prevail. Stretton's face softened, then came a smile which was almost wistful about his lips, his eyes had a kindlier look. And the kindlier look remained. Kindliness, too, was the first tone audible in his voice as he replied. But the reply itself yielded nothing.

"He has not sent for me?"

He looked curiously at Warrisden as if for the first time he became aware of him as a man acting from motives, not a mere instrument of persuasion.

"After all, who did send you?" he asked. "My wife?"

"No."

"Who, then?"

"Miss Pamela Mardale."

Stretton was startled by the name. It was really the strongest argument Warrisden had in his armory. Only he was not aware of its strength.

"Oh!" said Stretton, doubtfully. "So Miss Mardale sent you!"

He thought of that morning in the Row; of Pamela's words: "I still give the same advice. Do not leave your wife." He recalled the promise she had given, although it was seldom long absent from his thoughts. It might be that she sent this message in fulfilment of that promise. It might be that, for some unknown reason, he was now needed at his wife's side. But he had no thought of distrust, he had great faith in Millicent. She despised him, yes; but he did not distrust her. And, again, it might be that Pamela was merely sending him this news, thinking he would wish to hear of it in time. After all, Pamela was his friend. He looked out on the wild sea. Already the boats were heading back through the foam, each to its trawler.

"One must take one's risks," he said. "So



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much I have learned here in the North Sea. Look!" and he pointed to the boats. "Those boats are taking theirs. Yes, one must take one's risks. I will not come."

He went back to the middle of the ship. The punt of the *Perseverance* was already launched, the two fishermen waiting in it. As it rose on a swell, Stretton climbed over the bulwarks and dropped into the stern.

"Good-by," he said. "I have signed on for eight weeks, and only four have passed. I cannot run away and leave the ship short-handed. Thank you for coming, but one must take one's risks."

The boat was pushed off and headed towards the *Perseverance*. The waves had increased, the crests toppled down the green slopes in foam. Slowly the boat was rowed down to the trawler, the men now stopping and backing water, now dashing on. Warrisden saw them reach the ship's side and climb on board; he saw the boat slung upwards and brought in onto the deck. Then the screw of the *City of Bristol* struck the water again. Lurching through the heavy sea she steamed southwards. In a few minutes the Blue Fleet was lost to sight.

To be Continued.

The Strength of Russia on Land and Sea

(Continued from page 585.)

clude the two East Siberian army-corps, commanded by Generals Linevitch and Zassulich, and each containing two divisions, or four brigades, or eight regiments. On a war footing each of these regiments contains about four thousand men, with eighty officers. This gives about sixty or seventy thousand Russian infantry for the two East Siberian corps. A third corps has just been formed, which will bring the total up to a hundred thousand. A fourth and fifth corps will probably be added, each containing about thirty-five thousand men. Next come six East Siberian rifle-brigades, commanded by Generals Gerngross, Anissimoff, Kashtalinski, Fock, Alexeieff, and Trusoff, all of whom distinguished themselves in the Boxer uprising. Each of these rifle-brigades contains four regiments, and each regiment, on a war footing, numbers about two thousand riflemen. The six rifle-brigades, therefore, with their officers, will amount to some fifty thousand men. Two more rifle-brigades are under formation, which will bring the total of riflemen up to about seventy thousand. Add these to the three existing East Siberian army-corps, and the total is about a hundred and seventy thousand to two hundred thousand.

This is the probable number of Russian troops in the Far East at present, but they are being added to day by day, and it is not improbable that the immense total of four or five hundred thousand will actually be reached before the summer closes. Russia, it should be borne in mind, is particularly strong in cavalry, and will not unlikely have fifty thousand in the field, including Cossacks, within a comparatively short time. Needless to say that a due proportion of artillery will support the infantry and cavalry, both in the fortresses and in the field.

When we consider Russia's military problem in the Far East, the immense bodies of troops spoken of are evidently none too many. Russia must maintain a front extending in a half-moon shape from Vladivostok along the Korean frontier, thence along the coast to Port Arthur, and thence to Newchwang, and westwards toward Mongolia. Japan may try to break this front at any one of four points—the north Korean frontier near Vladivostok, the Korean frontier near the Yalu and Wiju, the coast between the Yalu and Port Arthur, and the coast between Port Arthur and Newchwang. Russia must be sufficiently strong in each of these four directions to stop the strongest army Japan can place in the field; say from one to two hundred thousand men at any one of these four points. Then there is the base to be held, from Harbin to Mukden. To maintain these positions, and, at the same time, to prosecute an aggressive campaign in Korea, as General Kuropatkin wishes to do, will tax even a force of four hundred thousand men.

Progress of Science

A New Method of Color Photography

CONSIDERABLE interest in photography in colors is now being manifested in Europe, and several inventors are at work on processes whereby photographs in natural colors are obtained by the use of a single negative. While the underlying idea is not entirely novel, yet the achieving of practical results results is an important accomplishment, and this is claimed for at least one of the inventors. The process involves the use of a specially prepared pigment paper and an ordinary negative prepared in the usual manner. The paper is coated with a series of layers of coloring matter containing films, or layers of gelatine, the red being next to the surface of the paper, the green in the middle, and the blue on top. These layers are composed of bichromate of potash and gelatine, which, as is well known, under the influence of light becomes insoluble. In the photographic negative the portions corresponding to the dark objects or shadows are transparent, while the light portions, such as the sky, are opaque. Consequently, when the specially prepared paper is placed beneath the negative in a printing-frame and exposed to the light, the dark portions will cut off most of the light, and the small amount that goes through will affect only the upper or blue layer, rendering it insoluble. The portions corresponding to the greens are more transparent, and the intermediate or green layer will be affected by the light, while the transparent part of the negative corresponding to the red and black objects permits the light to pass in sufficient amounts to penetrate to and act on the red layer. The paper is then laid with its face down on a second sheet, to which the coating is transferred, and the print is developed by washing with warm water, which removes all the bichromatized gelatine except that made insoluble by the rays of light. The layers are now reversed from their original position, the red being above and the blue next to the surface of the paper. In actual operation it was found desirable to employ a greater number of layers instead of the three fundamental colors, and in certain instances as many as fourteen pigments have been used. As can be seen, great care is required in preparing and manipulating the paper, but the process, if capable of general application, seems particularly useful, as any negative can be used for making a colored print. Difficulties have been encountered in obtaining suitable pigments, and it would appear that the process requires considerable additional work before it is perfected. Should this be accomplished, it suggests great possibilities for not only new photographs, but for those from existing negatives.

Contamination of Deep Wells

By a series of experiments which proved how readily deep wells and springs could experience pollution, the town of Quitman, Georgia, has doubtless been saved from the danger of an epidemic of disease. In this place the water-supply of the town is derived from wells, and in planning a sewerage system it was proposed to dispose of the public sewage by discharging through a bore-hole into an underground stream. The possibility that contamination might result, however, was early suggested, and led to practical experiments being undertaken by the United States Geological Survey, and the Geological Survey of Georgia, in order to determine the matter definitely. Two tons of salt were placed in the well where it was planned to empty the sewage, and the water from the various wells which had been previously examined, especially as to their chlorine contents, was again analyzed, samples being taken at intervals during and sometime after the experiment. It was found that the salt had permeated all of the wells in the town, demonstrating conclusively that disease germs could be readily communicated to the drinking-water. These experiments are in line with some carried on in Europe several years ago, where it was found that bacteria, placed in certain wells, could be detected at other sources of water in the vicinity, and emphasize the importance of carefully examining and safeguarding water supplies under all conditions.

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Lincoln and the Mules

SENATOR DEPEW of New York, who has carried his prestige as a raconteur into the Upper House of Congress, relates a hitherto untold story about President Lincoln. It is apropos of the demand for an immediate strengthening of the United States navy.

"I remember," said the millionaire New-Yorker on the floor of the Senate, "being in the Executive Mansion at one time and in Mr. Lincoln's office when a telegram was handed to him which gave the information that a brigadier-general, through foolishness of an extreme sort, had been captured down in Virginia. In his command was a long train of pack-wagons and mules. Mr. Lincoln read the despatch. Then he took up his pen and said,

"'With that pen I can make a brigadier-general in a minute, but I cannot replace those mules!'"

Commerce at the Seat of War

THE total commerce of the territory fronting upon and immediately adjacent to the scene of present hostilities in the Far East aggregates, in round terms, about $600,000,000, of which considerably more than one-half is imports. Japan's commerce is about equally divided between imports and exports, but in the case of China and Asiatic Russia imports greatly exceed exports, and this is also true of Hongkong, which passes most of its imports on into China and draws from China most of the articles which become its exports. Probably three-fifths of the total commerce of the countries in question, taken as a whole, is in the form of imports, and the United States is year by year supplying a larger share of those imports of the countries in question and gaining upon other countries in the relative share which it supplies thereof. Of the exports from the countries named the United States is the largest single purchaser. The tea, the raw silk, the manufactured silk, the rice, the mattings, and other products of this character which form the bulk of the exports of China and Japan go more largely to the United States than to any other single country of the world, while as to Asiatic Russia and Korea, their exports are at present so small as to be of little importance in a discussion of the commerce of the countries in question. The more important of the exports of the United States to the section in question are cotton and cotton goods, kerosene, flour, lumber, manufactures of iron and steel, manufactures of leather, and tobacco. Raw cotton exported to this particular section of the world goes chiefly to Japan, and the market in Japan for American cotton is influenced largely by the surplus of cotton in India, which is of shorter staple and therefore of lower price. In years of short supply in India Japan turns to the United States for its raw cotton.

Director Conried's Horse Story

DIRECTOR HEINRICH CONRIED, of the Metropolitan Opera House, who is a good raconteur, tells this story of a horse whose theatrical experiences were embarrassing. This horse, it seems, was prominently on view during a certain scene in an opera which was having a run some time ago in Germany. He was ridden on every night by one of the actors, and his duties consisted simply in standing still in the centre of the stage while his rider dismounted and sang a duet with the heroine. One night the horse which usually took the part was indisposed, and a substitute had to be pressed into service. Just as he was ridden onto the stage there was a loud fanfare from the orchestra, and the startled animal began to neigh in terror, quite spoiling the effect of the scene. The manager, standing in the wings, swore feelingly beneath his breath.

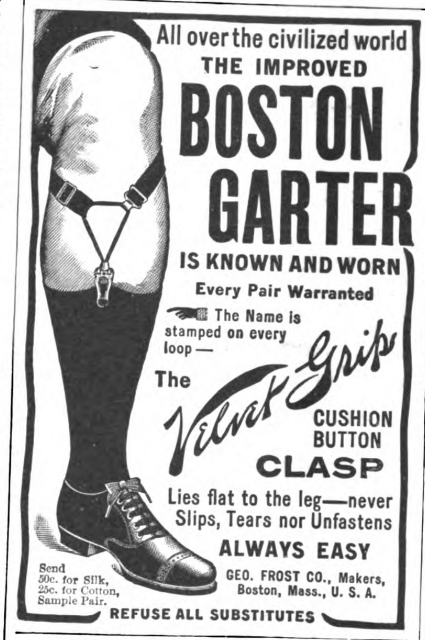
"He ought to be fined," he muttered, as the horse, still neighing loudly, was led off by a stage-hand—"he's extemporizing!"

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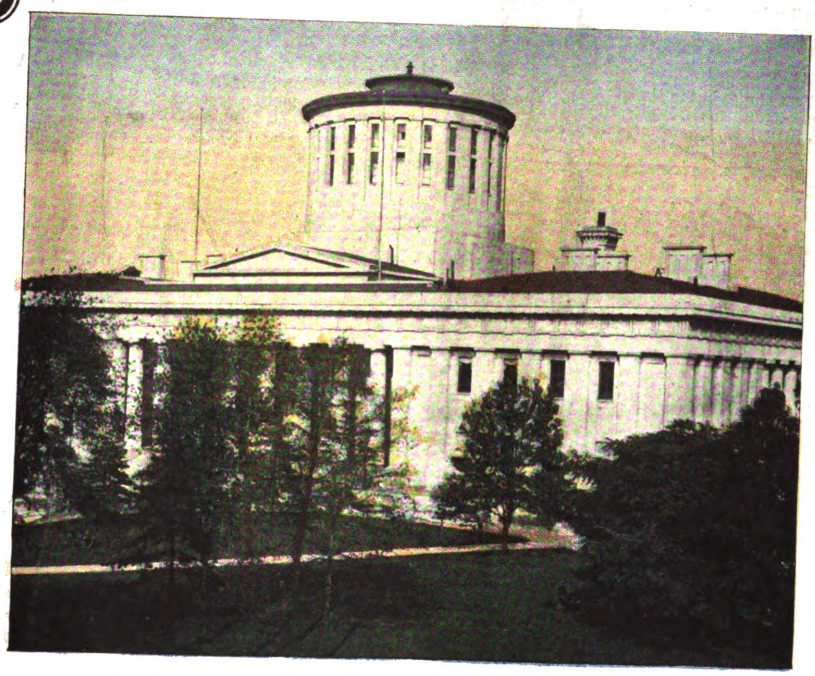
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

for MAY

Our System of Neutrality

By JOHN BASSETT MOORE, LL.D.

Professor of International Law and Diplomacy, Columbia University

This is the second of Professor Moore's valuable papers on the history of our diplomacy. It deals with the development of our system of neutrality from Revolutionary times down to the present day.

Travel

ARTHUR SYMONS, the English poet, contributes one of his vivid impressions of the old Italian city of Verona—a picturesque article daintily illustrated in tint by H. D. Nichols.

Science

Dr. C. W. SALEEBY, the well-known scientific writer, has written a most valuable scientific paper, which he entitles, "Whence and Whither," a new theory of the beginnings of all worlds.

Edwin A. Abbey's Pictures for "Hamlet"

Four remarkable pictures by EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A., illustrating Shakespeare's "Hamlet," are the striking artistic feature of this number. The pictures are accompanied by critical comment on the play by Theodore Watts-Dunton.

Nature

Dr. H. C. MCCOOK, whose nature papers have proved so attractive a feature of the MAGAZINE, writes of the Ballooning Spiders and their remarkable aeronautic feats. His article is fully illustrated with drawings from the author's own sketches.

Archaeology

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, LL.D., in his article on "The Primitive Book," traces the development of the book from the early stone-tablet inscriptions and parchments. His article is interestingly illustrated with many reproductions of ancient MSS., etc.

The Fleet on "The Labrador"

By NORMAN DUNCAN

Mr. DUNCAN has lived among the rugged fishermen of the Labrador fleet. His article is a dramatic narrative of their adventurous lives. He writes with wonderful directness of what he has seen—his article is more interesting than a story.

8 Short Stories

There are eight short stories in the May MAGAZINE, including tales by E. S. Martin, Warwick Deeping, Elizabeth G. Jordan, Mary Tracy Earle, Robert W. Chambers, Philip Verrill Mighels, Ohiyesa, etc.

Art

In addition to Mr. Abbey's pictures, reproduced in tint, there are pictures and some remarkable photographs in color by H. D. Nichols. Henry Wolf contributes one of his most notable wood engravings.

The funniest of biographies—

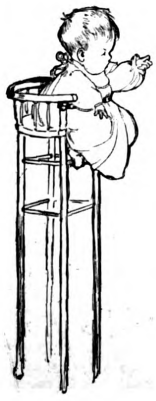
The Memoirs of a Baby



by

JOSEPHINE DASKAM

Author of "The Madness of Philip"



NEVER before has the dignified title of "Memoirs" graced so funny a book as this latest tale of Josephine Daskam's—a writer widely known for her clever child studies. The sorry side of life—the tribulations of the little tots—have no place in this irresistibly amusing record of the home-life of a typical American couple. The baby refuses to develop psychologically or scientifically according to the theories set down in his Aunt Emma's books, but he grows to robust boyhood after a fashion of his own. All the various incidents of a lively youngster's boyhood here find laughable portrayal. The unceasing arguments between the common-sense young father and the theoretical "Aunt Emma" not only afford such amusement as Josephine Daskam alone can give us, but go to make a clever satire on "modern" methods of rearing children.



F. Y. Cory, whose pictures of baby-life have never been equalled for cleverness and humor, has illustrated the book copiously with pen-and-ink drawings. The pictures are every bit as funny as the narrative, and the book will provoke the laughter of any one who turns the pages.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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ON THE ROAD

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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COMMENT

NATURALLY Mr. Roosevelt's friends are giving a great deal of attention to the question, What nominee for Governor of New York would be most likely to promote the success of the Presidential ticket in that State? Nobody pretends that any strength would be added to the ticket by the renomination of Governor Odell, who in 1900 ran behind Mr. McKinley by more than 32,000 votes, and in 1902 barely managed to secure a reelection by a plurality of less than 9000. Nothing, however, can prevent Governor Odell from securing a renomination if he wants it, for he is absolute master of the Republican machinery in the city, as well as in the State, of New York, only a phantom of authority being left to Senator Platt. But Mr. Odell knows that if renominated and defeated he would be extinct, considered as a political force, and he knows also that New York will be a doubtful State this year, unless the Democrats are guilty of some grave blunder at St. Louis. He probably will deem it expedient to permit some other man to receive the honor of a nomination and to face the chances of defeat, while he (Odell), as chairman of the Republican State Committee, retains his grasp on the machine. There are two men who indisputably would strengthen the ticket, to wit, ex-Secretary Root and ex-Governor Black. We do not believe that either of them would consent to enter the field this year, unless, indeed, the unexpected should happen and somebody of the Bryan stamp should be put forward for the Presidency at St. Louis. Then probably a Republican nomination for the Governorship of New York would "be equivalent to an election."

Nobody yet predicts who will be the Democratic candidate for the office. There is no doubt that Mayor McClellan could have the nomination should an agreement be reached between the "up-State" forces controlled by ex-Senator Hill on the one hand and Tammany Hall on the other. If those two wings of the New York Democracy shall remain unreconciled, the nomination seems likely to go to Comptroller Grout. There is no foundation for the report that Mr. Bird S. Coler may be renominated. His exit from the political stage is final; not only because he was defeated in 1902, but because that event was followed by the deposition of his sponsor, Mr. McLaughlin, from the leadership of the Brooklyn Democracy. That the Democratic nomination for the Governorship of New York would be refused this year by any one is unlikely. Some shrewd observers of the political situation in the city and State of New York go so far as to predict that the Democratic candidate for the Governorship will be elected even should the Empire commonwealth give its electoral votes to the Republican nominee for the Presidency. That was what happened, it will be remembered, in 1888, when Warner Miller fell "outside the breastworks," which were successfully stormed by General Harrison.

At this distance, when every day sheds a new light on the situation, who would presume to forecast the outcome of the St. Louis convention? Certain facts, indeed, seem indisputable. Should the Democracy, in convention assembled, make up their minds to request the only man who has led them to victory since 1856 to uprear once more in his sturdy hand the Democratic standard, the news of his nomination would undoubtedly cause the Republican candidate and the shrewdest among his managers many a sleepless night. We are by no means certain, however, that Democratic foresight and sagacity will keep Mr. Roosevelt and his friends awake. The awful blunders perpetrated by leading Democrats at national and State conventions during the last eight years scarcely encourage us to believe that the Democracy at St. Louis will commit an act of sanity. The sceptical mood which, at the hour when we write, is prevalent may be ascribed to the report that ex-Senator Hill, who proposes, we are told, to write a platform to be put forward on April 18 by the Democratic State convention of New York, has framed one which, considered as a truckling and cynical bid for the good-will of the Hearst-Bryan faction, and even of the Socialists, may be compared with the programme which cost Mr. Coler the Governorship in 1902. It will be remembered that even Mr. Coler, who was not supposed to have definite and rooted ideas concerning the purport of the Federal Constitution, shrank from endorsing the doctrine that the Federal government was constitutionally endowed with the power to enter the State of Pennsylvania and seize the anthracite coal-fields by the right of "eminent domain."

How Judge Parker would have treated such an assertion is plain to those who keep in view his legal training or who have read his judicial opinions. Judge Parker is inflexibly opposed, we are informed, to the insertion in the platform to be adopted by the New York Democratic convention of a pronouncement in favor of government or municipal ownership of all "utilities." Judge Parker is unquestionably right in believing that the acceptance of such a plank at Albany on April 18 would seriously impede the success of his candidacy, and would work harm in the national convention at St. Louis. His conviction is that the platform to be put forward this year by the Democracy should be constructed on conservative lines, and that no concession whatever should be made to the authors of the Kansas City and Chicago programmes. The fact that Chief-Judge Parker and ex-Senator Hill, if they have not come to the parting of the ways, are already at variance regarding the policy which it behooves the Democracy to pursue, will surprise nobody who, like Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Cleveland's friends, acknowledges the solidity of Parker's qualifications for the Presidency. That Judge Parker would draw so many votes from the independents as would Mr. Cleveland nobody, we imagine, believes; but we have the ex-President's authority for thinking that Parker would deserve to do so.

As was to be expected, an attempt is making in the Hearst-Bryan newspapers to show that ex-President Cleveland's approval of Judge Parker's candidacy is an injury to the New-Yorker. One of these journals publishes five alleged telegrams from Denver, four alleged telegrams from Omaha, two despatches from Columbus, Ohio, and one from St. Louis—all of these to the effect that Mr. Cleveland's endorsement is either valueless or hurtful. Colorado was carried by Mr. Bryan in 1896 with a plurality of nearly 135,000; it was carried by Mr. Weaver, the Populist candidate, in 1892; at the four preceding Presidential elections it was carried by the Republicans. It is quite possible that Mr. Cleveland, or a candidate cordially approved by him, might fail to get the four electoral votes of Colorado. What would the loss amount to? As to Nebraska, it went for Weaver in 1892, for Bryan in 1896, but was recovered by McKinley in 1900 with nearly 8000 plurality. Under the circumstances, there is no reason to doubt that Mr. Cleveland himself, or a nominee endorsed by him, would draw sufficient votes from the McKinley following to carry the State. As for Ohio, we suppose nobody in his senses imagines that a Democrat of the Hearst-Bryan stripe would get the electoral votes of that commonwealth. The only Democrat who could carry it would be one of Mr. Cleveland's stamp, for it should not be forgotten that in 1892

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the ex-President got one of Ohio's electoral votes. That is an achievement which no Democratic nominee for the Presidency has rivalled for half a century.

Is it possible that any reasonable person can doubt that sober-minded Democrats, and many Republicans as well, in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, New Jersey, Connecticut, and New York, will be profoundly impressed by Grover Cleveland's published statement that the recent movement looking to a concentration of the Democracy on Judge Parker's candidacy has afforded him the greatest possible relief and satisfaction? Was he not justified in saying that he did not see how any one professing to be a genuine and intelligent Democrat could hesitate to accept Judge Parker, should he be nominated, as a fit representative of safe and conservative Democratic principles, and entitled to hearty and unreserved Democratic support? That the ex-President would have preferred ex-Secretary-of-State Olney to the Chief Judge of the New York Court of Appeals is an inference which, perhaps, is warranted by his statement that "some of us may have been of the opinion that another nomination might be more expedient." Not for a moment, however, should we overlook the fact that Mr. Cleveland adds, "That should be a mere matter of opinion which should pass out of sight immediately if the choice of the convention should fall upon Judge Parker."

We are not surprised that a great deal of attention has been attracted to the address delivered by Mr. James M. Beck, formerly Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, at the eighth annual meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. It will be remembered that Mr. Beck was one of the lawyers who made arguments in the Northern Securities case before the United States Circuit Court. In his address Mr. Beck pointed out, what we have suggested in these columns, that the diversity of the grounds on which the decision in that case was defended in the opinion of Justice Harlan and three colleagues on the one hand, and in the opinion read by Justice Brewer on the other, foreshadows a future retreat by a majority of the court—a majority made up by the adhesion of Justice Brewer to the four minority justices, Fuller, White, Peckham, and Holmes—from the extreme position taken in the joint-traffic case that the Sherman anti-trust law forbade all restraints of trade, whether reasonable or unreasonable. Mr. Beck recalls that at common law the courts reserved the right to determine whether, under the circumstances of a particular case, a contract in restraint of trade was reasonable or unreasonable. To the ex-Attorney-General it seemed indisputable, in view of the opinions read in the Northern Securities case, that there is an increasing tendency in the United States Supreme Court to regard such restraint, except in extreme cases, as reasonable.

Mr. Beck, however, was of the opinion that the burden of determining just when a railroad consolidation was reasonable or unreasonable ought not to be cast upon the Federal judiciary. The courts, he said, are already overloaded with questions that are semijudicial and semilegislative, and he thought that upon Congress, as being the law-making representative of the American people, should rest the responsibility of determining by statute the extent, if any, to which the consolidation of competing carriers should be permitted. That is a step further than Senator Foraker, in the bill which died a-bornin', proposed to go. Mr. James B. Dill, a well-known corporation lawyer, replying to Mr. Beck, ridiculed the United States Supreme Court as the "Court of Last Conjecture," and declared that he did not believe in Federal control of street corporations at all. With unparalleled frankness he said: "I don't believe in anti-trust legislation. I believe in pro-trust legislation." Mr. Dill thought that the logical effect of the Northern Securities decision—which, we repeat, was rendered by five judges against four, and even the five did not agree as to the grounds—was to relegate us back to the time when it took seventeen railway companies and seventeen separate tickets to carry a man from Philadelphia or New York to Chicago. Mr. Beck, as we have seen, had spoken of retreat on the part of the Supreme Court. "Retreat to what?" asked Mr. Dill. "To more expedients, more guesses, more circumlocution, and more kaleidoscopic views of law and justice?" Mr. Dill concluded with a candid avowal of his conviction that "the trusts are here to stay, and they are bigger than any one State in the Union."

By the second section of the third article of our Federal Constitution it is provided that the judicial power of the Federal courts shall extend to controversies between two or more States. Originally the provision covered controversies between a State and citizens of another State; but the Eleventh Amendment of the Federal Constitution declares that the judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by the citizens of another State. Can a citizen of the United States evade the clear intent of the Eleventh Amendment by transferring a chose in action, which before the enactment of that amendment he would have had against a given State, to some other State? The question is commonly supposed to have been answered in the affirmative in the case of South Dakota against North Carolina, and an attempt is now making to elicit from the same tribunal a more comprehensive and definite answer. It may be remembered that the individual owner of certain bonds of North Carolina, the interest and principal of which bonds could not be by him collected, transferred them to the State of South Dakota, and that the Legislature of the State authorized the acceptance of the bonds, and ordered suit for their collection to be instituted. By a vote of five to four the United States Supreme Court held that under the second section of the third article of the Constitution, South Dakota could sue North Carolina for the value of the bonds mentioned.

It should be borne in mind, however, that a dissenting opinion was delivered by Justice White, in which Chief-Justice Fuller, Justice McKenna, and Justice Day concurred. Mr. Justice White opined that it was an elementary rule of constitutional construction that no one provision of the Constitution can be segregated from all the other provisions and considered alone, but that all the provisions bearing upon a particular subject must be brought into view by the court, and so interpreted as to carry out the main purposes of the instrument. If, in following this rule, it should be found that an advocated construction of any one provision of the Constitution would, if adopted, neutralize a positive prohibition elsewhere set forth in the instrument, the inference is that such proposed construction must be erroneous, since its enforcement would mean, not to give effect to the Constitution as a whole, but to destroy a portion thereof. Justice White's mind, therefore, could not escape the conclusion that if, wherever an individual has a claim against a State, he may, by transferring it to another State, bring into play the judicial power of the United States to enforce such claim, then the prohibition embodied in the Eleventh Amendment is a mere letter without spirit and without force. Mr. John B. Manning, of New York city, is resolved to find out whether the five judges composing the majority, or the four constituting the minority, of the highest Federal tribunal expressed the permanent judgment of the court. He has offered to present the Commissioners of the District of Columbia with ten $1000 bonds of the State of South Carolina, assuming, of course, that the Commissioners will proceed to test the validity of the bonds, upon which, as a private individual, Mr. Manning is disqualified by the Eleventh Amendment from suing. It is probable that the United States Supreme Court would hold that the District of Columbia, like a Territory, has all the rights conferred upon a State by the second section of the third article of the Constitution; but whether the Commissioners of the District of Columbia will think it worth while to incur the expenses of a suit remains to be seen.

We hope that the Senate will approve that provision of the Philippine bill which proposes to give a government guarantee of interest on a portion of the capital that may be invested in railways in the archipelago. It is well known that railway-building is much more expensive in the tropics than it is in the temperate zone, owing to the tremendous downfall of rain in the wet season, and to the frequency with which water-courses, almost or entirely dry during a part of the year, are

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converted into raging torrents. Nevertheless, the problem of railway construction and maintenance in the tropics has been solved in English, French, and Dutch dependencies, and Sir William Van Horne may be said to have presented the latest solution in Cuba. In the island of Luzon there is a railway, the Dagupan line, which has 120 miles of track, and which would never have been constructed had not the Spanish government guaranteed eight per cent. interest on five million dollars of its stock. Secretary Taft, who undoubtedly is the highest authority on questions relating to the Philippines, considers the creation of a railway network in Luzon indispensable for the development of that large island. At the same time experience has convinced him that American capitalists cannot be persuaded to undertake the venturesome task, unless a moderate rate of interest on the money invested shall be guaranteed by our government for a term of years. It has been suggested that the guaranty should be five per cent. on forty thousand dollars a mile for thirty years, a part of the guaranteed interest being set aside to form a sinking-fund for the repayment of the loan. It certainly is our duty to give the Filipinos treatment at least as generous as they received from impoverished Spain.

We are told that the Republican leaders have agreed upon a Statehood programme, and that a bill will be reported to the House of Representatives providing for the admission of two States, to be known respectively as Oklahoma and Arizona. The former State will comprise Oklahoma Territory and Indian Territory, while the latter will be made up of two Territories now known as Arizona and New Mexico. The new State of Oklahoma will have an aggregate area of 70,430 square miles, including the Cherokee Strip and No Man's Land; the total population of this area, according to the last census, was 790,391. There is no doubt that the population is growing rapidly, and is likely to exceed a million and a half when the State is admitted to the Union—an event which, according to the bill, cannot take place before 1906, by which date it is expected that all of the Indian lands in Indian Territory formerly held in tribal ownership will have been allotted in severalty. To the admission of a State thus constituted there can be no valid objection, provided adequate precautions are taken to safeguard the rights of the Indians. The proposed State of Arizona stands on a very different footing. The aggregate population of the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico in 1900 was only 318,241, and there is no prospect of any early and rapid increase. On the other hand, the total area of these Territories is 235,600 square miles, or only about 30,000 square miles less than the area of Texas, which in 1900 had 3,048,710 inhabitants. Fortunately, nobody proposes to force Arizona into the Union against its will, and there seems to be no doubt that the people of at least one, if not both, of the Territories concerned will vote against the suggested fusion. There is, therefore, no immediate danger of seeing fewer than 350,000 persons represented by two Senators in the Upper House of the Federal legislature.

We are glad to commend the words uttered by President Roosevelt in Washington on April 7 at a dinner given by the Periodical Publishers' Association of America. The President made it clear that he concurs with his predecessor, one of the secrets of whose success was that he "kept his ear to the ground," in recognizing writers as a "real governing class" of the republic. Mr. Roosevelt said he had arrived at the conclusion that citizens of the United States cannot keep too fresh or too preponderant in their minds the fact that the men ultimately responsible for the conduct of the Federal government are not the constitutional representatives of the people in Congress assembled, but the people themselves. This has been true for eighty years, and purblind are those that fail to see it. The last year in which members of Congress presumed to dictate the nomination of a President was 1824, and their dictation was repudiated at the ballot-box. Over and over again since then have the wishes of members of Congress been disregarded by national conventions. So far as Democratic national conventions are concerned, that was the case in 1868, in 1876, in 1884, in 1892, and in 1896. Republican national conventions paid but little heed to the desires of Republican members of Congress in 1856, in 1860, in 1876, in 1880, in 1892, or in 1896. We add the last-named year because it would be absurd to assert that, before the national convention met, a majority of the Republican Senators and Representatives were in favor of Mr. McKinley.

No one, then, will dispute, we imagine, our assertion that for eighty years the American people, and not their constitutional spokesmen in the Houses of Congress, have been the real masters of this country. But how is anybody to find out what the people want and mean to have? No doubt each of the great political parties has an opportunity of expressing its wishes, at intervals more or less widely apart, in municipal, State, and national conventions. But how, meanwhile, is any one to detect the drift of public opinion and popular sentiment? It is manifest that, unless one's conclusions are to be exclusively *a priori*, or, in other words, guesswork, and therefore, in all likelihood, worthless, they must be deduced from a careful study of the newspapers, the ability of which to shape or to reflect the views of large or influential sections of the American people is attested by the number of their readers or by the serious attention with which they are read. That is something which foreign diplomatists could not be expected to understand, least of all those whose experience has been acquired at the courts of autocratic or semiautocratic rulers. Not even in France or England do newspapers, however respected or however large their circulation, exercise the controlling and irresistible influence which they possess in the United States. What could be accomplished by an unofficial moulder of feeling and opinion was foreseen by the Scotchman who said, "Let me make the songs of the people, and I care not who makes the laws." Thomas Jefferson foresaw it with even more distinctness, though in his time the American press was but a rudiment of what it has since become. In later days few persons have better comprehended than did Samuel J. Tilden the tremendous leverage that newspapers have it in their power to exert. It is satisfactory to observe that Mr. Roosevelt has, perhaps somewhat tardily, awakened to a truth which was so patent to his predecessor. If he, like President McKinley, will "keep his ear to the ground," or, in other words, mark the echoes only detectable through newspapers, he is unlikely to make any serious mistakes hereafter. Does this mean that newspaper writers are the most trustworthy interpreters of the fundamental convictions and paramount wishes of the people? We answer, Yes; because, by the very law of their existence, they are compelled to study from day to day and with the utmost wariness the signs of veering or fixity in those wishes and those convictions.

While we cannot get the exact figures and positions of the troops under General Kuropatkin's command, we can come pretty close to both if we carefully understand the problems he has to face. It is probable that the Russians have between two hundred and three hundred thousand troops already in Siberia, including, perhaps, fifty thousand cavalry and Cossacks, who are practically mounted infantry of a high grade, as well as a large proportion of both field and siege artillery. Now, as to the disposition of these troops, there is, first and most important, a large nucleus at Harbin, where the railroad from European Russia branches eastward to Vladivostok and southward to Port Arthur. It is necessary to have troops at such a point, in order that they may be sent with equal rapidity to whichever of the points on the front is weakened, or menaced by a heavy attack. It is the old simile of the handle of the fan, the semicircular edge of the fan being the fighting-line, with the reserves at the handle, equally near to any point on the rim. After the Harbin contingent, we should count the railroad guards, along both branches of the line, and compelled to stay there. Then we have the two garrisons of Vladivostok and Port Arthur, also forced to remain where they are. Now comes the interesting part of our problem. We know that Manchuria is menaced from four points: First, from the eastern ports of Korea, anywhere between Vladivostok and Wonson. An army of invasion would have two or three mountain ranges to cross before reaching any vulnerable point along this line, the first vulnerable point in the direction of Harbin being Kirin, connected with Harbin by a branch line, and therefore easily reenforced. Russia has, without doubt, a considerable body of troops somewhere between Kirin and

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Wonson, probably upwards of twenty thousand, screened by a body of Cossacks and cavalry, who are in touch with the Japanese advance columns in the Wonson region. Then we have the second point, the lower Yalu region, from which most of our news comes, in the general direction of the Japanese army between Ping-yang and An-ju. To this we may join the third vulnerable point, which supposes a Japanese landing between the mouth of the Yalu and the Liao-tung peninsula. An uninterrupted body of troops, grouped in a half-moon, covers both these points, and this is necessarily the strongest centre of Russia's Manchurian army for the time being. There must be a hundred thousand men in this division, with a screen of cavalry reaching down as far as the Japanese advance posts, and constantly in touch with these. Finally, we have troops at New-chwang to guard against a Japanese landing there. As they can easily be reenforced from Mukden and Harbin, in a few hours at the outside, these troops are at present not very numerous, probably from thirty to forty thousand, but well supplied with artillery. Here no screen of cavalry is needed, since there is no foe in sight. This will remain the general situation until the Japanese advance begins, for it is evident that General Kuropatkin does not intend to enter Korea with an army of invasion at the present time.

Writers who set out to annihilate Christian Science perform, as a rule, less to the satisfaction of their readers than of themselves. They deny too much, or scoff too sneeringly, or gibe with overmuch intolerance, and leave us, usually, disposed in mood if not by conviction to get down on the side of the fence that is not theirs, and to feel that the only writer that the Christian Scientists have very much reason to fear is their own Mrs. Eddy. Somehow Dr. J. W. Churchman, who has discussed this topic in the April *Atlantic Monthly*, has had better success than most of his fellows. He is not a minister, but a doctor—an assistant in Johns Hopkins Hospital. He has the air of having examined his subject, not only thoroughly, but with the intention of discovering truth, rather than with a purpose prepense of annihilation. Discussing Mrs. Eddy's philosophy, he states her basal propositions, rehearses her logic without flippancy, and gravely discloses why he finds her philosophical system unsatisfactory, her idealism an evasion, her theology pantheism, her science laughable, and her religion "fundamentally un-Christian."

But, after all, he says, the most obvious task, in view of the popular identification of Christian Science with its therapeutics, is to determine whether this thought-deformity has really anything of value to offer orthodox medicine as regards either its theory or practice. That is undoubtedly what we most want to know. Christian Science, he says, offers a theory of disease which is manifestly not the true one, but "medicine ought to remember that her own pathological theory of the thing, though perfectly satisfactory so far as it goes, ceases to be invulnerable where all natural reasoning begins to weaken,—at the mysterious blending of physical and 'mental' conditions." That seems to mean that there are still things that are not known, and that though Mrs. Eddy's guess at them is wrong, medicine has not yet guessed right. "How satisfactorily to comprehend the etiological importance of mental states in disease, and the relation of tissue changes to psychoses; how intelligently to apply to therapeutics the mental factor which present ignorance forces us to neglect altogether, or to treat as a mere plaything,—these," he says, "are the problems which the 'mental movement' is giving over to science for solution." Christian Science, he adds, may have succeeded in calling attention to a neglected group of phenomena. Certainly it has failed to interpret them satisfactorily; but "just as certainly, in spite of a tendency to shun the issue or regard the question as closed, the last word is very far from having been said on this mysterious subject."

So it seems to many lay observers, who cannot but believe that the constant experiments of large numbers of volunteers with every phase of mental treatment will at least supply useful opportunities for observation, and data which will help the advance of knowledge. One argument of men like Professor William James against attempts at the suppression of Christian Science by legislation has been that it is useful to have attention directed to the relations of the mind to the body, and that to choke off experiments in that direction would be inexpedient even if it were possible. Possibly Dr. Churchman is of this mind, though he does not say so. He does point out that the relation of intelligence to disease is a clinical reality, that in a certain proportion of cases habit of mind seems to be an important factor in determining the occurrence or issue of disease, that high intelligence offers a stronger front to disease than low, and that with a properly schooled mind the man of an average constitution, decently cared for, "may actually avoid that great class of diseases which, though their etiology is not yet clear, are certainly furthered if not started by an improper mental attitude."

Some weeks ago the newspapers discussed somewhat profusely the question whether a Chicago bank clerk ought to marry on less than a thousand dollars a year. It was not difficult to see that the main question was how much work the bank clerk's bride would be willing to do, or be capable of doing. A kindred question has been discussed more recently by Professor Simon N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, who argues that the social problem of thousands of married couples would be solved were the wife to continue a wage-earner during the early period of marriage. When two young people who are earning ten or twelve dollars a week apiece marry, Dr. Patten would have both of them continue to be wage-earners until the husband's income increases to twenty dollars a week. Then, he thinks, it is better that the wife should give herself up to the home, and that both should live on the husband's income. It is desirable, thinks Dr. Patten, that persons of small wage-earning capacity should be married, provided both continue wage-earners. Dr. Giddings of Columbia University seems to have kindred leanings, for though he feels it to be desirable that after marriage the wife be relieved as far as possible from a money-earning occupation and have plenty of time to maintain the home, he points out that the middle-class Frenchman's wife is usually a shopkeeper or manages a restaurant, and that there is no better family life anywhere than in the middle classes in France. In this country he finds that the wife of a foreigner is nearly always a breadwinner, but that American women have no tendency to become wage-earners independent of their husbands. As an abstract consideration he thinks that women, whether married or single, should have absolute freedom and opportunity to earn money. He would take away all legal and conventional barriers and let women take their chances in the industrial world with the men.

The American prejudice against wage-earning by married women appears in the effort occasionally made to make the employment of teachers in the public schools terminate with marriage. But thousands of American married women do earn wages, thousands more would gladly do so if they could, and other thousands would be happier and better off if they did. The prejudice against it seems disadvantageous. American men, as a rule, prefer to support their wives if they can. If an American married woman works for pay, it is either because it gives her pleasure or because her husband's income is insufficient. She does not do it as a matter of course. How long she can keep it up depends upon what the work is, and upon other circumstances. If she has children, that, of course, interferes with her wage-earning if it does not stop it altogether, and general acceptance of a custom which would restrict or discourage child-bearing is not to the public advantage. Marriage tends, and should tend, to withdraw women from wage-earning, but it need not stop it *per se* and abruptly. To make marriage a bar to future wage-earning by a woman operates in restriction of marriage, and that is at least as much against public policy as restriction of child-bearing. It will always depend on circumstances whether a young wage-earning woman who marries had better go on with her work, but Dr. Patten seems to be right in holding that it is often best that she should do so, and that it is often better that she should marry and still earn wages than not marry. Prejudice should not determine conduct in these matters. There should be a freer choice.

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The New South

In a volume to which he has given the name *Problems of the Present South*, Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy, of Montgomery, Alabama, discusses from the view-point of one who is a Southerner by birth, traditions, education, training, and experience, some of the existing educational, industrial, and political issues in the Southern States. He does not profess to put forward his conclusions as final, or even representative. He does not presume to offer an authoritative interpretation of Southern opinion. On the contrary, he recognizes that his ideas are likely to be rejected by some influential persons at the South, though he hopes to see them accepted by others. What he has tried to accomplish is to contribute, by illumination and suggestion, toward the slowly forming, collective verdict with reference to Southern issues, in which the public opinion of the whole country, North and South, may be expected at last to find rational and articulate expression. It is a legitimate and honorable aim, and Mr. Murphy's efforts to attain it deserve, and are certain to receive, careful consideration.

We desire here to concentrate attention on the data collected by Mr. Murphy with regard to the present industrial development of the South. This, he points out, is not really a new phenomenon, but should rather be described as a revival. It is, he shows, a mistake to assume that the old order of things at the South before the outbreak of the war between the States was an order destitute of industrial ambition. At various times during the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century attempts were made, not only in Virginia, but in North Carolina and in South Carolina, to create an iron industry. In 1795, however, came the invention of the cotton-gin, after which, for half a century, the energies of the South were absorbed in the production of cotton. Yet, in the decade preceding the civil war, a strenuous effort was made to direct Southern enterprise and capital to other fields, and a marked and rapid evolution of manufacturing interests at the South ensued. The total number of Southern factories in 1860 was 24,590, representing an aggregate capital of $175,100,000. In 1850 the South had but 2335 miles of railroad, as contrasted with a combined total of 4798 miles for New England and the Middle States; but by 1860 the South had quadrupled the mileage of 1850, and had 387 miles more than were credited to the two Northern sections just named. Then came the catastrophes of the civil war and reconstruction period. A few figures attest the awful economical significance of the political and social cataclysm. In 1860 the wealth of the South had exceeded the combined wealth of the New England and Middle States by $750,000,000; in 1870 not only were the conditions reversed, but the wealth of the New England and Middle States exceeded the wealth of the whole South by $10,800,000,000. The assessed value of property in New York and Pennsylvania in 1870 was greater than that of all the Southern States put together. In 1860 South Carolina had been third among all the States in per capita wealth; ten years later she had become the thirtieth. In 1870 the assessed property of Rhode Island and New Jersey surpassed by more than $685,000,000 the assessed value of all the real and personal property of South Carolina. Mr. Murphy, from whom we take these figures, invites us to pause a moment, and consider what tragedies of suffering lie beneath them: what "deep-hidden, recurrent pulses of despair, of self-repression, of patience, of silent and solemn will, of self-conquest, of ultimate emancipation!"

About the year 1880 the long-hoped-for and long-deferred economical change began. Ten years later the industrial revival was in evident progress. By 1900 the South was universally perceived to have entered upon one of the most remarkable epochs of economical development to be found in the history of the modern industrial world. What we are witnessing is the reemergence of the tendency which was so manifest in the statistics of 1860; a vehement reassertion of the South's capacity for manufacturing. In 1860 the value of the manufactured products of the South had been less by $200,000,000 than the value of her agricultural products. In 1900, on the other hand, the value of Southern manufactures exceeded the value of Southern agricultural products by $190,000,000; nay, if mining interests be included, by nearly $300,000,000. In 1880 the products of Southern factories had not attained a valuation of $458,000,000. Two decades later they had reached a total value of more than $1,463,000,000, an increase of more than 220 per cent. These statistics bear witness to a vast industrial and social change. They signify that the industrial centre of gravity at the South is shifting, slowly but surely, from the field to the factory; and that the factory is to take its place by the side of the church, the schoolhouse, and the home, as one of the effectual and characteristic forces of civilization in our Southern States.

In his discussion of the political problem presented by the negro in the Southern States, Mr. Murphy evinces a temperate, and, so to speak, scientific, spirit. He holds that the nation owes to the South an adequate opportunity for the trial of the difficult experiment which she has undertaken—the experiment of securing under democratic institutions a safe and just coordination of the strong Anglo-Saxon race with another race which, socially and politically, is almost the least efficient of the families of men. The solution of such a problem will tax not only the utmost resources of the human intellect, but will also need the cooperation of Time, the healer and adjuster. Definite results, a full determination of success or failure, cannot be looked for in five years or in ten. Meanwhile critics of the actual attempts at political readjustment in the South should deal sympathetically with the question, "What is the alternative?" They should recur again and again to the thought that the fundamental embarrassments lie in the elementary conditions that precede all the evils and all the remedies. Partially anomalous remedies will always arise out of essentially anomalous conditions. So complex, in fine, is the task with which Southern whites are confronted, so inscrutably formidable are the inseparable difficulties, so deep-rooted and far-reaching are the issues, involving as they do the passions of races and of parties, that onlookers at the North may well pause before trying prematurely to substitute for the pending policy of extrication adopted by their Southern brethren another policy, even though the latter should seem based on more consistent, though perhaps academic, conceptions of public life. As one who himself has opposed the imposition of unequal or uneven tests of qualification for the franchise, Mr. Murphy feels authorized to say that there would be nothing gained and much lost by any return to former conditions, and that to the whole scheme of Southern readjustment, whatever its theoretic inconsistencies, a reasonable trial should be given.

In an appendix Mr. Murphy reproduces some of the observations on the relations of advanced to backward races which have been lately made by the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, author of *The American Commonwealth*. It may be remembered that the moral drawn by Mr. Bryce from the case of the Southern States is that, however excellent your intentions, and however admirable your sentiments, you must not legislate in the teeth of facts. The great bulk of the negroes are not fit for the suffrage; nor, under the American Federal system, is it possible (without incurring other grave evils) to give them effective protection in the exercise of the suffrage. It is clear, therefore, to Mr. Bryce that "it would have been better to postpone the bestowal of the dangerous boon." No doubt rocks and shoals were set thick round every course; no doubt, also, it is easier to perceive the evils of a course actually taken than to realize other evils that might have followed some other course. Nevertheless, Mr. Bryce concludes, the general opinion of dispassionate men has come to deem the action taken in the reconstruction period, and embodied in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of our Federal Constitution, a mistake.

An English View of Our Negro Problem

There is an interesting discussion from an English view-point of certain aspects of our negro question in the book, *Asia and Europe*, which is attracting much attention. The author, Mr. Meredith Townsend, considers, first, the future of the negro, without reference to any particular environment, and then examines the special conditions under which he exists in the United States. He begins by pointing out how conflicting are the opinions concerning the capabilities of the black race, that have been, or still are, current. One set of observers, exemplified in the well-known explorer, Captain Burton, who had studied the negro in his original African home, regard him as a nearly irreclaimable savage, a being who cannot be ruled, except by terror, and who is, by nature, incapable of rising to the level attainable by the white, and even, in many respects, by the yellow and the brownish man. They pronounce his savagery instinctive, his laziness incurable, and his sensuality far in excess of anything observable in Europe. Because of the negro, in fine, they declare Africa an accursed continent. Other observers, including many missionaries, think that the repulsion caused by the negro's external aspect makes ordinary white men unjust to him; and these more optimistic onlookers describe him as a docile creature, indisposed to vindictiveness, and, though not clever, fairly ready to receive instructions, which, they allege, may be carried occasionally up to any point that can be reached by white men. The third opinion, which commends itself to Mr. Townsend, and which seems to be accepted by the majority of missionaries, by many residents in the West Indies, and by the majority of white men in the United States, is to the effect that the negro is mentally and morally indistinguishable from the white man, or the yellow man, but for the remarkable and, apparently, decisive exception that he cannot rise in the scale of civilization beyond a certain point. The originating power of the European and the imitating power of the modern Asiatic are not in the negro, or, at least, not in the same degree. He remains, under all circumstances, more or less of a child, bad or good, like other children, but never quite a man.

We cannot deny that for this conclusion there is historical foundation if we bar from consideration those persons in whom there is an admixture of white blood, and fix our eyes exclusively upon full-blooded negroes. It is true, as Mr. Townsend recalls, that never in the long record of the human race has any negro of the full blood risen to first-class eminence among mankind. Not only

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has there been no negro philosopher, inventor, artist, or builder, but there has been no negro conqueror, nor, with one or two exceptions—Toussaint l'Ouverture, for instance—any negro general above the rank of a guerilla chief. To what can the phenomenon be attributed except to race? We are sometimes told that the negro's backwardness is due to his age-long seclusion in the heart of the Dark Continent. As a matter of fact, however, he has been in contact on the Nile with the Egyptian, or the Greek, or the Roman; in South Africa with the Spaniard; in North America with the English-speaking Teuton. From none of these neighbors has he learned much. Another apology for his arrested development is based upon the fact that he has been always a slave. So, as Mr. Townsend reminds us, were the majority of white people in the Mediterranean world during the Roman period. There is scarcely any reason to doubt that most modern Italians, for example, are descendants of the white slaves that belonged to the Roman gentry. Then, again, if it be true that his backwardness is due to his habitual slavery, why did he submit so long to servitude, when the Chinese, and the red Indian, and even the native of India will not? Why has the negro, about whose bravery there is no doubt, never emerged voluntarily from his African jungles and subdued neighboring races? Repeatedly have the non-Aryan natives of central Asia invaded Europe; nay, there was a time when one Tartar family ruled over China, India, and Russia. How comes it to pass that the negro has never achieved such conquests? Why, again, unlike the Asiatics, has he never invented a creed of the slightest spiritual or moral merit; never, in fact, risen above fetichism? Nobody can answer these perplexing questions, or unriddle the puzzle presented by the history of the negro race, except upon the assumption that there are breeds of men in whom an arrest of development occurs at a relatively early stage. The negro went by himself far beyond the Australian savage. He learned the use of fire, the fact that sown grain will grow, the value of shelter, the use of the bow and of the canoe, and the utility of clothes. There he stopped, apparently unable, until stimulated by crossing with another race like the Arab, to advance a step. He does not die out like the native Australian or the Maori of New Zealand; neither does he sink, like one or two varieties of the red Indian and of the aborigines of South Africa, into a puny being, hardly like a man. But he stops at a given point, as if further progress were impossible. It is not even certain that, when instructed and stimulated by contact with a superior race, he will go on improving. The Haitians are Christians, they are free, and they are in continual contact with white races; yet, according to the testimony of Mr. St. John and other competent observers, they are retrograding.

Mr. Townsend is thoroughly alive to the tremendous gravity of the problem presented by the negro inhabitants of the United States, who, before the close of the twentieth century, are likely to number twenty millions. They already constitute a great nation, camped, so to speak, on the territory of a still greater nation, which, under no circumstances, will tolerate intermarriage with them. They are possessed of all the advantages which, according to the philanthropists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, would certainly raise black men to the level of the better Asiatics, if not to that of the highest Europeans. They are not only free from servitude, but, in a large majority of the States, they possess, practically, and in all the States theoretically, the same voting powers as do the whites. Mr. Townsend points out, what not a few Americans forget, that there is nothing whatever in our Federal Constitution or in our laws to prevent a full-blooded negro from becoming President of the United States, just as a full-blooded Indian (Juarez) became President of Mexico. Moreover, in the United States, the negroes are all, nominally or really, Christians; they have all the means of education which are open to the whites; and they have had for generations the severest drilling in industry to which any dark race has been subjected. Yet nobody any longer alleges that the mass of full-blooded negroes in the United States are the intellectual and moral equals of any equal mass of white men, or even of Asiatics. It is an indisputable truth that the whites in the United States dislike the negroes more than they did fifty years ago. The dislike is even more pronounced and pervasive at the North than it is at the South. Seldom, if ever, will Northern whites, or, for that matter, Southern whites, receive the sacrament at the same altar with black Christians; and in both sections the idea of a negro clergyman presiding over a white congregation is unthinkable. John Brown's raid, which, at the time, was regarded with admiration by certain professed philanthropists of New England, would now provoke only wrath and indignation at the North. There is not a doubt that, were there an uprising of the negro majority against the white minority in such a State as North Carolina or Mississippi, the whole power of the Northern whites would be arrayed upon the side of their own race. Mr. Townsend is right in averring that the North would not tolerate a negro victory even in one State, and it is doubtless the hopelessness of ultimate success that restrains our black men, even where they possess a majority, from attempting to renew the experiment which has failed in Haiti.

Mr. Townsend sees that the future of the negro in the United States is unpredictable, because none of the trenchant solutions that have been proposed for the problem he presents is practicable. The extirpation of the negro, which de Tocqueville seems to have expected, is not, of course, to be thought of for a moment. Deportation or expulsion is equally impossible. A suggestion that four or five of the Southern States might be abandoned to the negro, in order that the rest of their section might be purified, would provoke undoubtedly another civil war. Mr. Townsend believes that the great majority of the blacks are destined to remain, even though they may acquire a tincture of education, hewers of wood and drawers of water, a proletariat usually quiescent, and always productive of wealth for other men, but liable at times to outbreaks of discontent. The larger part of them, he thinks, will gradually become peasant proprietors, slowly acquiring land and living on it in a poor way, and making customs for themselves which will have the force of laws, as other dark races have done in the past. To raise the mass of them up to even the mental position of the races of upper India will take centuries of patience and exertion, if, indeed, the task be not impossible of accomplishment.

The Future of Haiti and San Domingo

THERE is one standpoint from which discussion of the future of Haiti and San Domingo may well be considered, namely, the standpoint of the negro in this country. What has he to say of the success of the negro in self-government? What of annexation of the island republics by the United States? The April number of *The Voice of the Negro*, a periodical recently established in the South for the purpose of giving the better-educated negroes an organ of opinion, contains a symposium on this matter which is worth noting.

There seems to be agreement on two points by all of the contributors, namely, that the present state of revolution, of conflict between factions, of destruction of property, cannot go on much longer without interference from without, by powers whose subjects' property rights are at stake. Second, that such intervention will be by the United States.

Where the negro writers dealing with this problem differ is as to the benefit that will, or will not, come to the negroes of the islands by our interference. Mr. Archibald Grimke, a college and Harvard Law-school graduate, formerly United States consul in San Domingo, is a radical negro who opposes Booker T. Washington, and denounces the present attitude of the North and the Republican party. He admits as fully as the other participants in this discussion that present conditions are intolerable, and that a change must come. But he longs for a strong man, a tyrant president such as San Domingo once had in General Ulisse Heureaux, who, he admits, was a past master in the art of duplicity and flattery, merciless in destruction of his opponents, subverting liberty, and overthrowing constitutional government, but making life and property safe.

Why, it may be asked, does not Mr. Grimke prefer the rule in San Domingo of the United States to the rule of a tyrant such as he describes. Because "there will appear with the coming of the white man from the United States, for the first time in San-Dominican history, caste distinction, race contempt, race rule, inequality, and oppression."

Quite a contrary view with respect to Haiti is taken by Mr. William Pickens, of Yale University, now a student, but one of the promising men of his race, who is an opportunist, not a radical. His review of Haitian history and present conditions leads him to declare that "the Haitian government is a failure financially and instrumentally," and a "complete historical proof of the inability of any uncivilized race for maintaining a civil community with no outside constraining force." He admits that "the savage and the child to rise to higher things must feel the power of a stronger hand," and contends that it is just because the negro in this country has had the aid of the white man and his constraining uplifting force that during the forty years since the civil war he has advanced "centuries ahead of his Haitian brother, who has been self-governing for a hundred years." Consequently, Mr. Pickens believes that "all weak sentimentalism should be dismissed," that "the letter of humanity should be violated for the sake of the spirit," and that Great Britain or the United States should subjugate and annex Haiti. That it would require good stout fighting it is hinted at by Mr. John S. Durham, in his article on "The Hidden Wealth of Haiti." Mr. Durham was once United States minister to San Domingo.

The contrast between Mr. Grimke's and Mr. Pickens's position is striking. They represent different generations of the African-American who has received a liberal education. Mr. Grimke came of a family inseparably identified with the abolition movement; the tragedies of the war are vivid in his mind; he has held office and knows what power is. Mr. Pickens knows the conditions of the South of to-day; he has been educated in an age dominated by the scientific spirit and impressed with the conception of the rela-

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tivity of truth, and hence is a foe to radicalism. He chances to prefer rule by a democracy like this country or a constitutional monarchy like Great Britain to the autocracy or tyranny of a man like General Ulisse Heureaux. He is willing to admit his race's limitations, and the need it has of the present superior governing and organizing ability of the Caucasian. He is typical of the negro graduate of the Yale of to-day, just as Roscoe Conkling Bruce is of the Harvard negro graduate of to-day. Each is an opportunist, not a radical.

Whatever is done or is not done with respect to annexation of the black republics by the people of this country will be done without much consideration of the opinion or feelings of our negroes; but that their attitude is of interest must be admitted. Were we, for instance, to set up in San Domingo a school system such as we have established in Porto Rico or the Philippines it would be to graduates of Atlanta, Fisk, Tuskegee, and Hampton that the government would turn for many of the officials and teachers. Positions in the civil service naturally would go to some of the best educated and most thoroughly tested of our negroes. We should expect, of course, to put the highest posts at the command of men of the race that Mr. Pickens admits is best qualified to bring order out of governmental and business chaos; but those officials would mitigate whatever revolt there might be at first to their beneficent rule if they could have the broad principles of government they lay down carried out by competent negroes trained in this country.

Patching Up the Dreibund

Two or three months before the Russo-Japanese war broke out, German foreign politics were at a low ebb. To begin with, Germany had raised irritation in this country by her policy in Venezuela. England had not forgiven the attitude of Germany concerning certain details of the Boer war, and the Chamberlain campaign, and especially the threatened retaliation of Germany against Canada, had stirred the embers of national enmity.

Apart in origin from the American and British feeling towards Germany, but similar in result, was the new situation created in the Near East by the Lamsdorff-Goluchowski understanding concerning the policy of Russia and Austria in the Balkans. This understanding in part at least healed a wound which had smarted ever since the Crimean war. It is notorious that, when Hungary was fighting Austria for the independence which was finally gained after Sadowa, Nicholas I. of Russia sent his armies to the aid of the Austrian Emperor, and thus changed the outcome of the war, and confirmed the Emperor of Austria in his domination of the Magyars. When Turkey, France, and England attacked Russia in the Crimea, Nicholas firmly believed that Kaiser Franz Josef would repay the services which Russia had rendered him, and come out openly as an ally. Austria's failure to meet these hopes, when Russia's fortunes were at the lowest ebb, caused great bitterness in Russia, which was by no means diminished in 1878, when Austria practically supported England and Germany in their anti-Russian policy at the Berlin Congress. The Lamsdorff-Goluchowski understanding, therefore, opened a new era of Russian friendship towards Austria, and therefore of the partial alienation of Austria from Germany and the Dreibund. A close relation with Russia accentuates the Slavonic character of the Austrian Empire, and therefore tends to overshadow the Teutonic side, and with it the nearness to Germany.

Finally came the better relations between Italy and France, greatly strengthened by the good feeling which both were beginning to feel towards England, as a result of the visits of Edward VII. It was at one time possible that Italy would refuse to renew the Triple Alliance, so far had her enthusiasm for the alliance with Germany cooled. We of all people are in a position to understand that the Dreibund cost Italy very dear, bringing her, in fact, to the verge of economic collapse. Under the terms of the Dreibund, Italy is bound to maintain a large army, having, in fact, a total of three millions three hundred thousand on a war footing. If we remember that Italy has a population of just over thirty millions, and that Russia, with a population about five times that of Italy, has a total army on a war footing only about half as large again, we may realize what an immense burden Italy's army is, and what a price she has to pay for her association with the two central European empires. The taxation of Italy is nearly twice as heavy per head as that of the United States, while the debt of Italy exceeds ours, though we have nearly three times Italy's population. Moreover, the taxation of Italy takes very onerous forms, such as a house tax, a very heavy income tax, a land tax, a salt tax, and so forth, with a result that a large proportion of the subjects of Victor Emmanuel are in a condition of chronic semi-starvation. These are some of the reasons why the Italian peasants throng our ports in hundreds of thousands.

We can see why Italy is not keenly in favor of the Dreibund, and she has besides her private quarrel with Austria concerning the Italian provinces occupied by the Austrian armies. Italy has never forgiven Austria for holding the Adriatic coast about Trieste and Pola, with its three-quarters of a million Italians, who should pay allegiance to Rome and not to Vienna. Italy feels that were she to get back her own in the northern Adriatic she might easily extend her power down the Dalmatian coast, and so have a claim on Albania when the Sultan's empire finally breaks up, thus turning the Adriatic into an Italian lake.

The recent meeting at Abazzia between the Italian Foreign Minister Signor Tittoni, and Count Goluchowski, was primarily intended to smooth over the irritation of Italy towards the Dreibund, and especially her feeling of half-concealed enmity towards Austria; but this meeting seems to have done more harm than good, as it was the cause of strong anti-Austrian disturbances and demonstrations, not only among the Italian subjects of Austria, but also within the boundaries of Italy. There was also a second purpose behind the Abazzia meeting: the Emperor of Austria has a specially close relation to the Holy See, and is bound to respect the wishes and precedents of the Vatican. He cannot, for instance, go to Rome, because his visit to the Quirinal and the Italian court would be a slight to the Vatican, which persistently refuses to have any dealings with the Quirinal. Therefore Franz Josef cannot visit his ally Victor Emmanuel in his own home. And this it is now sought to alter.

But the real motive of the Abazzia meeting is to strengthen the bonds of the Triple Alliance, now that Russia is at a disadvantage, owing to the war with Japan, while France, busy with her friendly attitude towards England, is less concerned with Italy than a short time ago. Germany is very adroitly trying to make hay while the sun shines, to regain lost ground, to patch up the somewhat worn fabric of her foreign relations. And it seems that to a considerable extent Germany is destined to succeed.

Proportionate Values

In the olden days, before the wane of ecclesiastical training, men prayed for the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit, the second of which was understanding, or a sense of proportionate values. Alas! that the prayers should have ceased before the gifts were permanently bestowed. All through life nowadays we miss the sense of relative values, but nowhere more than in literary criticism. Even as in the field of ethics we hear conventionality and grace of manners put on a par with loyalty and courage; in literature we meet the permanent and the current yoked together, regardless of effect—Pegasus and the dray-horse jog-trotting side by side.

A recent English journalist writes of a new book, "It is worthy to stand by George Meredith's *Egoist* and Barrie's *My Lady Nicotine*," and the phrase is seriously quoted in an American literary review. Is it to be wondered at that Mr. Meredith tells the public, when it bestirs itself to inquire for his health, that it is none of its business how he is? What, indeed, has a public, glutted with wind-stuffed, empty fiction of the day, to do with a master? Can any man choose to eat husks and then appreciate ambrosia? If it is true that as a man eats so he is, how much truer is it that as a man reads so he thinks. Ruskin in *Fors* describes the breakfasts of two old women. "How do I know they are good old women?" he argues. "Because they ate preserved pears, bread, and milk. If they had been bad old women they would have wanted gin and bitters for breakfast." There is no such great gulf between hygiene and literature. The same laws prevail. To chance upon your neighbor's book, as he lays it down and find it Milton's *Sampson*, Fichte's *Blessed Life*, or George Meredith's *Richard Feverel*, stamps him a man and a brother. Doubtless he breakfasts on milk and honey, or sweetbreads and toast, but if his book be *The Tormentor* or *The Gadfly* he may be suspected of gin and bitters.

Meantime in this age of chaotic criticism how are the public to choose books? If our reviews seriously advise the public that a book is worthy to stand by Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and Marie Corelli's *Boy*, what is a bewildered reader to think? If Miss Glasgow's large and seriously wrought novel *The Deliverance* comes bracketed by the unfortunate chances of time and season of publishing with Mr. Harland's *My Friend Prospero*, how are the readers to know that one is a Rodin statue and the other a Dresden china shepherdess? It almost amounts to the impossibility of the growth of a literature in this country.

"There are things upon which we must all agree," writes an epigrammatic young writer recently—"the ten commandments, the exiguity of American literature, and monogamy." It is grievous to see him face so calmly the exiguity of American literature, but it is true that if a literature ever does flourish in our mercantile land it will be by first facing the odds and consenting to make terms with a sterile soil. Even this is for the future. The question now is can a real literature live here? Or shall we go on hopelessly mixing up the big and the little until we have press and public incapable of a sense of proportion?

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A Street Scene in St. Petersburg during War-time

The photograph shows some of the alms-boxes in which money is collected for the Red Cross Society to be used in paying the expenses of the Red Cross at the front



Russia's Transportation Problem

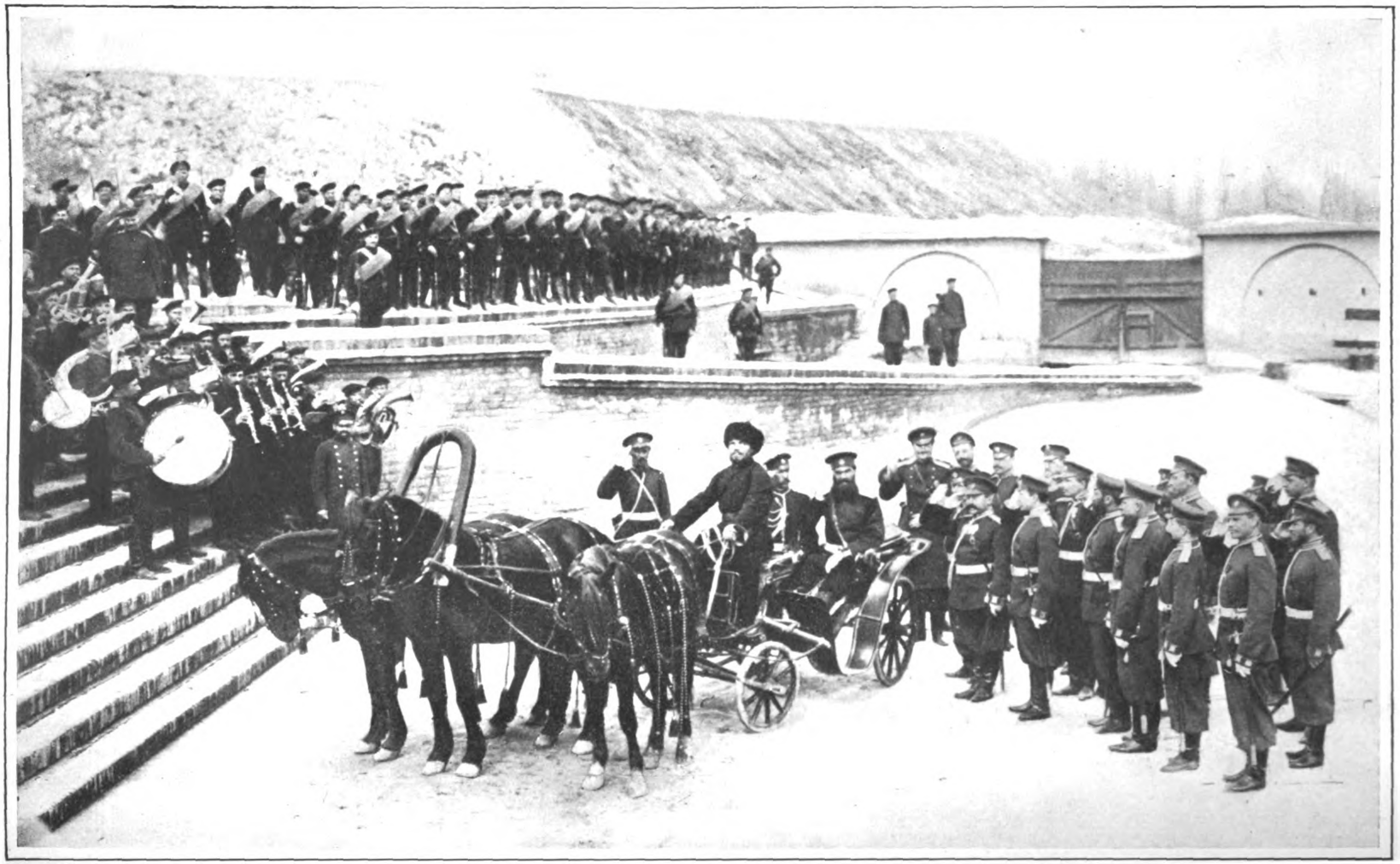
The photograph shows laborers clearing the track to make way for a Trans-Siberian train. The difficulty of moving troops from Russia to the scene of war in the Far East over the Trans-Siberian is here illustrated. A train carrying troops has been stopped by one of the heavy snow-drifts which frequently block the road during the winter

WAR-TIME SCENES FROM RUSSIA AND MANCHURIA

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INSIDE THE RUSSIAN FORTIFICATIONS AT VLADIVOSTOK

The photograph was taken recently at Vladivostok, Russia's most important Siberian seaport, and shows the Governor of the town visiting the fortifications. Vladivostok is the northernmost outpost of the frontier which Russia has to guard in the Far East. This front extends from Vladivostok, along the Korean frontier, along the coast to Port Arthur, from there to Newchwang, and westward toward Mongolia. Vladivostok's chief feature of interest at present is the naval squadron which Russia is holding in reserve at that port

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The Situation in Japan

By William Dinwiddie

Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Far East

TOKYO, JAPAN, *March 18, 1904.*

THE Japanese army is literally stealing away from the shores of their beautiful sea-girted land, silently, and with an attempt at profound secrecy which makes one marvel at the official and even national capacity for self-repression of utterance, which makes it possible to keep practically hidden all their preliminary manœuvres.

In tactics they resemble the bull-dog—or more properly they are to be likened to the bull-terrier, for, after all, Japan is a little fellow—who, with the low guttural growl marches into the grip of death if need be, and there clings tenaciously, willing to take punishment without complaint, or to acquire victory, if possible, without demonstration.

We know to-day, indirectly, that about one hundred thousand soldiers have left Japan in transports bound for Korean ports, which, we conjecture from the hints dropped here and there, are north of Chemulpho, on the west coast. Also, that thousands of soldiers are leaving almost daily, and reserves are being called out to make up an army of over three hundred thousand men. Japanese officials, when approached openly or by strategy with a question as to the number of troops that have already sailed for the seat of war, will smilingly say they do not know, or lead one to believe that some such insignificant number as ten or twenty thousand have so far been transported to the north.

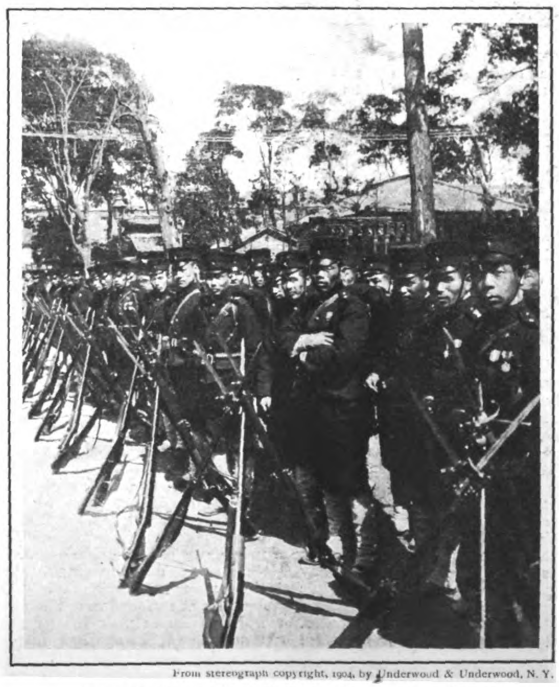
They know that the trained war correspondent knows better, but every man connected with the service is instructed not to divulge any information, and this system is carried out to such a degree that even officials of fairly high rank do not themselves actually know what is transpiring. No skilled politician at home ever possessed a greater capacity for evading direct questions, or for smiling with bland skepticism and saying nothing, when you have accurately told them facts and requested their confirmation; yet, when the issue is a diplomatic, military, or financial one, which should be circulated abroad for their national benefit, they are precise and clever talkers, and their press-bureau-exploiting sense is admirable.

I have heard the Japanese spoken of by foreigners as "cockey" in the conceit of their new-found civilization, and that, in self-admiration, they have an immense contempt for other nations of the earth, but I assure you such remarks strike wide of the truth and are not borne out by the facts, for it may be safely said no nation on earth would, under the circumstances and in such critical times, have given vent to so little bluster and brag as the Japanese. We are never surprised when the Anglo-Saxon boldly indicates that he will eat his enemy up directly, or when a Latin race sues for sympathy by adopting the humble-proud attitude of sacrificing the nation's heart-blood for the honor and love of country. Japan is doing neither. She is not boasting, begging for acclaim, or doing any belligerent, vain-glorious strutting. She knows what she wants to accomplish, the strength of her enemy, the obstacles in her way to success. She is saying nothing, but sawing wood.

A prominent official said privately, "We ask to be measured with impartiality and treated with fairness, and we gratefully esteem the confidence already reposed in us by America and Great Britain. We believe we are fighting the battle of civilization for the world—that is, to preserve the integrity of China, and to secure the open-door policy for the Far East." This implied confidence in the country's prowess and dignity certainly commands respect.

But to hark back to the proposition that Japan is rapidly and quietly mobilizing a great army in Korea, with which to strike a decisive blow against Russia on land, it may be said the only way to get a realizing sense that the army is moving on and away from Japanese territory is to haunt the railway stations after midnight, and to travel at night by rail.

In the darkness of early morning train after train glide out of the low-roofed passenger sheds of Tokyo, packed with soldiers, equipment, horses, and general supplies. First a shrill whistle or two from the locomotive, then the triumphant "Nippon Banzai!" (Japan forever!) from the throats of a handful of irrepressible friends who have, perhaps, waited for hours in the shivering chill of a retarded spring night, and the train moves slowly and heavily away from the misty arcs of electric light, clicking and clucking over the frogs and switches of a paper-lantern-lit yard, and into the darkness to the south, farther and farther away from the shivering handful on the platform, who finally turn, with close-drawn kimonos, and break the silence by pattering away on their wooden clogs.



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Japanese Troops in Tokyo starting for the Front

Every district, every hamlet is contributing its quota of fighting-men, and that a great army may be massed will be understood when it is said that, in Japan, there are 630,000 men who have had actual military training, and are available for immediate service if it is so desired. This number represents only the one in every nine men who have been drawn by lot, from the physically able, to serve either the one or three years' enlistment in Japan's compulsory military service, and therefore it does not even touch the several millions of able-bodied men who are subject to conscription at a moment's notice.

The conservative Japanese leaders of affairs believe an army of 300,000 sufficient to win success with Russia, and the enthusiasts say, "If need be, we will put a million and a half to two million men into the field."

As we travel from Tokyo, the northern capital, to Ujina, lying four hundred odd miles to the south, on the placid, hazy inland sea, where the greatest concentration of soldiers taking transport may be found, the night is certainly far more damp and cheerless than is at first appreciated. The rays of a full moon struggle behind the leaden clouds, and only succeed in feebly illuminating the endless hand-tilled and terraced gardens in a sickly, shadowy yellow.

The army has ranked the civilian out of the trains carrying sleeping and dining cars, and perforce he must take the draughty, small day-coaches, heated by cans of hot water resting on the floor, which are replaced with those containing hotter water—according to the marrow-chilled senses of the traveller—at very rare intervals.

From all the discomforts suffered in a train, sullenly bumping over the rails on flattened wheels, and creeping from station to station with prolonged waits, one gains the positive knowledge that an army is moving in the land of the Mikado. Every station seems to be giving up its fathers and sons. They stand huddled on the short platforms of the smaller stations, in wide-sleeved and padded kimonos, each with his bundle of clothes wrapped loosely in a knotted cloth, and suspended upon his back. Their slant-eyed faces literally beam with satisfaction, as they smilingly or solemnly indulge in endless highly automatic genuflections from the hips, to one another and to their surrounding friends, the aspect of the visage, and the number of bows being apparently determined by the rank of the person addressed or the size of the compliment which has been uttered.

To one accustomed to the noise and vigorous action and language of American soldiers, this excessive, nay, even pathetic, politeness makes one feel like moving around carefully on tiptoe, with hat respectfully doffed, for fear of giving offence in the presence of such Chesterfieldian manners. And these are rookies, not raw rookies, because they are trained soldiers, but rookies without uniform, going to garrisons where they will be clothed in soldiers' habiliments, and, for a few weeks, be drilled and manœuvred into fit condition for the field.

At the large towns the delays to our crossroads' local are prolonged, and, as we lie on the sidings, train-load after train-load of tarpaulin-covered supplies rumble past, with now and then one packed solidly with soldiers. At all hours of night and day, apparently, crowds of country people throng outside the surrounding fences of the stations, and, when the soldier-laden trains roll by, joyfully shout the inevitable "Bonzai," which has nothing in it of the fierce, yelling hurrah of an enthused American community. Every station, every store, every house, in fact, the very streets are gay with banners and flags and streamers.

Royal purple emblems of the Imperial Household hang from high poles at every station, pennants from a few feet to thirty in length are inscribed with hieroglyphics which, when interpreted, mean all sorts of confusion to the bear, and patriotic

THE RUSSIAN FORTIFICATIONS AT VLADIVOSTOK

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spurring on of the people, and whip in your face as you walk the streets. The vermilion-red sun, with rays shooting, on a white background, to the edges of the bunting, is common, but the simple national flag—a great circular ball of red in the centre of a white field—is to be found literally by the thousands in every town. The stores, the private houses, the ships, the carts, the children, all have them.

At Ujina the harbor is filled with transports, some thirty or forty in number, the many large barracks swarm with soldiers, and, after seeing them thus crowded, and watching an endless parade of the military through the streets, marching in companies and regiments, thousands with passes from quarters wandering aimlessly through the town, loitering around the stores or buying little nicknacks for the transport trip, one wonders where they can possibly find room to sleep at night under shelter of roof.

The transports moving in and out so erratically, and the loading and sailing usually taking place at night, it is extremely difficult to keep track of them, or make any very intelligent estimate of the number of troops embarking.

Every foreigner is constantly shadowed at the transport towns, and an excess of inquisitiveness, by word or action, generally results in a polite request, from a uniformed officer, for information as to who you are and what is your business. At Moji, which is still farther south and the largest coaling station for transports bound for Korea, the writer was followed for hours by civilian spotters, who took turns in the shadowing. An attempt to go onto the railway station platform, where soldiers were loading cavalry horses into box-cars, was promptly blocked, and every inquiry addressed, by an interpreter, to officials—either military or civilian—as to where the troops were going, was answered by "I don't know," and followed by a suspicious stare, though, as a matter of fact, the troops were simply transferring by ferry and taking train to the centralizing point of Ujina.

There were thousands of troops at Shimonoseki, which lies only a mile away from Moji, across the narrow western outlet of the Inland Sea, preparing to leave for Ujina, and one was strongly impressed by their quiet behavior and gentleness, as compared to soldiers of the white race. Never a loud sound was heard, though they were resting at ease waiting for trains, and, in some instances, entire regiments were cooking their rations in the street. All the rough horse-play, noisy gags, and singing indulged in by foreign troops were lacking: neither could one find a single sullen, frowning, or discontented face; instead, friends, acquaintances, and strangers gathered about the soldiers and, in fact, mixed freely among them, both sides bowing, smiling, laughing delightedly, and all in a polite gentleness devoid of hysterical or boisterous enthusiasm, which makes one instinctively feel that he should take off his hat to every person he meets on the street.

To use a camera in the southern island towns means its polite but immediate confiscation and a punishment by fine. By great courtesy, a display of passports, and a proper degree of self-reproach for having ignorantly disobeyed the laws, you *may*, at the end of twenty-four hours, secure the return of the camera, minus the roll of films. So strict is the camera regulation at fortified ports, that an English lady who took a picture of the captain on the bridge of one of the vessels in the harbor of Moji, was approached, several hours later, by a member of the harbor police, and asked to deliver up her camera. Protests were useless, and the camera was taken ashore, the films probably developed, as they were never returned, and the camera was sent back the following day.

On another occasion, a traveller who opened up a small pocket camera in the streets of Shimonoseki, was promptly piloted to the station-house, violently protesting he had done no wrong, and that he had not attempted to make any photographs of fortifications nor soldiers. The diminutive and quiet captain of police, who spoke English brokenly, remarked, solemnly, "We will see," and the tourist waited four hours while they saw. At the expiration of this time he returned and said, "What you said was true, but we shall, notwithstanding, be obliged to punish you with the extreme severity of the law in this case. You have photographed no fortifications or soldiers, but you have committed a crime"—and, while the trembling culprit blanched in terror, he finished—"and your fine will be eighty sen" (forty cents).

As a final evidence of the immense number of troops that are being moved and shipped away from Japan (in spite of the absence of optical proof in the shape of very large bodies of men moving, and scenes of confusion), it may be said that the entire second army-corps is now to be mobilized, the first having been practically transported, and orders have gone forth that, for fourteen days, no commercial traffic, except a train or two a day, will be permitted. It speaks volumes for the organization of the Japanese army that several hundred thousand men will, by the time spring is well on in Korea and Manchuria, be in the field and ready to fight, though not for a moment will this tremendous exodus be particularly noticeable on Japan's soil, or really apparent to the every-day visitor, except in restrictions to civilian, railroad, and shipping traffic.

Foreign Books Read in Japan

By Kiichi Kaneko

New York Correspondent of the "Heimin Shinbun," Japan

CHINESE literature was the only foreign element which deeply affected Japanese life and thought, until she opened her eyes to the West some forty years ago. The study of the Dutch language was our first attempt to acquire a foreign tongue. Now, while the English is the most common among our people and is studied by all high-school pupils, German and French are favored generally by our scholars and physicians. We have established a foreign-language school in Tokyo, where almost all languages are taught—English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Chinese, Korean, and Russian. And of these, curiously enough, Russian is the favorite.

The study of English literature in Japan is well represented by Professor Yuzo Tsubouchi, who is best known for his earnest devotion to the study of Shakespeare. While he has made a reputation by his dramatic and critical writings he gave up his literary career, and is now giving most of his energy to educational and ethical problems. He has translated into Japanese some of Shakespeare's plays—"Othello," "Macbeth," and the "Merchant of Venice."

The most widely known English writer in Japan is Carlyle. All students of English literature in Japan read his works. He has many worshippers, especially among the younger generation. The two great students of Carlyle are Mr. Kanzo Uchimura and Professor Nitobe. The former is known as the Japanese Carlyle on account of a similarity in his use of logic and his philosophic view of every-day life and events. Next to Carlyle comes Macaulay. The new style—what we call Hanyaku or translation style—was practically created by borrowing his language by the Minyushamen, a literary band in Tokyo. Emerson is admired by some of the English students. And we see the influences of his writings among many Japanese journalists to-day. It is needless to say that Mill and Herbert Spencer have had a tremendous influence upon the thought of modern Japan.

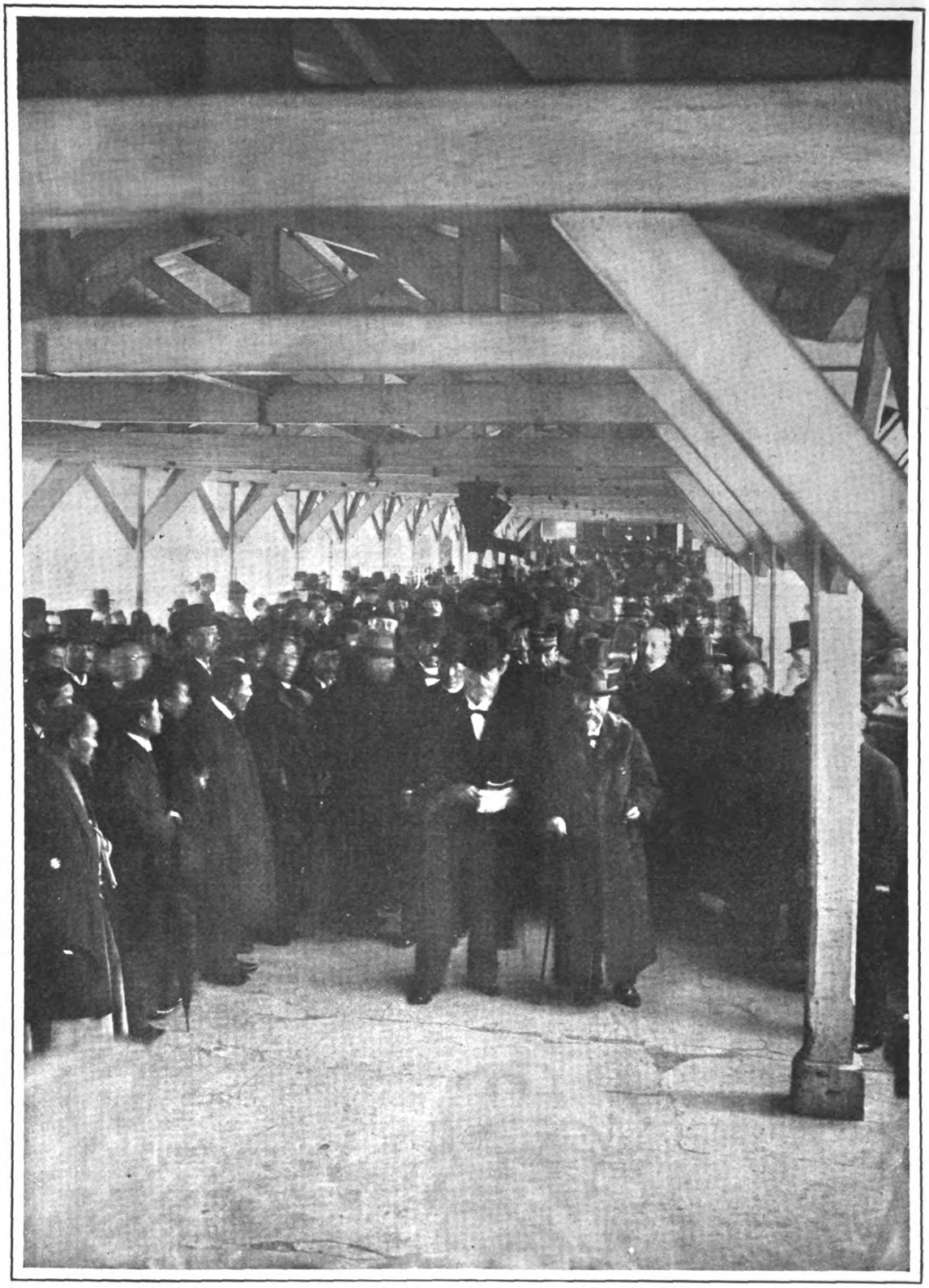
In poetry, Tennyson, Longfellow, Wordsworth, Byron, and Milton, and in fiction Irving, Thackeray, and Dickens are best known. A part of *David Copperfield* was translated a long time ago by Mrs. Iwamoto, the translator of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. While Longfellow's "Evangeline" is heard from the lips of any little girl in a girl's seminary in Japan, Emerson's "representative men" is often discussed by the Eigaku Shosei of Kanda. Bellamy's *Looking Backward* has been recently translated into Japanese. Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* are now translated.

In Japan to-day one who has no knowledge of the German language is not regarded as a scholar. The first to introduce German literature to the Japanese was Dr. Rintaro Mori, who organized the "Shigarami Band," an association of Japanese German scholars. By the efforts of this band translations of Goethe's "Werther's Leiden," Lessing's "Nathan Der Weise," and a part of "Faust" have been made. Recently there has been much talk in Japan of Friedrich Nietzsche. His philosophy was first introduced by one of the critics of the *Taiyo Magazine*, and quickly spread over the literary circle of Japan. Unfortunately, it was only a flash-light that soon disappeared with the sudden death of this eccentric critic. Ibsen and Björnson, Jokai and Synkiewitz, are read in some circles; and one of the strangest things to be observed of foreign influence on Japan is the fact that we have so many admirers of Russian literature. Tolstoy has many worshippers. Although his books are read through the translations of German or English, there are many people who read him in original Russian. *Kreutzer Sonata*, and *Master and Man* and many of his short stories have been translated. Of his religious and ethical writings, *My Religion* and *My Confession* have lately been done in Japanese. Dostoyevski's *Crime and Punishment* was translated by Roan Uchida about ten years ago. Nowadays we hear some talk in Japan of Gorky and Tchecoff. It is interesting to note that when Tolstoy's *Resurrection* was being played at the Victoria Theatre of this city last fall, the same story was running as a serial story in the *Mainichi Shinbun*, a Tokyo daily, and was played at the Harukiza Theatre afterward.

In French literature it was Rousseau's book which first taught the Japanese the idea of civil right and liberty. His famous work *Contract Social* was translated by one of our French scholars just after the restoration, and has been circulated in every Japanese home. It was the same book that gave Count Itagaki his political inspiration and led him to form his first political party—the Jiyuto. Notwithstanding the French influence upon Japanese politics, as well as upon society at large, the writers of French fiction and drama do not seem to find many friends in Japan. Victor Hugo had one translation some years ago, though of his comparatively unknown works. *Les Misérables* made its appearance in a daily paper—the *Yorozu*. We have now Hugo's *Notre Dame du Paris* and Maupassant's short stories. Of the latest translations we may mention Zola's *Labor* and *Fruitfulness*, which were done by one of the writer's friends.

Japan comes next to Germany in the matter of book publication. So far as she has adopted Western systems she has made them her own. She will continue and must continue to adopt foreign ideas until there is nothing left to be adopted, and then there will be the true harmonization of the civilizations of the Occident and the Orient. This is the mission of the Japanese.

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Marquis Ito

MARQUIS ITO AT THE RAILWAY STATION IN TOKYO ON THE OCCASION OF HIS SPECIAL MISSION TO KOREA

Marquis Ito, the former Premier of the Japanese Cabinet, was appointed by the Mikado as special Imperial Ambassador to Korea. He left Tokyo on March 13, bearing a personal message from the Mikado to the Emperor of Korea, the purpose of which was said to be to cement the friendship of the two countries. Marquis Ito reached Seoul on March 17, and was cordially received by the Korean Emperor. He remained in Korea for about three weeks, and then returned to Japan, arriving at Tokyo on April 1

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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Mardale is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Into her early life has come a mysterious influence which dominates and directs her whole career. What this strange influence is only two of her friends suspect—a young schoolmaster who knew her as a child at Roquebrune, and Alan Warrisden, who is in love with her, and who, though his proposal of marriage is refused, determines to win her. Late one night at a ball, Pamela and Warrisden, while seated on a balcony, observe a young couple leaving the opposite house. They are Tony and Millicent Stretton, who live in a gloomy home presided over by the rich but unjust father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. This practice they keep up for a year, but finally both of them grow extremely weary of their monotonous life, and in a moment of exasperation Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune, while Millie is to be left behind and sent for as soon as her husband is able to establish a home. Tony has some misgivings about leaving Millie, for he has been warned by Pamela Mardale that she should never be left alone; but at last he departs, after Pamela has promised to be a staunch friend to his wife. Millie becomes infatuated with Lionel Callon, a gentlemanly adventurer. Pamela wishes to help her. She wires Warrisden to come by an early train, and asks him to find Tony and bring him home. Warrisden accepts the commission. Pamela has advised him to call on a Mr. Chase, head of a London mission, at whose suggestion Tony had chosen New York as a field of adventure. Warrisden learns from Mr. Chase that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a trawler. He starts out to find him, and finally reaches him far up in the North Sea. Warrisden uses every argument to prevail upon Tony to come back, but he refuses, and Warrisden is forced to return alone.

CHAPTER XII

WARRISDEN had failed. This was the account of his mission which he had to give to Pamela Mardale; and he gave it without excuses. He landed at Billingsgate Wharf at eleven o'clock on the second day after the sails of the Blue Fleet had dropped out of sight behind the screen of breaking waves. That afternoon he travelled down to the village of the three poplars. It was night when he stepped out of the train on to the platform of the little station. One can imagine what bitter and humiliating thoughts occupied his mind. Away on the crest of the hill the lights of the village shone brightly through the clear night air, just as the lights of Margate had shone across the bay when the steam-cutter had sprung like a thing alive to the lift of the sea beneath her bows. Then all the breeze had whispered promises; now the high hopes were fallen. "Do not fail!" Pamela had cried, with a veritable passion, hating failure as an indignity. He could hear the words in the very accent of her voice. Once she had suffered failure, but it was not to be endured again. That was what she had meant; and he had failed. He drove along that straight road which he had traversed with Pamela at his side; he slept under the roof of the inn where Pamela had claimed his help. The help had been fruitless, and the next morning he rode down the hill and along the road with the white wood rails—"the new road"—to tell her so. The sun was bright; there was a sparkle of spring in the air; on the black leafless boughs birds sang. He looked back to the three poplars pointing to the sky from the tiny garden on the crest of the hill. Quetta—yes! But it seemed there was to be no Seistan.

He had started early, fearing that there might be a meet that day; and he had acted wisely, for in the hall there were one or two men lounging by the fire in scarlet, and Pamela was wearing her riding-habit when she received him. He was shown into a little room which opened on to the garden behind the house, and thither Pamela came.

"You are alone!" she said.

"Yes; Stretton would not come."

"None the less, I am very grateful."

She smiled as she spoke, and sat down, with her eyes upon him, waiting for his story. The disappointment was visible upon his face, but not upon hers. Pamela's, indeed, was to him at this moment rather inscrutable. It was not indifferent, however. He recognized that, and was, in a way, consoled. It had been his fear that at the first word she would dismiss the subject, and turn her back on it for good. On the contrary, she was interested, attentive.

"You found him, then?" she asked.

"Yes. You would like to hear what passed?"

"Of course."

"Even though I failed?"

She looked at him with some surprise at his insistence.

"Yes, yes," she said, a little impatiently.

"We were nearly three days longer in reaching the Blue Fleet than we anticipated," he began. "Stretton came on board the fish-cutter—" And Pamela interrupted him:

"Why were you nearly three days longer? Tell me about your own journey out to the fleet from the beginning."

She was, in fact, as much interested in her messenger as in the errand upon which she had sent him. Warrisden began to see that his journey after all was not entirely a defeat. The alliance to which they had set their hands up there in the village on the hill was bearing its fruit. It had set them in a new relationship to each other, and in a closer intimacy.

He told the story of his voyage, making light of his hardships on the steam-cutter. She, on the other hand, made much of them.

"To quote your captain," she remarked, with a smile, "it was not a Bobby's job."

Warrisden laughed, and told her of Stretton's arrival in the punt of the *Perseverance*. He described the way in which he had come on board; he related the conversation which had passed between them at the stern of the cutter.

"He hadn't the look of a man who had failed," Warrisden continued. "He stood there on the swinging deck with his legs firmly planted apart, as easily as if he were standing on a stone pavement. I, on the other hand, was clinging desperately to a stay. He stood there, with the seas swinging up behind him, and stubbornly refused to come."

"You told him of his father's illness?" asked Pamela.

"He replied that his father had not sent for him."

"You spoke of the candles lit every night?"

"His answer was the same. His father had not sent for him. Besides, he had his time to serve. He had signed on for eight weeks. There was only one moment when I thought that there was a chance I might persuade him; and, indeed, my persuasions had really nothing to do with it at all. It was just the mention of your name."

"My name?" asked Pamela, in surprise.

"Yes. In answer to a question of his I told him that I had been sent out by you, and for a moment he faltered."

Pamela nodded her head in comprehension.

"I understand; but he refused in the end?"

"Yes. He said: 'One must take one's risks.'"

Pamela repeated the sentence softly to herself; and Warrisden crossed over to her side. His voice took a gentler note, and one still more serious than that which he had used.

"Do you know what I think?" he asked. "You sent me out with a message to Stretton. I think that he has sent me back with a message for you—'One must take one's risks.' He said that he had learned that in the North Sea. He pointed to the little boats carrying the fish-boxes to the steamer through the heavy, breaking seas. Each man in each of the boats was taking his risks. 'Whether it's lacing your topsail or taking in a reef,' he said, 'one must take one's risks.'"

Pamela was silent for awhile after he had spoken. She sat with her hands folded in her lap, and her face most serious. Then she looked up at her companion with a very friendly smile; but she did not answer him at all. And when she spoke, she spoke words which utterly surprised him. All the time since the ketches had disappeared behind the waves he had been plagued with the

(Continued on page 652.)

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PROGRESS IN OHIO



The State House, Columbus

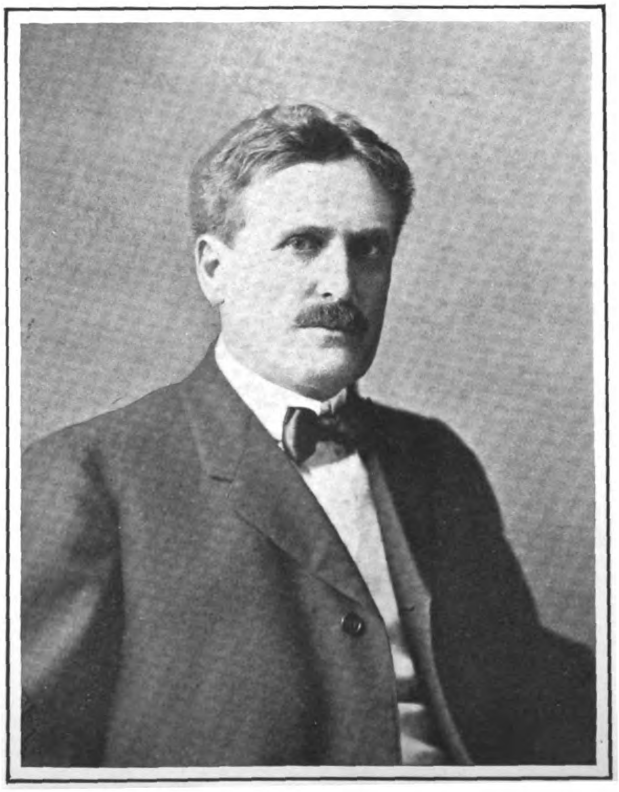
SENATOR HANNA AND THE STATE

BY MYRON T. HERRICK, GOVERNOR OF OHIO

TO my mind Senator Marcus A. Hanna was the typical Ohioan of to-day. The great national questions to which we are now giving our attention he studied in miniature here in Ohio. As a pioneer in the development of the immense lake-carrying trade he worked out the high value of canals and other artificial waterways. When the Panama matter came up to be solved in the Senate he was found ready with the successful solution. Early in his career as a shipper, miner, and manufacturer he had encountered every phase of labor difficulties, and had worked out to his own satisfaction and that of his army of employees the proper way to avoid strikes. When he was summoned to that great council of master minds, the Civic Federation, and bidden to confront the giant task of harmonizing capital and labor, the call found him fully prepared. Far above riches, social standing, and political power he placed this honorary position. Nay, he stood ready to sacrifice all his laurels to achieve success in this direction. It may have been his hobby, his fad, his amusement, but there is much sweetness in the remembrance that he was in earnest, and that if death had spared him he would have accomplished much for the betterment of this great American family of ours. As a builder and master of ships he pointed out to the doctrinaires at the capital the weakness of our navigation laws, together with the remedy.

In the present hour his advice seems too radical to many in power, but I have no fear but that its soundness will be justified with the years. Of his eminent success in the field of politics there is little call to speak. Yet the secret of his success was an open one. He applied to the management of political affairs the methods he used in conducting his business. To our merchants and manufacturers he preached the sound doctrine that looking after politics was as much a matter of business as looking after sales and shipments. It was a ruthless invasion of the rights of the professional governing class, but American politics has been the better for the business man's coming into the great game of government.

Senator Hanna liked to see other people happy. For twenty years or more it was his custom to assemble a party of from ten to twenty guests at his home on the lake shore every Sunday afternoon, where dinner was served at four o'clock. The party was made up of his intimate friends, and was affectionately designated by him as "the gang." The Celtic in him showed at these gatherings, for his eye would twinkle and his face beam as he looked down the long table. The best picture ever taken of President McKinley was at this table in the Senator's dining-room at one of these affairs. During the wearying work of the campaign he comforted himself always with the thought, "Next Sunday we'll be at home and have 'the gang' out at the house, and we'll forget all our troubles."



Hon. Myron T. Herrick, Governor of Ohio

All my life I had known that Hanna was a man of indomitable courage and of inflexible will power, but I never realized his strength until the last campaign. He entered the tour of Ohio after a period of sickness and in a weakened physical condition. Yet he made every speech assigned him. Many times I have seen him come back to the car nearly exhausted. His limbs would stiffen from standing too long, and he would have to be fairly carried into the living-room. Yet the next morning he would be ready for more work. One evening after making five speeches he got into a corner seat with difficulty, where he lolled in sheer exhaustion and tried to smoke. Looking at the end of his cigar, he told this story: "I feel like the soldier in the civil war who, while leading a charge, was knocked over, stamped on, rolled in the mud, and kicked by a mule. Gathering himself up, he followed his regiment with a sore mind and sorer body. As he limped

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along, he said: 'I love my country. I hev fit fur her, I hev bled fur her, an' I stand ready to die fur her. But when this blame war is over I ain't never a-goin' to love another country.'"

What he meant was that he intended to drop active political work after his election as Senator. His heart was in that fight, and therein he showed his pride of character. Six years ago an effort was made to cloud the title to his Senatorship. From that hour he strove to vindicate his claim to the position, and the rousing majority given him, I verily believe, brought him more joy than would the election to the Presidency. His own people, as he put it, had given the lie to the charge, and had voted renewed confidence in him.

Senator Hanna's Policy

Senator Hanna's policy in Ohio was for a clean administration along safe and conservative lines. Every friend he left is endeavoring to carry out that policy. He was not a political boss, but the antithesis of one. People who think that he named the candidates upon the State ticket are very much mistaken. Many times I have seen him lose his temper with men who came to him asking that they be preferred for nominations.

"What have I to do with it? See the delegates," was his oftentimes choleric reply to such pleadings. So long as the personnel of the candidacy for the various offices was clean and honest it was next to impossible to get him to announce a preference, even though a delegate to the convention himself. But if a bad or suspected man presented himself the Senator was not afraid to come out openly and declare that he must not be nominated. This condition of non-interference applied to appointive positions as well.

After I was chosen Governor I had no opportunity to talk with the Senator until he came to Columbus to prepare for his re-election. I expected that he would, as the head of the organization and as a candidate, have many obligations which he would expect assistance in having redeemed. When I asked him if the administration could be of service to him in the way of appointments, I really thought that he would have a formidable list. To my utter astonishment, he said that it would be a matter of deep personal obligation if I could secure a clerkship for an old boyhood friend in Cleveland who was in a bad financial way. That and nothing more.

Later, when the matter of filling the position of State Inspector of Mines and Mining came up, the Senator entered into a description of the kind of a man I must appoint—one who would be fair to the operators and just to the men, and endowed with certain qualities that would especially fit him for the place. "Who is this gentleman?" I asked, thinking that his remarks were simply a prelude to a recommendation. "I don't know; you must find him for yourself," was the answer. Next to the last letter I got from him was one endorsing two appointments I had made, the news of which he got through the newspapers.

When consulted on the organization of the General Assembly, his only demand was that honest and capable men be chosen as its officers and that no radical legislation be permitted to pass. It was he who two years ago insisted upon the adoption of the excise laws heavily taxing corporations in this State.

"They ought to pay more," he said. "They have not been bearing their proper share of the burdens of government, and the opposition is right in the charge it makes of their escaping taxes."

Public Clamor and Sentiment

On the other hand, he would strenuously oppose all bills that had what might be termed a class tendency. In handling these questions he acted just as I knew him to do in business. Once convinced that he was right, he was not to be dissuaded. Away back in the seventies he broke the iron-clad rule of the coal operators never to deal with their employees in a just and reasonable way, when he said, "These men are right in their demands, and I am going down in the valley to talk with them." Down he went, and when he came back the era of strikes had ended for him. There never was another. He could tell the difference between public clamor and public sentiment most unerringly. Public clamor he never heeded, but to public sentiment he was always respectful. In this respect I sometimes think he was a better judge than McKinley, who afterward developed his sense of discernment most remarkably. He was human, and got angry just like other positive men.

When he decided that the Civic Federation was right and should be supported, he was compelled to endure the sneers of a certain class of men who give Wall Street its bad name. It particularly incensed him to be called the "walking delegate," or, as some of them paraphrased it, the "talking delegate," but it only made him the firmer. When the feeling was at its height and when he was accused of bidding for the Presidency, one day he made a most unusual proposition to a representative of the interests to which I have referred.

"Tell your people," said the Senator, "that if they will agree to arbitrate this question [the coal strike] and pledge themselves to abide by the decision I will sign a paper and give bond not to accept the nomination for President, and to refuse the office if elected against my will and consent."

"Machine" Organization in Ohio

Let me say that Senator Hanna's power in Ohio was not due to his machine or to the organization, so called. In point of fact, machines have never prospered in Ohio. The great men of the State owe their standing and prominence to the remarkable independence of our voters. Rutherford B. Hayes had no machine, and yet he repeatedly carried the State and was made President. Garfield had no machine, and yet he was made Senator and President. John Sherman, who was in office for a quarter of a century as Senator, had no machine. William McKinley, defeated one year for Congress, was unanimously nominated for Governor the next. He had no machine. It is true that for a time Senator Hanna, before he became the power that he finally grew to be, owed something to his connection with organized politics. But after the people of the State got to know him, all other organizations disappeared in the popularity that his personality gave him. So it may be truthfully said that for the past seven years of his political career Senator Hanna owed nothing to any power save the people who loved him well. It will always be that way in Ohio, too, I think. No machine will keep an unworthy man in position, no matter what his strength as a politician or the amount of his worldly goods. If the people of Ohio are not with a man he must go down before their verdict of disapproval.

Incalculable good has flowed from the great lesson Senator Hanna taught. He showed himself the true statesman and ideal representative of a people. Our State has produced many great men, whose names are synonymous with that of the fame of the nation, but it is a question whether his comparatively modest attainments did not, when combined, make him the peer of the greatest of them.

Some Men of the Moment

It has ever been the boast of the Buckeye State that it furnishes the man and the idea in great emergencies, and once again I must refer to the history of the nation for the justification of this bit of self-flattery. Beginning with the first Governor, Edward Tiffin, who checked the spread of Federalism into the Northwest Territory and nipped in the bud at Blannerhassett Island the expedition of Aaron Burr, we successively point to Grant, the Shermans, Chase, Stanton, Garfield, Thurman, McKinley, and a host of others, who not only served their country well, but in the hour of need when such service was doubly dear.

For half a century Ohio has been undergoing transition from an agricultural to a manufacturing State. In the eastern counties where there were once thousands of flocks, which made the State famous for its wool production, there are now the stacks of steel-mills and oil-derricks.

In place of the villages of a quarter of a century ago there are now large manufacturing cities. Over fifty per cent. of the millions of Ohio live in urban centres, and the percentage is steadily growing larger.

The centre of the steel industry has changed from the Monongahela to the southern shore of Lake Erie, where the coal of Ohio and the ore of northern Minnesota are brought together and transformed. Engineering improvements on the Ohio River will in a few short years bring about an industrial development along her banks that will exceed the wildest dream of the most enthusiastic of the earlier settlers in the Ohio Valley. When one thinks that with these improvements it will be possible to float freight in thousand-ton barges from Pittsburg to New Orleans, the foregoing language will not seem extravagant. As a factor in our new trade with South America through the Panama Canal this one item of water transportation is the most powerful in all the treasury.

The Outlook for Prosperity

Keeping pace with the industrial growth of Ohio are the railways, both steam and electric. Before the coming of the electric-cars the steam-railway lines had gridironed the State. After their coming there was no diminution in their extension wherever business demanded service. Experience has shown that the newcomers are not parasites, but feeders and nourishers. There are some problems yet to be worked out, but in a short time I expect to see a harmonious working arrangement between these two forms of transportation. When this is accomplished and the smaller interior manufacturing plants obtain direct connection with the great trunk lines traversing the State, our already gigantic production will grow like the storied gourd. The foundation of Ohio's success has been education, in the spread of which neither expense nor effort has been spared since the pioneer Virginians came over the border into the Northwest Territory. We had the schoolhouse before the factory, and in our commercial success we have not forgotten the early lesson taught by the fathers—to maintain the school at all hazards and without regard to cost.

To-day the only direct State tax levied is for the support of our common schools and universities. Money spent in fighting ignorance we think a well-paying investment, our dividends being intelligent men and women and a prosperous State. To capital seeking investment Ohio offers advantages second to no State in the Union. Our laws governing corporations are wise, and intended to encourage legitimate enterprise rather than to hamper and destroy it. Our resources are seemingly infinite and varied, and no burdensome tax or wasteful government robs industry of its earnings. A review of the career of the successful men and women of Ohio shows that conditions here still favor the individual rather than the group. In short, our State, we think, and conscientiously so, stands for that which is best in our day and age.

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EDUCATION IN OHIO

BY CHARLES F. THWING, LL.D.

President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College

TWENTY years ago, in writing from America to his daughter, Matthew Arnold said, "The picturesque is the rarest of things here," and he adds, "the people have less of the artist feeling than we have." Education in Ohio is not "picturesque," and in dealing with it even under the present happy conditions, I cannot exercise "the artist feeling."

Perhaps the least picturesque thing in the education of Ohio is that which, after all, is the most significant. This fact is the large number of people who possess the elements of a common education. The degree of illiteracy is among the lowest of all the commonwealths. Six States—Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Washington, Utah, and Oregon—have a little larger proportion of people who are able to read and write with a certain degree of efficiency. But Ohio is better off than any State lying to the east or to the south of herself. Only four per cent. of her people can be called illiterate, whereas in such Northern States as New Hampshire and Rhode Island the percentage exceeds six and eight, and in South Carolina and Louisiana it approaches forty. The influence of the great principle of the Ordinance of 1787 regarding education still obtains.

The present high degree of education is assured through some twenty-six thousand teachers, of whom about sixteen thousand are women and ten thousand men. The proportion of men is larger than is found in most States, excepting those of the South, and twice or three times as great as is found in the New England States. This great educational result is accomplished at an annual expenditure to each person of the population of about three dollars and a half. This amount is less by a dollar and a half than that expended by either Massachusetts or Colorado, and is practically equal to that spent by the neighboring States of Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. It may be fittingly added that in Ohio, as in many States, this amount has increased about fifty per cent. in the last thirty years. The cost of educating a single student in the Ohio schools for a year is about twenty-five dollars. This sum is practically identical with the cost found in the larger share of the North-Central States, but it is less by fifty per cent. than the rate which obtains in Massachusetts or New York.

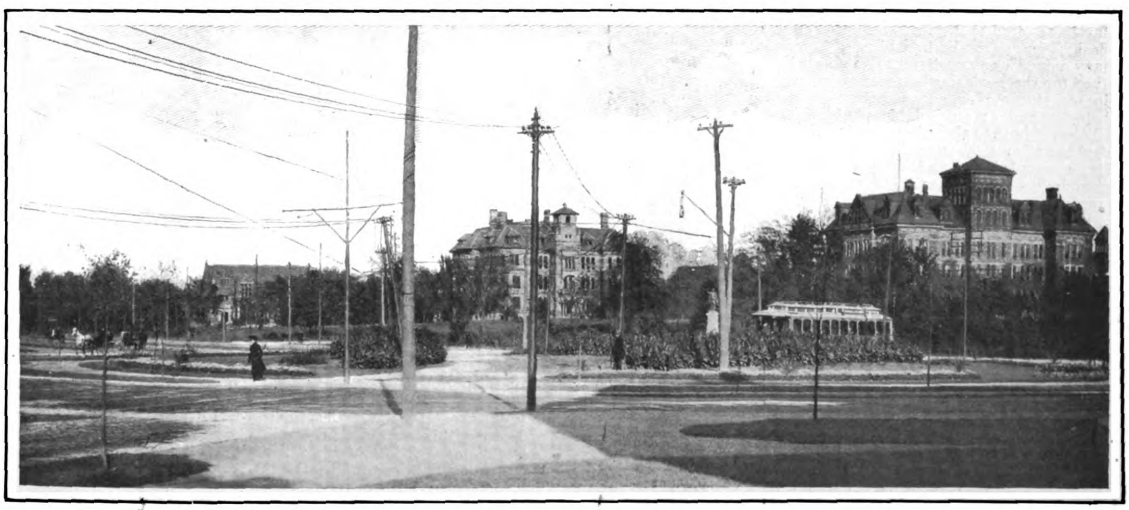
These educational results are accompanied with two untoward conditions. The first condition is the low scale of payment of the teaching staff. Teachers are quite as free from avariciousness as ministers, but, as a rule, the higher the rate of compensation the greater the efficiency. The average monthly salaries of the teachers of Ohio, who are men, is forty-two dollars, and of women thirty-seven dollars. This average is lower than in either Indiana, Illinois, or Michigan, or in the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, or Connecticut. The highest individual salaries are quite as high as in several of these commonwealths, but the lower are very much lower. A second untoward condition of educational efficiency is found in the lack of State normal schools. That the State should be concerned with the education of teachers has become a part of the legal and educational procedure of every commonwealth, with the exception of Ohio. Ohio is still content with intrusting the training of her teachers to private normal schools, to the high schools, and to a few normal schools of each of the greater cities. Although on her east New York and Pennsylvania have more than a dozen normal schools each, and on her west Indiana has two, and Michigan three, Ohio has none. This lack would formerly not have been regarded as a condition of loss, but recent years have taught that the professional training of teachers is quite as important as the professional training of ministers or of lawyers. Be it said, however, that recently the State has introduced normal departments into two of its universities—one at Athens and one at Oxford. Other measures also looking to the introduction of professional training into other schools have been considered by the law-makers at Columbus. Associations known as reading-circles are formed among the teachers of Ohio, which prove to be a constant and genuine professional enrichment and inspiration.

What is known as the higher education is less fundamental in certain sections than that of the common school, but it is more impressively conspicuous. The Ohio college is often in the public eye as an object in some ways of contempt. The Ohio college has been rendered conspicuous by its numbers. It is difficult, in not a few States, to say how many colleges do exist; standards of judgment vary. But the last report of Dr. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education, credits or charges Ohio with thirty-four institutions. The number is large, too large. But the number is not in any appreciable degree larger in proportion to the population than is found in not a few other States. Pennsylvania has thirty-five colleges, Tennessee twenty-four, Kansas twenty, and Illinois thirty-one. Ohio, like not a few States, is inclined to interpret *multa* as *multum*, and bigness as greatness. But if Ohio is too willing to develop many institutions at the cost of a few most worthy, she has worthy companionship in her endeavor. After all, the Ohio college has done much toward the making of the Ohio man.

The professional education of Ohio, taken all in all, I think is of a higher order than the collegiate. In any such comparison many exceptions might be pointed out. There are unworthy medical schools in Ohio as there are unworthy colleges; there are most worthy colleges in the State, as there are a few professional schools of the highest type. Schools for the training of dentists, too, are rendering excellent service. The technical or scientific institutions should be regarded as professional. Of them at least two are giving a good account of themselves through their graduates. The technical department of the State university at Columbus, and the Case School of Applied Science of Cleveland, are admirably located for serving the community, and are justifying their foundation by their works.

In the present condition of education of all grades—the common, the collegiate, and the professional—it is easy to detect the formative power of early influences. These influences are in part personal, and in part racial, belonging to the whole community. For the power of such educators as Hinsdale, who went from Ohio to Michigan, of Horace Mann, who here did his last work and died a martyr to his enthusiasm for it, of McGuffey, of Andrew Freese, of the elder Orton, of James H. Fairchild, and of many others, still abides.

The educational condition of the State is still characterized, as has been its entire history as well as the history of the whole commonwealth, by individualism. The collective principle of Alexander Hamilton, manifested in the Regents System of the Empire State, has had few followers in Ohio. The diverse populations which entered this territory, early projected great diversity and variety of social, ecclesiastical, and educational conditions. Ohio, as the newest of the Eastern States, and the oldest of the Western, has been a reservoir to receive and to send forth many peoples and forces. Its population has been kept in constant flux and flow. Out of such conditions, themselves individualistic, has come indi-



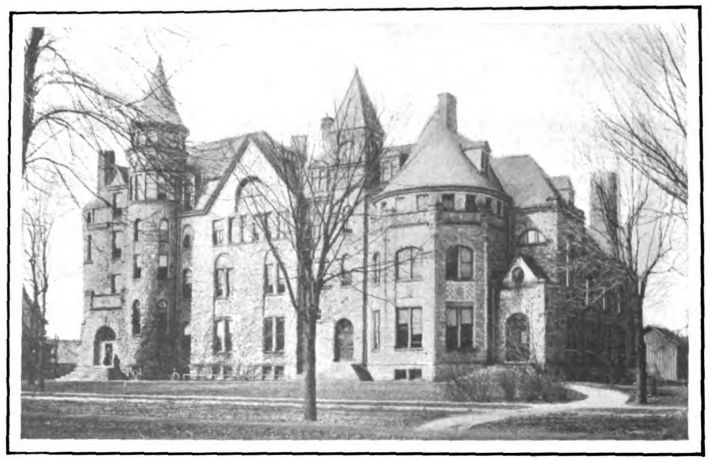
University Circle, Euclid Avenue, Cleveland

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vidualism of character. This character is quite as manifest in education as in any field. The State is not content, like Illinois, Michigan, or Minnesota, with one university; it has three. The State allows much freedom to each city or town in the conduct of its own schools. It provides what are essentially different methods for securing the right to teach in the schools. The people have been unwilling, as they have allied themselves with various churches, to be satisfied with a single college for each of these churches. Although certain denominations are content with a single college, yet the Methodists try to support five or six. In Cincinnati, too, there is a university bearing the name of the Queen City, which may be called a City University more properly than can be most universities placed in the ordinary metropolis.



Warner Hall, Conservatory of Music, Oberlin University

It is, however, to be said that the individualistic condition of education at the present time is regarded by the people as having received too great emphasis. Measures looking to a closer co-operation or even union of various colleges are frequently presented. The present Legislature is considering one or two bills for a State Board of Education, which shall have power to provide for the professional training of teachers, and also shall take charge of such training as may be conducted in several colleges. The Ohio College Association has also endeavored to establish a State Board of Education which should have special relation to the three State universities, and, too, possibly to other institutions. The present drift in Ohio education is toward the collective principle of the State of New York.

But in the midst of the application of the principle of individualism is found a mighty feeling of good fellowship. The educational gatherings—of the county, of the central, northern, or southern sections, or of the whole State—are very interesting love-feasts. The college presidents are cooperative with all as well as with each other. The "higher" education and the "lower" coexist in harmony, without patronizing or jealousy. The teachers of one set of subjects are frequently organized into associations, and the number of such associations is rapidly enlarging and increasing in influence.

A unique method prevailing in the administration of some public schools should be mentioned. A dozen years ago Cleveland adopted a method by which the business administration of the schools was separated from their scholastic administration. Through this method a director was elected who had charge of the material concerns, and a superintendent was appointed whose duty it was to care for the elements and forces of instruction. As a part of this method was a school board, chosen by the people of the town or city concerned. For twelve years and more the method has worked well. Abolished by a decision of the Supreme Court, yet the method has proved its worthiness. A similar method it has been sought to introduce into all the cities and towns of the State. What is therefore known as the Cleveland Plan has come to have a great influence in the State and also beyond its boundaries.

PLANS FOR A CITY BEAUTIFUL

BY FREDERIC C. HOWE

UP to very recently there has been little that was organized, little that was conscious, and little that was social in a large sense in the average city. The urban communities of the United States have been mere industrial happenings. In the true sense they have not yet become cities. Their life has been not dissimilar from that frontier existence which has ever been found in some portion of the United States just in advance of political organization. But of late years this brick and mortar life has been fusing into a higher order of municipal organization. It has shown some signs of organized purpose.

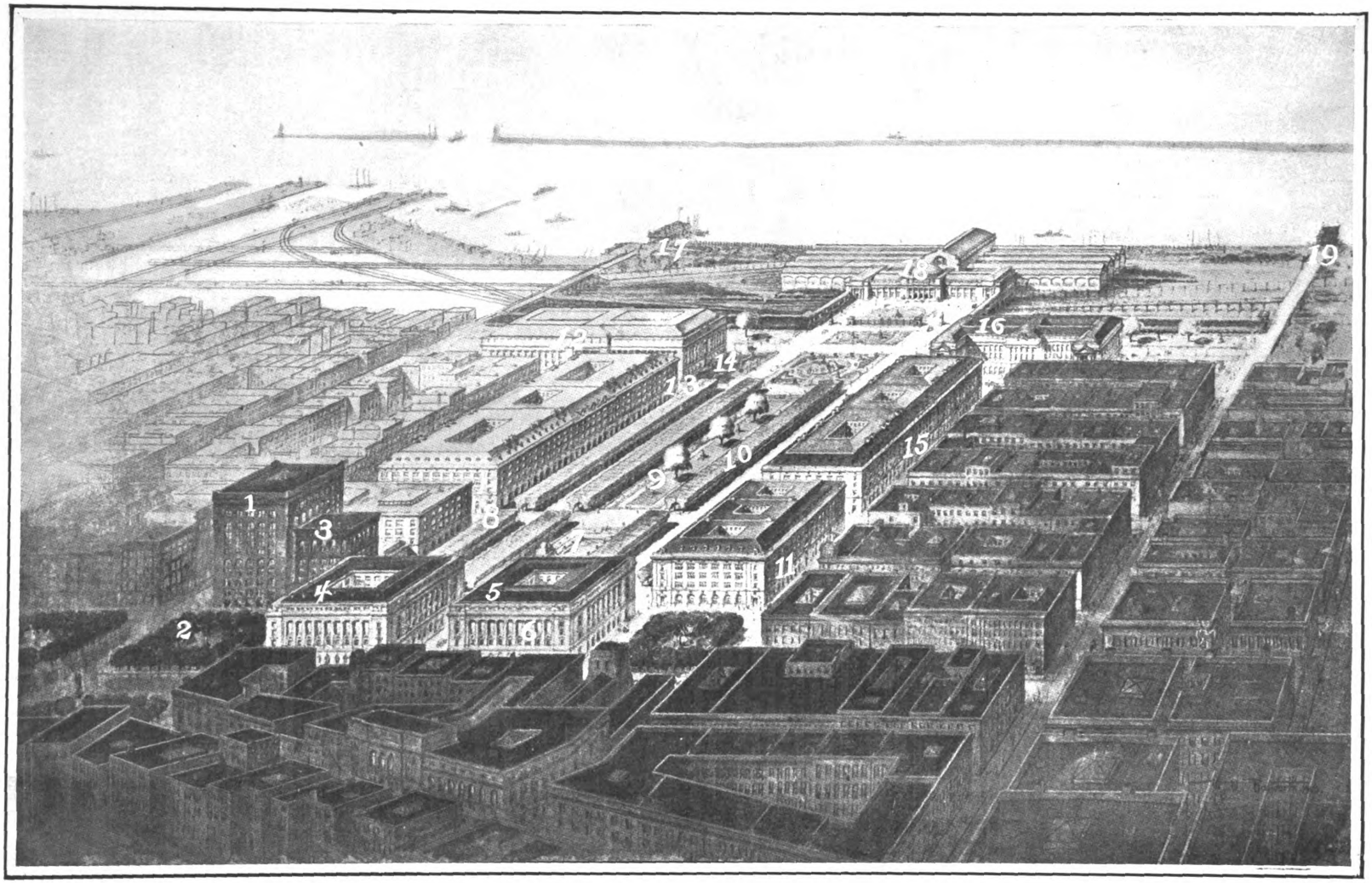
And nothing more surely indicates this changed conception of the city than the interest which is beginning to be taken in the matter of municipal art. This interest is general. The people of Washington, New York, Chicago, Cleveland, San Francisco, and many minor communities are working through one agency or another for the rendering of their cities more beautiful. This fact is significant more as an indication of the spirit of contemporary thought than as an isolated phenomenon. As in religion, so in politics, it is the spirit that counts. And the distinguishing motive of present-day movements is a belief in the city as a whole, in its life, outward form, and appearance; in its schools, parks, playgrounds; in its purpose to become a better, more wholesome, and happier place of living. We seem to be leaving behind the idea of earlier reform movements, which aimed only at "getting our money's worth out of government."

And it is probable that the great cities of every age have passed through the same evolution. It was so in Athens. It became great as a commercial centre before it was beautified at the hands of Pericles and Phidias. The medieval Italian cities were the work of organized democracy and intelligent despotism. But their beauty was of secondary growth. So it has been in France and Germany, and to-day in America democracy is coming to appreciate and demand fitting monuments for the realization of its life; splendid parks and structures as the embodiment of its ideals. In medieval times, the monumental Gothic cathedrals which dot Europe here and there were the expression of the high ideals and aspirations of mankind. The twentieth century gives promise of setting forth its belief in the ultimate possibilities of democracy in generous expenditure for municipal purposes. The entire country has manifested enthusiastic interest in the superb plan for the carrying out of the design of L'Enfant in the beautification of Washington, through the architectural commission appointed by the Senate. The city of New York has recently had plans executed for the construction of a splendid group of municipal structures about City Hall Park. In London, the same spirit has manifested itself in the working out of a superb architectural effect in the new government buildings and in the widening of the Strand.

Probably no city in the country, outside of the capital, has undertaken the systematic development of public architecture and parkage on so splendid a scale as has the city of Cleveland. This is the more remarkable inasmuch as no city in the country, with the possible exception of Chicago, is as essentially democratic in its instincts. Nowhere have the movements centring about municipal ownership, taxation, and the great industrial issues which are rapidly becoming the dominant political ones, found more ready response at the hands of the voters than in this great industrial centre on the southern shore of Lake Erie. Cleveland is a commercial city *par excellence*. It has been termed the Sheffield of America. It is a centre second only to Pittsburg in the iron, steel, coal, and coke trade. One-third of its population is foreign-born. It is smoke-begrimed overhead and dirty underfoot. But despite this fact, as well as the newness of its life and undeveloped character of its public spirit, it has shown a willingness to expend many millions of dollars in the development of the artistic side of its existence.

The city is fortunate in the fact that all of its public buildings are to be constructed at the same time. A uniform plan of procedure was thus possible. The Federal Building, County Courthouse, City Hall, and Public Library are all to be built. Under ordinary circumstances and with the subterranean political and commercial forces which have heretofore rendered impossible the best results in public architecture in America, isolated construction would doubtless have been the result. But a small coterie of public-spirited men have brought about a harmony of action among the many political agencies which had to be satisfied and placated, and achieved a result which is not far from ideal in its possibilities. Through the aid of State legislation a Board of Supervising Architects was appointed, endowed with a final veto upon location, plans, and style of architecture of all the public buildings of the city. Despite some political jealousies, the city called to this commission Daniel H. Burnham, of Chicago, the supervising architect of the Chicago Exposition; John M. Carrere, supervising architect of the Pan-American Exposition of Buffalo; and Arnold W. Brunner, of New York, the architect of the new Federal Building in Cleveland. The members of this commission were employed by the city at generous salaries and given absolute freedom in the working out of a ground plan for the arrangement

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NEW GROUP PLANS FOR PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN CLEVELAND

For a description of the new plans for public buildings in Cleveland the reader is referred to an article on the opposite page. The Federal Building, of which Mr. Arnold W. Brunner is the architect, is now under way, and the corner-stone will be laid about June 1. In the drawing Fig. 1 is the present Society for Savings Bank; 2, Public Square; 3, Chamber of Commerce; 4, Federal Building, including Post-office, Custom-house, and Court-house; 5 and 6, Proposed Library; 7, 8, 9, 10, 13, and 14, The Mall; 11 and 15, Proposed buildings on land along Bond Street to be acquired by the city; 12, Proposed County Court-house; 16, Proposed City Hall; 18, Proposed Union Railroad Station; 17 and 19, Proposed Recreation Piers

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and development of the public structures. The commission is also intrusted with the problem of improving the public square, the approaches to the sites of the public buildings, the development of the lake front of the city, as well as of the style and character of public architecture as employed in public schools, branch libraries, and police and fire station-houses. This is the most significant forward step in the matter of municipal art taken in America. It is comparable to the designs of Napoleon III., who remade Paris, with the aid of Baron Hausmann, or to the prescience of Jefferson, who called to the aid of the new government a distinguished architect in the laying out of the national capital on its present scale. The commission thus appointed has been at work for more than a year, and has finally presented the results of its labors in a completed plan for the arrangement of the public buildings. The design has met with such enthusiastic approval that its consummation is practically assured. The total expenditure involved approximates $13,000,000 for public buildings alone, and a probable addition of from three to five millions more for a terminal railway station, music-hall, museum, and the like. It involves the clearing of a large area of land lying between the business portion of the city and Lake Erie, and the utilization of this space as a site for the public buildings, parkage, a splendid mall, and the development of a lake-front park some sixty acres in extent into a splendid terminal railway station as a gateway to the city.

The plan is in the nature of a Roman cross. It is flanked toward the city's centre by the new Federal building in process of construction, together with the Public Library. At the other end of the mall, and nearly a quarter of a mile away, is the projected Union Terminal Station, with its train-sheds carefully screened from the city by high colonnades and dense foliage. On the transverse arms of the cross and facing Lake Erie are located the County Court-house and the City Hall to be erected at a cost of from six to seven million dollars. The mall itself, or court of honor, is the main axis of the plan, and is treated with formal clipped trees planted equally distant, thus forming a useful park. The central portion of the court of honor is depressed to form a sunken garden for statues, etc., alternating with each other. At the south end of the mall is placed a fountain of great size. The entrance to the Union Station, which will be a sort of vestibule to the city, forms a continuation of the court of honor, while on the lake side, the waiting-rooms of the station open on to a wide expanse of lake front, in the foreground of which are recreation piers, playgrounds, and places of popular amusement. Another important feature of the scheme is the location of the City Hall and County Court-house, which are placed to centre at the termini of two important streets, thus forming beautiful vistas, as is provided in so many European cities. As a matter of fact, all the main axes of the scheme afford splendid vistas in whatever direction one may look. As a developed whole, the scheme suggests such avenues as the Champs Elysées in Paris, or the sunken garden of the Luxembourg, or, in America, the Court of Honor at the Buffalo Exposition.

Furthermore, the commission has insisted on uniformity of architecture as of first importance. It recommends that the designs of all the buildings be derived from the historic motives of the classic architecture of Rome, that one material should be used throughout, and that one style of architecture, with a uniform sky line, should be maintained in design. Taken as a whole, the plan is one of architectural treatment rather than of parkage, with the aim of such permanent and thorough construction in all details as to render maintenance a comparatively simple and inexpensive thing.

Along with the central scheme, the commission has taken up the problem of so completing the park and boulevard system of the city, that important avenues should connect the parks and bring them to the court of honor as a focal point. In addition to the public buildings referred to, the court of honor is flanked by the Chamber of Commerce and the projected building of the Board of Education, while private initiative has undertaken the erection of a splendid music-hall, museum, and possibly some other structures, in order that the entire court of honor may be flanked by public or semi-public buildings.

Here is a city among the most radical in its democratic tendencies of any in the country courageously authorizing the expenditure of from ten to fifteen million dollars in the development of an idea. It suggests a new conception of the municipality.

THE BANKS OF OHIO

BY J. J. SULLIVAN

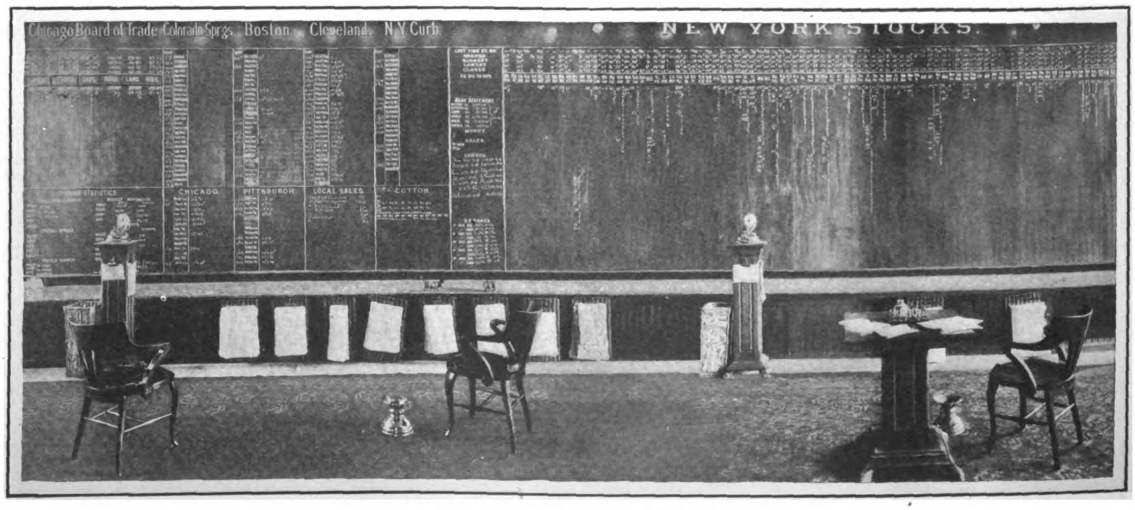
President of the Cleveland Clearing-House Association

NOTHING is more remarkable in the development of Ohio than the growth of its banking business. There are men engaged in active banking to-day who were in the same business when "red-dog" and "wildcat" currency circulated freely, when a bag of coin was transported from one city to another to serve as a reserve fund, when the solvency of a bank could not be guaranteed overnight, and when every possessor of bank-notes kept a counterfeit detector ready at hand to ascertain the quality and value of his money.

Then there were few banks that were counted as sound. When the national banking law went into effect, however, Ohio was quick to take advantage of it. Financial institutions, whose notes were guaranteed by the Federal government, sprang up in all the cities. Incorporated banks, authorized by State laws, were organized also, big savings and loan institutions were started in the cities, and private banks by the score were established. Twenty years ago there were 400 banks in Ohio, 167 of them being national, 10 banking associations authorized by the State laws, 22 savings and loan associations, and 201 private banks. Those 400 banks had a capital of $41,389,735.

The commercial and industrial importance of Ohio is easy to understand when account is taken of its financial resources, as represented by the capital and deposits of its banks at the present time. The national banks of the United States have a capitalization of something like eight hundred millions of dollars. About ninety millions of that sum is the capital of the national banks of the Buckeye State. Thus, it will be seen, Ohio has about one-ninth of the total capitalization of national banks in the whole country.

There are to-day about nine hundred banks in Ohio, including national, State, savings, and private institutions. These banks are capitalized for about $125,000,000, and their deposits run above half a billion dollars, being in round numbers about $555,000,000. There are 375 national banks, with ninety millions of capital, which is more than double the capitalization of all the Ohio banks twenty



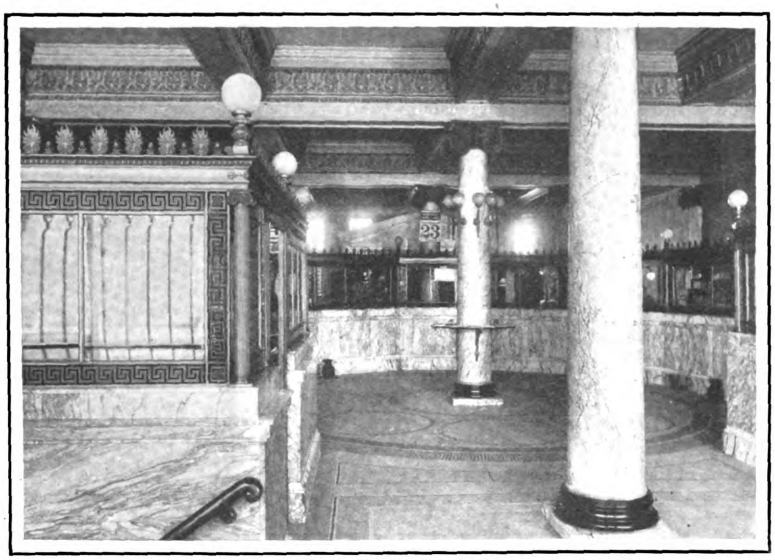
Private Stock Board in a Cleveland Office

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years ago, and with deposits of $300,000,000; there are 425 incorporated banks, with a capital of forty millions and deposits of $175,000,000; there are three societies for savings, with a capitalization of about three millions and deposits of at least $60,000,000, and 100 private banks with a capital of three millions and deposits of at least $15,000,000. The depositors in these banks number more than a million; representing all lines of business — the professions and trades, and the wage-earner, the widow, school-teacher, and the retired business man.

The national banks of Ohio have something like 15,000 shareholders, while there are 25,000 shareholders of other banks. Ten thousand at least of the owners of bank shares in Ohio are women. These banks furnish employment to about ten thousand men, whose salaries support upwards of thirty thousand persons.

Cleveland leads all other Ohio cities in bank capitalization and deposits. The banks of that city have $37,000,000 of capital and surplus, and their deposits run up nearly to $200,000,000. Cincinnati comes next, with a banking capital and surplus of about $20,000,000 and deposits of about $75,000,000.



Interior of the Euclid Park National Bank, Cleveland

In round numbers the banking statistics of the other cities of Ohio may be given as follows: Toledo—capital, $10,000,000; deposits, $25,000,000. Columbus—capital, $8,000,000; deposits, $20,000,000. Dayton—capital, $5,000,000; deposits, $10,000,000. Akron—capital, $2,000,000; deposits, $8,000,000. Springfield—capital, $2,000,000; deposits, $5,000,000. Youngstown — capital, $4,000,000; deposits, $10,000,000. Canton—capital, $1,500,000; deposits, $6,000,000.

These are only some of the principal cities. There are at least twenty other incorporated cities and scores of villages which have banks organized to meet the necessities of manufacturing, mercantile, mining, and agricultural development. As these urban centres of activity have grown and prospered, new banks have been organized to supply capital and provide means for the facilitation of business transactions.

The strength of Ohio's banking institutions has been tested frequently. They have always stood the test. Occasionally a rotten or badly managed institution goes down, as it should, but in times of panic, both industrial and financial, the banks of Ohio have stood against the storm. During the panic beginning in 1893 not a single bank in Cleveland failed, and only two national banks in the State were forced to close their doors. One of these resumed in thirty days; the other paid seventy-five cents on the dollar. No other State in the Union came through that period of depression as well as did Ohio, and this was due to the conservative and wise management of its banks. Again, two years ago, when there was a squeeze in the money-markets of the East and a feeling of uncertainty pervaded the West, Cleveland withstood the shock. At that time the Everett-Moore syndicate was engaged in the financing of several big telephone and trolley enterprises. Cleveland bankers had loaned to them liberally. The success of their enterprises depended upon the underwriting of a big issue of bonds. They sought money in the East, but could not get it. That precipitated a crisis in their affairs. The syndicate was forced to go out of business. Had it made an assignment, leaving its securities to find sale upon the open market, serious trouble for the banks of Cleveland, as well as of other cities in Ohio, would have resulted. The Cleveland bankers met the emergency, however. They appointed a committee to take over the Everett-Moore properties and manage them. That committee did its work faithfully and well. Not only was every bank holding Everett-Moore securities protected, but the affairs of the syndicate were wound up in such a manner as to save the most important property interests from serious loss. No better demonstration of the strength of Ohio's financial institutions or the wisdom of its bankers could be given than was furnished them.

The growth of the banks of Ohio has, of course, resulted from the wonderful industrial and commercial development of the State. The great manufacturing industries that have developed in the numerous thriving cities, the railroads that gridiron the State, connecting the coal lands with lake ports, and which haul the iron ore from the lake docks to the furnaces whose stacks are reared everywhere that coal and limestone can be brought together—all these industrial developments have demanded capital, and that has been furnished by the banks of Ohio.

But all of Ohio's capital is not reserved for Ohio enterprises. Within the past four years probably a hundred millions of capital has been supplied by Ohio banks for new enterprises, not only in that State, but in other sections of the Union. Trolley and telephone development in the Middle West has been encouraged by the loaning of Ohio capital, and most of that, by the way, has been supplied by the banks of Cleveland. This capital has gone into Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, and some into New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and other States East and West. Cleveland bankers have not hesitated to advance money for such enterprises, and they have made few mistakes in granting credit.

There is now a tendency toward more stability in the banking institutions of the

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CLEVELAND, O.

J. J. SULLIVAN, President
E. W. OGLEBAY, Vice-President
C. A. PAINE, Cashier
L. J. CAMERON, Asst. Cashier

Capital $800,000.00
Surplus and Profits . . 400,000.00

DIRECTORS

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N. C. BREWER	*Capitalist*
L. J. CAMERON	*Asst. Cashier*
JOHN H. FARLEY	*Ex-Mayor of Cleveland*
H. A. FULLER	*Treasurer Union Rolling Mill Co.*
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State, and this has resulted in the checking of the increase in the number of banks, which was very marked two or three years ago. Consolidation is now the order of the day, and within the past year there has been a combination of financial forces which has blotted out a number of the weaker concerns by merging them with older and more stable institutions. This has tended powerfully to stability, and has added much to the fine reputation which the banks of Ohio have enjoyed for more than a quarter of a century.

Nowhere else, perhaps, has the consolidation movement been more effective than in Cleveland, where no less than half a dozen mergers have been effected, with the result of establishing more firmly than it was ever established before the fine prestige which that city has enjoyed as a banking centre.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

BY J. J. SULLIVAN AND F. A. SCOTT

THE Cleveland Chamber of Commerce is one of the strongest commercial organizations in the United States, if not in the world. This is due not so much to the size of its membership or its wealth, but more to the scope of the work it undertakes and to the fairness and strength of its reports. Its influence has become national, and, in some respects—mainly educational—it has reached out into foreign countries.

The present Chamber of Commerce is the successor of the old Board of Trade which was organized in 1848, and which represented to the best of its ability the interests of the growing city during a period of nearly fifty years. In 1893 the present organization was formed. It now has a membership of fifteen hundred. Its members are mainly business and professional men, but all citizens of good standing are eligible. It is a wealthy organization. It occupies a building which cost about $600,000.

The main purpose of the Chamber of Commerce, as expressed in its charter, is "generally to foster, protect, and advance the commercial, mercantile, and manufacturing interests of the city." As compared with all other similar organizations, it is unique in the respect that it embraces in one body all lines of trade in the city. These trades are represented by suborganizations. There is the wholesale merchants' board, the manufacturers' board, the retail merchants' board, and the convention board, which are all looking out for the special interests indicated by their names, and all are composed of members of the Chamber who are interested in those particular lines of business. This obviates the necessity for separate organizations such as are maintained in some other cities and which so often work at cross purposes. It concentrates all interests in the central commercial body.

The value of this special work by boards is illustrated by what the wholesale merchants' board has done. It has conducted a campaign of surprising thoroughness in strengthening the trade relations of its members and in the extension of the sphere of Cleveland's commercial influence in surrounding territory. By means of trade-extension excursions the members of the board have travelled more than 12,000 miles in special trains, and visited over 400 cities and towns in Ohio and neighboring States. They have worked on the theory that goods, prices, and prompt delivery have more to do with building up trade than the accident of location, and the results of their works seem to indicate the truth of this doctrine.

It has been the policy of the Chamber of Commerce to recognize that civic questions all have a direct effect upon the business of a community, and such questions are, therefore, given due consideration. When public franchises are to be disposed of, for instance, the Chamber, through one of its committees, has undertaken to get at the business side of the question, and let the people know the facts. It has looked into the question of municipal sanitation as it affects sewage disposal and the purity of the water-supply. It has striven for a betterment of the housing conditions in the interest of all the people. It has had much to do with the improvement and enlargement of the system of parks and boulevards. It has worked successfully for the grouping of public buildings—something which no other city has accomplished through a similar agency. It has taken a deep interest in the government of the schools, and is now earnestly striving for the enactment of a general school code for the State. Its interest in educational affairs has extended to the obtaining of liberal appropriations for the support of the schools, and for the proper housing as well as the care of the health of the pupils. The Chamber has also been instrumental in the establishment of public bath-houses. Another important branch of its work consists in the investigation of persons who solicit subscriptions from business men. By means of such investigation, as well as by the issuance of cards of Endorsement to charitable and benevolent institutions, assurance is given that all worthy objects will be supported and at the same time that nobody will be imposed upon.



Chamber of Commerce, Cleveland

The Chamber of Commerce, it will thus be seen, not only looks after the industrial and commercial welfare of the city, but also comes in touch with all the people in a way few other similar organizations have been able to do. It stands for everything that will make Cleveland a bigger and better city and a more desirable place of residence.

THE CLEVELAND STOCK EXCHANGE

BY L. W. PRIOR
President of the Exchange

NOT until four years ago, even though there had previously been a considerable trade in Cleveland securities, was there a regularly organized market in which the stocks and bonds of Cleveland and Ohio corporations could be bought and sold. Before that time the stocks and bonds of local corporations had been bought and sold through brokers, who made that sort of business an incident of their regular

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Society for Savings Building, Cleveland

transactions, upon the New York Stock Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade.

The Cleveland Stock Exchange was organized in April, 1900, to meet a necessity of the local market. It began business with a small list of active members and a much larger list of inactive members. The latter contributed to the support of the institution by the payment of dues. Its membership is now limited to thirty-one active brokers, and the interest taken in its transactions demonstrates that all men with financial interests regard it as one of the permanent institutions of the city.

From the beginning of its existence the Stock Exchange became a factor in the financial transactions of Cleveland. Although its first operations were confined to limited quarters, the volume of its business grew in a most satisfactory way. Shortly after the exchange began business the bull movement in stocks in New York started, and that resulted in an era of lively speculation in Cleveland, all the local stocks and bonds being affected by the buoyancy felt in Wall Street. During 1900, 1901, and 1902 there was a steady increase in the business done, and it was apparent that men who had dealt in Cleveland stocks and bonds appreciated the advantage of the Stock Exchange which gave official value to the securities they desired to buy and sell.

During 1903 the slump in Wall Street was reflected in the transactions of the Cleveland exchange. There was an abatement of the speculation fever and a falling off in the business. Yet during the year there were bought and sold in the exchange 95,872 shares of stock, valued at $5,993,350. During the four years of its existence the transactions on the exchange have amounted to 770,725 shares of stock, valued at $44,454,570.

The trading on the Cleveland exchange has not been confined to exclusively Cleveland stocks. Among the listed stocks and bonds are those of numerous trolley and telephone companies operating in various sections of Ohio and in different States — companies, however, which are owned and controlled by Cleveland capitalists.

There has been a disposition on the part of the governing committee of the exchange to scrutinize closely the securities that have been offered for listing, and in that respect it has made an admirable record.

The purpose of the organizers and backers of the exchange was to give tone and character to the securities-market, and to put the buying and selling of stocks and bonds upon a business basis. That purpose has been largely achieved.

The Stock Exchange appears to have a wide field of usefulness in Cleveland—a field which will be broadened and which will also be filled more completely as the city's business develops along various lines.

The present officers of the exchange are: President, L. W. Prior; vice-president, Herbert Wright; treasurer, N. C. McLoud; secretary, W. S. Wade; governing committee—C. A. Otis, Jr., L. W. Prior, W. E. Craig, W. H. Lamprecht, Herbert Wright, E. M. Baker, and N. C. McLoud.

OHIO'S TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES

BY GEORGE H. CUSHING

A RECENT Ohio legislative enactment gives point to the discussion of the transportation facilities of this State. A bill was pending before the legislative body which would have given to the Miami and Erie Canal Transportation Company the right to use both the *berm* bank and the towpath of the Erie Canal for transportation purposes. Its passage would have had the effect of virtually turning over to the transportation company the portion of the Erie Canal lying between Dayton and Cincinnati. When the time to put the bill upon its passage came popular indignation was stirred up, and by a majority vote it was decided to lay the bill on the table, from which it can only be removed by a two-thirds vote of the House. This virtually kills the bill for the present session of the Legislature. At the same time there was forwarded a movement which will, if carried to its natural conclusion, rehabilitate the canal system of Ohio. This State has two canals, which formed the primitive mode of travel. One of them extends from Cleveland almost due south to Zanesville, where it connects with the Muskingum River, and thus makes connection with the Ohio River. The other, the Erie Canal, starts at Toledo and runs entirely across the State to Cincinnati, passing through Dayton. In each of the canals there has been possible and is now possible a draught of water for boats of four or five feet. Before the day of steam railroads these canals and the national turnpike were the highways of commerce. The evolution of transportation facilities has classed these two highways together, and has called them obsolete.

To-day the electric traction companies and the automobiles are proving to be factors in the general situation, although feeble ones as yet. All of the difficulties which have come into the discussion and settlement of the intricate relations between the public and these various transportation facilities have found debating grounds here in Ohio. But these debates and bickerings have not stunted the growth of the facilities, and it can hardly be said that there has anything occurred which has even checked the growth.

The railroad development in Ohio, as



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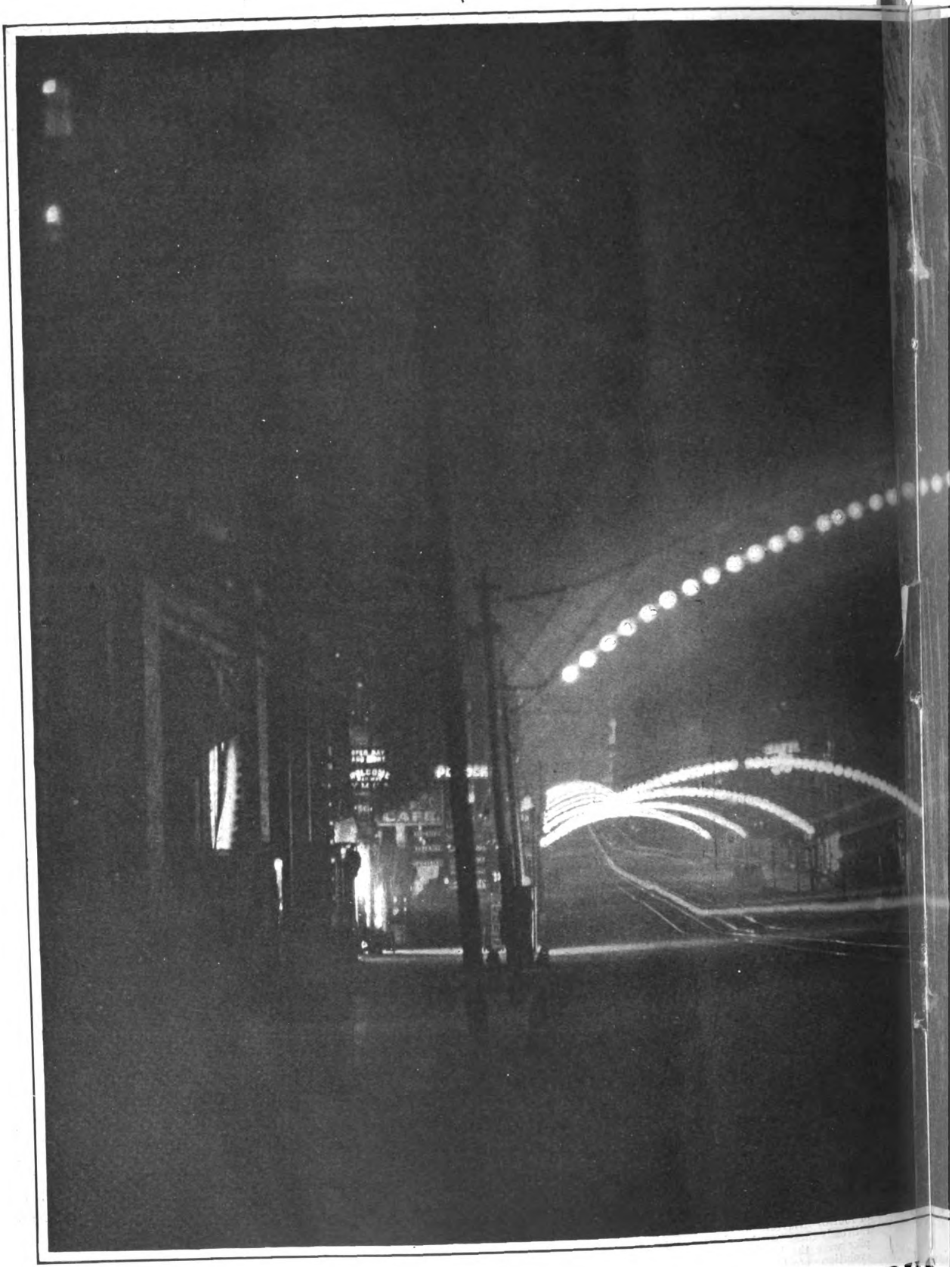
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NIGHT VIEW OF COLUMBUS,

The photograph showing the city of Columbus at night was taken from the Union Station [illegible] of the city. In taking the photograph the negative was given an exposure of one hour, [illegible]

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LUMBUS, THE OHIO STATE CAPITAL

Columbus, and shows the permanent electric arches used in lighting the main business street streaks of light shown in the picture being due to the passing of trolley-cars during that time

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THE NORTHERN OHIO TRACTION & LIGHT COMPANY operates the Electric Railway and Electric Lighting Companies in the Cities of Akron and Barberton, Ohio. It also operates Interurban lines from Cleveland to Akron, Barberton to Akron and Akron to Cuyahoga Falls, Kent and Ravenna, Ohio, comprising in all (including the Akron City Lines) 100 miles of track.

The Akron, Bedford and Cleveland Division extends from the center of Akron to the Public Square in Cleveland, connecting at the City Limits of Cleveland with the lines of The Cleveland Electric Railway Company, with which Company it has a fifty-year contract for the use of their lines.

Over one-half the distance between Cleveland and Akron is double-tracked, and the entire Division will be double-tracked as soon as construction can be completed with reasonable economy.

Akron is distinctively a manufacturing City, with a population of 50,000 inhabitants, and located 36 miles South of Cleveland, the population having doubled during the past ten years. The principal articles manufactured include Engines, Boilers, Cutlery, Agricultural Implements, Sewer Pipe and Fire Brick, cereals and Rubber Goods of every description. In Akron are located perhaps the largest Rubber Industries in the United States. The Company has a ten-year lighting contract with the City of Akron and a five-year contract with the City of Barberton with perpetual franchises in both places. The franchises of the A. B. C. Division run for a period of 25 years, and expire in 1919. In addition to this the Company owns about 10 miles of private right of way. The franchises of the Akron City Lines also run for a period of 25 years, and expire in 1924.

On December 29, 1902, the Company was reorganized in the name of THE NORTHERN OHIO TRACTION & LIGHT COMPANY, with a Capital Stock of $7,500,000.00, with a like amount of Bonds. The Company has outstanding $5,750,000.00 Bonds, $4,000,000.00 of which are 5% Bonds, and $1,750,000.00 4% and $1,750,000.00 4% Bonds in the Treasury. Also $1,000,000.00 of Common Stock remains in the Treasury. The Gross Earnings of the Company for 1902 were $745,043.00, being an increase of $128,033.00 over the previous year.

The Gross Receipts for 1903 were $882,276.17, an increase over 1902 of $137,232.45, being an increase for the year 1903 of 18.4%. The tracks, rolling stock, power houses (of which there are four) and the lighting systems are all in excellent condition, and a very bright future is predicted for the Company.

The principal offices of the Company are located in the Hamilton Building, Akron, Ohio. Also on the first floor of the same Building the Company furnishes a large and commodious Waiting Room, which is the starting-point for all the Interurban lines entering the City, including The Canton, Akron Railway Company. Connections can be made here going south for Canton, Massillon, Navarre, Canal Dover, New Philadelphia and Uhricksville, making a direct line from Cleveland to the P. C. C. & St. L. R. R., a distance of 110 Miles. The officers of the Company are:

H. A. EVERETT, President.
WILL CHRISTY, 1st Vice-President.
CHAS. CURRIE, 2nd Vice-President & Gen'l Mgr.
C. P. MOORE, Secretary.
J. R. NUTT, Treasurer.

The Directors are:
H. A. EVERETT, E. W. MOORE, C. W. WASON, J. R. NUTT,
B. MAHLER, CHARLES CURRIE, WILL CHRISTY.

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elsewhere, began in a small way, little lines between local points being constructed with no particular idea of building up any sort of a through system. Later the need for through lines and for long-distance connections demanded the linking of these small lines into larger ones. In the nature of things the roads which ran east and west were first constructed into through systems, and later on—but at a considerable distance from the formation of the through east and west railroads—the lines to the north and the south began to be built. Now Ohio is covered with a network of railroads running in every direction, although the general trend is toward the east. The central idea at the time of the construction of the first railroads was to deliver the produce of this territory, then principally engaged in agriculture, to the Eastern markets, which then offered, as now, a good return for the labor and the investment of the farmer. Later the complication of trade relations changed both the trend of the transportation facilities and their character.

Ohio's change into a manufacturing as well as an agricultural centre has brought into existence the need for enlarged and more intricate railroad facilities. Raw or semi-finished material has to be transferred from the point of production to the finishing plants and from there distributed to the trade. The transportation of raw material for manufactures has demanded peculiar service, and the need has been met. The ore and the coal trades have formed peculiar channels for themselves, and these have demanded special transportation facilities. In fact, the movement of the ore from the lake docks to the furnaces and of the coal from the mines in southern Ohio to the lakes has brought into existence a system of north and south railroads which have formed the exception to the general rule on that subject. The steam-railroad facilities of Ohio, therefore, comprise the parts of trunk lines which connect the vast Territories of the West with the markets of the East and the smaller railroads which connect the lake docks with the furnaces and with the coal-mines of the southern part of the State.

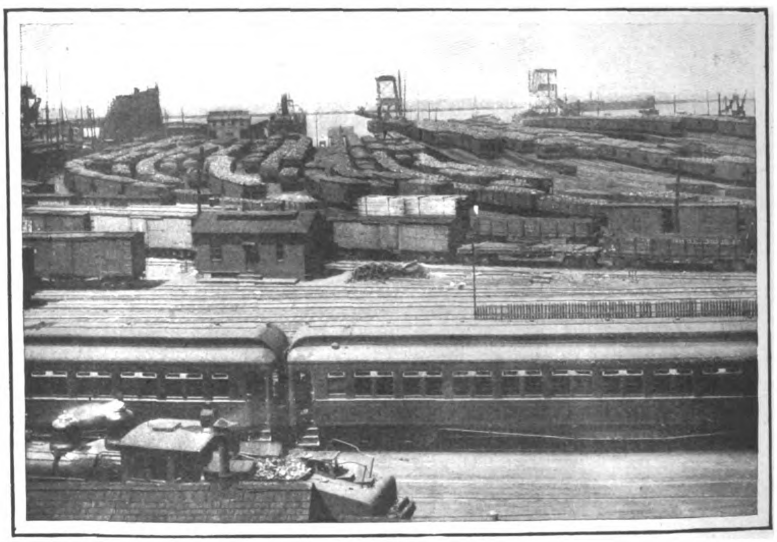
One prevailing idea in railroading has been that it is the bulk commodities which give the carrier its rich returns. The State of Ohio has developed a few railroads which depend very largely for their commerce upon the small-package business which the smaller towns produce and upon the local travel which is done between the smaller cities. The big through business, upon which so much dependence is put by other railroads, is not so much of a necessity in Ohio. The wealth of the smaller communities makes it possible for them to support the carriers which serve them. This condition, from the standpoint of a railroad man, is, of course, ideal, and is possible in but few places. Generally speaking, it would be impossible but for the wealth of the various communities.

This is shown in the earnings and the status of the companies. It might be said that since the revival of business in 1897 no railroad in this State has gone into the hands of a receiver, and since that time the expenditures for improvements and betterments have been enormous, for steam-railroads alone, to say nothing of the enormous development which has taken place in electric-line construction. The estimates which have recently been made are that the lines through Ohio have earned on the average about $15,000 per mile. The latest figures show that Ohio has about 10,000 miles of railroad-track. This computation being made shows that the railroads of this State earn annually about $150,000,000 upon a capitalization of about $300,000,000 and a bonded indebtedness of about $325,000,000. It is to be taken into consideration also that the conditions through this State as to grade, the cost of fuel, and other material have enabled the railroads to operate with economy.

Simultaneously with the development in steam-railroading there has been the growth of the electric railway. No one as yet has been able to tell just the amount of money that has been expended in this property or to what extent the investments have proved worthless. It is apparent that outlays have been lavish, and that on many of them there will never be any returns, while on others some rich harvests may possibly come in the future. The movement at present is in its earliest stages, and it is too soon to predict either success or failure. The electric lines are starting as the steam-railroads did. What the result will be to transportation cannot be foretold.

At its inception the movement was designed to connect city street-railways with suburban centres and small parks. From that it has grown to be a network of railroads out of the cities of Cleveland, Cincinnati, Columbus, and Toledo, connecting all points of any importance near-by with those centres. Now these aspiring systems are talking of joining to form cross-State railways that shall duplicate, with electric power, what the older railroads have done with steam-power. Putting on through-car service between the important centres and of carrying freight, introducing dining and sleeping car service has been suggested.

Two plans have been put into effect, each of which was expected to bring immediate wealth and popular favor. One was an electric line across the northern section of the State, connecting the larger cities with



Furling Docks on the Shore of Lake Erie

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some Michigan points. The necessary railroads were bought, but not absorbed, and financial difficulty ensued. The lines, although burdened with the mistakes of capital which marked their merger, are still in existence as a through line, and have come to be a permanent factor in the transportation facilities of the State. Another plan was the coalition between electric line and canal. The project was to haul boats on the canals carrying freight by means of electric power from the shore. This plan was operated for a time, and proved fairly successful, until a contention among the capitalists which controlled the company, brought its affairs into the hands of the court and stopped development. It was believed that, by the revival of the canals and the introduction of low fares through the State, popular favor might be turned to the electric railroads. It is the collapse of this plan which just now has brought about the adverse legislative action at Columbus.

Out of all of the chaos which has surrounded this miscellaneous extension of steam and electric lines has come one development which must be good for both the carriers and the people in general. The steam-railroads have been quickened to the needs of the small communities, and the electric lines are striving to extend their local service into broader territories. The two carriers striving to better themselves are bringing all sections of the State closer together, and are increasing the exchange of business between the rural districts.

OHIO INDUSTRIES

THE STONE INDUSTRY

BY GEORGE H. WORTHINGTON

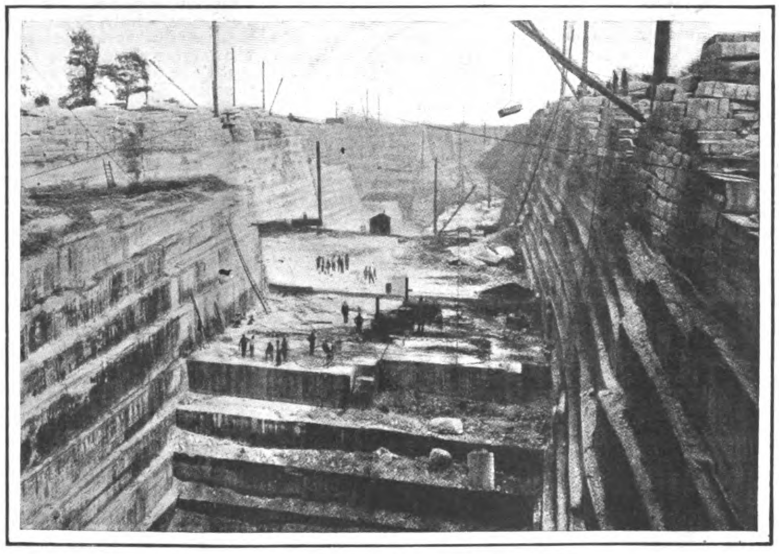
President of the Cleveland Stone Company

THE outcropping of two important geological formations, in territory near the southern shore of Lake Erie, between Cleveland and Sandusky, has formed the basis for a permanent and profitable industry. Ohio quarries have, during a period covering three-quarters of a century, furnished structural material for some of the most important building operations in the United States and Canada, hundreds of thousands of tons of heavy masonry for railroad construction, and thousands of miles of street curbing and flagging—these from the famous sandstone quarries of Berea, North Amherst, and Euclid. In addition, an inexhaustible supply of limestone from the quarries at Kelly's Island, Marblehead, Sandusky, and other points furnishes a valuable commodity as a flux for melting iron at the furnaces in the Cleveland and Valley districts, as well as material for street paving, the construction of marine breakwaters, and all forms of structural work, except the superstructures of buildings. For the latter purpose the sandstones first mentioned occupy a leading place.

The sandstone formation is a member of the lower carboniferous series, homogeneous in texture, and composed of nearly pure silica. The principal quarries are located at Berea, North Amherst, Euclid, Grafton, Nickel Plate, Kipton, and Wakeman. At North Amherst, the gray "Canyon" quarry, the largest in the world, has a quarry face of over one and one-quarter linear miles and a depth of 196 feet, the rock running from 140 to 196 feet in depth. From these quarries the shipments often aggregate from 200 to 300 cars of stone a day.

The merit of the Ohio sandstones lies in their silicious character. Analysis shows that they run about 97 per cent. pure silica, and, being well cemented, they are as resistant to weather as granite, and much less affected by the action of fire. They are of a light gray and buff color, and among the handsomest and most durable building stones known. They are well adapted for ornamentation, and the most elaborate design in carving can be executed in the highest relief, retaining clear-cut outlines through generations of time and exposure.

The Berea, the buff Amherst, and the gray "Canyon" sandstones have been used in the construction of numerous post-office buildings erected by the Federal government throughout the country, in leading cities, from Texas to the Atlantic coast. They have been used in the construction of hundreds of municipal, county, and State buildings, schools, colleges, libraries, hospitals, hotels, churches, and residences. The group of the Dominion Parliament buildings at Ottawa, Canada, are of buff Amherst; the Bank of Montreal is of Berea sandstone; the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Winnipeg is of gray "Canyon"; a score of modern and historic buildings in Toronto are of buff Amherst; in the construction of other scores of buildings in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and as far west as



View of the "Canyon" Quarry, Amherst, Ohio

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HOTEL EUCLID

(Brownell and Euclid)

Fred. S. Avery, Proprietor

European Plan — CLEVELAND, OHIO

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Texas, these stones have been used. The second largest single stone arch-span in America, crossing Wheeling Creek at Wheeling, West Virginia, contains 9000 cubic yards of Berea stone.

In addition to building stone and curbing, these sandstones are also widely marketed in the various grades of grindstones which are widely used throughout the entire country and are also exported to a considerable extent. While the quarries of northern Ohio represent probably ninety per cent. of the output of the State, sandstone formations are also found along the Ohio River, and quarries in southern Ohio and other parts of the State are profitably operated.

The limestone formation is an outcropping of the famous Trenton limestone, a porous formation which, at a depth of 1200 to 1500 feet from the surface in northwestern Ohio, carries petroleum deposits, now being operated to the extent of about 1,800,000 barrels of crude oil per month. This rock reaches the surface, as previously stated, along the shores of Lake Erie, in the vicinity of Sandusky and on the cluster of islands dotting that body of water to the north.

The limestone quarries add greatly to the sum total of the stone industry of the State. Like the sandstones, they, too, are found upon the surface at interior points at Dayton, Columbus, and at many points along the Big Four in Ohio.

In the aggregate, the annual output of the stone quarries of the State amounts to between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000 annually. The output has doubled within the last ten years. The supply is practically inexhaustible, and the demand increasing year by year. The actual capital invested in the production of sandstone and limestone in the State is estimated at over $6,000,000.

PIG-IRON AND COAL

TO those who have studied the history of Ohio from the industrial standpoint it seems appropriate that this State should have become one of the leading factors in the production of pig-iron. The State a half-century ago was one of the powers in the growth of cereals. The opening and the development of the vast territory which lies west of the Missouri River and the part it has taken in the growth of the nation's and, in fact, of the world's supply of grain, has caused Ohio to assume a less important station. However, it has stood in close touch with the agrarian development, having turned from the chief point in grain production to lead in the manufacture of farm implements. This assumption of the leading place in that trade is considered indicative of the spirit of the State. The early history of the pig-iron industry of the country was very closely associated with the history of the same industry in this State. It is true that the improved methods of producing pig-iron were first introduced in New England, but Ohio took a principal part in perfecting the methods of soft-steel production and likewise in the improvement of the method of producing pig-iron. At first the ore-fields which lie along the Ohio River were supposed to be adequate to meet any possible demand. The pig-iron trade, however, very soon outgrew the more or less limited supply of the Ohio fields, and the State began to draw its supply from the shores of Lake Superior. It was Ohio capital which first demanded that the ore be brought down from Wisconsin in boats, and it was Ohio enterprise which demanded the building of the Sault Ste. Marie locks and canals. The opening of the waterways gave play to the ports along the south shore of Lake Erie, and Ohio docks soon began to handle the principal portion of the ores shipped from the Lake Superior territory. This position they have continued to hold, Cleveland, Conneaut, Ashtabula, Lorain, Sandusky, Huron, and Toledo being the principal ports at which the material is received. The improved machinery placed upon these docks, the betterment of the ports, and adequate railroad facilities soon caused these ports to play a prominent part in the transmission of ore and, incidentally, helped the Ohio furnaces to take high rank in the production of pig-iron. The great centre of steel production then, as now, was at Pittsburg, and the movement of ore was, naturally, from the Lake Superior region to the point of steel production. A number of furnaces began to spring up in the Mahoning and Shenango valleys, and work has gone on until the valleys from Warren to Pittsburg are lined with furnaces producing thousands of tons of material each month. An illustration of the vast growth of this business is seen in the fact that from the 1st of January, 1903, to the 1st of August of the same year there had been placed in operation in that territory and other parts of Ohio near the lake ore-docks twenty new furnaces with a productive capacity in a year of about 3,500,000 tons of pig-iron of various sorts. Here of late the tendency in Ohio has been to get away from some of the centralization of pig-iron production, and the tendency has become pronounced to build the blast-furnaces nearer to the point of receipt of iron ore. This movement finds the newer furnaces clustering along the lake shore, where only switching charges will have to be met in getting the ore from the ore-docks to the furnace stock-piles.

The natural advantage of Ohio as a pig-iron producing centre arises in part from the enormous supply of limestone and of coal of the grade used in making coke. The stone quarries and the coal-mines are practically at the door of the furnaces, and the supplies of these minerals are virtually inexhaustible, with the result that the pig-iron can be produced at a very low cost, the rates for transporting ore to Ohio being also moderate.

Although in some respects it is subordinate in many ways, the production of coal in Ohio is one of the matters of prime importance to the State industrially. Geologists have said that the deposits through eastern and southeastern Ohio are but the continuation of those deposits which underlie the greater part of Pennsylvania and West Virginia. This fact gives to the coal in Ohio a certain quality which is recognized as the standard. The first discoveries of coal were in the Hocking and Shawnee valleys, which lie in the southeastern part of the State. The next point of production was in what is known as the Jackson district, which is in the same general territory. From there the points of production have spread. Now new mines having an enormous capacity are being opened in eastern Ohio. The Jackson, Massillon, and the Coshocton districts produce what is called domestic coal, while through the Hocking Valley and in eastern Ohio the mines have developed, while not exclusively, to a certain extent, a good run of what is known as steam coal. The varying needs of the State are therefore met from these mines, and, in addition, the enormous lake commerce, which is done through the Ohio ports, is swelled by the output of these mines. This output has been variously estimated. Owing to the peculiar trend of this trade, part of it going for domestic consumption, part of it

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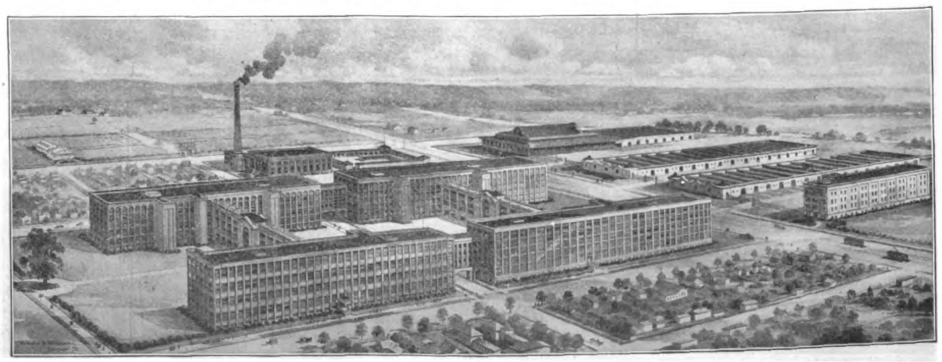
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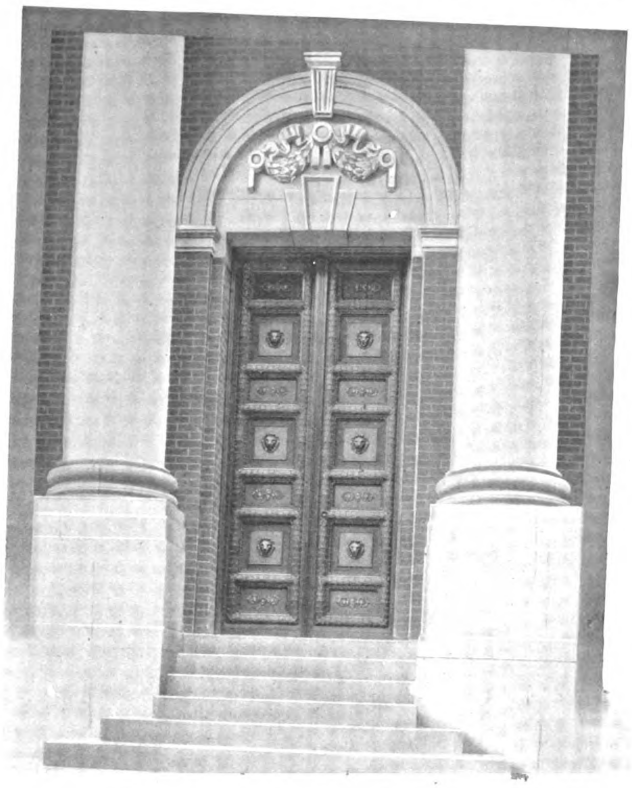
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moving to the lake ports and thence to the Northwest, and part of it going by the Ohio down to the Gulf ports, it has been difficult to estimate the volume of this traffic. The most nearly accurate figures which have been prepared have indicated that the output during 1902 from Ohio mines amounted to 14,000,000 tons, while that for 1903 was variously estimated by different authorities at between 18,000,000 and 20,000,000 tons. During those two years the average selling price at the mines was about $1 50 a ton.

ART IN BRONZE-WORK

THE establishment of plants for the manufacturing of what is known as high art in bronze work is just now reaching a point of considerable development in Ohio. Bronze is one of the first matters in which high art work is done, but for centuries it seems to have deteriorated, only to reach the place in high art in buildings at this period in which it is but now reaching a state of very high development. The recent progress of the country towards the not been consigned in Ohio alone, but works of art of this manufacture have found a market in all enterprising cities, and quite a few products of this kind have been sold in foreign countries. In some of the factories as high as twenty-five artists are employed in the making of new designs; these designs are then given to the brass-moulders, who construct models from which a cast in wax is made. From these two casts are made, one in iron and one heavy mould in bronze,



Bronze Doors for the Court of Appeals Building at Annapolis

construction of skyscrapers and high buildings was at first along the line of the plain and sombre. The latter developments became more artistic, and now the interior finishings of the work are of the highest character.

Throughout Ohio and throughout the entire nation the greatest possible pains have been taken in the finishing of office-buildings; railings for balconies for all kinds of purposes and of every character. In this work the handling of bronze along the artistic lines has gained considerable in proportion. Lately throughout the State, notably in Toledo, Hamilton, Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, and Cleveland factories have been erected which pay particular attention to the making of bronze and metal work, to be used for this purpose. This development has which are put through a hundred different filing processes. The work heretofore has been along the lines of comparatively crude moulding.

The art has come into vogue, however, and the products are not only found in bank buildings, but in homes and even manufacturing places. One company in Cleveland, which is interested in the development of this branch of the bronze industry, has a capitalization of over a million of dollars, being the only one of that kind in the State. This company has branch offices in Pittsburg, New York, and London, and has practically been the founder of the industry in this State. The bronze doors for the Court of Appeals Building at Annapolis, reproduced on this page, were made by a Cleveland firm—the W. S. Tyler Company.



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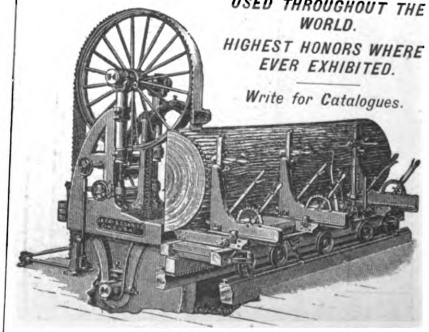
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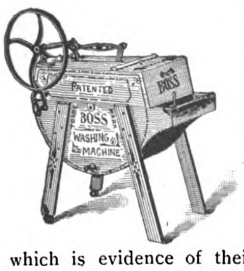
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THE CASH-REGISTER INDUSTRY

THE making of the first cash register grew out of the needs of a storekeeper for protection in his store sales, and it is in the elaboration of this protection that register manufacturers and inventors have been striving for twenty-five years. To-day registers are made which prevent mistakes in, and print a record of, every one of the transactions possible in a shop—cash and credit sales, payments on account, money paid out, and money changed for accommodation of customers. Besides recording every detail of these transactions, these machines show which clerk carried on the deal, and also print a receipt for the customers.

The development of the register industry began in the late seventies. Several attempts to work out satisfactorily the idea of a mechanical cashier had been made prior to this time; but it was a business man of Ohio who succeeded in developing a practical machine. The story is illustrative of American resourcefulness.

In 1879 Jacob A. Ritty, a citizen of Dayton, established a small lunch-counter and eating-house at a railway station in the town, which was growing rapidly under the impetus of the Western tide of travel. This catering venture was outside Ritty's regular business, and he was forced to rely on clerks to care for the details of the management.

Customers were plentiful in the new place, and the proprietor expected to reap a harvest of profit. His surprise was consequently great when, at the end of a certain period, he balanced his accounts and found a loss. The careless handling of the money, made possible by the use of a cash drawer, caused constant loss through mistakes and dishonesty.

While worrying over the problem of stopping the losses Ritty went on a trip abroad. While on the passage over he was one day in the ship's engine-room when his eye lighted on the automatic indicator of the propelling shaft's revolutions. As he watched the mechanism he saw in the indicator the germ of the mechanical cashier which would protect his business. Returning home he enlisted the services of his brother, who was an efficient mechanic, and the results of their efforts were the Ritty and Birch patents, which the Supreme Court of the United States in later years declared were practically the basis of commercial registers. With the issuance of the patents Ritty sold his rights to a number of fellow citizens, who formed a company to engage in the making of cash registers.

The first machine made was a dial register of curious appearance. It was crude, but useful, and many were sold. Meanwhile Ritty and Birch had gone on with their inventions, finally perfecting a key machine with indicators in place of a dial.

In 1884 John H. Patterson was a coal-mine operator in a near-by town. In connection with the mine was run a general store, where losses in receipts had grown until the need for some check on sales was a necessity. In this predicament Mr. Patterson bought two cash registers and installed them in the store. Immediately their benefit was apparent, and Mr. Patterson saw that if registers could be of benefit to him they could be to other merchants. He was not slow in acting upon his theory, and with his brother, Frank J. Patterson, began to develop the industry.

In the same year a Louisville firm entered the register business with a capital of $150,000. They called their machine a money-changer, for its particular advantage was in facilitating the making of change; but it lacked proper devices for recording transactions.

During the next four years four new companies were formed to manufacture registers, among them one organized in 1889 with a capital stock of $300,000.

With the beginning of the next decade came the high tide of organization, and within a few years hundreds of thousands of dollars were lost in attempts to float companies and put on the market practical registers. In 1890 ten companies were started. In 1893 the tide reached its height, when sixty companies incorporated for the purpose of manufacturing registers. It was the banner year, for the decline came rapidly, and two years later only eight companies appeared in the field, while in another year only one group of men had the courage to attempt an onslaught upon the register market. Since then no new companies have been formed.

The records show that in the twenty years since the first register was made by Ritty over two hundred concerns have entered the register business. Nearly all failed to succeed, because their machines were not practical. It is estimated that $5,000,000 was lost in a decade by the failure of these companies. The second company in the field discontinued after several years' existence.

Most of these manufacturers are out of active business, many of them because of infringement of the early register patents. Improvements in registers had come rapidly, and where the pioneer company began with two patents in 1880, it holds at the end of twenty years 931 patents, covering some twenty thousand separate claims. This gives an illustration of the growth and improvement in the machines.

Altogether this chapter of America's industrial history is one of exceeding interest and if the inside story shall ever come to be written its romance will overshadow fiction. Ohio is proud that the industry had its origin and development in her borders. It does honor to the energy and enterprise of the State.

ELECTRICAL MACHINERY

THE position which Ohio has taken in the iron and steel trades has made possible and potent a certain collateral development which has come to be of vast importance. When the pig-iron industry grew in New England, it began to spread into the West, finding lodgment eventually in the Ohio valleys. The inspiration which was gained at that time seems never to have been lost, as the American development has been steady ever since. The same thing may be said of the finished steel. English capital supplied the means for the experiments, and the development of the manufacture of soft steel has begun in Ohio. It was in Cleveland that the standard of soft steel was set. These two developments have had a vast influence upon the industrial situation of the State. The device for making soft steel was soon adopted, and now American soft steel is the standard. This accomplished, the next thing was to put up mills which could produce material cheaply. It soon became the central idea in steel-making that certain costs such as labor, fuel, raw material, etc., are what ought to be called fixed. It remained for the steel-makers, therefore, to construct machinery which would bring about economy in the production of steel regardless of the cost of ingredients. At first this work was done by engineers, who made plans upon which others worked. Then the engineers became both designers and constructors, and built their own shops. These factories are now spread all over Ohio. Electric cranes were invented which handle the heaviest plates and beams. Then came the working out of another invention, an automatic furnace "charger." Before that time large plates were handled by cranes with ropes and other devices requiring enormous labor costs. Furnaces were being "charged" by men working with long-handled ladles. The men were removed and supplanted by automatic machinery. About the same time work began on the development of a machine which would make a rod out of a billet with only one rolling, instead of the numerous rollings previously required. This has been successful. As a result of these two inventions alone Ohio companies are producing heavy machinery worth millions of dollars a year.

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HEAVY MACHINERY

IT would be very difficult, if not impossible, to make a statement of the amount of money which has been expended in the manufacture of heavy machinery in Ohio.

The industry is divided into two branches. One is for the manufacture of engines to be used in the various shops in the State where steel is made, and the other is for the purpose of making machinery to handle the steel and iron in the various stages toward what is known as the finished product. It becomes difficult to estimate the outlay when it is said that the larger factories alone have a capital of upwards of $3,000,000, while those companies which make machinery for trains and other rolling-mill devices have started with a capitalization ranging up into the millions, averaging, for the larger ones, about $1,000,000 to the plant, many of them running over those figures. There is an important company of engine-builders in Youngstown, and makers of lighter machines in Mt. Vernon, Salem, and Hamilton. Besides these there are companies which manufacture blast-furnace and steel-mill equipment, and which have a large enough capitalization to be classed among the leaders in the industry at Canton, Youngstown, Alliance, and Cleveland. This latter company has two shops, one recently constructed at Cleveland and the other at Akron. It is estimated that the combined output of the engine-works is about 300,000 horse-power, while the average output of the roll-machine implement works is about 117,000,000 pounds per year.

These industries are yet in their infancy in the State. It has been said by some of the more advanced men in the steel industry of this territory that this industry is yet in its infancy west of the Alleghenies, and that the development of the future will be along these lines.

WOOD-WORKING MACHINERY IN OHIO

BY ANDREW W. FEUSS

THE State of Ohio, situated in the centre of an extensive timber-producing area, has many large and important furniture-factories, show-case and fixture works, sash, door, and blind factories, saw and planing mills, as well as carriage, wagon, and farm-implement works, veneer and hardwood lumber mills; and the State supplies a large proportion of the intricate machinery used in the working of wood.

Enormous factories occupying acres of floor space, which confine their efforts solely to the manufacture of the highest types of labor-saving devices for working and finishing wood in all its many processes, from the rough-hewn timber to the most beautifully carved and finished cabinet-work, have their home in Cincinnati, which, with its railroads radiating in every direction, and its splendid river facilities, stands to-day preeminent in this important branch of the machinery world.

About the year 1830, before the advent of the railroads across the Alleghenies, certain Eastern manufacturers, realizing the growing demand for wood-working machinery in this part of the country, and knowing the difficulty of transportation across the mountains, located their plants in Cincinnati, Ohio.

This industry has been so thoroughly systematized and so ably handled that to-day there is more wood-working machinery made in Cincinnati than in any other place in the world.

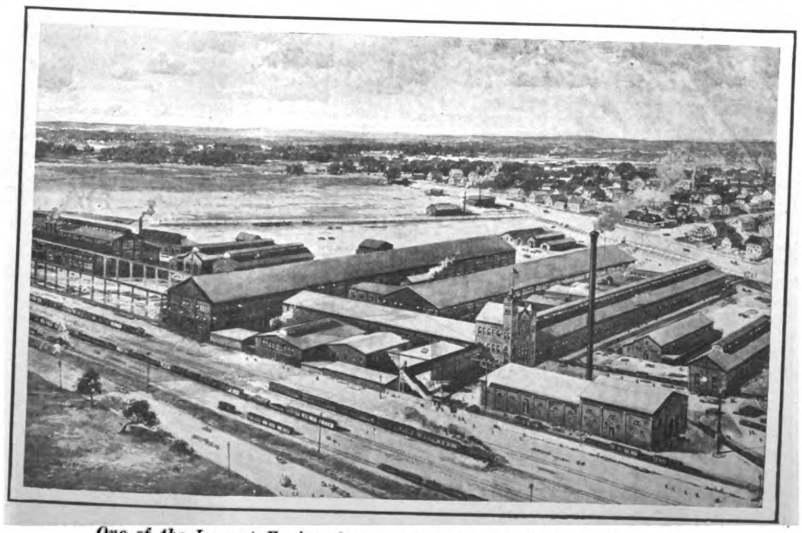
The output of the various factories of that city is fully ten million dollars per annum.

The growth of this industry has naturally gathered together the most skilled designers of machinery, expert mechanical engineers, and the highest type of mechanics. Machinery builders from foreign countries when visiting America rarely fail to visit the works there located, which are recognized as the most advanced in their line.

The extent of the business enables the factories to specialize in their work. Distinctive departments are devoted to the manufacture of planers alone; other departments make exclusively band saws, while others again make only circular saws.

There is hardly an operation in the manipulation of wood formerly done entirely by hand tools that has not its special machine, and many of these labor-saving devices were originated in Cincinnati. For instance, the friezing or shaping machine which is now used in every country of the world originated and was first made and used in a factory in Cincinnati, so also with the "jig" or unstrained scroll saw. Many improvements on other machines were also first made there.

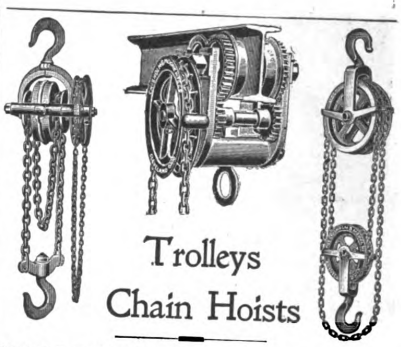
Heavy machines for the working of large-sized railroad and bridge timbers for arsenals and navy-yards are supplied from there to almost every government of the civilized world, and band-saw mills, for the reduction of logs into standard-length lumber, flooring-machines for the manufacture of ceiling, flooring, casing, and drop siding, as well as the all-important machines for moulding, shaping, sandpapering, mortising, tenoning, graining, dovetailing, matching, mitering,



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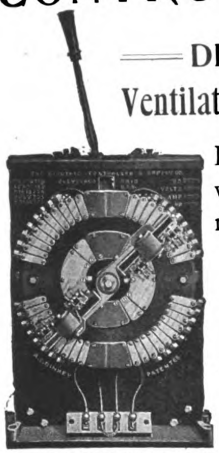
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An important branch of the wood-working machinery business is that of carriage and wagon machinery. Automatic spoke-lathes which make a complete wagon spoke by simply placing an original model of same in the machine, and hub and rim machinery, bending machines, etc., are most interesting and ingenious inventions. The ingenuity and skill shown in this line of work are a part of the progressive idea which places Ohio more and more every year in the front rank of manufacture and industrial art.

A LIFE-SAVING INDUSTRY

THE most important and effective life-saving device with ships in case of collision or accident is that the hull itself should be rendered non-sinkable. Boats, life-preservers, and all other devices of this nature, however good, are simply auxiliaries and makeshifts after the hull fails in its flotation. The main point in case of marine disasters has been and always will be to maintain flotation of the hull, if not permanently, at least long enough to bring these auxiliaries into effective use. Without flotation first being secured in the hull, all these auxiliary life-saving devices are often absolutely useless. Hitherto this flotation has been properly sought, and in the only way, through an expensive subdivision of the hull by bulkheads. But doorways have been proved necessary in many of these bulkheads for efficiency in working the ship. These doorways are the points where the bulkhead system fails, and unless these doors can be closed water-tight, with certainty and promptness, without danger of injuring or of imprisoning the working force, and without stopping necessary intercommunication, this expensive insurance by bulkheads becomes useless and remains simply a pretence.

It has taken a number of appalling marine disasters, as well as hundreds of lesser accidents, to teach this truth to ship-owners, seagoers, and the general public; and even now, after such lessons as *Victoria*, *Elbe*, *Bourgogne*, and *Rio Janeiro*, many people still retain their time-honored confidence in bulkheads with ordinary doors.

In case of emergency there is now a system which closes the power doors and power hatches from a central station in the pilot-house or on the bridge of a ship, just as if the officer there could reach out and place his hand on each individual door or hatch; it reaches out to save the ship before the collision happens; it saves the ship by perfecting the ship's cellular structure and stopping up the holes in the bulkheads, so making her unsinkable; it does this without endangering any one by sudden closings, and in such a manner that the power remains with the man at any door to reopen it quickly for escape or for passage on duties, the door reclosing automatically.

These electric-power doors are bound to be an important feature in the greater safety of first-class merchant and naval ships in the future. The system was devised in 1895 by an ex-naval officer and graduate of Annapolis who had long experience at sea and in the construction of ships and machinery. In its hydraulic form it was first adopted by the United States navy in 1897, and installed on one old ship for cruising tests; it was then, in its pneumatic form with many improvements, installed on ten new ships of the United States navy for further service tests and development.

In its perfected electric form it is now being installed on thirteen new ships of the largest size in the United States navy. The electric system has also been installed recently on two French armored cruisers for sea tests, and on the American steam-yacht *Noma*. It is a life-saving industry for which credit is due to Ohio capital.

AN OIL-PRODUCING STATE

BY F. F. DUNCAN

OHIO occupies first place among the oil-producing States. Over thirty years ago the limitations of the original Pennsylvania oil-fields had been extended across the Ohio borders. A decade later oil was found to exist in great quantities in the Trenton limestone formation at Lima, in northwestern Ohio. Both fields have reached the maximum of their development. The Trenton fields have extended into Indiana, and the Appalachian fields have crossed Virginia into Kentucky and Tennessee, but of the annual production of the two fields, amounting to about 50,000,000 barrels, Ohio is furnishing 38 per cent.

The southwestern Ohio fields for the twelve months ending February 29, 1904, produced slightly over 5,000,000 barrels, with a total value slightly in excess of $8,000,000. The Ohio division of the Trenton limestone fields produced during the same period over 14,000,000 barrels, netting the producers nearly $16,000,000 at the wells. During the calendar year 1902 the combined product for the two fields in this State sold for $20,757,000. The fact that the product for the twelve months ending February 29, 1904, brought nearly $24,000,000 was due to the highest prices that have obtained for years. The increase in value was made in the face of a decline of about 5 per cent. in production.

That the fields have reached the maximum of their production is evinced from the fact that the drilling operations have been going forward at the rate of over 4000 wells per annum during the past few years, and the new production from these wells is scarcely sufficient to prevent a decline in the total output. Occasional extensions to previously defined limits are found, but the great majority of the new operations are confined to proven territory.

In southeastern Ohio the fields extend from Marietta, in Washington County, north to Scio, in Harrison County, with the centre of operations at Macksburg. In northwestern Ohio, Lima and Findlay are centres of operation, the fields extending westward over the Indiana line, and north to Toledo.

In southeastern Ohio the petroleum deposits are carried in the sandstone formations in strata varying in depth from 600 to 2100 feet from the surface. Wherever the strata take an anticlinal formation oil deposits are usually found, but as there are no surface conformations corresponding to the anticlines of the rock beneath, geological research has failed of any benefit to the prospector for oil. He must drill to find it.

In the northwestern Ohio fields, the oil-bearing strata are more uniform, and wherever the porous limestone formation has been found to produce oil the operations in that vicinity may be followed with reasonable certainty. The famous "Cincinnati Arch" has lifted the Trenton limestone formation into a great broad swell. On and near the crest of this natural gas is found, and farther down the flanks petroleum has accumulated. The two fields mentioned produce crude of a paraffine base, and the distillate furnishes a large percentage of pure illuminating oil. For this reason the crude is of a much higher marketable value than the recent discoveries in Texas and California, which are largely of an asphalt base.

Many companies are active in the development of the fields, but the major portion of the production is owned by stock companies and individual oil operators. Leases are negotiated upon the basis of one-eighth royalty to the owner for the privilege of the oil and gas rights.

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WATCHES AND CLOCKS

ANY one who realizes the value of that sturdy pocket mechanism—the watch—may feel that Ohio has rendered great service to the people everywhere; inasmuch as she ranks high among those States producing time-pieces. She has the largest complete watch-factory in the world. Her watch experts have furnished ideas and planned improvements in watch construction that put the American watch of to-day far in the lead. The Ohio watches are particularly remarkable for their character and individuality—they have the proper admixture of Western progressiveness in their constitution. Ohio watch-builders are committed to the "complete watch" idea; movements and cases are not ordinarily sold separately, but each watch goes out in complete time-keeping order.

About the close of the civil war, Mr. John C. Dueber began the manufacture of watch-cases in a very small way at Cincinnati,—this was the first step towards the establishment of Ohio's present watch industry. The business grew slowly at first, and at the end of ten years there were perhaps twenty-five or thirty men employed, most of the business being done near at home. Then more representatives were put out, the East, West, and the South were invaded, and the business advanced vigorously. A larger factory became necessary, and many cities made liberal offers of land and money to secure the watch-case enterprise. Mr. Deuber selected Canton, now famous as McKinley's home city, and established there the new case factory. He also purchased the Hampden Watch Company, and moved its factory to Canton, from Springfield, Massachusetts.

His enterprise—the manufacture of movement and case at the same factory—has grown to such an extent that his plant is the largest complete watch-factory in the world, and his employees are a goodly share of Canton's population.

About ten years ago was introduced a watch especially designed to meet the exacting demands of railroad service. Many tests were made under actual conditions on the Lake Shore and Pennsylvania Railroads. Models were studied and improvements made until now a watch is perfected which shows safe results in railroad time-keeping. These new-idea watches are dedicated to the great railroads of America; and Cleveland, Ohio, became known the country over among transportation men as the home of the new railroad watch, the business man's watch,—for the hurrying man of affairs is also a Cleveland enterprise; and comes fittingly from the home of that great business man and politician,—the late Senator M. A. Hanna.

Both the watch and clock industries in Ohio are at the present time in prosperous condition, and the outlook is good for continued progress in both industries.

AUTOMOBILES

BY ALEXANDER WINTON

OHIO has been designated the first American State, because it was the first commonwealth added to the original thirteen that had been settled by representatives of all the States then existing. Other States were admitted before Ohio, but these had been peopled by pioneers from single States, and not from the entire Union. In the production of automobiles Ohio's position is also that of the first American State. Elsewhere experiments in horseless carriages may possibly have been engaged in earlier, but Ohio was the first to achieve commercial success with the newest form of locomotion, and, in becoming fashion, it has maintained its premiership.

A review of the development of automobile manufacture in Ohio must necessarily be somewhat local in character, for the fact is that Ohio gains credit from what Cleveland has done in greater proportion than from automobile progress elsewhere in the Buckeye State. Barring Cleveland and Toledo, the manufacture of motor-cars in Ohio has not been a great industry, while Toledo's importance is of recent growth. Cleveland, then, is from many points of view the automobile centre.

In February, 1898, it was decided that a Cleveland-made car had reached the point where it could be offered for general sale. This decision prompted the issuance of a challenge for a long-distance race, in which the merits of competing-cars could be thoroughly tested. The challenge was never accepted, and inasmuch as this first carriage was placed on the market in the following month, it is a safe conclusion that in point of priority it held the honor.

The challenge above referred to is interesting in its historical connection and is therefore appended:

CLEVELAND, OHIO, *February 26, 1898.*

We hereby challenge any American or European manufacturer of motor-carriages, working under any system, for a race from Chicago to New York city, or over any other route in the United States of not less than 1000 miles.

The only conditions named are that competitors shall use regular stock machines instead of specially built racing-machines. The object of the trial being a practical test of time, durability, and running expenses, a complete and official record of same shall be kept.

Challenger will compete with a regular single-seated stock phaeton, carrying driver and one passenger. Date preferably in July or August.

From 1898 automobile manufacture in Ohio and particularly in Cleveland has been a series of constant successes. Developments in cars and in plants have been rapid, and to-day the Forest City supplies four-fifths of the big touring-cars that are purchased in the United States, and turns out products, which, from the standpoint of excellence, are inferior to cars made nowhere else. This statement is not intended to draw a comparison between foreign-made touring-cars that sell at $15,000 to $30,000 and Cleveland-made touring-cars that retail at $2500. One has no reason to expect $30,000 quality and refinement at $2500, and yet these same $2500 American-made cars have been known to scale hills, traverse rocky roads, and pull through deserts and swamps where no European car has ever proved its worth.

It was a Cleveland-made car that made the first journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and this car is the only one that ever crossed the continent in the hands of an amateur driver and entirely independent of assistance from the manufacturer. It is a Cleveland-made car that holds practically all the world's speed records, whether made on track or beach. And it was a Cleveland-made car that, by defeating William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., in Florida last January, won the world's straightaway-mile championship from the finest, costliest, and highest-powered car ever made in Europe.

In Cleveland millions of dollars are invested in the automobile industry, and thousands of mechanics depend upon the production of motor-cars for their livelihood. The city claims the largest and best-equipped automobile factory in the world.

TEXTILES AND WEARING APPAREL

A REPRESENTATIVE merchant in one of our larger Ohio cities, speaking of the methods of merchandizing in days gone by, said: "When I started in business, forty years ago, stocks of ready-to-wear apparel were not a part of the outfit of a merchant's stock of goods. This branch of business, as it is carried on to-day, had not at that time been developed.

"Notice this section of my store, which I now devote to stocks of hosiery and underwear. In those days we carried the yarns; knitting was a home industry. Flannels and other fabrics were sold by the yard in large quantities for underwear. To-day few of these articles are made by individuals. They are invariably bought ready-made.

"Take shoes, for instance, and see what strides have been made in the manufacture of them, and what a small percentage of the people now have their shoes made to order, and go through the entire range of all articles of dress for men, women, and children, and you will find the same conditions prevailing, that instead of these articles being made in the home, or made to order, this method has within the last decade given way to the manufacture of ready-to-wear garments, and any piece of wearing apparel of any kind can now be found on sale, fashioned according to the latest styles."

The manufacture of men's clothing came first. The industry of manufacturing women's wear, as carried on to-day in this country, did not receive much impetus until about thirty years ago. The industry in

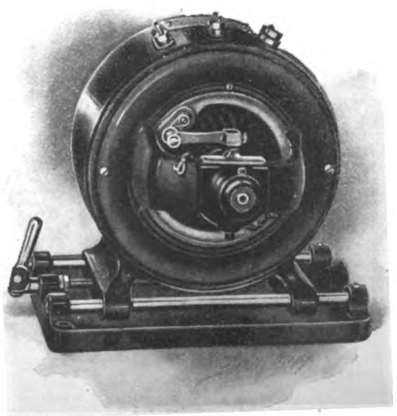
THE LAMSON & SESSIONS CO.

Manufacturers of

Bolts, Nuts, Rivets and Wrenches

This firm was organized at Mount Carmel, Conn., in 1867, as a partnership, by T. H. Lamson, S. W. Sessions and I. P. Lamson, and removed to Cleveland in 1869, where their business increased to such an extent that in 1882 they were compelled to build a new factory. On August 17th, 1882, the senior member of the firm, Mr. T. H. Lamson, died, and on November 5th, 1883, the present company was incorporated. Mr. S. W. Sessions died September 7th, 1902, and the present officers and directors are:

I. P. LAMSON, President — F. C. CASE, Vice-President
H. C. HOLT, Secretary — J. G. JENNINGS, Treasurer
and C. H. SESSIONS, of Los Angeles, Cal., Director



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Ohio can be said to have been established about that length of time.

There were some factories in operation before that time, but their output was comparatively limited. The first thing to be developed was the manufacture of cloaks, which displaced shawls. It took some years before this was brought about, but the industry grew with each year, more manufacturers going into the business, until shawls had been entirely displaced.

This gave the manufacturer only a fall season in which to work his plant, and although a few articles were made for spring wear, he was compelled to look around for something to do to keep his plant in operation during the spring and early summer.

The manufacturer succeeded in developing the suit and skirt business, which displaced to a great extent ordinary dressmaking and also brought about the further development of the trade by the manufacture of shirt-waists, costumes, dresses, etc., until women can now buy their entire wardrobe ready-made, and be assured of the correctness of the styles.

The making of correct styles by manufacturers is one of the features of the women's garment business. The layman often asks the manufacturer, "How do you get your styles, and are you sure they are the correct things?" Of course a retailer's stock must be ordered, in part at least, in advance of the season, and the matter of style is one of the all-important features to be looked after.

In catering to the needs in men's wear fewer difficulties are encountered in bringing out correct styles, although in recent years men's wear has been subject to more changes in style than formerly.

In Colonial times the belles of the nation would go to England and bring over dresses made of the rich brocades and silks of the period. These gowns would remain in a family for some years, to be worn and be considered in style.

The styles do not long remain secrets in the hands of any manufacturer. As soon as his goods are on the market the style becomes public property. The origin of fashions, as employed by the manufacturer of ladies' garments, is interesting. There was a time when the country followed the styles set by the fashionable centres of Europe. This is becoming less the case each year. In Ohio, however, as elsewhere, the trade is still somewhat dominated by European ideas.

As stated above, the growth of this business dates back about thirty years, and, like all large industries, was started in a small way. In its early history it was looked upon as an experiment by those engaged in it, and merchants took hold of the output of the small manufacturers of that time cautiously.

It grew rapidly, and with the advent of large numbers of women into business careers, who could not take the time to make up their clothes as before, and with the energy applied in developing the business, increased demand was created by producing constantly attractive, stylish garments, until we find now an enormous development of this industry.

In the State of Ohio the yearly output of factory-made men's, women's, and children's clothing amounts to probably $40,000,000, giving employment to thousands of men and women. These goods are made mainly in Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Toledo. Cleveland leads in the manufacture of women's apparel, Cincinnati in men's clothing.

In Cleveland the output has been doubled in the past five years, and is constantly growing. The industry in its various departments employs about 9000 men and women in the city of Cleveland. Taking the manufacturing industries of the State, the iron industries lead in volume of product, but the manufacture of men's and women's clothing is the second manufacturing industry at the present time in the State.

Time was when the East predominated in this field. It still maintains a commanding position, but the Ohio cities are strongly intrenched, and the product is of a high order. The manufacturing plants in Ohio are, as a rule, on account of less crowded conditions, cheaper rents, etc., more sanitary in their arrangements, giving better living and working conditions to those employed

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patches and commercial messages by telegraph and telephone was established by the officer in command, and the railroad and highways were picketed by the troops so as effectually to control all avenues of communication with the town.

Later in the evening squads of soldiers were sent out, who took in custody thirty-one members of, or sympathizers with, the union, including the editor who was the victim of the first boycott, the vice-president of the Western Federation of Miners, and a former attorney-general of the State, who was at Telluride in the interest of some proposed lawsuits for the miners. These people were committed to the county jail. In the morning they were marched to the depot, and sent, under guard, to Ridgeway Junction in the adjoining county of Ouray.

Thence they went to Montrose, and joined the colony of those "deported" on former occasions. There they lived and fitted up a bunk-house, and took a lease of a restaurant, where they now live.

At intervals of a few days other deportations were made, until the total of the exiled was a little over seventy. Careful investigation at Telluride shows that many of these persons were in no sense agitators, some of them owning their homes there.

Naturally the men thus forced from their homes and property did not look with favor upon these proceedings, and made application to the district judge at Ouray for an injunction against the sheriff of the county and the military commander to prevent the interference with their liberties.

The union at Telluride has built a hospital whose cost was about $30,000. Since the strike it has been closed except as the sleeping-place for some of the union officials. The cooperative store was opened when it was found necessary to supply the union men with provisions. A cooperative restaurant was also opened, and some 300 men were taking their meals there when it was closed by the militia. Another restaurant was opened, and the cooks and waiters—union men—went over there. The meals were served at ten cents apiece to members of the union; men not having the money were allowed to work out their board.

At the union store married men or those who live at home can get their orders filled for the staples. Beef, potatoes, flour, beans, canned goods, and the usual groceries are given out on request. These stores are the nuclei of a cooperative system which promises to be a factor in future conflicts.

The union has its lodging-house, too, and here the miners sleep without charge. Idleness there is at this mining-camp, but no vagrancy nor want.

At the time of my visit, before the deportation, when I went into the large room where the union social was to be held, my attention was caught by the group of young men who had just moved in a piano and were singing and laughing around it. I studied them closely, for these were some of the men who were considered dangerous to the security of the town and property. Fear of these men's violence had brought the militia. They were men between twenty and thirty; if they had personal grievances they had either forgotten them or were hiding them.

Later between seventy-five and one hundred men and a dozen women came in and took their seats. There were Scandinavians, Austrians, Italians, and Americans. One of them was pointed out to me as a man out on $1000 bonds for intimidating non-union miners.

I wondered if they underestimated the power of the Mine-Owners' Association, the Citizens' Alliance, and the militia, or if there was an attempt to keep the strikers from any bitterness by exhibiting good-natured contempt for the other side. All the interviews I had with the miners forced me to believe that theirs is a spirit of toleration.

At the second of these socials, a week later, a deputy, Willard Runnels, came into the meeting and announced that the vice-president of the Western Federation of Miners, Mr. Williams, and the legal counsel, General Engley, were under arrest. There was no warrant for either of them; they were told that they should consider themselves under arrest, and that the warrants would be forthcoming in the morning. There was no demonstration against the deputy, but the meeting was very effectually disturbed. The secretary-treasurer of the Western Federation, William Haywood, said to me: "The officials of the federation are in the position of men driving a six-horse stage down-hill. If we hit a stop and there is any disaster—who will get the blame? Why, we will, of course." I could not gainsay him, for I had noticed that the men who were being arrested were the conservative ones, and hot-headed younger men were left in the open.

The morning after the social I planned to drive up the county road and see the famous Tomboy Mine. The matron of the Miner's Hospital, who is off duty now, offered to drive me, and we went to military headquarters for a pass. I explained to the lieutenant that I did not want to go into the mines nor talk to any one, but wanted to see the place. His subordinate called up the two mine managers through whose property the road runs. The answer came back that the managers did not want any represenatives of the press to drive on the county road in the vicinity of their mines.

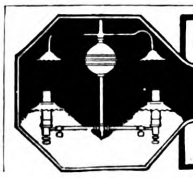
The strike in this district began last September, and it is still on. Although the managers claim that the mines from now on are to be non-union it is hard to see how they can go on much longer with the unskilled workers, for it appears to be true that all the skilled labor belongs to the Western Federation of Miners. The funds of the federation seem to be increasing, and it may be months yet before the industrial conflict comes to a close.

On March 17 another deportation of eighty union men and sympathizers was brought about through the action of a mob armed with Krag-Jorgensen rifles. Following this, Judge Theron Stevens, of the District Court, issued an injunction allowing these deported men to return to Telluride. Then the citizens called for military support, which was at once sent by Governor Peabody. The injunction was not obeyed. Judge Stevens then issued a writ of habeas corpus for the president of the Western Federation of Miners, arrested on the charge of desecrating the flag. This was ignored by the adjutant-general, Sherman Bell, at the order of the Governor. Judge Stevens has now ordered his arrest for contempt of court.

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WHITE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, CLEVELAND OHIO



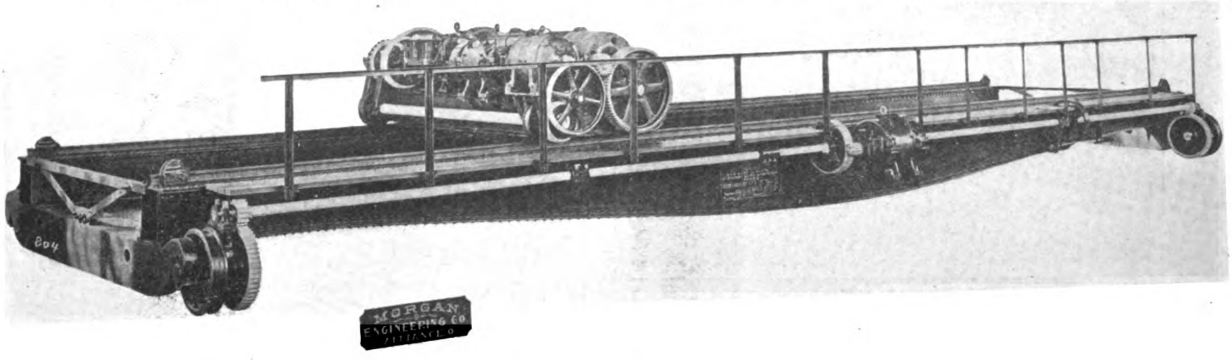
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Miss May de Sousa in "The Wizard of Oz"

After a prosperous season on the road "The Wizard of Oz" has again returned to the Majestic Theatre, where it scored a success last year. Messrs. Montgomery and Stone are still playing the "Scarecrow" and the "Tin Woodman"



De Wolf Hopper as "Wang"

Mr. Hopper's revival of his former success was put on at the Lyric Theatre, New York, on April 18. The book has been brought up to date by the addition of a number of new jokes, but the music of the original production remains the same



Alice Fischer and Joseph Miron



Eddy Foy as "Peter Pouffle"

"Piff, Paff, Pouf," at the Casino

The first of the summer musical plays, "Piff, Paff, Pouf," described as a "musical cocktail," was produced at the Casino Theatre on April 2, with Eddy Foy in the leading part. The plot, so called, has chiefly to do with the experiences of a wealthy widower who desires to marry an attractive widow, but is prevented from doing so by a clause in the will of his first wife, which disinherits him if he marries again before their four daughters have each taken a husband. The four young women have rather peculiar views. The eldest wants a man who has never been kissed; the second a man whose portrait she has seen in a patent-medicine advertisement in a newspaper; and the other two are equally hard to suit. The ingenious widow finally succeeds in finding for her lover a quartet of desirable men, and her marriage to the widower is then assured

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Progress of the War

THE important results of the war in the Far East prior to April 7 may be briefly summarized as follows: The Russians have had ten war-vessels disabled—the *Czarevitch, Retvisan, Poltava, Pallada, Novik, Askold, Diana, Variag, Korietz*, and the torpedo-boat *Stereguschtchi*. Of these several have been or are being repaired and made ready for further use. The Russian cruiser *Boyarin* and the cruiser *Yenesei* were sunk by accidental contact with a mine; but the *Boyarin* is reported to be again in use. Five Russian commercial steamers were captured by the Japanese during the first week of the war. Japan is known to have lost one torpedo-boat, and several other of her ships are believed to have been injured in the Port Arthur engagements; but definite knowledge of this is withheld. Port Arthur has been repeatedly bombarded, with damaging effect, by the Japanese, and Vladivostok was attacked by them on March 6, though without serious damage to the port. Admiral Togo has made two attempts to blockade the entrance to the inner roadstead at Port Arthur by sinking merchant steamers in the channel. Both attempts were unsuccessful. The first land engagement of any importance took place at Chongju, Korea, on March 28 and resulted in a Japanese victory.

April 7.—A report received to-day from Seoul says that the Japanese fleet is divided into seven squadrons. Four of these are at Port Arthur, the fifth is patrolling the Korean coast, and the sixth and seventh are cruising between Vladivostok and north Japan.

April 8.—The Japanese government has officially announced its losses in the various attacks at Port Arthur as follows: fourteen killed, nine died of wounds, and ninety-one wounded, forty of whom have recovered.

April 9.—The Japanese minister at Seoul, M. Hayashi, officially reported to the Korean Foreign Office that the Russian troops had retired across the Yalu, and the frontier was now occupied by the Japanese.

United States consul Miller at Newchwang has been notified by the Russian government that the river at Newchwang has been mined, but that neutral ships will be conducted in and out safely. As a result of General Kuropatkin's recent visit, 10,000 reserves have been ordered to Newchwang to reinforce the troops already there, while an additional force of 15,000 men is ready to concentrate upon that place; 2000 artillery and sixty guns have already arrived. The preparations for the defence of the town are now complete.

April 10.—A telegram from St. Petersburg states that Commander Kulezicki has handed a report to the Emperor in which he says he will be able to take the Baltic squadron to the Far East by way of sea of Kara and the Northwest Passage. Commander Kulezicki believes he could get the squadron to its destination by the end of August.

April 11.—The Japanese are reported to be in complete control of the mouth of the Yalu River, and it is believed that the Russians north of the Yalu are not in sufficient numbers to withstand the Japanese advance for a considerable distance beyond the river. General Kuropatkin is proceeding on a tour of inspection of the Russian outposts along the Yalu.

Rear-Admiral Rojestvensky has been appointed to the command of the Baltic squadron. The squadron has been ordered to be ready by July 15, but it is not certain that it will go to the Far East. The fleet will consist of the following vessels: The battleships *Slava, Borodino, Orei, Kniaz, Souvaroff, Alexander III.*, and *Osliabia;* the cruisers *Aurora, Dmitri Donskoi, Svietland, Almaz, Jamtchug*, and *Izumrud*, and the transports *Kamtschatka* and *Ocean*, each carrying 1000 tons of coal.

April 13.—A report received to-day from Port Arthur says that the battle-ship *Petropavlovsk*, while going out to meet an attack by Japanese ships, struck a mine in the outer harbor and was sunk. Admiral Makaroff and 800 of the battle-ship's crew were drowned. It is reported that Grand-Duke Cyril and three officers were the only members of the crew who were saved.

Mail by the Million

IN New York city, during the fiscal year ending last June, the New York Post-office, including Branch H, received 1,354,902 sacks of "fully made up" mail, or 4328 sacks for each working day in the year, which the post-office merely received at the door and sent away intact.

Statistics for the month of June show that the New York Post-office received 108,392 sacks of "fully made up," a gain over that month of the previous year of 15,826 sacks.

During a single month forty-two publications in New York city sent in over 1000 sacks each. This amounted for the whole to 109,886 sacks, of which 83,345 sacks were "fully made up" and 3472 sacks "mixed," the latter being about 3 per cent. of the whole, and the "fully made up" 75 per cent. of the whole.

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PEPITA *And The* KING

BY MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON

DOWN in the great fountain pool of the mountains, with their fine crystal needle-points for its rim, and their million snow rills taking their sudden and sibilant course to its depths, lay the lake, the gem of all the lakes of a certain little kingdom. Other lakes there were, much larger than this, all fringed with villages or marked by towns, but this one showed the deepest color, though only the poorest hamlets clustered here and there at its edge. The deepest in color, the most changeful in surface, it was the one most tenderly protected from the north by the mountains, which guarded it as warriors guard a sleeping queen. The largest city of the little kingdom was not so very far off, as the crow flies, but the road to the lake was sufficiently rough to keep the ordinary town folk away. Sometimes they invaded this valley, and the lake people wondered at them, and went about their fishing and harvesting, their boat-building and fruit-selling with an air of proud aloofness.

The spring was clinging to its last days of empire, and anemones vied bravely with the buds of roses which in two days would put all other flowers in the shade. The sun was mounting higher, and the surface of the lake shimmered. Down upon a narrow strip of white marble beach Pepita knelt, wringing out linen. The sun beat upon her strong young neck, and her blue-black hair, knotted almost on the top of her head, was loosened about her forehead in little curling wisps. Her red linen dress was pinned up round her hips, showing a short blue petticoat and bare feet and ankles. Her sleeves were rolled up, and the muscles of her round tanned arms tense, for what she wrung she wrung mightily. A woman of her own type, but older, went along the path just above the strip of white beach, and paused to gossip.

"Such a thing, Pepita!" she called. "My husband, who went down to the town market last night with our melons says the King is lost! He has been lost for two whole days. Some say it's a plot, and others that he has done it for fun, because he wanted to try something new, and some think that he may simply have done it to spy upon us all. What do *you* think, Pepita?"

"Fuff!" said Pepita. "I am sure it is all nonsense. Why, a King can't be lost. As to a plot, who wants to trouble to get rid of him? He's just a pretty little doll—that's what my future husband says. None of the men fear him, but luckily he can't get in the way of us women, so I really don't see why we need trouble."

"But the other countries—that's what *my* man says—the other countries all round will all want to have a little bite out of us, and we sha'n't be a kingdom any more."

"Fuff!" said Pepita. "It won't matter a bit. One will always have to go on washing and working whether people take little bites out of us or not."

A young man in the dress of a mountaineer, who also followed the path by the lake, paused to listen to the two women. The elder nodded to him, and said, "I suppose you haven't heard the news, young man?"

"Stuff and nonsense," said Pepita, lifting up her head to look at the newcomer.

"Isn't it quite true?" persisted the gossip.

"Perfectly," said the mountaineer. "Are they very much upset in the town?"

"The papers are full of it. . . . But there . . . I have hens to feed, and you'd rather talk to Pepita, I know." And with the roguish glance of the matchmaker, the pretty matron pursued her way to the hamlet.

Pepita went to her basket, took a fresh heap of crumpled linen, and rearranged her little wooden platform noisily at the water's edge ere she knelt down upon it for her laundry work.

The young man stepped onto the beach and threw himself down comfortably upon the warm white pebbles, resting his chin on his hands.

"The King really is gone," he said, impressively.

"Rubbish!" said Pepita.

"Not 'rubbish,'" retorted the young man.

"Yes, *rubbish*. Why, what do you call this?" Pepita flourished a drenched linen garment.

"I really couldn't say," said the young man, embarrassed. "There are things called—er . . . tea . . . jackets, I believe . . ."

"You big silly . . . shirts, shirts. Look at them, twenty-eight shirts, King's shirts."

"Nonsense!"

"Look for yourself. Oh, you needn't think yourself so grand! I wash for the King. If it weren't for me he *would* look a scamp. A little bit of starch, good bleaching, good ironing—it turns a tramp into a swell at once."

The stranger examined a corner of the linen inquisitively. A curious expression flitted across his face, and the girl caught it just as she looked up from her work.

"Humph?" she queried, defiantly. "There it is as large as life. The lion and the crown, and the olive wreath round them both."

"That is quite right," said the stranger; "the lion for strength, the crown for authority, and the olive garland for plenty and prosperity."

"It's silly!" sniffed the girl, "and sillier still to stitch it all into this linen. I am sick of the sight of it, especially the plenty and prosperity part. *He* does not share it with us."

"He was said to be charitable."

"Fuff! He rode by one day when I and my young man were in the market buying me some earrings. The King passed us on horseback throwing money to the market people. My old aunt, who was there, shrieked to us to scramble with the rest for the coins. But I held my lover tightly by the wrist and would not let him stoop. That's not the way for a King to help his people. It's like throwing a bit of sugar down for a faithful horse because you're afraid it will bite your palm. 'Take it or leave it'—that's what he seemed to be saying with his eyes all the time. *I* left it."

Down went her head again, and she returned to her lathering. The young man's face had grown crimson.

"How would you have had him do it, then?"

"Why, come and talk to us and see what we needed. We don't want coins thrown at us like sugar eggs at Easter."

"Ah! If some one had only told him! But now that he is lost what is to be done?"

"Lost!" Pepita threw herself back on her heels as she knelt in fits of laughter. "Lost! Hear him! Look at this, and this, and this." Her arms plunged into the water, and she half-raised the linen she was washing and doused it, and rinsed it and doused it again, with the curious smulching sound of a wet fabric half-inflated by air. "Do you think if a man is going to disappear for good he sends twenty-one of these rags—that's three per day—to the wash, with a rude note to say that the goffering of the last was very bad?"

"The dickens he did!"

"Young man, you don't seem to believe me. I'll show you the note; it is in my pocket. Have you a handkerchief?"

"At your service."

"Don't flourish so. Thank you. It's a nice thing to dry the hands upon. Don't be afraid—I'll wash it for you afterwards. Why—" She pounced upon the olive wreath emblem in the corner.

The young man colored slightly.

"Yes?"

"You've no right to this, young man."

"The King gave it me. It's mine. I'm a great friend of his."

She rose and surveyed him from head to foot.

"H'm—I knew you weren't a real mountain man, in spite of your old clothes. Out with it!"

"You see, I don't want to wear my proper clothes for fear of being talked to about the King. It . . . teases me. If he chooses

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to disappear I really don't see why I should be troubled. I knew him very well, and I promised that if I were to hear anything extraordinary . . . like this . . . about him—I would keep out of the way. I should like to live up here. It is so beautiful, and you are so amusing."

The girl flushed this time; she began to roll down her sleeves and rolled them up awkwardly.

"There's a piece of your hair coming down," said the stranger. . . . "No, please don't"—for Pepita made a grab at it—"it looks splendid in the sun. I've seen lots of beautifully dressed women, but none who"—Pepita's fingers instantly seized the coil and began to twist it up as if it had been a piece of wire—"none who could stand bareheaded in the sunlight like you, and look so magnificent," concluded the mountaineer.

"And amusing?" queried Pepita, flippantly. She mumbled it because her teeth were holding a large tortoise-shell hairpin until her coils were ready to receive it.

"And amusing?" assented her companion. "But the others are amusing too."

"How?"

"Oh, well . . . you wouldn't like them, I'm afraid."

"They're just the King's sort, I suppose," she remarked, ironically, as she rammed the hairpin into position.

"Certainly not," dissented the stranger, sharply. "He detests them."

"Why doesn't he banish them, then? Then there would be room for the good, nice people among whom he was brought up—they and their husbands and fathers and kin. Do you mean to say he can't turn them out of the place?"

"It is impossible."

"Poor little silly! No wonder he has disappeared. He must have done it to get away from them because he hadn't the courage to put his foot on them."

"Ah! I wonder!"

"Wonder, indeed? You know him, and you can't deny that's the real truth. He is a born coward. I've always said so to my Francis—that is the boatman whom I shall marry some day. We fight over it pretty often when Francis says he can't get on in his work, and I tell him to go and ask the King to take him as one of his boatmen. Francis always says he can't go to the King. 'Nonsense,' I say, 'of course you can.' 'If I did,' he says, 'the King would never trouble to see me. If he did other people would be angry and jealous, and he would have to hold an audience for beggars every day.' So all that happens is that he sends in his name on a long list to the chamberlain, who doesn't read it, but gives it back to his clerks, and the clerks give it to the steward, and the steward does exactly as he likes. You know what that means. He gives the work to the men who pay him the most for getting it."

"But still, the King isn't a coward," objected the young man.

"What else? He is afraid of his own chamberlain, afraid to be worried by the poverty of his real subjects."

"That's a fib!" said her acquaintance, springing to his feet.

"Don't get excited, young man, for the sun is very warm. I am quite right. Moreover, he is terribly afraid of exciting jealousy and intrigue; he is a little, craven-hearted—"

"Stop!" he cried. "I will *not* have him abused!" He stood facing Pepita with flashing eyes. "He has a life of snares and pitfalls of which you know nothing."

"All the more reason for him to be brave! There's every chance of his being well praised for it at least, and it would give us, his real subjects. . . ." Pepita touched the white kerchief knotted over her shoulders with her brown forefinger—"some chance of respecting him."

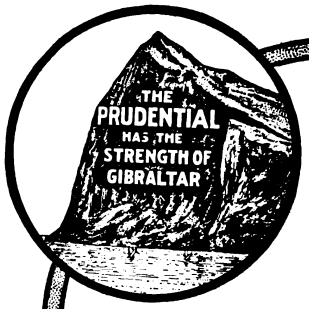
Then she went down upon her knees afresh to her wringing, piled up the linen, and finally looked round in challenge.

"You've wasted a lot of my morning, so you'd better help me lay out this washing, young man."

He moved towards her, coloring awkwardly, and said, "With pleasure."

"Take one end of the basket, then, and help me onto the bank."

He did so, and meekly imitated her as she laid out the garments in the sun on the



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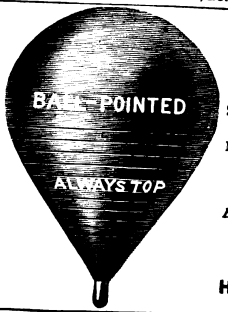
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green slope, weighting them at the corners with marble pebbles. When it was all done she stood with her arms akimbo and laughed.

"Just look at them—funny little manikin garments, all of fine lawn, like a woman's. Fuff! I wish I had him here—twenty-one little ghosts of him, one inside each of these! I'd talk to him like a mother, and then I'd box his ears."

"I wonder which he would mind most," ventured the stranger.

"Which do you think?" retorted the girl. "You know him so well you can tell best."

"I should think the box on the ears."

"H'm. You haven't heard me talk like a mother. Francis has. He is a wiser man now."

"I should like to be wise also. Tell me exactly what you would say to the King if he were here."

"And then you'll repeat it to him?"

"Not if you . . . I mean I cannot. You see, he is lost."

"But you say you're his greatest friend."

"I even sit for his pictures."

"The little lazy drone! I wonder if he is too lazy to eat his dinner, *too*!"

The stranger shrugged his shoulders, and said: "I am waiting. Please begin."

"I'd rather have said it straight to him."

"Never mind. I shall forget nothing; so that if I ever meet him he shall know it all."

"That's something. . . . Well, what I say is this: Your Majesty, you're the biggest coward of your nation, and if it weren't for your crown — that is too big and heavy for the likes of you—I don't know what else could hide you from the truth. They say you are a *good* young man, often dreadfully *tempted* to do all sorts of bad things. Your Majesty, I am tempted, too, and so is Francis, and my sister-in-law, and my lame aunt with St. Vitus's dance, and the whole lot of us lake people—but there is no one to snivel over us and to say we are 'dreadfully tempted,' and to feel for us when we sin, as if we had measles or fever or some disease which we don't deserve. All that is said of *us* is that we have the seed of wickedness in our hearts and are miserable sinners, and we are told that the path of good life is hard and narrow. But your Majesty knows perfectly well that it is much harder to be good when life is a constant struggle to live decently on nothing, and terribly difficult to think pure thoughts with an empty cupboard and a bad harvest or poor boat season. We do not know you, therefore we cannot be expected to love you. But all we ask is that you should help first those who really need it, and not those of whom you are afraid. If I were you, sir, I would get up one morning and call out those people, and say: 'Clear out, the whole pack of you! Get out of my house and my kingdom and my country. I've no room for the likes of you.'"

"And suppose I . . . I mean, suppose the King did this, what next?"

"Oh, *then* he could begin to be a King and a man—work for his bread."

"But he slaves as it is. He opens great institutions, he eats all sorts of dinners to please great bodies of powerful people, he has to shake hands with creatures his soul despises."

"Fuff! That's not a man's work. He has to go about and see his country, like a farmer who looks into every corner of his land to be sure that it is rich and good and plentiful, not like a wretched overseer who rides through once in ten years to terrify the slaves under him." She paused a moment to put a flower in her kerchief, and went on: "And he should set aside hours when he would see people who needed work and justice. There's my Francis, now. The man who got the place he wanted is such a fool that his boats leak and he has to come to Francis to patch them up. It's Francis who gets a few pence for doing the real work, and the other man gets pounds and a grand official title, 'King's Boatman of the Private Lake.' Fuff! I am sick of it all. There's nothing to do but wash and wash, all your life, whether you marry or whether you stay single, till your face is like a piece of leather and your hands as thick as the bark of a birch-tree."

"But there is good Francis to keep you."

"Francis, poor lamb? He can only just keep himself. It's no good talking. He won't go straight to the King and say, 'Sire, *I* patched the boat, or you would be drowned any day in the middle of all your beautiful and wicked friends.' Francis hasn't the courage. That's what comes of having a King who hasn't courage, either. Every decent man under him has no pluck. You are all the same."

"Thank you. Is that the end of your 'mother's talk'?"

"There's nothing left to say. It always ends with that — the manikin king."

"You've forgotten *something*."

The girl raised her eyebrows.

"The salute on the ears."

She laughed satirically in reply.

"If you were my King there would be some sense in it. But as you aren't, why should I trouble? My hands tingle enough as it is with all that blessed scrubbing."

The stranger rose to his full height and approached so close that her skirts almost brushed him.

"I *am* the King," he said.

She started, became conscious of her bare feet and upturned sleeves, and recoiled a few paces. The satirical line about her red lips deepened.

"Fuff!" she said, scornfully.

The stranger unfastened the vest of his shabby green mountaineer's jacket. In gold thread on white satin the olive wreath, with its inset symbols, gleamed out. The wearer of it smiled.

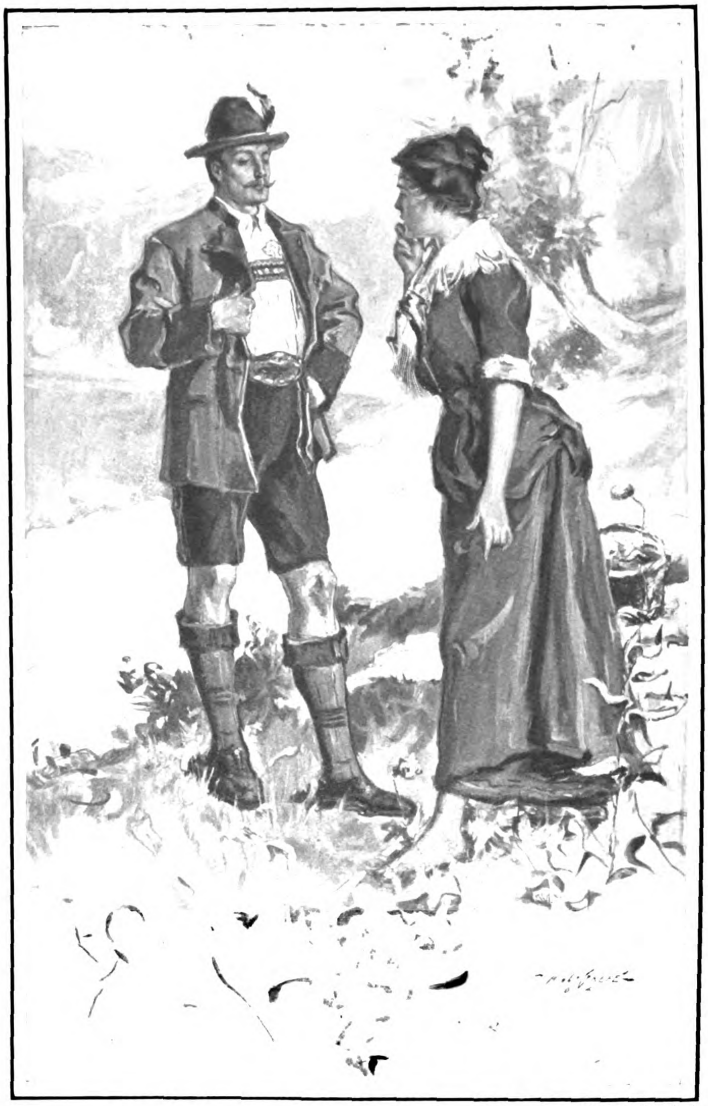
"Afraid, Pepita? The King has more courage than you bargained for."

For five seconds she stood in her startled attitude, her eyes dilating, her heart beating, but her full mouth relaxed its scorn not for the fraction of an inch. Then the reiteration of the taunting "Afraid, Pepita?" took her by the throat. She advanced swiftly, raised first one hand and then the other. . . . There was a quick sharp report. . . . Then, like a deer, she began to scale the gravel slope, sobbing tearlessly as she climbed. Out of the bushes by the path emerged a man carrying a pair of oars, who put out his arms to stop her.

"Why, Pepita!" he cried. "What's this?"

Then his eye caught sight of the figure of the man below.

"Stop her — that's right. Stop her!" called the stranger.



Drawn by Will Grefe

The olive wreath, with its inset symbols, gleamed out

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"She's running away from me. She has been so unkind."

"The dickens!" said Francis, angrily. "Of course she has. What else do you expect, you—"

The stranger had tossed aside the shabby green-belted coat, and upon the boatman shone the symbol of his identity.

"The King is found," laughed the ex-mountaineer. "In the town they are offering a great reward to the finder. Pepita must claim it. She has done a great deal more than that, my good fellow. She has helped the King to find his courage. Eh, Pepita?"

"Curtsey!" whispered her lover, nudging her.

"What's the use when I've boxed his ears?" she sobbed back.

"Come, friends, we will go down to the town and show ourselves," said his Majesty.

"If Pepita may get her stockings and shoes first, sire."

The girl dragged her hand out of the grip of her lover, and made the lowest curtsey that is possible with a petticoat which betrays bare ankles.

"And who is to finish your Majesty's shirts?" she faltered. "I am only a poor lavender, sire, but I take pride in my work. The linen is fine, it dries all too quickly."

"'A little bit of starch, good bleaching, good ironing—if it weren't for you I *should* look a scamp'—eh, Pepita?"

"Your M-Majesty, be kind to me," sobbed the girl, "I only want to be p-proud of my work." She subsided on the grass, covering her bare feet.

"Next week I shall have a new coat of arms," said the King, gently. "I shall put a washtub instead of the lion, and in place of the crown a little white shirt. If my conscience could be washed by your beautiful hands, Pepita, I should be the proudest man on earth. But as to the conscience, every man must be his own lavender."

Then he uncovered, kissed the girl's hands, and turning to the boatman put his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Lead on, my good fellow."

So the two of them swung down the path through the gorge beyond which the town lay, and Pepita crouched still on the brilliant warm grass, alternately peeping in amazement at her bare feet, and then at her brown hands, which had been kissed by the King whose ears, but just now, had tingled under them.

Ozone and Radioactivity

ADDITIONAL experiments by physicists increase our knowledge of radioactive phenomena, and present new questions for which answers and explanations must be supplied. Recently it has been found, by Richarz and Schenck in Germany, that ozone and radioactive substances show, in many respects, analogous behavior. Condensation in a steam jet may be caused and conductivity may be imparted to air by freshly prepared ozone and ozone that has been decomposed by deozonizers, just as by the radioactive substances. The photographic effects which are characteristic of the salts emitting the Becquerel radiations have also been observed, but not all fluorescent screens and substances are affected, the hexagonal zinc-blende fluorescing, but the zinc oxide not being affected. The observation of these effects of ozone has led to the suggestion that the formation and decomposition of ozone or hydrogen peroxide are responsible for the small amount of conductivity which is noted in the atmosphere under usual conditions, and also for certain effects which result from the radiation from radioactive salts. The power of ozone to produce condensation, moreover, has suggested the possibility of its being employed to disperse fog in a manner similar to electrical discharges at high voltages as proposed by Sir Oliver Lodge. His experiments on a small scale were successful over a limited area, but the method was hardly deemed feasible in actual practical application. Ozone is made on a large scale in certain chemical works, and water-sterilizing plants and experiments as to the effect on fog on a large scale have been suggested.



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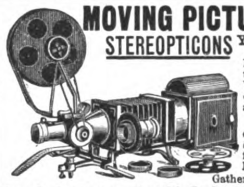
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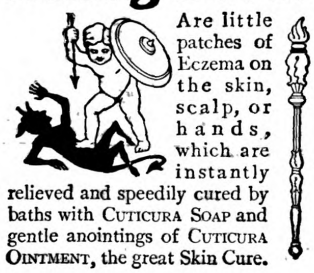
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The Truants

(Continued from page 620.)

thought of the distress which defeat would cause her; and here she was saying:

"I am very glad that you went out to the North Sea for me, even though the journey proved fruitless. It makes us so much the better friends, doesn't it? And that is a gain for me. Think of it that way, and you will not mind the hardships and the waste of time."

She held out her hand—rather a rare act with her—and Warrisden took it. Then came the explanation why defeat meant so little just at this time.

"I need not have sent you at all," she continued, "could I have foreseen. Sir John Stretton died yesterday afternoon, suddenly. I received a telegram last night from Millie. So Tony will naturally come home when his four weeks are up. I wrote last night to Millie telling her where Tony was." She added, "I am glad that I did not foresee."

She rose from her chair, and they walked out through the hall to the front of the house. Warrisden helped her into the saddle, and she rode away.

Sir John had died, and Stretton would now naturally come home. That explained to Warrisden how it was that Pamela made so little of the defeat. But it was not the whole explanation. Pamela was waking from her long sleep, like the princess in the fairy-tale, and the mere act of waking was a pleasure. In the stir of emotions, hitherto rigorously suppressed, in the exercise of sympathies, she found a delight such as one may find in the mere stretching of one's muscles after a deep rest. The consciousness of life as a thing enjoyable began to tingle in her. She was learning again lessons which she remembered once to have learned before. The joy of being needed by those one needs—there was one of them. She had learned a new one to-day—"One must take one's risks." She repeated the sentence over to herself as she rode between the hedgerows on this morning which had the sparkle of spring. A few days ago she would have put that view of life away from her. Now, old as it was, simple as it was, she pondered upon it as though it were a view, quite novel. She found it, moreover, pleasant. She had travelled, indeed, farther along the new road than she was aware. The truth is that she had rather hugged to herself the great trouble which had overshadowed her life. She had done so unwittingly. She had allowed it to dominate her after it had lost its power to dominate, and from force of habit. She began to be aware of it now that she had stepped out from her isolation and was gathering again the strings of her life into her hands.

To be Continued.

What We Buy from Japan

THE exports of Japan to the United States are chiefly of articles which are not produced in this country, and in a majority of cases are those required by our manufacturers. Of the 80,232,805 yen in value exported to the United States in 1902, the value of 46,784,720 yen consisted of raw silk, 8,921,995 yen manufactures of silk, 9,124,085 yen of tea, 6,381,733 yen matting for floors, 577,888 yen rice, 1,516,401 yen chemicals, drugs, etc., while manufactures of bamboo, lacquered ware, and other products peculiar to the Japanese have also figured largely in the list. Exports of raw silk from Japan to the United States have steadily grown, especially since the development of the silk-manufacturing industry in this country. In 1893 the value of her raw-silk exports to the United States was 11,078,748 yen; in 1894, 22,457,348 yen; in 1895, 27,826,245 yen; in 1896, 14,080,981 yen; in 1897, 32,262,900 yen; in 1900, 26,710,050 yen, and in 1902, 46,784,720 yen.

Of raw silk from Japan, the total exportations exceed 50,000,000 yen annually, of which the United States is the largest purchaser. France is the next largest customer in this line, her purchases of raw silk from Japan in 1902 amounting to 14,682,816 yen in value, against 46,784,720 yen by the United States.

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Progress of Science

Making Medals by Photography

A PHOTOGRAPHIC process whereby metal bas-reliefs such as medals are produced direct from the living subject has recently been developed, and threatens to rival the work of the die-sinker and sculptor. Samples thus made were shown at a scientific exhibition in London, and aroused considerable interest, due to the faithfulness with which the original subject was reproduced. The process consists in first making an ordinary photographic negative of the head which is to figure on the medal, the only departure from ordinary practice being in the lighting of the subject, which is arranged in a somewhat peculiar way. There are ten planes of illumination produced by lamps of special construction, so placed and adjusted that there is a gradation of intensity of illumination which varies from intense brilliancy on the portion nearest to the camera—that is, the parts which would appear in the highest relief on the medal—to an almost absence of illumination at the background. After the negative has been made it is placed on a plate coated with bichromatized gelatine and exposed to the light. That portion which is affected by the light passing through the transparent parts of the negative becomes insoluble, and when the plate is washed remains, while the part protected from the action of the light by the opaque parts of the negative is washed away, leaving a film of gelatine of varying thickness, corresponding to the negative. From this is made an ordinary plaster mould, with which metallic bas-reliefs can be produced by electro-deposition. Successful results have been obtained with bas-reliefs as large as two inches in diameter and one-eighth of an inch high. This discovery has given rise to the question is the time-honored die-sinker and engraver of medals to disappear, as did the wood engraver when photographic methods were adapted to his work. As most medals and coins are constructed after the death, there is of course the chance that suitable negatives will not be made during their lifetime, but the process seems to possess many possibilities.

The Largest Stone-Arch Bridge

In spite of mammoth steel arch, girder, and cantilever bridges, the stone-arch bridge is still employed under certain conditions, and the largest structure of this kind in the world is now in course of erection at Plauen, Saxony. This bridge will have a span of 295 feet, exceeding by twenty feet the famous Luxembourg bridge opened last year, and by still more the Morbegno bridge in Lombardy and the Cabin John bridge near Washington, D. C., which have held in turn the record as the longest stone-arch bridges. The Plauen bridge differs from the Luxembourg bridge in being of masonry throughout, instead of consisting of two parallel arches connected by iron and concrete. Its cost is estimated at about $120,000, a sum made possible by the low cost of labor in Saxony and the abundant supplies of suitable stone in the vicinity. It is an arch crossing a valley, and a good example of modern stonework.

X-Rays and Pearl Oysters

At a time when considerable attention is being paid to the pearl industry of Ceylon, and the government is taking extensive measures to protect the oyster fisheries there, it is of interest to record a discovery recently communicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences by M. Dubois, relative to using the Roentgen rays to examine the oysters. It has been found that these rays enable an observer to determine at once whether a living oyster contains a pearl or not without injury to the animal, and in case the pearl is small the oyster may be replaced in the bed until further growth takes place and the desired size is reached. In the scientific examination of the pearl oysters in Ceylon it has been ascertained that the popular belief that the nuclei of pearls are formed by minute grains of sand or other particles holds good in but few instances, and that in most cases the pearls or pearly excrescences are produced by the irritation of boring sponges and burrowing worms. The best germs result from the stimulation of a parasitic worm which becomes encased an l des-

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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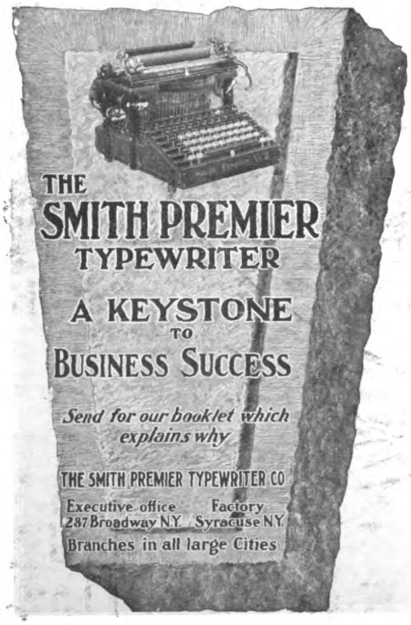
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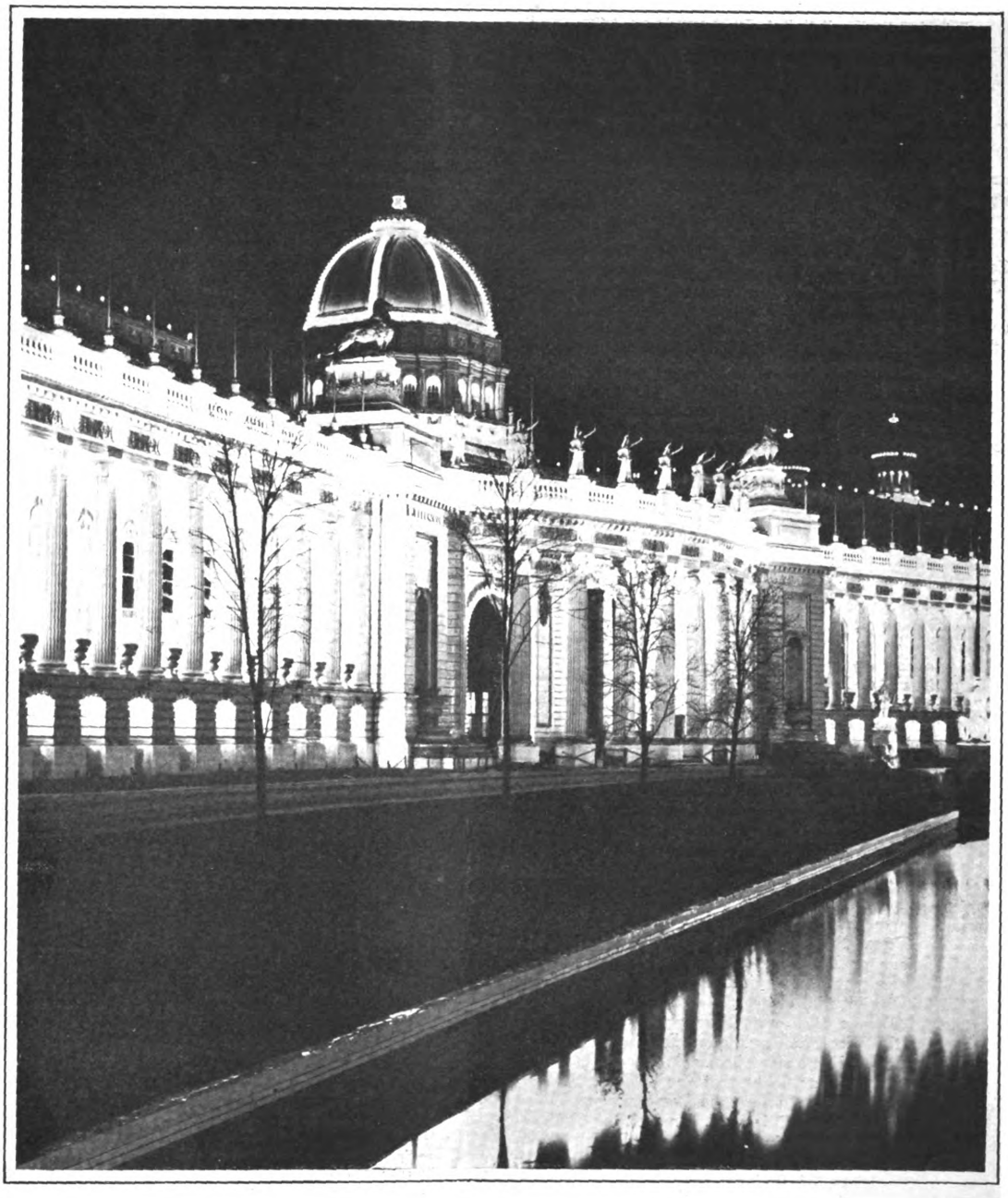
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLVIII. New York, Saturday, April 30, 1904 No. 2471

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OPENING THE ST. LOUIS FAIR—NIGHT VIEW OF THE PALACE OF VARIED INDUSTRIES

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VOL. XLVIII. No. 2471

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

FORTY-EIGHT PAGES

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COMMENT

SOME of the Southern newspapers that regard the nomination of Judge Parker of New York for the Presidency as assured are beginning to suggest that it might be well to take the candidate for the second place on the ticket from a Southern State. If the claim were to be pressed at St. Louis by the section to which a Democratic nominee must look for the bulk of his electoral votes, it could not be refused with any show of decency. It is for Southern Democrats themselves to say whether they care more about establishing a precedent for the recognition of their section than they care about blocking the path of Mr. Roosevelt to a second term. We do not believe that the nomination of a Southern Democrat for Vice-President would cost Judge Parker a single Democratic vote which he would have any chance of getting. On the other hand, it would not gain him others. All of the former slave States, with the exception of West Virginia and the possible exception of Delaware, will be his under any circumstances. We, therefore, submit respectfully to our Southern friends that it would be a waste of ammunition to demand that the nomination for the Vice-Presidency should go to their section. They do not need to establish a precedent. That was done in 1872, when B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, was nominated by the Democrats and also by the Liberal Republicans for the Vice-Presidency on the Greeley ticket. The result is well known. That ticket obtained 47 electoral votes, as against 286 cast for Grant and Wilson.

We do not, of course, imagine that any such result would follow the nomination of a Southern Democrat for the Vice-Presidency at the present time. On the contrary, we repeat that such a ticket as Parker and Gorman, or Parker and Daniel, or Parker and Bailey, or Parker and Williams, would get every electoral vote that may be said to belong to the Democratic party, including as a possibility the electoral votes of New York. But would such a ticket get the electoral votes of Indiana or Illinois? That is the question. Our Southern brethren may well consider the remarkable fact that in all the five Presidential contests preceding 1896, with one exception (1888), the Democrats have always chosen their candidate for the Vice-Presidency from Indiana or Illinois. Thus in 1876 the candidate was Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, and few Democrats doubt that the Tilden and Hendricks ticket was elected. In 1880 the Democrats nominated for the Vice-Presidency William H. English, of Indiana, but English was not popular in his own State, which gave its electoral votes to the Garfield and Arthur ticket. In 1884, Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, was nominated for the Vice-Presidency on the Cleveland ticket, which was elected. In 1888 the Democrats made the mistake of taking their candidate for the Vice-Presidency, Judge Thurman, from Ohio, a State which they had not the slightest chance of carrying. The Cleveland and Thurman ticket was beaten by 65 electoral votes. In 1892 the Democratic national convention made Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, their nominee for the Vice-Presidency, whereupon, to the astonishment of the Republicans, that State for the first time since the outbreak of the civil war gave its electoral votes to the Democratic candidates. The Republicans have been equally solicitous to secure candidates from such doubtful States as New York, Indiana, and Illinois. Thus they put forward for the Vice-Presidency in 1876 William A. Wheeler, of New York; in 1880, Chester A. Arthur, of New York; in 1884, John A. Logan, of Illinois; in 1888, Levi P. Morton, of New York; in 1892, Whitelaw Reid, of New York; while in 1888 and in 1892 they put forward Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, for the Presidency. In view of the potent influence which State pride almost always exercises, Southern Democrats may deem it expedient to secure that leverage by giving the nomination for the Vice-Presidency to one of the pivotal States.

We pointed out in a previous number that almost all of Mr. Cleveland's friends are now openly and earnestly advocating the nomination of Chief-Judge Alton B. Parker at St. Louis. We specified Messrs. Hornblower, Stetson, Wheeler H. Peckham, and Everett Wheeler. We expressed the opinion that it was incredible that such a position would be taken by the gentlemen named unless they had previously taken measures to convince themselves that Mr. Cleveland's proclaimed refusal to accept under any circumstances a fourth nomination for the Presidency was inflexible. It seems, however, that one of Mr. Cleveland's friends in the West, Mr. Don N. Dickinson, of Michigan, neglected to acquaint himself with his former chief's intention, and, in a published interview, made an assertion calculated to repel from Judge Parker the support of the Cleveland element in the Democratic party. The charge made by Mr. Dickinson was that, in 1888, Judge Parker had charge of the Democratic campaign in New York, and that the mysterious, not to say sinister, outcome of his management was that the State elected David B. Hill to the Governorship, but gave its electoral votes to Grover Cleveland's opponent, General Harrison. The assertion is, of course, unfounded, as Mr. Frank Campbell, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, made known to Mr. Dickinson in a letter which has been given to the press. It was, of course, the Democratic campaign of 1885, not that of 1888, which was conducted by Judge (then Mr.) Alton B. Parker, and which resulted in the election of Governor Hill and the entire Democratic State ticket. In the following year (1886), Judge Parker was unanimously elected Justice of the Supreme Court, receiving the votes of both political parties. Never since then has he taken any active part in politics. Mr. Dickinson, since his reception of Mr. Campbell's letter, has frankly acknowledged that he committed a mistake of fact in his published statement, and he expresses profound regret for the error.

Some light has been thrown recently on the interesting question whether Mr. William J. Bryan means to bolt should both the platform and the candidate put forward at St. Louis meet with his disapproval. It has been asserted that he refused to vote for Judge Crisp for Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses. He now says, over his signature, that it is true that in the caucus of the Democratic members of the House of Representatives in the Fifty-second Congress he voted for Springer, because he personally preferred him for the Speakership. When the caucus, however, decided to make Judge Crisp the candidate of the party for that office, he (Bryan) voted for Crisp in the House on roll-call, as the records of the House will attest. He adds that in the Fifty-third Congress he voted for Judge Crisp in the Democratic caucus, as well as in the House, on a call of the roll. This incident, so far as it goes, would indicate that Mr. Bryan will acquiesce, however reluctantly, in the course pursued by the Democratic national convention at St. Louis.

There is evidence on the other side, however. The fact is recalled that Mr. Bird S. Coler was a delegate to the Democratic national convention held in 1896 at Chicago, and although personally opposed to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, he, nevertheless, on his return to Brooklyn, accepted, at the request of Mr. Hugh McLaughlin, the post of

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chairman of the finance committee of the King's County Democratic organization. It was, we are told, Mr. Coler who, with Mr. McLaughlin's help, raised all the money that was obtainable that year in King's County to support Mr. Bryan's campaign. Again, four years later, although Mr. Coler was as strongly opposed as ever to the free coinage of silver, and although he could have found a pretext for inactivity in his occupancy of the post of Comptroller of the city of New York, he more than once went through the State with Mr. John D. Stanchfield, then the Democratic candidate for Governor, and did everything in his power to promote the success of the Democratic national and State tickets. In 1902, it will be remembered, Mr. Coler was nominated for the Governorship of the State of New York. It will also be noted that he was beaten by less than nine thousand votes. Now there came a time in the campaign when Mr. Coler's managers deemed it of vital moment to secure Mr. Bryan's endorsement. In view of antecedent circumstances, they took for granted that such an endorsement was procurable. Accordingly, Dr. John H. Girdner, one of Mr. Bryan's intimate friends, was sent to Lincoln, Nebraska, for the purpose of securing a statement favorable to Mr. Coler's candidacy. The desired statement was refused. Dr. Girdner returned to New York city, it is alleged, with the announcement that Mr. Bryan declined to advocate Mr. Coler's election on the ground that the latter was "a good man on a bad platform." Mr. Coler was not responsible for the platform which ex-Governor Hill had manufactured for him to stand on in 1902; nevertheless, Mr. Bryan declined to support him. Now, if anything is certain, it is that conservative Democrats will constitute a majority of the St. Louis convention, even if they should chance to lack the two-thirds needed for the designation of a candidate objectionable to the minority. About the platform, at all events, they will do as they please, and nobody in his senses imagines that the free-silver plank will be inserted in it. Although, therefore, the nominee might be some one not personally objectionable to Mr. Bryan, he might feel himself constrained by the precedent established by himself in the Coler case to refuse to uphold the nominee of the convention, as being "a good man on a bad platform." That is the strongest reason yet presented for the assumption that Mr. Bryan intends to bolt if he and his friends shall fail, as fail they will, to frame the platform of the national Democracy at St. Louis.

It was an interesting meeting of the Reform Club of New York city which was held at the Hotel Manhattan on the evening of Saturday, April 16. It is well known that this club is largely made up of the friends of ex-President Cleveland. Among the letters read was one from Representative John Sharp Williams, the leader of the Democratic minority in the House. He was heart and soul, he said, with the great cause of tariff reform. He called it the great cause, he said, because it seemed to him the greatest of all "mere money and physical questions." It is great because it is related to everything which is greatly to be desired in this world. Mr. Williams thinks that people usually fail to attach sufficient importance to the moral side of the opposition to protectionism. In his opinion, protectionism is founded on the old "balance of trade" theory, which, although often exploded, still controls a good many minds. He pointed out that the "balance of trade" theory is founded on two assumptions, both erroneous—first, that foreigners are enemies; and, secondly, that you profit by all that you sell, and lose by all that you buy. The chief feature of the evening was a remarkable speech delivered by Mr. Edward M. Shepard. It was his own conviction, he said, that a political victory which should not by its very battle-cry signify the triumph of sound and indisputable doctrines, a victory which should only signify dislike of the character of one man and a liking for the character and promise of another man, would prove but a Pyrrhic and barren victory in respect of its permanent effect upon the victorious party itself and upon the country. He took for granted, what is, indeed, already evident, that President Roosevelt's party will not hesitate to appeal to the voters to maintain the high protection system. If Democrats, said Mr. Shepard, shall shrink from that issue, if, in their revulsion from what they deem the dangers and disorders of Mr. Roosevelt's administration, they shall invite American citizens to turn from the traditional American programme to merely temporary and accidental Democratic success—if, in other words, the St. Louis platform shall be a tissue of meaningless platitudes,—then the Democrats, in Mr. Shepard's judgment, can hardly hope for victory. Even if, moreover, they should happen to achieve one upon such a platform, it may well be doubted whether the victory would prove worth gaining.

Mr. Shepard assumes that the St. Louis platform will denounce the existing tariff, but he offers an important suggestion as to the scope and method of denunciation. He proposes that the Democratic party shall make the kind of attack on the high protective system which the advocates of that system dread, rather than the kind of attack which they prefer. He proposes, in fine, an attack upon the protective system in detail, rather than a sweeping demand for its immediate and wholesale extirpation. He recognizes that the average American has come to distrust and dislike the name of free trade. In the eyes of large masses of sincere and intelligent business men, free trade is a sort of bogey. We may or may not think the fear unreasonable, but the existence of it cannot safely be ignored. Under a government organized on Democratic principles, the notions which obtain among the masses of the voters, no matter if they be misapprehensions and chimeras, are certain to dominate at the ballot-box, and constitute, therefore, solid facts which must be dealt with by those who desire to practise successfully the art of statesmanship. Tariff reform should, therefore, be approached in a temper of sympathetic appreciation of the rooted beliefs of the majority of business men and working-men. Mr. Shepard's conclusion is that, on the next submission of the question to the American people, Democrats should demand only a partial revision of the tariff, and should select for correction, or, perhaps, in some cases, abolition, duties only affecting certain schedules, and these the schedules the necessity or importance of modifying or abolishing which can be demonstrated most easily.

As to whether the Hearst boom has collapsed opinions differ widely. The New York *American* and the other newspapers owned by Mr. Hearst continue to take an optimistic view of the situation, and profess to believe that he will have four hundred delegates at St. Louis. It is hard for an onlooker to discern any basis for such a forecast. There certainly is no foundation for it in New Jersey, for the State convention lately held there repudiated Mr. Hearst's friends, of whom there turned out to be a good many from South Jersey. His prospect of securing the delegation from Iowa is much less promising than it was a fortnight ago. The counties that first held conventions gave him a decided lead, but most of the counties in which conventions are yet to be held—these constitute a majority—are expected to oppose him. The defeat of Mr. Hearst's supporters in Indiana and Illinois is also counted upon at the present time, though with less confidence in the latter State than in the former. Northern Texas seems to be favorable to the ticket "Hearst and Hogg," but the anti-Hearst sentiment which pervades the southern half of the State seems likely to preponderate. It cannot be denied, however, that Mr. Hearst's friends have had some success in the manufacturing and agricultural sections of Massachusetts. The champions of Mr. Olney concede half a dozen delegates to the New York Representative, and it is possible that he will get a larger number. Under the unit rule, however, the vote of the whole delegation from Massachusetts will be cast for Mr. Olney at St. Louis. On the other hand, it would not surprise us if, under the unit rule, Mr. Hearst could get all of the Maine delegates, and his managers may pick up a few district delegates in New Hampshire and Connecticut. Candid observers acknowledge that the Hearst boom is still a more serious thing than it seemed destined to prove when it was launched. We reiterate our opinion, however, that even with Mr. Bryan's assistance, Mr. Hearst will fall short of controlling the number of delegates needed—one more than a third—to veto the nomination of a candidate to them objectionable. As, nevertheless, such a measure of success on his part is conceivable, we are convinced that the two-thirds rule should be abolished at St. Louis. It is absurd to say that a candidate who has behind him a majority of the

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Democratic convention can always secure the necessary two-thirds. The assertion was refuted on two memorable occasions, namely, in 1844 and 1860.

By far the most stunning event, so far, in the war in the East, was the loss of the Russian battle-ship *Petropavlovsk* on April 13 just outside Port Arthur. With the ship went down, according to the Russian official report, forty officers and 750 men, including Admiral Makaroff and the painter Verestchagin. As often happens in naval disasters, it is disputed what sunk the ship. The first reports suggested that she had run against a misplaced Russian mine. Later reports coming from Tokyo represent Admiral Togo as reporting that on the night of April 12 he sunk several mines at the entrance of Port Arthur harbor and enticed the Russian ships out over them the next morning. One of these mines, he says, blew up the *Petropavlovsk*. That seems the most credible story so far, though the Russians reject it, declaring that their ship sunk in water too deep for mines to be laid in, and that she was undoubtedly sunk by a submarine boat, of which, they say, Japan had two. The ship is a very serious loss to the Russian fleet. Still more serious is the death of the Admiral, who is mourned with tears by the Czar, and with grave regret even by the Japanese, as a gallant and admirable officer. Other minor losses leave the Port Arthur fleet still further crippled, and there are more rumors than ever that Port Arthur will either be captured by the Japanese or abandoned, but it will be time enough to count on that when we hear that it has happened. There is no authentic news as yet that the place has been cut off on the land side from communication with Harbin, and even when that is done, if it is done, there will still be a strong fortress, amply garrisoned and provisioned, to reduce.

Our own naval disaster, occurring on the same unlucky 13th of April, resulted in killing five officers and twenty-six men during target practice near Pensacola on the battle-ship *Missouri*. Three rounds had been fired from the after 12-inch gun. In putting in the charge for the fourth round an explosion occurred, killing all the men in the turret, and all but three in the handling-room below. It appears that the magazine of the ship escaped blowing up only by the narrowest margin. Report says a gunner's mate saved the ship by slamming to the magazine door, himself inside, and that he barely escaped drowning when the magazine was flooded, as it was instantly by the captain's order. It seems probable that the accident was due to too much zeal in rapid firing. If so, it befell in a good cause at least, for rapidity of fire is of the first importance in establishing the efficiency of our ships. The report of the court of inquiry will presently disclose, so far as possible, what the trouble was, and how much the risk of such disaster may be avoided in future. Captain Cowles, who was in command of the ship, is highly praised for gallant conduct and doing the right thing instantly; and indeed all aboard the *Missouri* seem to have had their wits about them, and to have done what there was to do without so much as a spasm of delay.

Dr. Leander Jameson, Premier of Cape Colony, has just devised a redistribution bill to circumvent his old enemies, the Boers. As matters stood, the country districts, which were occupied almost wholly by Dutch farmers—that is, Boers—had a very large representation in the Cape Parliament proportionately to their population. The towns, which were largely British, just as Johannesburg was, had too few seats assigned to them. Thus the Boers were well able to hold their own in Parliament, and were, moreover, well organized in the Afrikander Bond. During the war, and for most of the time since peace was made at Vereenigung, Sir Gordon Sprigg, the Cape Premier, was under the shadow of the Bond, and therefore incurred the lasting hostility of the pro-British Progressives, who are the party of Cecil Rhodes. Just before his death it seemed that Cecil Rhodes would make his way back to power, and once more rule in the Cape Parliament, as in the days before the fatal Raid. When he died, it became manifest to all that his mantle had fallen on his faithful friend and coadjutor, Dr. Jameson. A section of the Progressives dreaded the return of Jameson to politics, fearing that the old accusations of the Raid would be revived, and that their party would suffer; but the event has proven the contrary. Dr. Jameson has not only been able to lead his party, but has led it to victory, and his present stratagem will make that victory secure by increasing his majority, now rather slender, by thirteen seats. Like a wise man, he has taken no seats from the Bond and the Afrikanders, which would have caused much ill feeling, and perhaps have brought about the defeat of his party; he has taken the simpler course of adding thirteen seats to the cities, where British influence is preponderant.

It is impossible not to be struck by the romantic vicissitudes of Jameson's career. Hardly seven years ago he was convicted and sent to prison by a British jury, urged thereto by a British judge, and was universally reprobated by English public opinion. Now he is Premier of what dwellers at the Cape love to call the Premier Colony of South Africa. Not less romantic and striking were the earlier transformation scenes of his life. Assistant in a London hospital; then fashionable physician in Kimberley during the great diamond boom, and, it is said, making fifty thousand dollars a year by his practice. Then friend and admirer of Cecil Rhodes, who persuaded him to throw physic to the dogs and go as a special ambassador to Lobengula, king of the Matabeles, at the great kraal at Buluwayo. Dr. Jameson carried his diplomatic point by doctoring the tyrannous old chief of the gout, knowing well that if he did not make a cure, the benevolent customary law of the Matabele would condemn him to be tortured to death. He made the cure, however, and won Rhodesia for the British Empire. He reached the pinnacle of fame when he lectured at the Imperial Institute, with the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., in the chair, and was decorated with the Companionship of the Bath. Then came his apogee in the famous Raid on Johannesburg, when with a few hundred troopers he invaded the Transvaal, and ran into the wide-spread arms of General Cronje. He expected to do in a week what the whole British Empire failed to do in two years with a quarter of a million men. The exact extent to which Cecil Rhodes and Mr. Chamberlain were accomplices in the Raid will never be known to the public; but no one has any serious doubts as to the fact. Jameson was made the scapegoat, and served several months' imprisonment, being finally liberated on medical certificate. He was for two years an invalid, and was for a long time not expected to recover. His star rose once more, however, and now he is Cape Premier.

One of the most notable incidents in the week ending April 16 was the creation by Mr. Andrew Carnegie of a fund of five million dollars the income of which is to be used in commemorating and rewarding heroic acts performed by men and women in time of peace within the United States and Canada and the waters thereof. There is a great deal to be said in favor of this benefaction, and we know of but one objection to it. For heroism in war there has never been any lack of recompense. If the hero survives, he generally may count upon receiving fame, honors, fortune. Should the heroic act have been performed by a naval or military officer, he may become an earl, like Jervis or Nelson; or a duke, like Churchill or Wellesley; or a President, like Washington, Jackson, Taylor, or Grant; or an emperor, like Bonaparte. If the hero were merely an able-bodied seaman or a private soldier, he would be almost certain to be decorated and pensioned. In the United States the people will be taxed—if the executive order making the attainment of the age of sixty-two a *prima facie* proof of disability shall be allowed to stand—to the extent of something like one hundred and fifty million dollars a year for the purpose of pensioning not only heroes, but every officer and enlisted man who faced the possibility of being hurt in the civil war. Now it is undeniable that peace hath her heroes no less than war, yet comparatively meagre is the recognition that they gain. When missionaries go to dwell in the midst of lepers, or when surgeons, physicians, and nurses face the horrors of a pestilence, they take their lives in their hands as deliberately and indisputably as if they went into battle; and seldom does a fire take place in any American town at which a splendid example of almost unnoticed heroism is not afforded by some member of a fire department. Far too rarely does there exist any machinery for proving to such gallant men the community's appreciation and gratitude. Of course heroes are born, not bribed; but it must happen frequently that the thought of the wife and the children for whom

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his death might mean destitution just turns the scale, and causes a man capable of self-sacrifice to disobey a noble impulse. Medals, of course, are, and ought to be, conferred for courageous conduct on those who rescue the drowning; but medals, obviously, do not suffice. They justly distinguish the survivor of a self-imperilling act; but they do not console the widow and the orphans for the loss of him who kept them above want.

The only objection to Mr. Carnegie's fund that we have heard suggested is that, perhaps, it might have a tendency to retard the recognition by a community—a recognition already sufficiently backward—of the magnitude of its indebtment to the humble heroes of peace. Mr. Carnegie has himself foreseen this objection, and has striven to parry it. In the deed of gift he solemnly urges the commission that will administer the fund to be on their guard against discouraging municipal, State, and national appreciation of faithful and heroic service. It is obvious that the medal for which the fund provides can be offered to every surviving performer of a heroic deed. Whether something more cannot be done judiciously at the request of, or with the approval of, municipal authorities, the commission is left to determine for itself in each case. When a man or a woman dies, or is disabled when performing a heroic act, there can be no reasonable objection to conferring a pension upon the hero or his family, though even here it might be expedient to let employers, or fellow workmen, or communities take the initiative step toward an adequate recognition of the service rendered. They might be stimulated to prompt action by an offer to double whatever contribution they might make. That was what Mr. Carnegie did in the case of Taylor and Lyle, who lost their lives in the recent Harwick mine accident. In this instance, Mr. Carnegie waited until the generosity of the community had full scope, and then duplicated the fund of forty thousand dollars which had been raised.

A lively discussion has been provoked by the report of the Mosely Educational Commission, which seems inclined to regard the growing preponderance of women teachers in American public schools as likely to impair the virility of the masculine half of the rising generation. In the expression of this apprehension all but two of the twenty-six investigators concurred. Mr. Mosely himself does not object to the employment of female teachers for boys up to the age of, say, twelve years, because he recognizes that women can, more easily than men, win the sympathy of young children, and better understand the working of their minds. Beyond the age named, however, Mr. Mosely is strongly in favor of turning masculine pupils over to men. Although they have evinced some difference of opinion, New York educators, including some women, are disposed, on the whole, to regard with approval the views of the British commission. A majority of them are not unwilling to admit that the preponderance of women teachers in the public schools of certain cities, as, for example, Boston and Chicago, does tend to exercise on schoolboys a feminizing influence. The New York educators deny, however, that the criticisms of the Mosely Commission are applicable to their own city. They point out that in the borough of Manhattan the upper classes in the grammar-schools, where the boys' ages range from thirteen to fourteen years, are all in charge of male teachers. They have no doubt that manliness, independence, initiative, and leadership are best developed in boys more than twelve years old who have for their instructors robust and virile men. No doubt if such boys have women teachers they are likely to be more obedient and courteous. But they are also likely to develop into "goody-goody" youths, relatively unqualified for grappling with the world. Touching this point, Dr. Luther H. Gulick, who is the director of physical training in New York schools, says that the good boy, in the academic sense, is the obedient boy. As a rule, he does not develop the power of leadership. The "bad" boy, according to the school standard, is generally one who is evolving the capacity for independence and determination. He would not, for a moment, deny that boys ought to be trained in the courtesies of life, but he sees no reason why they should not acquire them in a bracing atmosphere and under masculine influence. Dr. Thomas S. O'Brien, an associate superintendent, is convinced that a boy is harmed if, during the years of adolescence, he remains exclusively under feminine control.

Mr. Andrew Lang has read a book by Mr. George Ade, which, he says, was given him by a scholar of more than European reputation to fill a gap in his philological knowledge. He complains about it in the London *News*, assuming that some of the language in the book does not convey ideas to him. The book is *Fables in Slang*. Mr. Lang professes not to know what a "steamer rug" is, nor what Mr. Ade's young man meant when he warned a waitress in a restaurant that unless she was careful "some one would sign her as a spotted girl." Why are spotted girls signed, asks Mr. Lang? Among other words and phrases that perplex him he mentions "josher," "graft," "cinch," "a one-night stand," "a rube town," "a four-flush drummer," "a rooter from the days of underhand pitching." In the last expression he suspects an ingredient of baseball, and professes to wonder if a "rooter" is equivalent to a "daisy-cropper." He quotes from Mr. Ade: "She could get away with any topic that was batted up to her, and then slam it over to second in time to head off the runner," and makes surmises about what is meant. Reading of a lad who learned to shoot craps, he balks at "craps," and wants to know what they are. So he goes along, and finally declines to admit that Mr. Ade's deliverances have amused him. But by his own admission they were given to him to increase his learning rather than his joy. The philology of such words as "cinch" and "graft" is worth Mr. Lang's attention, for those are permanent words. A "josher" is said to be one who "joshes" or "jollies" another. The word carries the implication of defective candor. Craps is a game played with dice by street-boys, who "shoot" the dice from their hands. A "four-flush" would seem to be the same as a bob-tail flush, and a "four-flusher" one whose pretensions lack a solid basis. Knowledge of the games of poker and baseball will help Mr. Lang to a better comprehension of the niceties of the American language. But at the American embassy in London they know what all these words mean, and will be happy, we are sure, to put Mr. Lang on to them.

In two recent letters to the *Sun* Dr. Austin Flint has imparted two pieces of interesting information. Apropos of certain attendants of the Manhattan State Hospital who have been committed to prison, pending investigation as to their responsibility for the recent death of an insane person, Dr. Flint points out that they are entitled to a suspension of judgment on the part of the public. For it is well known to alienists, he says, that the chronic insane, especially those of advanced age, are subject to discolorations of the skin, without violence, that simulate severe bruises. And they also not infrequently develop "bone degeneration of the insane," especially in the ribs, which leads to fractures from very slight causes in no wise connected with violence. It does not necessarily follow, therefore, that insane persons who are found with their ribs broken and skins discolored have been unduly knocked about, and an unscrupulous lunatic whose bones and skin have degenerated can get the worthiest attendants into undeserved trouble. This point is worth knowing. Dr. Flint's second disclosure is that left-handedness is an abnormality, and is often associated with defective moral sense. Six per cent. of us are left-handed, and 31.6 per cent. of the left-handed are criminals. That, at least, seems the reasonable inference from Dr. Flint's statement that "68.4 per cent. of the left-handed are not to be classed as criminals." Dr. Flint tells us that out of every hundred criminals 19 are left-handed, and that out of every hundred incendiaries 28 are left-handed. That is interesting if true, and not incredible, nor especially disconcerting. What *is* disconcerting is the suggestion that nearly a third of all the left-handed children are prospective criminals. That would imply a provision of a million and a quarter left-handed criminals in the United States alone, which seems too generous, for it would mean a total criminal population of more than six and a quarter millions. It is not impossible for any one who reads *McClure's Magazine*, or who knows about politics in St. Louis or Philadelphia, to believe that so many criminals as that exist in the United States, but that so many have been caught, counted, and classified by statisticians does exceed belief.

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Wireless Telegraphy in War

On April 15 the Russian ambassador, Count Cassini, informed our State Department that Admiral Alexeieff, the Czar's lieutenant in the Far East, had issued a declaration to the effect that if neutral steamers having on board correspondents who might communicate war news to the enemy by means of perfected apparatus not foreseen by existing conventions should be arrested within the zone of operations of the Russian fleet, the correspondents would be looked upon as spies, and the steamers furnished with wireless telegraphy would be seized as prizes of war. Before pointing out the objections to the high-handed action threatened by Admiral Alexeieff we should define the bounds within which control may legitimately be exercised by a belligerent over the transmission of news. There is no doubt that a naval commander may refuse to permit the presence of newspaper correspondents on any vessel of his fleet, and it is equally certain that military authorities may decline to allow them to accompany an army. During our own civil war, General Grant and General Sherman gave excellent reasons for their unwillingness to tolerate the transmission of news by newspaper correspondents at certain critical conjunctures. It is obvious, indeed, that in this way their strategic movements and their contemplated objective might be made known indirectly to their antagonists. On like grounds General Kitchener, when he set forth on his memorable expedition into the Sudan, which ended with the overthrow of the Kalifa Abdulai, showed himself inflexibly opposed to the untrammelled despatch of information concerning his operations to British journals. What may be debarred altogether can, of course, be restricted. No sensible person has ever objected to a rigorous official censorship of telegrams and letters sent by newspaper correspondents from the scene of hostilities. We, ourselves, imposed such a censorship during our war with Spain; and, during the present contest, similar precautions against the communication of important data to the enemy have been taken in Japan, on the one hand, and in that part of the Asiatic mainland which is controlled by Russia on the other. Now there is no doubt that the invention and use of wireless telegraphy have rendered such precautions exceptionally difficult. Unless a newspaper correspondent equipped with a wireless-telegraphy apparatus is kept under lock and key, or is subjected to sleepless vigilance, how is it possible to guard against his use of such apparatus by night, if not by day, or to make sure that no uncensored message will be transmitted? Under the circumstances we are inclined to think that, pending an international convention dealing with the subject, either the Russians or the Japanese might legitimately prohibit the use of wireless telegraphy within territories occupied by them, or inside of the three-mile maritime limit within which, under international law, they may exercise authority. We believe that either the Russians or the Japanese might issue and enforce an order to the effect that if thereafter within the areas named any foreigner should be found equipped with wireless-telegraphy apparatus, such apparatus would be confiscated, and the possession of it would be regarded as *prima facie* evidence of an intention to communicate information directly or indirectly to the enemy. So far we are at present disposed to go, though we are willing to hear argument against our view, and we recognize that it may be plausibly contended that such *prima facie* evidence ought to be submitted to a civil tribunal, instead of a court martial.

It will be observed that this concession, far-reaching, and, perhaps, too far-reaching, as it is, falls far short of justifying the position taken by Admiral Alexeieff. If, indeed, the Czar's lieutenant had confined himself to saying that if a neutral vessel overhauled on the high seas by a Russian war-ship were found to be carrying a wireless-telegraphy apparatus, such apparatus would be treated as contraband of war, we are scarcely prepared to allege that such a declaration would be *extra vires*, because, owing to the extreme novelty of the invention, no international agreement prescribes the category—contraband or non-contraband—to which it belongs. In the absence of any international convention on the subject a belligerent is, no doubt, at liberty to declare wireless-telegraphy apparatus, captured on the high seas, contraband of war; but neutrals are equally at liberty to take the opposite ground, and to defy the belligerent to enforce the declaration. As we have formerly pointed out, there is no international agreement making food contraband of war, unless it can be shown that the cargo seized was intended for a blockaded port, or for the victualling of a hostile fleet. We have never doubted that, if an alliance of Continental powers should be formed for the purpose of attacking England, one of their primary moves would be to declare all breadstuffs contraband of war. In such an event, however, it would be equally open to the United States as a power deeply interested in preserving the rights of neutrals, to repel the declaration and to defy the Continental league to interfere with our function of purveying food to Great Britain.

It will be observed that Admiral Alexeieff, if he was correctly reported by the Russian ambassador at Washington, did not restrict himself to declaring a wireless-telegraphy apparatus found on the high seas in a neutral vessel to be contraband of war. He went very much further, and announced that the newspaper correspondents who might be in charge of the apparatus, and who, therefore, presumably, might communicate war news, directly or indirectly, to the enemy, would be looked upon as spies. The Czar's viceroy did not say in so many words that the correspondent would be shot, but we know what treatment is usually meted out to persons who are adjudged to be spies, after a summary trial by court martial. As to this threat, it should be said that the Russian Foreign Office has withdrawn it by notice that Russia does not contemplate any immediate action in the matter. Moreover, the report of the resignation of Admiral Alexeieff from his office of viceroy leaves the whole question more than ever open. That is well, for unquestionably, if in pursuance of this rash and novel order, either of the two American operators who are using wireless telegraphy on the high seas should be harmed, we would hold the Russian government to an instant and stern account.

It is just as well to bear in mind that this *ukase* of the Vice-Czar Alexeieff, though levelled ostensibly at all neutrals, was really provoked by the vessel *Haimun*, sailing under the British flag, which has for some time been cruising in the Yellow Sea and adjacent waters, and which has been chartered for news-gathering purposes by the London *Times*, the New York *Times*, and the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. This is the only steamship in the Far-Eastern seas that uses wireless telegraphy. The apparatus was manufactured by the American De Forrest Wireless Telegraph Company, and was forwarded to Tokyo, where a part of it was placed on the *Haimun*, the corresponding part being sent to the station at Wei-hai-wei. Both sections of the apparatus are operated by American citizens, Mr. H. E. Athearn and Mr. H. J. Brown, who left New York for the Far East on January 17. Now it is to be observed that, when the apparatus was put on board the *Haimun* at Tokyo not a word of protest was heard from the Mikado's government. Moreover, since it has been at sea, the *Haimun* has frequently been in contact with Japanese war-vessels, and Admiral Togo could at any time have exercised the strictest supervision over the wireless correspondence had he chosen to do so. He did not so choose. It remains to point out that on April 6 the *Haimun* was overhauled by the Russian cruiser *Bayan* flying the flag of the Russian admiral. The officer in command of the Russian vessel sent two officers on board the *Haimun*, who examined the wireless-telegraphy plant and the correspondent's messages, but only detained the steamer long enough to satisfy themselves as to her mission, and then permitted her to continue her course. Happily the Russian government has reconsidered its viceroy's opinion that an enterprise carried on for weeks with the full knowledge of both belligerents is of so dangerous a character that it must be suppressed by the most violent and outrageous means.

The New York Convention

The outcome of the convention held at Albany on April 18 was to put forward a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency who is acceptable to almost all Democrats in his native State. It will have been observed that even the 149 delegates who opposed instructions were careful to declare that they regarded Chief-Judge Alton Brooks Parker with respect, esteem, and confidence. In view of that declaration, it must be admitted that Judge Parker goes before the nation with the prestige of the almost unanimous endorsement of the New York Democracy. The Democratic convention in Pennsylvania showed itself favorable to him, though it declined to instruct in his favor. We have no doubt that the Georgia convention will inscribe his name upon its standard. We may take for granted that the conventions of many, if not all, other Southern States will follow Georgia's example. Nor, indeed, should we be surprised to see a Parker wave sweep across the country.

So far as he is personally concerned, Judge Parker is an ideal candidate for reconciling and harmonizing purposes. In his character and career conservative Democrats will recognize ground for trust, while the radical wing of the party cannot dispute his "regularity," since he is known to have voted for the nominee of the Democracy in 1896 and 1900. He has no enemies of his own, and it is already pretty clear that he will not permit himself to be made the tool of another's vindictiveness and spite. It is believed to have been his interposition which at the last moment shielded Tammany Hall from the humiliation which had been planned for it by ex-Senator Hill, and which, if inflicted, might have provoked a rankling and desperate hostility that could hardly have failed to cloud Judge Parker's prospect of triumph at St. Louis. His firm refusal to mortify the representatives of an organization without whose earnest support he could not hope to carry his own State was as wise as it was just. It indicated that, should Judge Parker be elected President, there would be no power behind the throne. It was of vital moment to his fortunes that misgivings touching his capacity for independent judgment should be dispelled. In was, in truth, indispensable to convince his fel-

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low Democrats that, should he by chance be nominated and elected, no Mephistophelian figure would cast its baleful shadow over the tenant of the White House.

We now deem it extremely probable that Judge Parker will be the Democratic nominee for the Presidency. Whether he can be elected is a very different question. The answer depends largely, if not entirely, on the platform put forward at St. Louis. In this respect his position is materially different from that which will be occupied by his Republican opponent. Mr. Roosevelt could run without a platform. His record, for those who like it, would be platform enough. To many people his personality is exceedingly engaging, and to all it is familiar. He is at this moment about the best-known man in the United States. This is a strong point in his favor. There is only one living Democrat who is as well known as he. Judge Parker, on the other hand, had never been seen or heard of before a few months ago, outside of his native State, and there he is known chiefly to the members of the bar. Under the circumstances, it is obvious that, not the man, but the platform, must play the principal part in the campaign on the Democratic side. It is possible, and even probable, that, upon the framing of that platform he may exercise much influence. If, indeed, his nomination should appear inevitable when the convention assembles at St. Louis, we may take for granted that the platform adopted by the committee on resolutions will be virtually dictated by the candidate. Even should this prove not to be the case, he would be at liberty in his letter of acceptance to remodel the platform by expressing approval or disapproval of particular planks, as nominees for the Presidency have done before him. It becomes, therefore, a matter of paramount importance to learn on what kind of a platform Judge Parker desires to stand. Until that question is answered he cannot reasonably expect to secure the support of those independents without whose cordial cooperation his election would be impossible. Whatever may happen to be the case with the State of New York, it is clear to all students of statistics that, throughout the rest of the country north of the Potomac and the Ohio—if the section be viewed as a whole—Democrats constitute but a weak minority. Never since the civil war have they been able to elect their nominee without the help of the non-partisan independent vote. That vote was theirs in 1876, in 1884, and again in 1892, when it enabled Grover Cleveland to beat Benjamin Harrison and James B. Weaver combined by 110 electoral votes. Whether Judge Parker will commend himself to independent citizens cannot be foreseen until his political principles and aims shall be made known.

Have we any indication of them in the resolutions adopted by the State convention of New York? Those resolutions, it is understood, were penned by ex-Senator Hill, but it is reported that the original draft was altered materially in compliance with Judge Parker's peremptory demand. Pending, therefore, an explicit declaration of principles over his signature, we, presumably, are at liberty to infer that the resolutions, as read and accepted at Albany, meet with his approval. To some of those resolutions no objection can be raised, except that they lack distinctness and emphasis. For instance, the Albany convention demands a "reasonable revision of the tariff." This may mean anything or next to nothing. The convention went on, however, to declare that, in its opinion, duties on imported raw materials ought to be abolished. There we have something positive. Another resolution recognizes that "unsteady national policies" engender alarms that check our commercial growth. It is equally certain that commercial growth is checked by abrupt tariff changes, or by the threat of such changes. How, then, is a reasonable revision of the tariff to be accomplished without disturbing the business world? The Albany convention did not attempt to solve this problem, but, doubtless, there is a solution, and we may expect to see it offered in due time. The assertions that this is a "government of laws, not of men," and that "honesty in the public service" must be enforced, are unexceptionable, but academic. Satisfactory, also, though somewhat vague, is the final plank of the platform tentatively framed at Albany: the demand for "the impartial maintenance of the rights of labor and of capital." On the whole, we are inclined to think that the Albany resolutions, as revised and pruned by Judge Parker, will do his candidacy no harm, though a more definite pronouncement from his own lips will be needed to secure the votes of independents.

Opening of the St. Louis Fair

THE date of this issue of the WEEKLY will see the formal opening of the great World's Fair at St. Louis. President Francis says on another page that the Exposition is really ready, and that the opening day will see the buildings all complete, and the exhibits, with very few exceptions, installed. The spring is late, and it will take a little seasonable weather to bring to their full beauty the shrubbery and landscape effects which are an unprecedented feature of the great show, but we have Mr. Francis's assurance that the preliminary work is all done, and that May visitors will see an exhibition that is practically complete.

Of how wonderful a Fair it is, the reader can get an idea by turning over the pages of this number of the WEEKLY. Besides the pictures of the grounds and buildings he will find short articles by the various heads of departments, setting forth briefly the scope of the several exhibitions for which they are responsible. Necessarily restricted as these descriptions are, they demonstrate that this great Exposition not only measures well up to the full standard of shows of its class, but goes, as it should, considerably beyond any former exposition.

No doubt the later months of the Fair will see much greater crowds of visitors than the earlier ones. The majority of Americans have more leisure in the fall than in the spring, but for persons who can get to St. Louis in May or June there are decided advantages in an early visit, when the crowds will be smaller and the weather cool. But whether it is more convenient to go early or late, by all means go sometime. Remember that such a Fair as this that St. Louis offers leaves no intelligent visitor where it found him. It fills him full of pictures and of knowledge that keep coming up in his mind for years afterwards. It gives him new standards, new means of comparison, new insight into the conditions of life in the world he is living in.

Go to St. Louis by all means. Whatever it costs in time, effort, or money will be spent to vast advantage.

The Agricultural Life

IN Mr. Meredith Townsend's recent book on *The West and the East* he points out that the Asiatics have shown, in two domains of thought at least, great intellectual acumen and power. They have obviated that inherent discontent which so often besets the agricultural worker; they have invented numerous systems of land tenure curiously varied to suit the varying districts and conditions; they have shown fertility and versatility in the matter of sociological organization, while in the field of speculative metaphysics they have so led the world that every creed received by a considerable body of civilized men had its birth amongst them.

There is something particularly interesting in this marriage of the contented intimacy with the soil and the speculative intelligence. It seems to suggest the only solution of the vexed question as to them who are to be the farmers of the future. In this country no one class is more radically discontented than the soil tillers. And, indeed, with the enforced deprivations of the agricultural life, however lessened by modern mechanical devices which are compressing the girth of the world, with the necessary monotony of the labor and the unremitting war with such natural enemies as floods, frosts, and droughts, it is easy to see how only a self-poised intelligence and a meditative nature can happily fulfil its being thus cut off from the bustle and amusement of the mart. To live bounded by the two great silences—the silent and hidden processes of nature, on the one hand, and the inexorable and inscrutable reserve of the great Beyond, on the other, is a task either for a sage or a brute. The capacity for solitude without brutalization, solitude that heightens instead of blunting human faculties, would be one of the most valuable lessons the European could learn of the Asiatic. For to the end of time the pursuit of agriculture as a livelihood will mean a certain separation from fellowship. It will demand a certain power of self-sustainment, and for such life to be compatible with a high development of the individual not only must the physical senses be sharpened and kept alert to all the phenomena of nature, but that other side of man's being which moves in the vast spaces of the intangible and the immeasurable, must be exercised and kept joyously alert.

It is only when we shall have developed philosopher farmers like Levin in *Anna Karènina* that the full charm of the agricultural life will be disclosed.

Certainly to the imaginations of poets and philosophers no other life offers the same enticement. The riot of delicate color in the early spring and the gradual revival of nature's vocal life, the sense of expectancy in the stretch of February fields when the whole landscape might be sketched in sepia and white, the shut-in season of the winter when the world is asleep and the farmer may send his own thoughts far afield into the whence and whither, that slow, soundless, uninterrupted flow of hours wherein to read and think, the dropping veil of twilight after long sleepy summer afternoons, the chant of frogs and locusts after dark, the steady drip of autumnal rains and the blazing death and fall of the leaves, all these are natural heritage of the tiller of the soil. It was such a life that Montaigne led on the little estate that bears his name near the Loire. He boasted that, though he lived through the most troublous and warlike times in the history of France and his house was open at all times to all parties, such was the candor of his life and peaceableness of his pursuits, he remained throughout unmolested and unsuspected.

The stress upon this point of the Asiatic temperament in Mr. Townsend's book goes to prove not only the value of thought in the most earthy of pursuits, but that thought is, in itself, more than a mere kind of observation and tallying of recorded sensations—it is the one true source of action and of being.

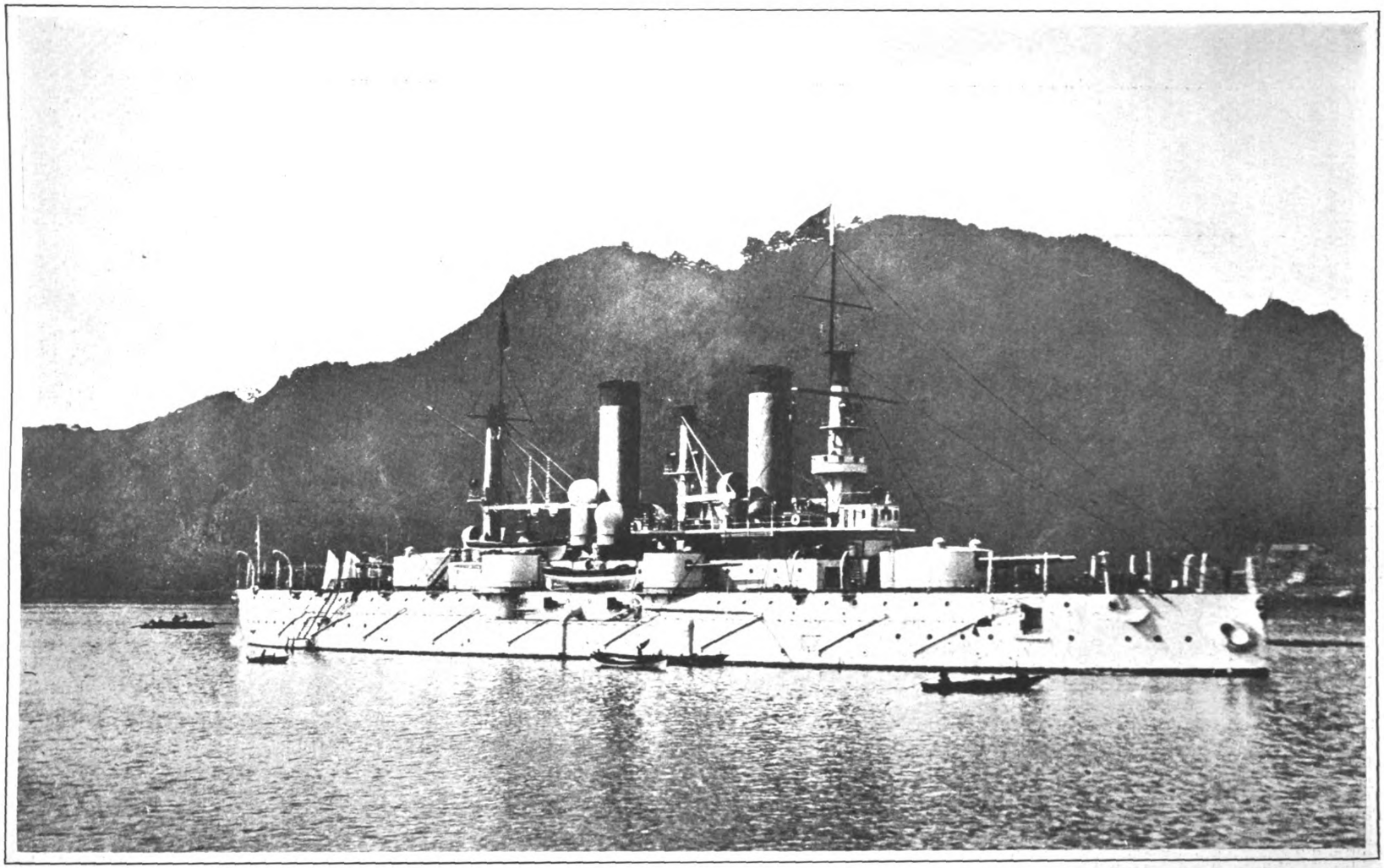
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THE RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP "PETROPAVLOVSK," SUNK BY THE JAPANESE AT PORT ARTHUR, APRIL 13

Russia's 11,000-ton battle-ship, the "Petropavlovsk," was sunk by a mine placed by the Japanese at the mouth of the harbor of Port Arthur, on April 13th. The "Petropavlovsk" was the flagship of the Russian fleet, and carried down with her Admiral Makaroff, commanding Russia's naval forces in the Far East, together with 790 of her officers and men, and the distinguished Russian painter Verestchagin, who was on board as a guest of the Admiral. The "Petropavlovsk" was a battle-ship of the first class. Her armament consisted of four 12-inch and twelve 6-inch guns, with thirty-four of smaller calibre. She was launched at St. Petersburg ten years ago

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TRANSPORTING RUSSIAN TROOPS ACROSS LAKE BAIKAL ON SLEDGES

Until the recent completion of the ice-railroad across Lake Baikal Russian troops on their way to the front were transported across the surface of the ice on sledges, and this method is still used to supplement the railway service. The distance between the two ends of the Trans-Siberian line is forty-three miles, and the passage across takes about thirty-six hours

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OPENING WORLD'S FAIR



A Vista in the Plateau of States, the Missouri Building in the Middle

THE OPENING OF THE FAIR

BY DAVID R. FRANCIS

President Louisiana Purchase Exposition

At the time this article is being written the great Louisiana Purchase Exposition is within a few days of its appointed opening. It has been promised from the inception of the enterprise that there would be no delay, and that when it did open it would be in a completed condition. Now we can see the fulfilment of our promise. The twenty thousand workmen now on the grounds can, by laboring day and night, which they are doing, complete their tasks, and when the gates are thrown open to the public on the 30th of April, the anniversary of the historical event we celebrate, there will not be an exhibit building uncompleted nor an exhibit not duly installed, unless we may except some rare instances of foreign collections possibly delayed in transmission. All exhibits received on the Exposition grounds, some hundreds of car-loads each day, are finding their allotted places as fast as active hands and modern machinery can handle them. In some cases landscape effects may not attain their perfection and full beauty until the season advances. But, practically speaking, the May visitor will see the Exposition as completely and satisfactorily as he who comes later; and ample accommodations for all have been carefully arranged.

It is not believed that the Exposition will be a disappointment. It certainly justifies the claim that it is in all respects the largest exposition in the history of the world, and we believe its quality is commensurate with its dimensions. We have had the experience of all other fairs of this kind to aid us, and we have endeavored to avoid their mistakes and preserve their excellencies. To the end that our efforts might result in as perfect success as possible we have drawn to our assistance the most experienced exposition-builders in this country and in Europe. The classification of exhibits is unlike that of any other universal exposition, its simplicity being a decided improvement. As enormous as is our roofed space, the great number of exhibits for which room has been asked has made it necessary that nothing be accepted but the most perfect and attractive of its class. There has been, therefore, a sort of preliminary competitive test, with the gratifying result that all our floor space has been filled with the very best examples of art, mechanical, and scientific developments. The commonplace and tawdry have no place in the exhibition.

In my own opinion, the out-door exhibits, a feature minimized in all former expositions, but emphasized in this, will be prime attractions. They embrace agriculture, horticulture, mining, forestry, game and fish, anthropology, ethnology, live-stock, landscape-gardening, and the practical application of industrial progress generally, as well as the exploitation of processes.

We have kept steadily in view our purpose to make this an exposition worthy of the dignity and glory of the government of the United States, which has so generously contributed to its success in money and moral support. It has been lifted entirely above locality and provincialism, and it belongs to the nation. It was intended to make it the pride of the whole country. How far we have succeeded the world can now sit in judgment, and the management of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company awaits its verdict with fullest confidence.

HOW AN EXPOSITION IS MADE

BY ISAAC S. TAYLOR

Director of Works

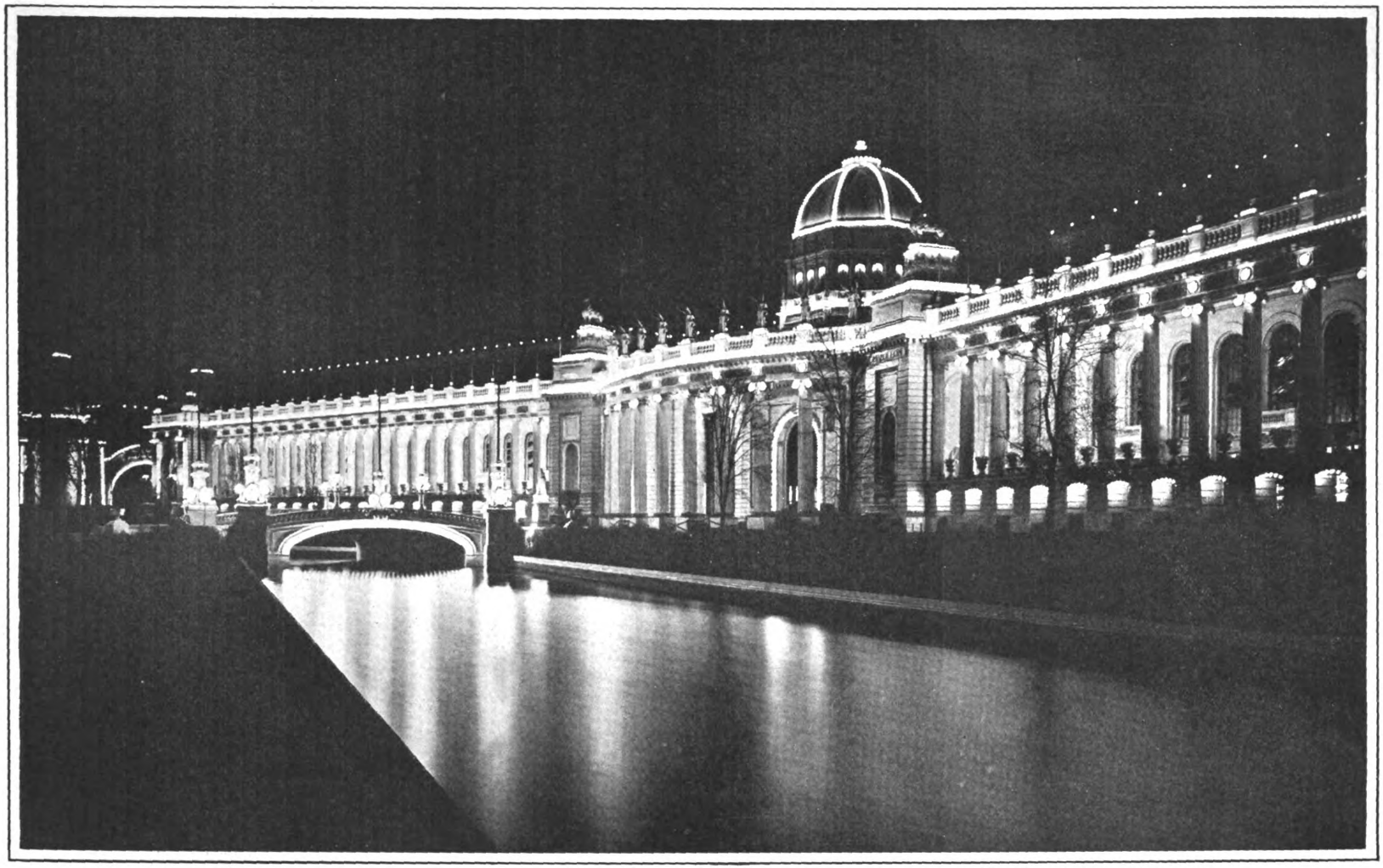
Two and a half years ago, where the World's Fair city of over a thousand separate buildings stands now, there was nothing but forest and farm. The hills and valleys, with the bit of level ground lying to the north, have been extended, and are now covered with eight magnificent exhibit palaces. A little river with a great watershed with unsightly mud banks made tortuous windings at the foot of the hills that are now crowned with stately buildings. The only available level areas in the Fair grounds as now constituted were the Washington University tract, where five granite buildings were in course of construction, and a tract which has been graded and put in shape for city subdivision.

The conversion of the forest-covered grounds into Fair City, in the short space of time at hand, was a work of no little difficulty. A wearing task in connection with this conversion was the clearing of the land, the blasting of the stumps and cutting down of hills, to shape them to the ideals of the landscape architect. In this work extensive limestone deposits were encountered, which rendered the work not only difficult, but very expensive. The first engineering work of magnitude was the establishing of a new channel way for River Des Peres, which, on its course through the site, travelled a length of 8800 linear feet, and which in its new channel was reduced to a length of 4650 linear feet; the new course for the river was formed by a heavy wooden enclosure forty-five feet wide and fifteen feet high. The top of this enclosure was paved with asphalt, and now forms the main central avenue on the Exposition grounds.

The physical construction of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition began with the appointment of the Commission of Architects, in the midsummer of 1901, by the Board of Directors of the Exposition. The commission was made up of nine firms of architects, representing various cities of the United States. Of this commission I was appointed chairman. The general supervision of the erection of the buildings and of all physical work was in my province. To each member of the Commission of Architects the designing of one large building was assigned at the second meeting of the commission in St. Louis. The designing of the United States Government Building was the work of James Knox Taylor, supervising architect of the United States Treasury Department.

Six hundred and sixty-eight acres, comprising the western half of the Forest Park in St. Louis was given by the city as the nucleus of the World's Fair grounds. To this ground area private tracts of almost equal extent were added by lease, so that the total area of the Fair grounds is now 1240 acres. In the Forest Park section of the Fair the ground was generally rolling, with a portion to the north comparatively level. On this plain eight of the large exhibit palaces were placed. The grounds to the south rose rapidly to the height of sixty-five feet, forming a range of high ground extending the whole length of the site in Forest Park. The centre of this range was formed by nature into the shape of a

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THE ILLUMINATION OF THE VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING

The view shows the south façade of the building, with the Lagoon in the foreground. The Palace of Varied Industries is of almost the same dimensions as the Palace of Manufactures—1200 feet long by 525 feet in width. It covers about fourteen acres, and cost $620,000. The exhibits will present examples of industrial work having an artistic character, as distinguished from the exhibits in the Manufactures Building, which will show articles of practical use only. The building is over twice as large as the Palace of Industries at the Paris Exposition

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crescent; this was most happily seized upon by the architects of the commission, and used to form the main picturesque feature of the Fair by placing the Festival Hall as a central feature, with the two pagoda buildings flanking it, all connected by the grand Colonnade of States. This range also presented the natural height and slope for the three cascades that discharge their immense volume of water from the crown of the hill into the basin below.

The "main picture" of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, formed by big exhibit buildings, trees, lawns, lagoons, basins, and cascades, is in the shape of a fan. The decorative interest centres at the handle of the fan—at the top of the crescent-shaped hill, at which point are located the Festival Hall, the Art Palace, the cascades, and the cascade gardens. The components of this feature are:

1. Three cascades surpassing in size and beauty work of like nature that adorn the capitals of Europe.

2. The main cascade basin, semicircular in shape, 600 feet in diameter.

3. Four fountains that rise with a diameter of three inches in the main basin on each side of the smaller cascades, and on a quiet day attain a height of seventy-five feet.

The three cascades issue from appropriate sculptures at the top of the hill, and by a series of descents plunge into the basin. As all the buildings and avenues of the Exposition radiate from this feature the waters are visible from all the radiating avenues of the main picture.

Along the edges of these cascades are powerful vertical and horizontal jets of water issuing from appropriate sculptures and falling into the cascade basins. These jets serve the double purpose of agitating the water and thus adding to its picturesqueness and of reinforcing the supply of water as it spreads over the widening ledges.

Along the radiating avenues of the fan-shaped picture, the central of which is 600 feet wide and the others 300 feet, the big exhibit buildings are located. Each of these has an individuality. Each was designed independently by a firm of architects in obedience to the architectural scheme devised by the entire commission. The style of architecture selected was the free treatment of Italian Renaissance.

Except the United States Government Building, which has steel trusses, and the Palace of Art, which is a brick and stone building, all the big exhibit buildings of the Exposition are of wood and staff. The floor areas are spanned with heavy timber trusses, while the architectural details are rendered in plaster and staff, applied to a bewildering mass of sheathing, furring, studding, and framework.

The color of the exhibit buildings is not, as it was in Chicago, dead white. This was deemed too trying on the eye. Ivory white has been substituted, with dashes of color on the roofs and in the shaded places, such as screen walls, the tympani of entrances, etc. Ivory white has just a tinge of yellow. This preserves the majesty of the white, while at the same time it lessens the strain on visitors' eyes.

All these features show above ground in the Exposition. There is, in addition, under ground an incredibly vast and complicated network of storm-water sewers, soil-water sewers and drains, water-pipe for domestic service, water-pipe for fire service, gas-pipes, and electric conduits. The installation of these utilities was the first work done. The water service for domestic use and for fire use is distinct. The fire-service system, on which fourteen big fire-pumps maintain, automatically, a pressure of 200 pounds to the square inch, is the finest fire-protection system ever installed in the world. It reaches all portions of the grounds, including the roof of every building.

Spreading over a district one mile wide and two miles long, the Fair grounds furnished a problem in intramural transportation, on which the success of the Exposition to a great extent depended. The problem has been effectively solved. An electric overhead trolley-road, with double track throughout, serves every portion of the Fair grounds. The road is elevated in many places, surface in others, and subsurface in still others. It is so protected that good speed can be made at all times without danger to visitors. This intramural transportation is reinforced by all the usual methods of transportation, from the jinrikisha to the gondola, as well as by a number of novel transportation devices, such as the electric automobile-chair and by an automobile line, which will run along prescribed avenues at various speeds.

In addition to the big Exposition buildings there are the foreign, State, Territorial, and Concessions buildings. Taken as a whole, the magnitude of the Fair has never been equalled. We must wait for the artist and the citizens of the world to pass judgment on its true worth.

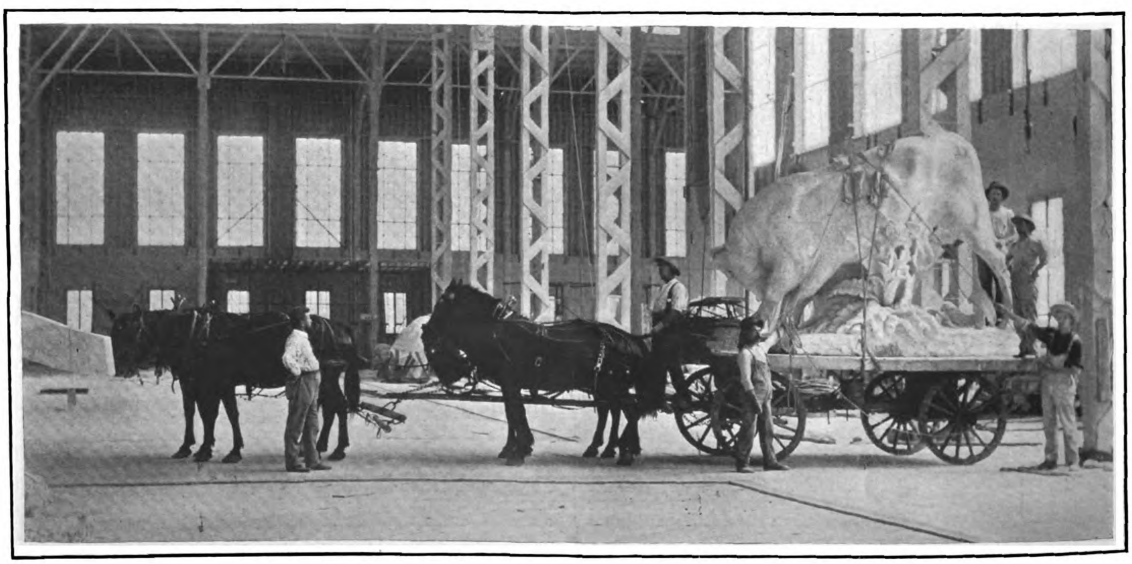
THE EXTENT OF THE EXPOSITION

BY WALTER B. STEVENS

Director of Exploitation

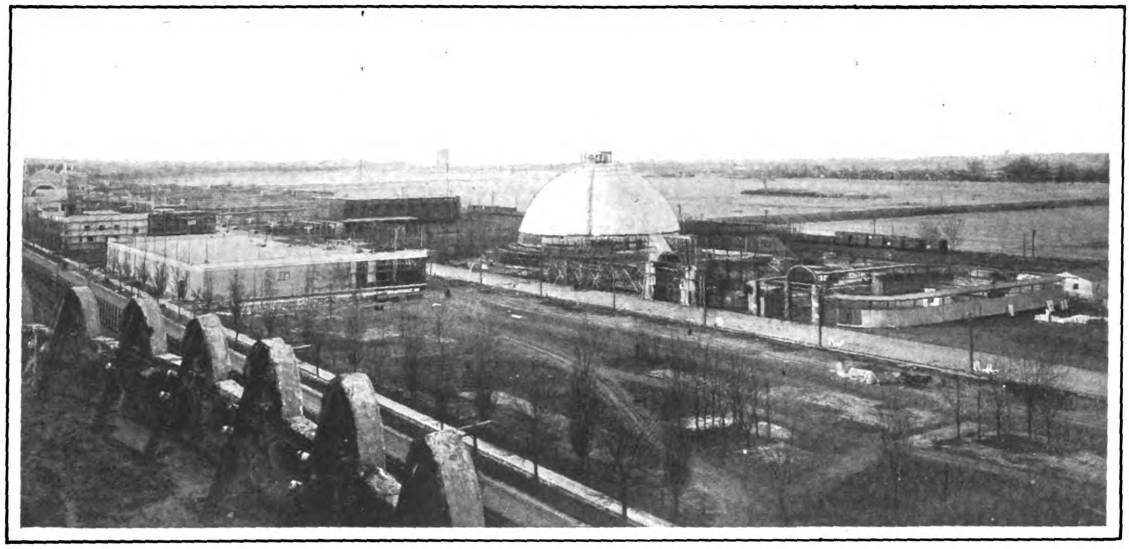
"EXPOSITIONS are the timekeepers of progress." Mr. McKinley's apt and telling words used in his last public utterance have been brought home forcibly to those engaged in the World's Fair building at St. Louis. It is just eleven years since the Columbian Exposition was held at Chicago. That Exposition occupied 650 acres of ground. It had eighty-two acres under roof. It cost more than $20,000,000. Seventeen years earlier, in 1876, was held the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. As compared with that, the World's Columbian Exposition marked great progress.

When the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was planned the foundations were laid on broad lines. This universal exposition, the third in the history of the United States, was to be the timekeeper for the eleven years of advancement beyond Chicago. A larger site was provided in the early stages of preparation. Larger buildings were designed than those at Chicago. When assurances were given of these plans President McKinley issued his proclamation. He invited all of the nations of the earth to participate in this celebration of the centennial year of the greatest peaceable acquisition of territory the world has known. The results were revelations. It soon became apparent that not merely more ground than Chicago provided, but a site twice as large was demanded. Tract after tract was annexed by lease to that portion of Forest Park which the city had donated for the Exposition. The site



Making an Exposition—Moving a heavy piece of Statuary into Position

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Looking West from the Top of the Palace of Varied Industries towards the "Pike"

grew until to-day there are 1240 acres within the walls. The form of the ground is a parallelogram one mile and three-quarters long by one mile and one-quarter wide.

To the original "layout" of exhibit palaces, building after building has been added until the roofs cover 128 acres, as against the 82 at Chicago.

Of the forty-five States, five Territories, and three groups of island possessions of this nation, forty-four States, all of the Territories, and two groups of islands participate. The geographical parts of the United States represented at Chicago were fewer than forty. Their combined appropriations were little more than one-half of the amount being expended at St. Louis.

It is in foreign participation that the responses have been most significant. At St. Louis more than sixty foreign nations and colonies are represented. Their exhibits, their buildings, their expenditures are beyond precedents in exposition participation. Every nation save two in Europe is represented.

On the Western Hemisphere there is almost no geographical subdivision without representation.

Who remembers whether Filipinos were present at the World's Columbian Exposition? They are in evidence at St. Louis. They occupy a reservation as large as the sites of the expositions given at Atlanta, Nashville, or even New Orleans. They have eight large exhibit buildings of characteristic architecture, in which 70,000 exhibits of the resources of the archipelago are shown. The life of the islands is illustrated in the presence of four companies of constabulary, two hundred scouts, an orchestra of eighty native musicians, and several hundreds of representatives of various tribes. This exhibit of the Philippines represents a cost of $1,000,000.

Alaska is at this Exposition, with her building and her resources. So are the Porto-Ricans, who were aliens when the World's Fair was held in Chicago. The world has moved in the last ten years, but the United States has moved faster.

Oklahoma has a mansion among the most imposing upon the Plateau of States, and with half a million of people is making ready for her début into Statehood. The Indian Territory was only that by stretch of imagination ten years ago. It has its building, its organization, its exhibits at this World's Fair.

An intramural car can be taken at any one of the ten entrances, but the circuit, made at the speed of ten miles an hour, requires thirty-five minutes. Down the Pike is a distance of a mile, with concessions in unbroken front on both sides. The lagoons are more than a mile in length. Eleven granite buildings constitute the university group formed in quadrangles upon the campus of one hundred and ten acres. Fifteen exhibit palaces cover one hundred and twenty-eight acres; they cost $6,312,336 19. Walks and roadways measure seventy-five miles. The United States government buildings number eleven, and the buildings of foreign countries are thirty-three. Upon the Philippines reservation are thirty-nine exhibit, restaurant, and service houses, besides scores of small habitations of native architecture. There are forty State and Territorial buildings, six erected by organizations, fifty-three restaurants. The structures, great and small, installed for concessions, are four hundred and forty-eight. Upon the hotel within the grounds, the Inside Inn, has been expended $400,000. Of decorative features there are eight hundred and fifty installations. Service and small exhibit buildings add sixty-two, giving a total of fifteen hundred and seventy-six distinct constructions, ranging in cost downward from the stone and steel Palace of Art, costing $1,000,000. The construction accounts figure $27,435,029 14.

THE EXHIBITS

BY FREDERICK J. V. SKIFF

Director of Exhibits

IN its exhibit features the Universal Exposition of 1904 is exceptionally interesting. The progress of the world, as evidenced by the extraordinary development in every line of invention and of scientific and industrial achievement and endeavor, since the Columbian Exposition, has provided an almost inexhaustible field of marvels for display at St. Louis. This fact has helped to make the Exposition of 1904 the most remarkable and interesting array of social development and achievement so far presented to the world. In addition to this, expert ability and organization have been applied to the selection and collection of the exhibits for this Exposition. The creation of expositions has become a profession. Paris and Chicago have been training-schools, experiment stations, as it were, from which have graduated capable specialists in all lines of exposition work; and from these the best have been selected for the duty of assembling the exhibits at St. Louis.

The word "universal" should be epecially emphasized in connection with the St. Louis Exposition, as it is in fact an international universal exposition of the most complete organization and extensive scope ever planned or assembled. Every important nation of the world is creditably represented by interesting exhibits. Indeed, the collection of displays by foreign nations in the various great exhibit palaces is such as will surprise and delight all who may inspect them.

A dominant note of the Exposition is variety and motion. The demonstration of interesting processes of production and manufacture is shown in connection with all of the Departments of Exhibits. Where feasible, the object exhibited is presented, not alone, but in connection with the illustration of its evolution. Its development from the crude, through the various stages and processes to the finished state, is fully presented—a departure which adds infinitely to the popular interest as well as the educational value of the Exposition.

The organization of the Division of Exhibits embraces sixteen leading departments. These are: Education, Art, Liberal Arts, Manufactures, Machinery, Electricity, Transportation, Agriculture, Horticulture, Forestry, Mines and Metallurgy, Fish and Game, Anthropology, Social Economy, Physical Culture, and Live Stock. These grand departments are presided over by specialists, designated chiefs; and they are subdivided into an extensive series of special groups and classes, under which are presented, in systematic array for inspection and comparison, every feature of the earth's resources and man's activity.

In connection with the exhibits of the Exposition are to be held a series of international congresses of arts and sciences. In its exhibits sections, therefore, the Exposition will be practically an epitome of the world's progress and promise, as well as of its history.

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THE EDUCATION PALACE

BY HOWARD J. ROGERS

Chief of the Department of Education

THE Palace of Education is a beautiful building of modern architecture, covering seven acres of ground, and situated in the very centre of the Exposition. This is the first building erected at an international exposition solely for the presentation of educational work. Even at Paris educational exhibits have always been installed in the gallery of the Liberal Arts Building.

The entire field of education has been divided for exhibit purposes into eight groups: First—Elementary education, including public, private, and parochial schools; second—Secondary education, showing the work of high schools and academies; third—Higher education, showing the work of colleges, universities, professional and technical schools, laboratories and museums; fourth—Fine arts in education, including both art schools and music schools; fifth—Special education in agriculture, which will include the agricultural and mechanical colleges of the country, and experiment stations connected therewith; for this exhibit Congress has appropriated a special fund of $100,000; sixth—Special education in commerce and industry, which includes industrial, trade, and business schools, evening industrial schools, and special education for the Indian and negro; seventh—Education of defectives; eighth—Special forms of education, including summer schools, extension courses, the work of scientific societies, associations, etc.

The value of an educational exhibit lies in the opportunity for comparison. Methods of administration, methods of teaching, equipment of schools and colleges, courses of study, with the demonstration of the theory which underlies their construction and the results which attend their enforcement, are brought side by side from every quarter of the globe for the investigation of the student.

One of the innovations at the St. Louis Exposition has been the endeavor to make it an exhibit of processes. So far as possible, this has been introduced into the educational department. Laboratories will be in operation, and domestic science and manual training-rooms where pupils are at work.

Thirty-three of the most prominent States in the Union will take part in the public-school exhibit, and four cities—New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and Cleveland—will make special exhibits demonstrating the working of a highly organized municipal school-system.

In the university section of the exhibit are grouped the exhibits of more prominent universities of the country. Among these are Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Missouri, Washington, and St. Louis. The work of the polytechnic schools of the country is presented by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Troy Polytechnic Institute, Purdue University, Pratt Institute, Worcester Polytechnic Institute, and others. In the Department of Higher Education of Women, the participants are Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Smith, and Mount Holyoke.

In special education in fine arts, which receives attention at this Exposition never before given in an exposition held in the United States, six of the more prominent art schools of the country are preparing very extensive and thorough exhibits.

Foreign participation, although disappointed somewhat by the withdrawal of Russia owing to the war, is still the most complete ever held in this country, and includes thorough exhibits from England, France, Germany, Sweden, Belgium, Italy, Bulgaria, Japan, China, Ceylon, Mexico, Cuba, Brazil, and Argentina. The participation, both domestic and foreign, will render it possible to successfully carry out the aims of the department, namely, to make a valuable comparative exhibit of the educational systems of all the more prominent countries; and a comprehensive exhibit of the educational resources of the United States.



The Palace of Education, the Palace of Manufactures in the Distance

THE ART EXHIBIT

BY HALSEY C. IVES

Chief of the Department of Art

THE standard of excellence of the exhibits in the Art Palace of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition will be exceptionally high. In proof of this it may be stated that applications for space have exceeded by forty per cent. the total amount available in the four pavilions of the Art Building. The aim of the department has been to gather a collection which would be thoroughly representative of the art-producing countries of the world.

In a very satisfactory measure this has been achieved. A few plain facts will show the degree of success that has been met with in this respect. Twenty foreign governments have space in the galleries of the Art Building. This list includes not only the leading countries of Europe, like Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, and Austria, but Latin-American states like Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, Venezuela, and Cuba. The Orient will be represented by Ceylon, China, and Japan. Among other European countries, Sweden, Hungary, Holland, Belgium, and Norway will be represented by comprehensive collections. Our neighbor on the north, Canada, will also be represented by a varied collection, showing the result of her artistic activity.

The collections from foreign countries have been gathered under the supervision of official commissioners appointed by the authorities of the several countries, and it has, naturally, been a matter of pride with the members of these commissions that the exhibits for which they were responsible should excel in every particular. Thus the collections so assembled will afford visitors to the Exposition every opportunity for studying the products of the art-workers of every important country where art and artists are factors in the life and institutions of the people.

As for the exhibits representing the United States, it is safe to say that they will reveal a great stride in the development of art in this country during the past ten years. This is the more true because at this Exposition for the first time in America the distinction has been removed between fine art and industrial art. This will enable a most interesting showing to be made, as to the way in which the younger generation of American artists have been directing their energies along lines wherein art and industry come in close contact, as well as along lines where art is pursued for art's sake. Under the broad classification adopted in the Department of Art of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, all art work, whether

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on canvas, in marble, plaster, wood, metal, glass, porcelain, textiles, or other material, is recognized as equally deserving of respect, and will be judged in proportion to its worth from the standpoint of inspiration and technique. Special galleries have been provided for the exhibition of "original objects of art workmanship," and in these galleries the works in glass, earthenware, metal, leather, wood, and textiles, as well as examples of artistic bookbinding, etc., will doubtless receive a generous share of public attention.

In the United States section the exhibits are classed under three heads: First, a contemporaneous division, in which are shown works produced since the Chicago Exposition of 1893, and in which all exhibits may be in competition for awards, consisting of gold, silver, and bronze medals and a grand prize. Second, a retrospective division, including works produced between 1803, the year of the Louisiana Purchase, and 1893. Third, a loan division, devoted to especially interesting works borrowed from institutions and private owners, which may represent any period in the history of art, and will comprise only masterworks of the highest character.

The central portion of the Art Palace, which constitutes the permanent part of the group, is entirely devoted to the United States section, the foreign exhibits being installed in the adjacent temporary pavilions.

In the assemblage of these works of art, the chief of the department has had the help of Charles M. Kurtz, Ph.D., as assistant chief, who was associated with the work in a similar capacity at Chicago in 1893, of George Julian Zolnay, as superintendent of sculpture of the Department of Art, of Frederick Allen Whiting as superintendent of the Applied Art section, also of the well-known New York artist, Will H. Low, as superintendent of the loan section of foreign masterpieces, and, in addition, has had the cordial cooperation of painters, sculptors, and other artworkers in the United States and foreign countries, to whom a large measure of the credit should be given for the satisfactory results at last achieved.

THE LIBERAL ARTS

BY JOHN A. OCKERSON

Chief of the Liberal Arts Department

IT is extremely difficult in a short article to give a comprehensive idea of what is included in the Liberal Arts Department at the Universal Exposition at St. Louis. The use of this term at different expositions of the past has varied in character, so that the classification of exhibits under this head has to be somewhat arbitrary. Generally speaking, it may be said that the Liberal Arts Department is nearly related to that of manufactures, and also in many ways scarcely distinguishable from the Department of Art and from those departments in which scientific exhibits such as electrical apparatus and machinery are installed. In respect to art it may be said that only original objects of art workmanship are received in the Art Palace of the Exposition, while in the Liberal Arts Building art productions may be seen into whose creation some process of manufacture enters. The Liberal Arts exhibits include many things which illustrate scientific progress, although other departments of the Exposition should also be sought in order to obtain a full view of the achievements of the scientific world.

It is impossible to mention even briefly all the features of the exhibits from our own and foreign countries in the Liberal Arts Department. The public will perhaps be most interested to know something about what may be seen in the Liberal Arts Building representing such countries as Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Mexico, Argentina, China, and the United States. Great Britain has assembled a most comprehensive display. It includes a large collection of specimens of typography, of photography, and of chemistry. The photographic collection includes specimens of historic photographs from the collection of Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P. Many models, plans, and photographs of great engineering works are shown, including the model of the Assouan dam, maps from the Royal Geographical Society, exhibits by the Palestine, Egyptian, and Cretan exploration funds, also ancient and modern coins, medals, and seals from the British mint.

One of the most notable exhibits in the British section is that of Professor Dewar, who has achieved remarkable results in the liquefaction and solidification of hydrogen, and has succeeded in producing a temperature of minus 259 degrees centigrade.

The German Empire will occupy a generous amount of space, and besides exhibits of printing from the German Imperial Office, and specimens of typography, photography, and geographical works, there will be an exhibit showing graphically the achievements of German engineers in public improvements, such an exhibit having been specially arranged for by the Prussian Minister of Public Works. The hygienic exhibition organized by the Imperial Board of Health is another notable feature of the German display in this department.

The French exhibits touch every group of the department, with particularly fine displays in graphic arts, photography, music, chemistry, and instruments of precision.

The remarkable progress which the republic of Mexico has made in recent years will be illustrated by the interesting exhibits this country makes in the Liberal Arts Department, showing engineering works, chemical productions, and typographical achievements.

One must pass over the multitude of interesting things shown in this department by American exhibitors in all lines, but just a word should be said about the exhibit in what is termed the graphic arts. With the assistance of Mr. S. W. Bolles, formerly assistant superintendent in special charge of this branch of the department, an exhibit exemplifying the progress made in the various allied printing arts has been gathered which may safely be characterized as superior to anything of the kind ever seen before at an exposition. Operative exhibits show the visitor much more graphically than language can the steps successively taken in the development of these great industries and inventions which have helped to produce the results that form so characteristic an achievement of our age and time.



The Palace of Liberal Arts

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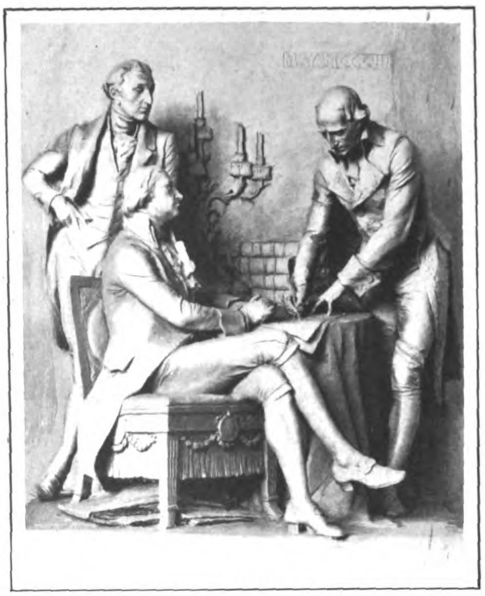
SCULPTURE AT THE FAIR

BY KARL BITTER

Chief of Sculpture

IF I could put the millions who will visit the Fair into the mood of regarding the Exposition from the standpoint of art and poetry, as the best manifestation of the material and intellectual progress of the entire world, I believe that the temples and the statues of our World's Exposition would speak in plain words that could be understood and appreciated. In sculpture the mere reproduction from life would vanish, in architecture the mere housing and sheltering quality of the Exposition buildings would be forgotten, and the magnificence of this unparalleled spectacle would arouse the highest enthusiasm.

The statuary at the Fair may be divided into two classes—works of historic significance and importance and those whose subjects are purely allegorical. The historical subjects in the form of portrait-statues and the like are grouped with the buildings which are devoted to the more material side of the Exposition; the allegorical sculpture has been used in connection with structures devoted to a more ideal mission, such as the Festival Hall, the Palace of Fine Arts, and the Cascades.



Karl Bitter's Group, "The Signing of the Purchase Treaty"

The historical sculpture recalls the memory of the discoverers, pioneers, soldiers, and statesmen prominently associated with American history. Among the notable figures in connection with the Louisiana Purchase are the statues of Napoleon by Daniel C. French, and of Thomas Jefferson by Charles A. Grafly. The signing of the treaty is commemorated in the Louisiana Purchase Monument, designed by Mr. Emanuell Masqueray, and of which the sculpture is my own work. The principal group illustrates the moment of the signing of the treaty by Robert R. Livingston, James Monroe, and Marbois, Napoleon's Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Much of the allegorical sculpture was modelled for use in connection with the Cascades and the Colonnade of States. Now that the Colonnade, designed by Mr. Masqueray, and the Festival Hall, designed by Mr. Gilbert, are completed, the effect is something to which I can find no parallel. The Court of Honor at Chicago, and the Electric Tower and Court of Fountains at the Pan-American Exposition are certainly surpassed in beauty and grandeur by the Cascades and their surroundings at St. Louis. Nowhere have I seen a series of statues of such size and in such splendid architectural setting as the colossal statues of the fourteen States composing the Purchase region.

When so much effort is bestowed upon sculpture that can live but a short time, it is satisfying to know that arrangements have been made for some permanent work, such, for example, as the marble statues of "Sculpture" and "Painting," by Daniel C. French and Louis St.-Gaudens, and other decorations by able sculptors for the permanent portion of the Art Building.

It has been my endeavor to give commissions to such as appeared to show promise and needed only an opportunity in order to advance to the front rank. And in that respect my task has been most gratifying.

Among the names that should be mentioned in reviewing the sculptural work done for this Exposition are many that appear before the public for the first time, but are destined to become well known to all who are concerned in our country's intellectual progress.

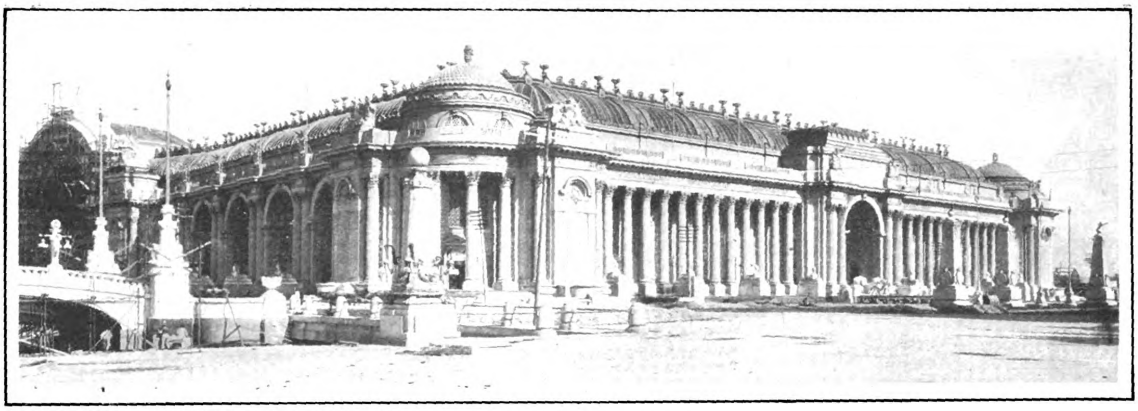


Miss M. B. Wilson, the Sculptress who modelled the Figures on Machinery Hall, at Work in her Studio

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The Palace of Manufactures

MURAL AND DECORATIVE PAINTING

BY LOUIS JULIAN MILLET

Chief of the Department of Mural and Decorative Painting

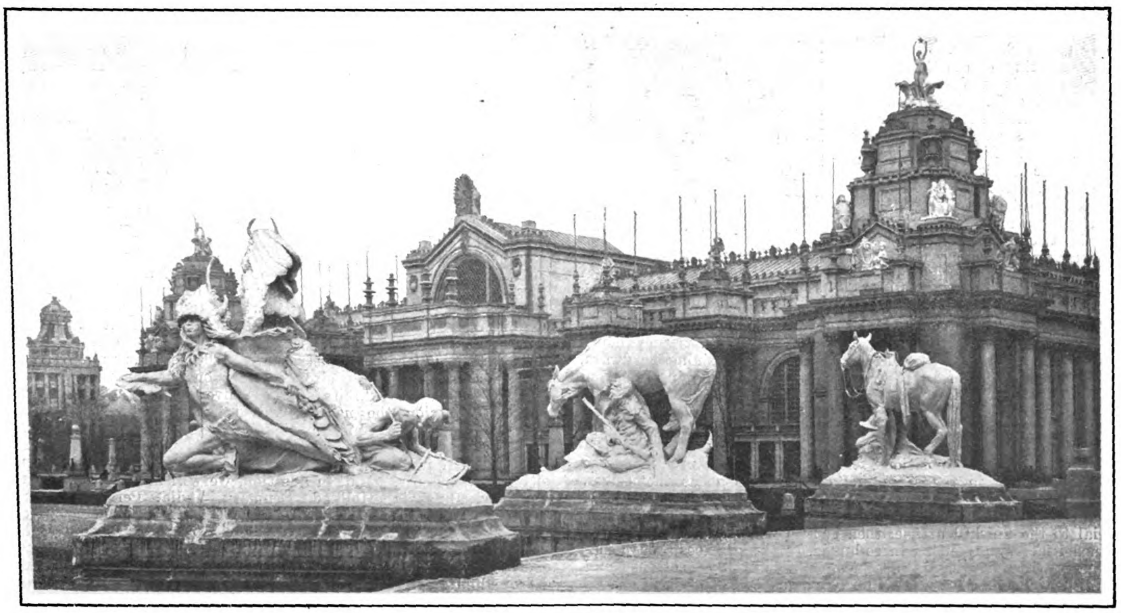
THE World's Fair of 1904 at St. Louis is not devoid of color. Though the great exhibit palaces present the aspect of stone structures and the use of color on plain stone surfaces would be offensive to architectural standards, ways have been found to introduce color so as to secure appropriate, harmonious effects. As a general rule the plain surfaces of the buildings are an ivory white, but touches of color have been put into the general picture in many places. Monotony has been avoided, while at the same time the eye is not burdened by a bewildering use of paint.

The aim of the Department of Mural and Decorative Painting has been to adapt the color treatment to the architecture of the different buildings, emphasizing their purpose and originality, while contributing to the variety and beauty of the general picture.

The architectural features lending themselves especially to color treatment are recesses and doorways, pavilion interiors, and the backgrounds of plastic decorations. Color has been used more freely on three of the large exhibit buildings—Agriculture, Forestry and Fisheries, and Mines and Metallurgy. Here the departure from conventional ideas has been marked. In the case of the Agriculture and Forestry and Fisheries buildings the character of the buildings and their close associations with nature justify treatment of this kind, while the architecture of the Mines and Metallurgy Building, which has so little of the conventional and is so near an approach to the so-called "secessionist" idea in architecture, calls for striking and original methods of color treatment. This building also offers special opportunities for mural decorations.

To give a more specific idea of how color has been used at St. Louis it may be well to describe in some detail the decorations of this building. Tall obelisks flanking the main entrance and a sphere surrounded by statuary give an Egyptian effect. In harmony with this are the relief ornamentations of the entrance finished in tones of bronze and old metals. On either side of the entrance are large panels which contain mural paintings representing in a fanciful way the philosophy and poetry of the ideas associated with the structure. The eaves of the structure overhang about eighteen feet, the walls being set back and forming a covered loggia which surrounds three sides of the building. At the base of the columns screening the walls are sculptured panels illustrating various picturesque themes. These reliefs are finished in bronze colors, giving them individuality and character. The background of the sculptured figures is a rough golden-colored glass which will be illuminated at night and show the figures in silhouette. The rear wall back of the columns is a rich Pompeiian red. The spheres with statuary surrounding them are finished in statuary bronze. It can be seen from this brief description that the color treatment of the building, as a whole, is intended to give an effect of richness and variety.

The main entrances of the Machinery Building have large vestibules containing mural paintings dealing not so much with Greek goddesses as with the world of to-day, and yet conceived in the allegorical spirit. The surfaces of the corner pavilions of this building are practically all in color, and the sculptural decorations have a background of color, increasing the richness of effect and giving an impression of filigree work. A similar plan is followed in the decorations of the Varied Industries and Manufactures



Mr. Borglum's Frontier Groups in Front of the Palace of Electricity

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buildings. Some exquisite effects have been obtained in connection with the color treatment of the Liberal Arts Building and certain portions of the Art Palace. When we come to the Agricultural Building, which is not in the central picture, but about a half-mile to the right of the Cascades, both the character of the structure and its location permit of a different plan in its decoration from any that would be appropriate in the buildings of the central group. Here color has been applied to some extent to the plain surfaces.

Fruit and vegetables and waving corn in more or less conventionalized forms, such as festoons and garlands, are used in profusion, forming striking and pleasing contrasts in color with the plain surfaces. A similar treatment has been given the Forestry and Fisheries Building. In many parts of the grounds touches of color appear, and towers and roofs have been tinted. The color treatment of the World's Fair at St. Louis is not a thing that can be easily described. It must be seen to be understood, and it is the hope of the Department of Mural and Decorative Painting that intelligent visitors will carry away favorable impressions of the results achieved in this field.

THE EXHIBIT OF MANUFACTURES

BY MILAN H. HULBERT

Chief of the Department of Manufactures

TWO of the great palaces in the main picture of the Exposition have been assigned to the Department of Manufactures—the Palace of Varied Industries, which will contain exhibits of goods made to please the eye; and the Palace of Manufactures, which will contain exhibits of goods of a purely utilitarian nature. Each of these palaces is 1200 feet long and 525 feet wide, and the total cost of the two approximates $1,500,000. A unique feature of their construction is an open court in the centre which adds much to the lighting and ventilation of the buildings.

The enormous size of the buildings, with the thousands of people who will pass through during the Exposition period, suggests a small city, and following the practice in cities the aisles have been laid out like streets, each having its name, and each exhibit its number.

The enthusiastic cooperation of the manufacturers of the United States and the unprecedented support of the foreign governments of the world have accomplished for the Department of Manufactures of the St. Louis Exposition a result far above the expectations even of the officials most intimately connected with the work. This liberal treatment is due to several things, apart from the campaign of educative exposition methods carried on for the last three years by the department itself with the 512,000 manufacturers who compose what may be termed its "clients." The most important items are the higher appreciation in the last few years of the value of ocular impression in advertising as compared to written description, and therefore an increased attention given to the proper display of merchandise.

At the time of the Chicago Exposition it was generally considered sufficient if goods were installed in a manner answering commercial necessities. At St. Louis attention to artistic display has given the Department of Manufactures a well-balanced installation which makes all parts of the two buildings equally interesting. This has led to the abolishment of the main aisle. All aisles in the building are of equal width, and so each has equal value to the sightseer.



A Group for the Manufactures Building, by Isidore Konti

There are three great divisions of the merchandise in the two buildings. The Textile section, containing textiles, tissues, clothing, fancy work, etc; the Hardware section, containing hardware, glass, heating and cooking apparatus, modern plumbing, lighting appliances, cutlery, sporting goods, etc.; and the section of Industrial Art, including all those objects made to please the eye, such as art pottery, art glass, jewelry, bronzes, silverware, precious stones, etc.

Unlike previous expositions, the machinery for producing the goods is shown in the same section with the goods themselves, and throughout both buildings the process of manufacture in actual operation will be seen. Hides will be converted from the raw material to the finished article, then cut up and made into shoes by a model factory producing three hundred pairs of shoes a day; machinery will be seen in operation making silks, cottons, and woollens. These materials will in turn be cut, many thicknesses at a time, by rotary shears and converted into both men's and women's clothing. Other machines in this same section will be turning out hats, gloves, hammocks, Indian blankets, and so on.

Surrounding these exhibits of machinery in motion will be the displays of finished goods, each containing some special exhibit, such as a $5000 blanket in the blanket section, and a combined exhibit made by the costumers in a pavilion known as the Pavilion of Costumes and Fashions.

High-speed envelope-machines, a model paper-box factory, blank-book manufacturing, and the latest type of wire-screen weaving-machine, all in operation, and supplemented by many moving displays, such as a large windmill made of thousands of hatchets with revolving sails, house cleaning done by the pneumatic process without moving the carpets and hangings from their places, will all add to the interest of the hardware section.

In the Industrial Art division the visitor will be impressed with the advance made in the last ten years in the manufacture of artistic merchandise. Until recently, strictly speaking, we have been a commercial nation working almost wholly for the useful and economical, but the displays that will be made in art silverware, art pottery, glass, bronzes, jewelry, china, furniture, interior decorations, tapestries (examples of which will be shown surpassing anything that has ever been done abroad) will convince the public that there is no more necessity of going to Europe now for the artistic in merchandise than there is for plate-glass, silks, and the thousand other commodities which at present are made as satisfactorily in the United States as anywhere in the world.

In this Industrial Art section will also be found such operative exhibits as the manufacture of imitation diamonds, the grinding, polishing, and setting of turquoise, and an Indian expert making hammered silverware.

In addition to an extensive display of clocks in the exhibit palace proper, one of the most novel features of the Exposition will be the floral clock to be built on the Agricultural Hill by the Department of Agriculture, for which the Department of Manufactures will furnish the mechanism. This will consist of a dial 100 feet in diameter, the numerals of which are to be approximately fifteen feet high, and made entirely of flowers. In its representative foreign exhibits the Department of Manufactures will far surpass the great industrial exhibit at Paris in 1900.

The Paris Palace of Industries was 1200 feet long and 160 feet wide, less than half the size of either one of the palaces to be devoted to similar exhibits at the Universal Exposition of 1904. On this occasion the nations whose exhibits stood out prominently were France, United States, England, Germany, Italy, Austria, and Japan. Each of these nations is preparing an exhibit of its special products of manufacturers for the Universal Exposition at St. Louis. And, in addition, we will have here Belgium, Hungary, Bulgaria, Holland, Denmark, India, Persia, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Mexico, Siam, Cuba, and Argentina. Germany, whose exhibit at Paris was by far the best display of industrial arts that a nation has ever made, will have in the Palace of Varied Industries at St. Louis a much more extensive and elaborate exhibit. France will install in the Palace of Manufactures the most important and representative display that that country has ever made in a foreign land. The exhibits of Italy, Austria, Japan, and China will be distinguishing features.

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its foreign section, State section, food section, dairy section, and implement section. Each is crowded to the utmost with exhibits of an interesting character.

The Palace of Horticulture, covering six acres, presents in the centre of the building the spectacle of four acres of fruit on view. More than a hundred refrigerator-car loads of fruit are in cold storage to replenish the supply, to say nothing of the fresh fruits coming in their season. In the eastern end is the conservatory of plants, and the western is filled with cut flowers and horticultural implements. Outside, these palaces are surrounded by ten acres of roses and about forty acres of formal and informal landscape-gardening.

THE FORESTRY DEPARTMENT

BY DR. TARLETON H. BEAN

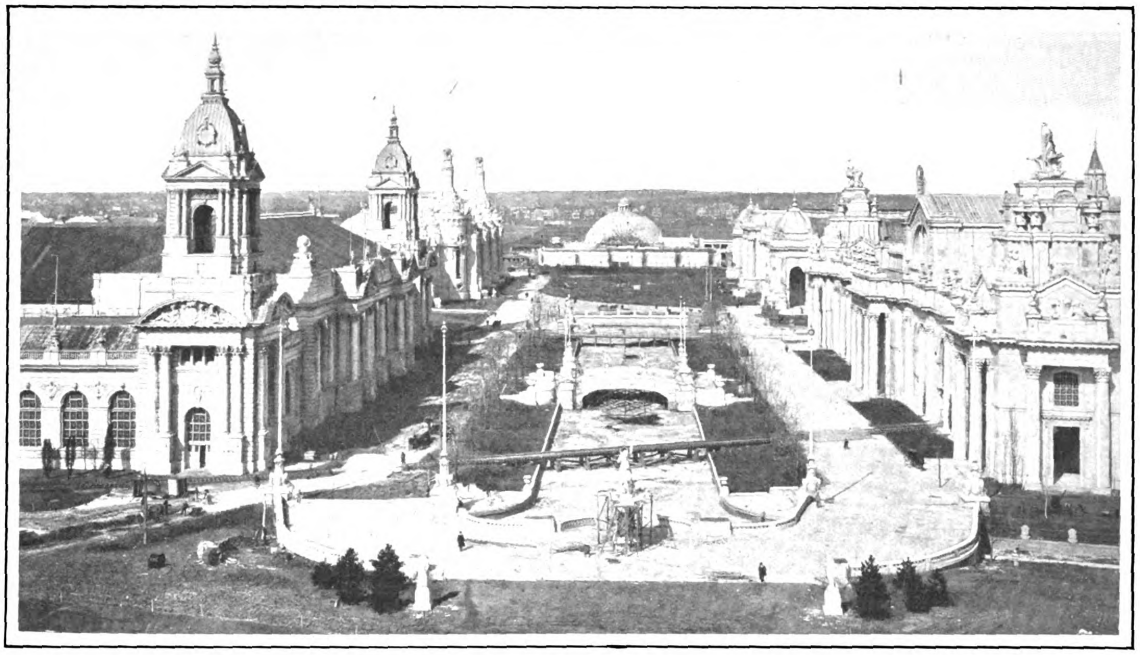
Chief of the Departments of Forestry and Fish and Game

THE Department of Forestry is associated for exhibit purposes with the Department of Fish and Game in a building 300 feet wide and 600 feet long, near the Administration Building and the Palace of Agriculture.

The exhibits of this department occupy rather more than one-half of the building and also several acres of ground on the outside. Some of the principal out-door displays are the tree-planting tract and the demonstration of methods of timber preservation by the United States Bureau of Forestry, a nursery to be installed by the Forest, Fish, and Game Commission of New York, very large timbers grown in Canada, Mississippi, Oregon, and California, and the building known as the House of Hoo-Hoo, which is intended to show the commercial possibilities of various native woods.

The entire range of forest illustration at universal expositions is covered in the exhibits brought together from various sources, both domestic and foreign, by individuals, firms, associations, and governments. The display relates to the distribution of forests, their composition, their utilization, destruction, protection, reforestation, and management. Nearly all of the great States and at least sixteen foreign countries contribute to the forest exhibits.

On the commercial side the selected displays in the Forestry Palace aim to illustrate the economic uses of valuable trees, such as pines and other conifers, as well as many of the hardwoods. The secondary products of the forest—woodenware, cooperage, basketry, etc., the general industries based upon wood-pulp, the forest by-products, form instructive and important features of the installation.



View showing the Plaza of St. Anthony

The United States Bureau of Forestry, in addition to its out-door demonstrations, will occupy a large area in the building with its splendid series of transparencies and its illustrations of appliances and processes used in forestry. The transparencies show forest trees, forest conditions, forest topography, methods of lumbering, and forest destruction by fire, insects and other enemies. The character and extent of government work in the United States, both from the economic and scientific side, will be more fully understood than at any previous universal exposition.

FISH AND GAME

BY DR. TARLETON H. BEAN

ONE of the most popular features in this exhibit is the display of living aquatic animals to which Canada, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and the Intercolonial Railway of Canada will contribute.

The tanks number above sixty, and range from three to ten feet in length. They will contain valuable food and game fishes of the contributing States. Minnesota will show its black-bass, pike-perch, maskalonge, and many other well-known favorites of the angler. Missouri will have bass of various kinds, pike-perch, the trout, crappie, and specimens of its gigantic catfish, and other huge denizens of the fresh waters. It will also bring together the remarkable blind fish and salamanders of its caves. Canada will exhibit families of beaver. Pennsylvania will show a great number of food and game fishes. The Intercolonial Railway of Canada proposes to show living salmon, trout, and striped-bass. New Jersey has the great central pool, forty feet in diameter and five feet deep, for a collection of very large fishes of the Atlantic coast.

The out-door display of Missouri, west of the building, will surround an artificial lake, 200 feet in length, on which angling

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The Palace of Mines and Metallurgy

tournaments will be held. Tributary pools are provided for a display of live wild ducks, geese, and swan. Living deer, wild turkey, raccoon, opossum, otter, beaver, mink, foxes, mountain lion, quail, pheasants, and eagles are to be housed in suitable enclosures around the lake. A hunting-lodge furnished with equipment for hunting and fishing will complete this exhibit.

Arrangements are completed for testing rifles and camping equipment in this department. Several log cabins intended for the use of hunters and fishermen are being built in the building.

Particularly interesting will be the exhibit of taxidermy from nearly all parts of the world, the graphic illustration of the great salmon fishery of the Pacific coast, and the splendid collection of equipment of every kind from widely remote places intended for the use of the hunter and fisherman.

MINES AND METALLURGY

BY J. A. HOLMES

Chief of the Department of Mines and Metallurgy

THE first department chief selected by the directors of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was the head of the Department of Mines and Metallurgy.

For three years now the work of exploitation and collection for this department has been under way, and the end certainly justifies the effort. In the Palace of Mines and Metallurgy will be displayed all that is rarest and best in our natural mineral resources, and side by side with the coals and iron ores, and the rarer golds and silvers, will be the laboratory, the furnace, and the reduction-mill to show the method of obtaining the finished product.

Among the special features in connection with the display of natural material will be the native gems and gem stones that are now becoming a decidedly important factor in the world of luxury and art. The rare free crystalline and wire gold from Colorado's rich deposits will be shown, and with them the equally rich tellurides of Cripple Creek and Boulder, the unequalled collections of California, gold quartz and nuggets, and the latest products from the mesas of the far North.

For the finished appliances and products there will be exhibited working models, concentrating-mills in actual operation, river dredges, an operating assay office directed and controlled by students from one of the leading scientific schools of the West, a turquoise mine, a miner's cabin and tunnel lined with rock in place, together with demonstrations of lapidary polishing and of rounding the rare product into ornaments.

Connected with the display in the Palace of Mines and Metallurgy will be a shallow ravine extending from the Mines and Government buildings for a length of over 2000 feet, with a width of from 300 to 500 feet, where oil-well drilling appliances will be in actual operation; where one will see cement works of the most modern patterns; an equipped operating coal-breaker; one or more gold-mills pounding out values from the Dakota ledges brought across the plains for the purpose of illustrating the most modern methods for extracting value from low grade or refractory material.

Here also will be installed in full size the great hydraulic appliances that have torn away the California summits and washed them into the sea. Aerial tramways will traverse the tree tops, delivering to distant points crude material in the fashion now so common in Western transportation.

Besides these modern and thoroughly equipped installations will be an old Mexican mining-camp, where, with the arastra and the patio, native miners will operate on precisely the same material and by the same method as that used thousands of years ago.

In contrast will be shown a copper-mining camp of modern type, where refining copper by means of converters and electrolitic processes will be fully demonstrated. Coal mining and the infinite variety of metallurgical products dependent upon this will be given abundant space, and no one interested in any department, no matter how technical or crude, will fail to find either in the Palace of Mines itself or in the adjacent "gulch," an opportunity for informing himself along every line of metallurgical advance. From the fifty-ton ingots from which cannon are rolled to the infinitely minute particles of radium, the range is wide, but has been fully met. The chief of the Department of Mines and Metallurgy has never failed to bear in mind the importance of meeting the full official classification, and in doing so promises to present to the student and intelligent observer everything that he may need on which to base an opinion or found a theory.

Every State will be represented by its mineral and metallurgical products, and these will be supplemented by the records of individual effort. The United States government, as always before, will be liberally represented through the work of the Geological Survey, including publications, maps, and special collections.

LIVE STOCK AT THE EXPOSITION

BY F. D. COBURN

Chief of the Department of Live Stock

NO opportunity approaching that presented at the St. Louis Exposition has ever been offered to the stockmen of the world to demonstrate the progress made in the many branches of animal husbandry. The Exposition management has accorded a generous recognition to the live-stock interests, and justly so. No other group of exhibits has made such rapid advancement in recent years, nor has any other a greater importance in the Louisiana Purchase territory.

The live-stock exhibits afford the most striking response to the oft-heard deprecation from persons who have failed to give a world's fair a second thought, so far as its general scheme is concerned, that it seems a mistake not to preserve the marvellously beautiful and instructive features beyond the six or seven months through which they may be assembled for display. The live-stock show for any kind of animal or fowl will last no more than two weeks—except the exhibition of dairy cows. Yet the good from

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the Exposition live-stock show is certain to last for a considerable period. An exposition is merely a summing up and a decision; the importance of it lies in the momentum it gives to an art or an industry, and not in the display itself.

This is already marked in the progress of the preparations for the live-stock exhibition at St. Louis. Breeders and fanciers have been selecting and fitting animals for some time to make sure of showing exhibits worthy of so great a competition. The exhibitors are stimulated to bring the best possible specimens for display and judging. Breeders in this country have gone to the homes of the original stock to secure, if possible, better animals than might be found in the United States. All this process of mating and selection makes for a general uplift of the live-stock industry through an assembling of a higher quality of stock and the dissemination of better ideals in the industry.

Now that animal husbandry is coming to more systematic advanced methods and is finding wider fields of usefulness, this summing up at the Fair of its progress and status has an especial significance. Provision has been made at the Exposition for a show of 3000 horses, beginning August 22; for the exhibition of a like number of cattle for two weeks, commencing September 12; for exhibits to follow these of sheep, fowl, a kennel show, and so on. There will also be an exhibition of Southern breeding cattle and that of the range cattle which cannot be shown to halter. The sum of $280,000 has been appropriated by the management for cash prizes for live stock.

THE ANTHROPOLOGY EXHIBIT

BY W J McGEE

Chief of the Department of Anthropology

THE exhibit of anthropology is designed to show what man is in his various types and what he has done through that creative genius which has given him mastery over most of the powers and the resources of the earth. The department is organized in sections, each devoted to the science of man in some distinctive aspect.

The section of ethnology is devoted to types of both race and culture (or development). The race-types include the pygmies of Central Africa, with other tribesmen of the Dark Continent hardly known hitherto; the Tehuelche Indians, which since the time of Magellan have been known as Patagonian Giants; the Ainu people, or hairy folk, of whom little is known beyond the facts that they are white, rather than brown, that they are among the shyest and most secluded of the world's peoples, that they are the aborigines of the Japanese Archipelago, and that they are most abundantly bearded. These are supplemented by various Indian types from the United States and Mexico, and by more than a dozen tribes of Filipinos, as well as by the several alien peoples gathered by concessionaires on The Pike. Generally, the primitive folk will occupy habitations erected by themselves from materials brought for the purpose, and will live and work in their accustomed ways; so that on the Exposition grounds may be seen every stage in industrial progress with the development in the arts, languages, social customs, and beliefs characteristic of each stage of human advancement.

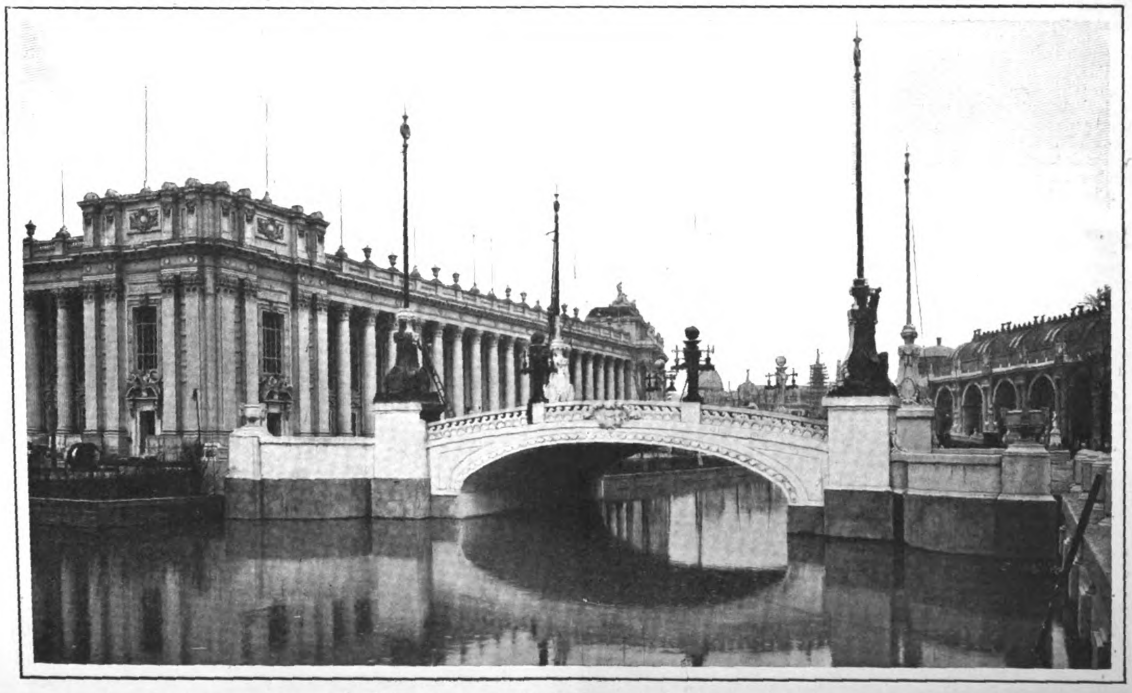
The Indian school section has for its nucleus a model Indian school established under a Federal appropriation to illustrate the most advanced methods of raising our surviving aborigines to the plane of citizenship. The school is conducted by Hon. S. M. McCowan, Superintendent of the Indian Exhibit, and one of our foremost Indian educators; and the interest of the modern training will be constantly enhanced by the contrast between aboriginal handicraft and that of the trained pupils, both displayed in the same building.

In the section of archæology there are several notable collections representing the arts and industries of ancient Egypt, early Mexico, prehistoric Peru, and other lands, in addition to those of the mound-building Indians and other aborigines of the present territory of the United States. So far as practicable, the archæologic collections are arranged in synthetic series illustrating the stages of human development shown also in the ethnologic section.

The section of history is devoted to manuscripts, maps, relics, and other records of one of the most striking developments the world has seen—the transformation of the Louisiana Purchase Territory from a wilderness ranged only by wild beasts and savage men into a family of great commonwealths. Special attention is given to the pioneers of the Territory and the makers of the States.

In the sections of anthropometry and psychometry the opportunities afforded by the Exposition for comparing the physical and mental characteristics of all the world's peoples are utilized. The measurements comprise not only external physical characteristics such as stature and weight, but rates of respiration and pulsation, acuteness of the senses, times of sense reactions, capacity for coordinating impressions, and other faculties of the human creature, so that the race-types and culture-grades assembled on the grounds may be brought within the range of comparative study. The opportunity will be utilized, also, for obtaining similar measurements from the trained athletes assembled in connection with the Department of Physical Culture.

On the ground of logical arrangement, the Department of Anthropology is a combining element, converting the whole western portion of the grounds, from the Philippine exhibit in the southwest, through the model Indian school and adjoining Indian encampments in the central west, to the Department of Physical Culture in the northwest, in a great exhibit of man—balancing the vast series of man's works, in the central and eastern portions of the grounds.



The Palace of Education and Social Economy

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WOMEN AT THE FAIR

BY MRS. MARGARETTA MANNING

President of the Board of Lady Managers

THE participation of women in the great Exposition at St. Louis, toward whose making the whole world has so generously contributed, is in every way fitting, dignified, distinctive, yet in no sense and at no time separate or segregated. Indeed, woman's participation in the march of events is too well assured at this period of the world's advancement to make an assertion of herself or a segregation of her position either tenable or desirable.

From the very beginning of the movement to celebrate the purchase of the Louisiana Territory woman's part was carefully considered. The highest recognition was accorded her, thus giving ample testimony to the world's recognition of woman's participation in the real and true expansion of our great nation.

For the first time in the history of American expositions, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is outlined upon the basis of competition entirely without regard to race, color, or sex. So that within its plan and scope there is designed no separate display of the work of woman, no segregation of her productions in any line of endeavor whatsoever. But in art, industry, science, or the simplest handicraft, her work is accorded equal recognition with that of man, and is exhibited directly in competition.

In accordance with the broad plan of the Exposition itself, a special act of Congress set the stamp of government approval upon the enterprise, and provided that a Board of Lady Managers should be appointed by the National World's Fair Commission of such number and to perform such duties as the commission and the Exposition Company should prescribe. While the act further provided that the Board of Lady Managers should exercise general supervisory control over all that pertains to the participation of women in the Exposition, the highest prerogative accorded was in prescribing that the Board should appoint one member of every jury of awards that is to judge of work produced in whole or in part by woman's effort. This high privilege delegated to it by act of government has made it possible for the Board of Lady Managers to accord recognition to women of ability and achievement in every line of endeavor where woman's work has sought exhibition in the various departments of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

In order that this "greatest Exposition" should be equally great in all its parts, it was early designed that the social features in connection with it should be duly emphasized and made in every way distinctive. Thus it came about that the Board of Lady Managers found themselves called upon to perform the altogether delightful and charming task of acting as hostesses of the nation. In the building set apart for their use by the Exposition Company, and which is fitted up with salons, banquet halls, tea rooms, and administrative offices, the Board of Lady Managers will be at home to the women of the world, and expect throughout the period of the Exposition to entertain distinguished visitors from every country on the globe. Among the large entertainments already planned will be a reception in honor of Mrs. David R. Francis, wife of the president of the Exposition Company; a luncheon to the delegates of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; and receptions to the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Colonial Dames, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and so on. Other functions will be planned to cover the entire World's Fair period.

The money items that make up a part of the Board's history are not without interest. A statement rendered to the Board on March 1, 1904, showed that the Exposition Company, out of the original $5,000,000 appropriated by the government for exposition purposes, had, as disbursers of the fund, paid out on behalf of the Board of Lady Managers during the two years since its appointment the sum of $16,856 21. As the opening of the Exposition approached, the Board of Lady Managers found that in order successfully to carry out the purposes for which it has been created, a fund entirely at its disposal was a necessary part of its existence. In recognition of this necessity, the general government by special act of Congress passed February 11, 1904, provided that of the $4,600,000 loaned to the Exposition Company to complete the great enterprise it was promoting, $100,000 should be set apart to the Board of Lady Managers, to be expended in such sums and for such purposes as it desired in the performance of its duties.

The entire membership of the Board is as follows: Mrs. Daniel Manning, of New York, president; Mrs. Edward L. Buchwalter, of Ohio, first vice-president; Mrs. William H. Coleman, of Indiana, treasurer; Miss Lavinia H. Egan, of Louisiana, secretary; Miss Helen Gould, of New York; Mrs. John M. Holcombe, of Connecticut; Miss Anna L. Dawes, of Massachusetts; Mrs. Fannie L. Porter, of Georgia; Mrs. Frederick M. Hanger, of Arkansas; Mrs. W. E. Andrews, of Nebraska; Mrs. Helen Boice-Hunsicker, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Richard W. Knott, of Kentucky; Mrs. M. H. De Young, of California; Mrs. Belle L. Everest, of Kansas; Mrs. Marcus A. Daly, of Montana; Mrs. Louis D. Frost, of Minnesota; Mrs. Finis P. Ernest, of Colorado; Mrs. Mary Phelps Montgomery, of Oregon; Mrs. John Miller Horton, of Buffalo; Mrs. Carl Von Mayhoff, of Virginia; Mrs. James Edmund Sullivan, of Rhode Island, and Mrs. Annie McLean Moores, of Texas.

SPECIAL DAYS AND CEREMONIES

BY COLONEL EDWARD C. CULP

Secretary Committee on Ceremonies

IT was one of the first ideas of the Committee on Ceremonies that unusual opportunities to examine the exhibits at the Fair, especially those of the government, should be afforded to military organizations, military schools, and such semi-military bodies as would at once, by reason of drill and discipline, be available for military defence. Invitations were extended to them, the cadet schools being allowed to visit the Fair under charge of their teachers. The acceptances have been so prompt, coming from the leading schools and military organizations of the United States, that seven sets of barracks, each accommodating 320 men, are already taken up from May 25 to September 15, while there are many assignments for October and November. A large number are awaiting the action of the committee in arranging assignments. These organizations are coming from Maine to Oregon, from the Gulf to the Northern lakes.

Invitations were also sent to fraternal associations to hold their annual conventions on the Exposition grounds during the Exposition, and several auditoriums were provided free of charge for such organizations. States were invited to name "special days" commemorating some important anniversary. Congresses, representing the most advanced thought of the world, were invited, and religious societies and various associations have accepted the invitations, the participants coming from all parts of the world.

At the World's Columbian Exposition there were one hundred and nineteen "special days," three of them coming in May and eight in June. At the St. Louis Universal Exposition we have already assigned forty-seven for May and ninety-seven for June. Knowing the congestion that would be unavoidable if all events were postponed until the last three months of the Exposition, the Committee on Ceremonies crowded special events into May, June, and July as far as possible, and reported them to the executive committee, coupled with a statement that early railroad rates must be secured. The railway passenger agents visited the Exposition, examined the buildings and extent of the grounds, and made a particular study of the assignment of dates in the early days of the Exposition. They recognized the necessity for immediate decision, and the result is that two months before the opening of the Exposition the management was able to announce a railroad rate unparalleled in expositions, commencing three days before the opening of the gates.

The "special days" assigned up to March 11 are classified as follows: Congresses, 18; associations and conventions, 67; Olympic games, 63; special events, 65; State days, 43; patriotic days and family reunions, 24; municipalities, 6; foreign and international, 8; fraternal associations, 65; military assignments, 51. Many of these congresses, associations, societies, and Olympic games cover a period of one week, and several necessarily are on the same day, occupying all the halls we have. While we have assignments that at first glance appear to cover four hundred and ten days, in all they really cover one thousand and sixty-eight days. This does not include any of the great musical events, which cover the entire period of the Exposition.

ATHLETICS AND OLYMPIC GAMES

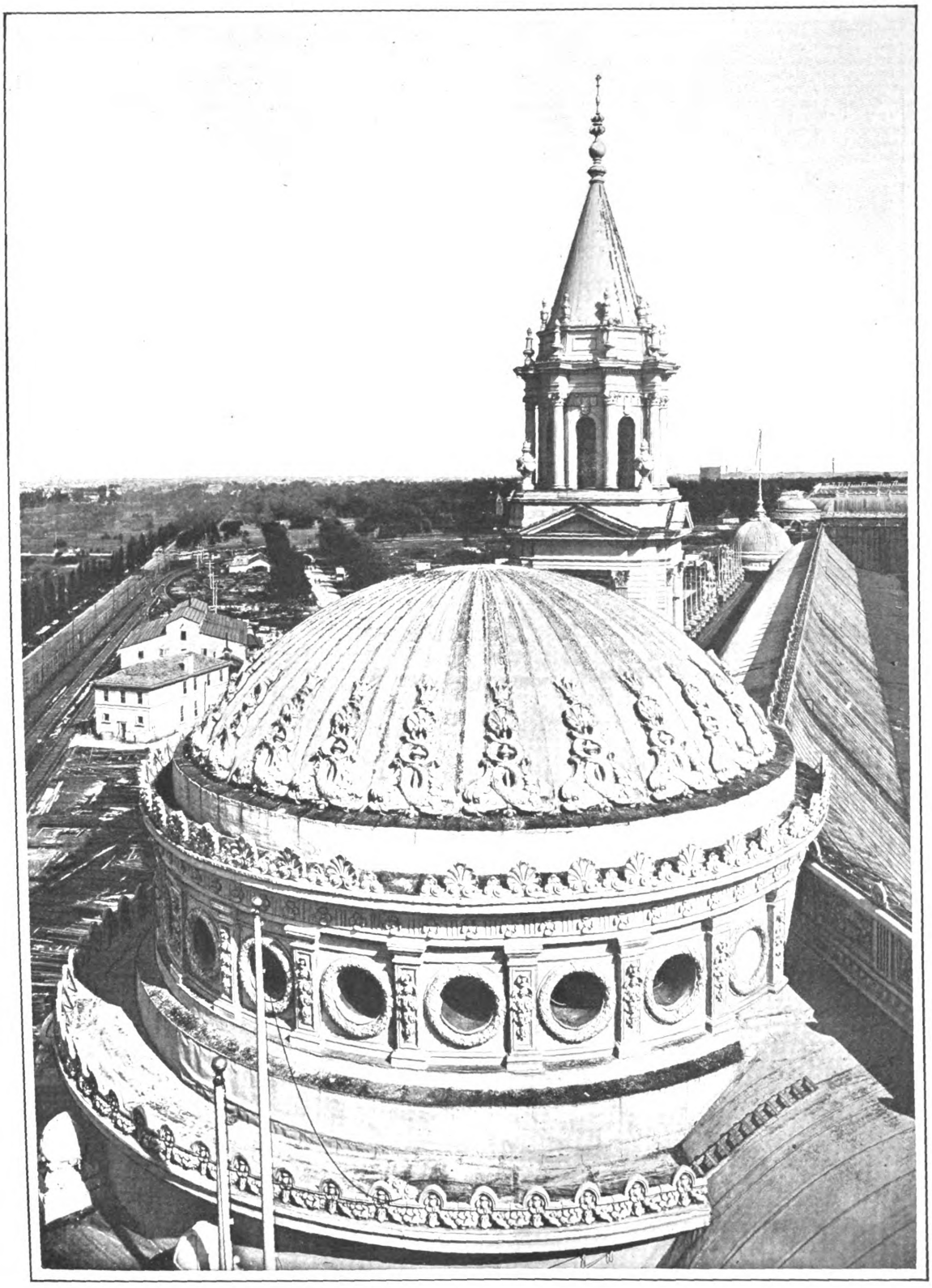
BY JAMES E. SULLIVAN

Chief of the Department of Physical Culture

A COMPREHENSIVE schedule of athletic events has been arranged for the Exposition. The games are scheduled to take place in the Stadium, which is situated in the northwest part of the Exposition grounds, and which will have a seating capacity of 27,000 spectators. The Olympic games, which are held only once every four years, will take place for the first time in America during the Fair. Other international contests such as rowing, golf, tennis, baseball, bowling on the green, roque, archery, cricket, and almost every sport known to Americans will be decided in the city of St. Louis during the present year. Champions from all over the country and from England, France, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Greece, Australia, etc., will be seen in the different contests.

The Olympic games, a revival of the contests of ancient Greece,

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THE DOME OF THE PALACE OF VARIED INDUSTRIES

The view is looking east toward the city, and shows the dome, the tower, and part of the roof-line of the building. The Palace of Varied Industries is one of the two buildings which have been assigned to the exhibits of the Department of Manufactures. It is 1200 feet long and 525 feet wide, and cost, together with the Palace of Manufactures, $1,500,000

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are intended to last one week. The first of these modern Olympiads was held in Athens in 1896. The second was held in Paris in 1900, where American athletes carried off the lion's share of honors. The games have received the official endorsement of all governing bodies in this country, and their earnest support is assured. In rowing, the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, the strongest organization of its kind in the world and the governing body of that sport in America, has decided to hold its regatta at St. Louis during the Fair. The regatta will take place at Creve Cœur Lake, and nearly every rowing organization of note will be represented. Crews from foreign countries are already making preparations to take part. The Young Men's Christian Association will have an association week in conjunction with the Olympic games. It is particularly worthy of note that the governing bodies of nearly all branches of athletics have endorsed the games to be held in St. Louis during the Exposition.

A feature of the physical-training exhibit will be the Olympic lecture course, which will be held in the gymnasium erected on the grounds, and which is under the management of the Physical Culture Department. The lecture courses will take place during the month of August. Arrangements have been made for those who are interested in the movement to hold conventions in the gymnasium. In the Olympic course the lectures will be a complete history of all phases of the subject.

AMUSEMENT CONCESSIONS

BY NORRIS B. GREGG

Director of Concessions and Admissions

STRIVING for leadership in every feature, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition has made its "concession" street an integral part of the greatest World's Fair, and on The Pike the same consideration has been given to amusement as to the more serious subjects in the large exhibit palaces. The Pike is a touch of pantomime and mimicry in the midst of art and realism, and here cosmopolitan life is to be found in its jolliest mood.

On both sides of a street one mile long and on one side of an irregular avenue that extends into the hilly woodland are these pavilions of amusement where the funmakers and illusionists of the world have a store of whole-souled refreshment. Nor is it all idle pastime, for The Pike affords the student of human nature opportunity for a closer observance of the foreigners and their customs than is permitted elsewhere. On the Streets of Cairo or within the Walls of Jerusalem one may eat at their tables and ride their camels, and in Chinese and Japanese villages one may eat Oriental food and hear the babel of tongues.

Among the peaks of the Tyrolean Alps will be found a pleasant retreat in warm weather. Equally refreshing will be an imaginary trip, with icebergs and polar bears for companions, from New York to the North Pole.

Under and Over the Sea—a journey by submarine boat and return by air-ship—is one of The Pike's sensations, and quite as thrilling will be a ride on the Observation Wheel, which rises to a height of 250 feet and gives the passenger a view of the entire Exposition picture.

Visitors are whizzed into the noisy darkness of a magic whirlpool. Another remarkable experience is a ride of many miles in a railroad-train which, however great the deception, does not leave the building.

Creation is a pleasing illusion that has an instructive as well as spectacular value. The visitor is taken back through all the ages to the beginning of time.

Famous battles are fought over again in the great Battle Abbey, where painted canvas has been made to resemble famous scenes and men wage warfare as they did in history.



Night View of the Main Entrance of the Palace of Electricity

Wild animals roam at large among the natural surroundings in the greatest zoological exhibit ever seen in this country, and between their lairs and the audience there is no bar or screen to obstruct the vision, yet the visitor is in no peril. On The Pike children may ride upon the backs of great turtles, guiding them with bridle and bit as if they were horses.

Exhibitions of fire-fighting, which will include the "burning" of a four-story building, will be given by expert firemen detailed from the departments of the large cities. They have their trained horses and the latest equipment. In connection with this is a museum of apparatus used in olden-times, one piece being a fire-pump once used by Benedict Arnold.

Life of the cliff-dwellers will be shown in a bit of New Mexico

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scenery transported to the Exposition. The South Sea Islanders have a village near by in which natives will typify the habits and customs of the race. A Moorish street and scenes from Seville are some of the other attractions.

Ireland's industrial exhibit is on The Pike, and here have been gathered many specimens of Irish skill as well as attractions of historic and romantic value. The famous House of Parliament of Dublin is at the entrance to the Irish quarter. Old St. Louis, as it existed at the time of the Louisiana Purchase, one hundred years ago, has been reproduced with many quaint bits of scenery.

Parisian scenes, a street from Constantinople, and people of Asia are also on The Pike. There is also a scene from the famous Ozark Mountains in southwest Missouri, and a part of the Siberian Railway is reproduced with its Russian environments.

Costumes of all ages, with the various styles of dressing the hair from the earliest times are shown. There is also a naval exhibit, where miniature battle-ships duplicate famous battles at sea.

Not belonging wholly to The Pike, but one of the concessions, is "Hardscrable," the log cabin built near St. Louis by General U. S. Grant. It will be a centre of attraction for all Americans, for it was in this modest home that the former President lived before winning military distinction.

Life in the South as it was before the civil war is shown in "The Old Plantation." In the "Streets of Seville" will be depicted life in Spain. These, with the Russian village, the Moorish palace, the submarine divers, are some of the attractions on The Pike which possess amusement or educational features of unquestioned value.

PLANS FOR MUSIC

BY GEORGE D. MARKHAM

Chief of the Bureau of Music

WHEN the Exposition directors had to face the expenditure of a large amount of money in the Department of Music they turned to the men who had been active in supporting and directing the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society through many years. Messrs. Schroers, Hedges, Tebbitts, and Markham were requested to prepare a plan for the music at the World's Fair. They studied the experience of Chicago and Paris, and concluded that the greater part of the Exposition's expenditure should be not for classic concerts, but for music which the mass of the people would enjoy.

The report of the committee recommended that classic concerts should be limited to such number as the public would attend, and that the open-air music should be unlimited. These were the two most striking features in the decision. In addition, the Exposition Company believes that well-designed band and choral contests will secure better standards of brass-band work and of choral singing throughout the nation. They believe that they must choose between having very fine music, which only a comparatively few people would hear, and music of a more "popular" order.

After more than a year of extensive correspondence, a European tour by Mr. George W. Stewart (manager of the Bureau of Music), and several American journeys by both Mr. Stewart and Mr. E. R. Kroeger (Master of Programmes), the actual contracts were closed with but little change from the original plans.

The indoor concerts will take place in Festival Hall, a beautiful structure of the Renaissance order. In it will be installed the largest organ in the world. Eminent organists, among them M. Guilmant, will give daily recitals. Mr. Charles Galloway, of St. Louis, is the official organist.

The orchestra for the Exposition is made up of fifty men from the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society and thirty men from other cities. Mr. Alfred Ernst will be the official conductor. Mr. Max Bendix, who played so long with Thomas, will be concert-master. One concert will be given each week with a single vocal soloist.

Two distinguished European conductors of "popular music" will direct the orchestra in daily concerts in the Tyrolean Alps. These are Josef Hellmesberger and Karl Komzak, of Vienna.

The chorus work is to be done by a great local chorus. Outside choruses of note have asked to come at their own expense for the honor of singing at the Exposition. The choral contests will occur in July, and prizes aggregating $20,000 have been offered. The band contests will occur in September, and the prizes amount to $30,000. These contests have already excited great interest throughout the country.

Military bands, foreign and American, have been engaged to give daily concerts. The *Garde Republicaine* band comes from France. This band is sent as a distinguished mark of favor from the French government. The Grenadier Guards' Band of England comes for an engagement of six weeks, by special permission of King Edward. Von Blon's famous Berlin band will be here eight weeks. Among the United States bands are Sousa's, Innes's Boston, etc. There will be a Mexican band and one from the Philippines.

GREAT BRITAIN AT THE EXPOSITION

BY COLONEL C. M. WATSON

Commissioner-General for Great Britain and Secretary to the Royal Commission

THE Royal Commission, of which H. R. H. the Prince of Wales is president, was appointed on the 23d of April, 1903. A sum of £150,000 ($750,000) was granted to meet the expenses of organizing the British exhibits and of providing a national pavilion. This pavilion, which is situated near the Administration Building, is a reproduction of a well-known example of the work of Sir Christopher Wren—the orangery at Kensington Palace which was built by order of Queen Anne early in the eighteenth century. The Royal Pavilion, which will serve as the headquarters of the Royal Commission during the period of the exhibition, is surrounded by a garden laid out in the style of the Queen Anne period, where will be shown plants and flowers contributed by British horticultural firms.

His Majesty King Edward has been graciously pleased to lend for exhibition a selection from the Jubilee presents of the late Queen Victoria, and these will be arranged in the Library Building of Washington University. The principal British exhibits in the different departments of the exhibition will be as follows:

In the Department of Education there will be a thoroughly representative collection exhibit to which most of the leading educational establishments in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland have contributed. It will include universities, primary and secondary schools, and schools of art and technical direction. It will probably be the most complete educational collection from the United Kingdom that has been shown at an international exhibition outside of Great Britain.

In the Department of Art the British section will contain a fine collection of paintings (oil and water color) by the best English, Scottish, and Irish artists, including members of all the different art societies. This collection has been made with great care by the Fine Art Committee of the Royal Commission, and is certainly equal, if not superior, to that at the Chicago Exhibition of 1893. There will also be shown a large number of drawings, etchings, engravings, and architectural designs and some excellent specimens of the smaller class of sculpture. Besides the exhibit of fine art, the British galleries will contain a very interesting collection of objects in the group of applied art.

In the Department of Liberal Arts, in the British section, will be included a number of collection exhibits of considerable importance, each of which has been organized by a special committee. Among these are the following: Books and engravings; pictorial, scientific, and historical photography; geography, topography, and exploration; civil engineering; instruments of precision; chemical and pharmaceutical arts, etc. The chemical exhibit will be very extensive, and in connection with it there will be demonstrations of Professor Dewar's researches with respect to the liquefaction of hydrogen and other gases.

In the Department of Manufactures the space allotted to Great Britain is in the Varied Industries Building. The most important exhibits will be in the groups of ceramics, furniture, lace and embroidery, and textile machinery. The collection exhibit of British and Irish lace will be specially worthy of notice.

There will be few British exhibits in the Department of Machinery, as the market in the United States is much restricted by the high custom tariff, which excludes foreign machinery to a considerable extent. In the Palace of Electricity there will be a good display of the higher classes of electrical instruments by some of the best British makers. The London General Post-office will also make an important contribution.

In the Department of Transportation the principal British steamship companies will make a considerable display of ship models. Among the ship models are the *Albion* and the *Ophir*, lent by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. The *Ophir* was the vessel in which the Prince circumnavigated the world. Some of the larger railway companies will exhibit, and there will be an interesting display illustrative of travelling in Egypt and of a travelling camp in the Holy Land.

The space allotted to Great Britain in the Agricultural Building is small, but there will be a considerable exhibit of chocolate, baking, and confectionery machinery, and collections from South Africa and the gold coast. As already mentioned, the principal horticultural exhibits will be in the garden of the British Royal Pavilion.

In the Department of Fish and Game the principal exhibit will be that of the Marine Biological Association, and there will be a good collection of British sporting guns by some of the leading manufacturers.

The British exhibit in the Department of Mines will illustrate the geology and mineral resources of Great Britain and Ireland.

The collection exhibit of social economy, which will be shown in the Palace of Education, will contain much useful information regarding social conditions in the United Kingdom.

Speaking generally, the British section of the St. Louis Exhibition, though it necessarily cannot be regarded as a complete display of British industries, will, it is believed, be representative and interesting.

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GERMANY AT THE FAIR

BY DR. THEODOR LEWALD

Imperial German Commissioner-General

WHEN a nation accepts an invitation to participate in a foreign universal exposition it may be actuated by commercial reasons or by the desire, in displaying a picture of its intellectual, scientific, and artistic labor, to give to the country which extends the invitation a proof of its neighborly feelings in contributing its share towards the accomplishment of the desired aim.

This latter feeling has prompted the German Empire to accept the invitation of the United States to take part in the universal exposition. If the decision had been left with the German Chambers of Commerce and the large commercial corporations only, they would have declared, "The commercial ties between Germany and the United States are so strong and ever-increasing that a fostering of them by means of the Exposition is not required." But the German people and, in the first instance, the German Emperor, wished to be represented.

Thus the German exhibit gives widest scope to art, science, and education. As commercial purposes are only a second consideration, one will not be surprised to see that some of the most important industries to which is due a great deal of Germany's position as one of the leading powers in the commercial world, are not represented at all; for example, the industry of electricity, the industry of steel and iron, and paper manufacture. The chemical industry is represented only as a scientific exhibit of the universities.

The centre of the German section will be the German Government Building, the "Deutsches Haus." It is situated in the heart of the Exposition, overlooking the cascades and gardens. The architectural idea is the Emperor's own: his Majesty chose the Charlottenburg Castle for a model. This castle represents a period which marks the development of Germany—the founding of Prussia's kingdom. Costly furniture and silverware, for centuries in the possession of the royal family, will decorate its rooms. The various styles of furniture which have been dominant under the various Kings of Prussia will be found in the building.

The exhibit of arts and crafts, comprising an area of 80,000 square feet, is the most important and most elaborate which Germany ever had at any of the domestic and international expositions. All the leading men which Germany has in this field among the younger generation will be here. Berlin is sending Bruno Moehring and Professor Grenander; Munich Professor Duelfer; Dresden Professor Kreis; Stuttgart Professor Pankok; Karlsruhe Professors Hoffacker, Laeuger, and Billig; Darmstadt Professor Olbrich—just to mention some of the most prominent men who, supported by large government and state funds, have been hard at work for more than a year in preparing exhibits to show the progress of decorative art in Germany.

The fine arts exhibit will give a picture of German art in the last thirty years, and will bring a large number of Germany's foremost artists to the notice of the American public.

In accordance with the dominant idea of the Exposition, special consideration has been given to the exhibit of German universities and technical high schools, and a splendid display of German educational methods will be shown.

Four laboratories will contain the most complete collection of scientific instruments that has ever been sent out of Germany. The most prominent German scientists, men like Professor Waldeyer, will be at the head of the medical, botanical, and biological exhibits.

In the Liberal Arts Building—Germany's exhibit here comprises an area of 65,000 square feet—will be found the exhibit of the German printers, models and plans of large engineering works, a large exhibit of hygienic institutions, displayed by the Imperial Board of Health, and finally the exhibits of certain manufactures, such as cutlery, laces, silks, perfumery.

The Transportation Building will contain the exhibits of the large German steamship companies, locomotive exhibits, and the welfare institutions of the government and of the various railroads. Special features will be the exhibit of the "highest ascended" air-ship, the fastest automobile, and plans of the two electric-cars which have reached a speed of 130 miles an hour.

The German section would be incomplete were it not to give an exhibit in the field of agriculture, of wine-growing, beer-brewing, and of food in general.

JAPAN'S EXHIBIT

BY SEIICHI TEGIMA

Imperial Japanese Commissioner-General

THE Japanese exhibits at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition are divided into two classes—exhibits by the government and by the people.

The Imperial Commission undertakes the installation and display of the exhibits from the government in the various palaces, and being responsible for their custody, provides an adequate number of guards to look after them. The exhibits relating to education are, however, installed apart from the rest of the government exhibits in the Palace of Education, and are in charge of a special official from the Department of Education, Mr. Mosuke Matsumura, a secretary of the department. The exhibits from the Imperial Institute for Infectious Diseases and those from the Imperial Serum Institute are also in charge of a special envoy,

(Continued on page 691.)



A Group of Boers on Board the "Doune Castle," which brought the Boer Exhibit to the Exposition

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SOME St. LOUIS FAIR FEATURES

Each Visitor To The Fair Gets An Accurate Sensation Of Everyday Life In Our Big Cities . . . . . By Albert Levering



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Correspondence

A REPLY FROM THOMAS NELSON PAGE

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., *April 1, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I believe that you will wish to correct an error which you have published. An editorial in your issue of March 26, on "Some Recent Views of the Negro Problem," asserts that in my first paper on "The Negro: The Southerners' Problem," published in the March number of *McClure's Magazine*, I state to the whites of the North that "the solution of the negro problem is no concern of theirs," and declares that you "hold the opposite opinion."

As I "hold the opposite opinion" very strongly myself, I am at a loss to know how you got that idea, unless it were from a misapprehension of the title of the article in question. It is true that I set forth plainly my views that the work of ignorant and cock-sure doctrinaires has caused much trouble, and further that Southerners know vastly more about the negro and the negro problem than Northerners can know. It is also true that I maintained that the Southerners, if left to settle the problem, would do so in time on economic lines, the only lines on which it could ever be settled. For such is my firm conviction. But the basis of my whole discussion is the necessity that "all sensible men"—both at the North and at the South—should get together and should endeavor as far as possible to dispel all preconceived theories and look at the subject frankly and rationally.

I hold that the Southern whites are all that stand between the Northern whites and this problem which we are all trying to solve. I believe that "all white men in this country who have at heart the maintenance and development of civilization, are jointly interested in effecting such a workable and permanent adjustment of the relations between the colored people and the whites as shall assure to the blacks opportunities of industrial and educational progress and of gradual elevation in the social scale, while safeguarding the political and social ascendency of the white race. Only by cordial cooperation on the part of whites, North and South, will the negro problem ever be solved, complicated as it is by constitutional requirements of doubtful wisdom and expediency."

This quotation is from your paper, but it might well have come from mine, so fully does it accord with the sense and purpose of that paper.

"So long as the two sections are divided upon it (the truth about the negro problem), the question will never be settled. As soon as they unite in one view it will settle itself on the only sound foundation, that of unimpeachable economic truth."

This quotation is from my second paper on the same subject, in the April number of *McClure's Magazine*, and this is the gist of my whole discussion of the subject.

I am, sir,

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

[We said last week that the only thing we found to criticise in Mr. Page's useful papers was the point mentioned above. It seems now that Mr. Page and the WEEKLY are agreed in this matter on all points.—EDITOR.]

WHAT AILS THESE MICHIGAN VOTERS?

WELLS, DELTA CO., MICH., *April 4, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In the township where I live there are 500 voters. At the last general election 23 votes were cast. I have never heard of any pressure being brought to bear to compel the other 471 voters to cast their ballots. Why, then, should the writer of the article "Men's Opinion of Women," in your issue of March 26, use the words "to force the suffrage on all women" when speaking of granting to women that privilege which, so far as I can see, is their right? Would they not be as free to vote or abstain from voting as the masculine members of the community?

When the franchise was bestowed upon the negroes, I do not remember hearing of any claim being made that they would "improve the electorate." Is it for the sake of "improving the electorate" that ignorant emigrants are granted the ballot long before they can talk the language of their adopted country? If "improving the electorate" has not been the reason for granting the suffrage in these cases, why should women be denied the ballot because it cannot be positively proved that their votes would benefit the country? If, as has been claimed in our country's past, and is still claimed for classes of our population, the franchise is an inherent *right*, what bearing do all these other matters have upon the question? Prove to me that the right of self-government is not woman's as well as man's, and you will have convinced me that we are wrong in our plea for the ballot. Until you have made that plain, however, all other arguments are beside the mark.

In your issue of April 2, you suggest that woman, having the voting privilege where school matters are concerned, should be content therewith. If I remember rightly, our colonial forefathers had many more such privileges, and yet were not content. The local government was entirely in their own hands, and each colony had its elected legislative body. Yet the colonies revolted, claiming that "Taxation without representation is tyranny."

Wherein is woman's case to-day any more endurable than that of her forefathers of revolutionary fame? Would she not be false to the blood that runs in her veins if she were to be content with her present anomalous condition? When it is remembered that girls inherit from fathers as well as from mothers, the cry of the woman of to-day for justice, for representation, is more easily understood. Not until the American father loses all his love for freedom and self-government will the American daughter be content to be classed with those incompetent to exercise the rights of a free-born American citizen.

I am, sir,

ROSE WOOD-ALLEN CHAPMAN.

WORSE THAN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY—A REPLY

NEW YORK, N. Y., *April 4, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I was greatly astonished at the article appearing in your esteemed journal of March 26, entitled, "Worse than the Sixteenth Century."

You are aware of the high esteem in which I hold you; in consequence I deeply regret to see that you were led into error, or rather that said article escaped your attention. It is hard for me to believe that it was your intention to allow the insertion in your widely read publication of statements so far from the truth.

In this article, Belgians are accused of wholesale murder, maiming, and ingenious torturing, mainly on the strength of assertions by Mr. Casement.

However, this is entirely untrue and maliciously false.

Belgians are humane, playing a conspicuous part in the world of letters, science, and art, and their course in the Congo is one of mild, wise, and prudent civilization. Owing to their refined feelings, they are incapable of committing such crimes.

The accusations of the English consul, Mr. Casement, are the *same* as those of the Englishman, Captain Burrows, the author of a book entitled, *The Curse of Central Africa*, of which mention is made in the above article.

This Captain Burrows, for these very same charges branded as false by the *judges of a London court*, has been condemned by these judges to pay $2500 to the Belgian, Captain Henry de Keyser; also $250 each to the Belgian Captain Chalfin, and the Belgian official Duerleenick, for *libel* in this matter.

Concerning these judgments, I refer you to articles of the New York *Herald* of Sunday, March 27, entitled,

1. Lies about the Congo nailed by a British jury.

2. Damages given for Congo libel, the accusations of the English consul, Mr. Casement, appearing to be substantially the same as those of the English Captain Burrows, *condemned by English judges*, it is evident, logically, that the English consul, Mr. Casement, also is morally condemned, and that his accusations are now and always must be branded as calumnies as flagrant as those of the English captain.

In view of the foregoing, I make bold to say that such attacks against the independent State of the Congo, the Belgians, and our beloved King, as have appeared in the article in your paper of March 26, are greatly to be regretted.

Having full confidence in your courtesy and honesty of purpose, I hope that you will kindly insert this refutation in your next number, giving it the title, "Worse than the Sixteenth Century—Reply."

Thanking you beforehand, I am, sir,

HENRY BAYER.

[We have no exclusive knowledge of Congo atrocities, but we observe that a missionary, whose refined feelings ought to make him incapable of wholesale lying, bears testimony in these parts very like that of Mr. Casement. There is a great deal of smoke in the Congo region. Our impression is that there is some warrant for it.—EDITOR.]

"A NEGLECTED QUOTATION"

NEW YORK, *April 6, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—In your issue of the 26th ult. we notice the following item: "Christian Scientists are fond of publishing excerpts from well-known writings which seem in harmony with their views. In so doing they have neglected the passage in *Through the Looking-Glass* in which the White Queen says that with practice she is 'able to believe six impossible things before breakfast.'"

Christian Science has nothing to do with believing "impossible things," and consequently the White Queen's remarkable announcement does not fit the case. Mrs. Eddy's philosophy enables one to realize that nothing that is good is impossible, and that which is evil should not be believed.

As to the use of quotations, it is worthy of note that many of the greatest thinkers and philosophers in all ages have proclaimed fragments of Truth, which naturally find their place in Christian Science. Mrs. Eddy was the first, however, to formulate a system of divine metaphysics, capable of demonstration in the healing of sickness and sin.

The debt of gratitude due to this noble woman for her self-sacrifice and devotion to the interests of humanity should be recognized by us all, and those who do not understand the subject of Christian Science can at least maintain an attitude of respectful silence. I am, sir,

RICHARD P. VERRALL,
Christian Science Publication Committee.

[But if the attitude of respectful silence which Mr. Verrall recommends was maintained, what would befall the occupation of the Christian Science Publication Committee? Surely the committee's illuminating denials and rebukes are cheaply gained at the cost of such items as Mr. Verrall censures.—EDITOR.]

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Japan's Exhibit

(Continued from page 688.)

Dr. Kannosuke Miyajima, an expert in the institutes referred to.

The exhibits from the people or the general exhibits are, with certain exceptions, mentioned below, to be displayed and handled by the Japan Exhibit Association. The general function of the association is briefly as follows:

The association was organized in Japan by the leading business men in the various important commercial and industrial centres of Japan, under the auspices of the Imperial Commission. It receives a certain amount of subsidy for the shipping, installing, displaying, and disposing of the various exhibits consigned to the association by the general public. The officials of the association, who are responsible for the faithful performance of the duties assigned to it, consist of one chairman, four members of the standing committee, and five directors. Although the general exhibits are in charge of the Japan Exhibit Association, yet certain exhibits are to be installed by individual exhibitors.

For example: With the view of introducing the special productions of Kioto and illustrating the beautiful scenery of its surroundings to the visitors of the World's Fair, the Kioto Chamber of Commerce will make a special Japanese exhibit in the Palace of Varied Industries.

To show the actual condition of communication and transportation in Japan, the Osaka Chamber of Commerce, with the approval of the leading men in this line of business throughout the country, will exhibit in the Palace of Transportation an interesting and instructive diagram illustrating all the important features attending the distribution of the different staple articles of production of each important town or city of Japan; the present state of communication and transportation of Japan itself, and that of Japan with its neighboring countries.

The Japan Red Cross Society will make exhibits showing the achievements of its work since its establishment, and the exhibits of the Nippon Yusen Kwaisha (Japan Mail Steamship Company) in the Palace of Transportation will give an idea of the progress in the building and equipment of Japanese liners and steamships.

Some of the other interesting exhibits by Japanese companies and individuals are as follows: Articles and furnitures for the decoration of rooms; silk textile goods; Japanese photographs and photographic apparatus; fans and the actual process of making them; Japanese "shoyu"; tea; mining exhibits both from the government and the Imperial Institute at Tokyo.

The exhibits from Formosa, comprising the special productions of the various places of Formosa, will be displayed in a special section assigned them in the Palace of Agriculture.

Besides exhibiting in the various palaces of exhibits, several associations of business men of Japan will have special buildings constructed in the Japanese government site of the Exposition grounds, the main features of which will be the Welcome Society for the Japanese Visitors to the St. Louis World's Fair, the Bazar Association, and the Tea House.

The Welcome Society has been established by a certain number of influential business men of Japan, under the patronage of the Imperial Commission, to give information to the Japanese visitors regarding their steamship and railroad travelling and hotel accommodations, to look after their comfort and pleasure, and to reconstruct a Bulla vue Pavilion in the Japanese garden for the benefit of all visitors.

The Bazar Association was organized under the patronage and the control of the Imperial Commission, with the object of constructing and running a bazar in the government site of the Exposition, where articles like those exhibited in the main palaces of the Exposition are to be sold.

The Tea House will be constructed in the Japanese garden under the patronage of the Imperial Commission. It will be in all respects like the tea houses of Japan, and will give the American public a new idea of one of Japan's most important staple products.

Bringing the Dead to Life

An English scientific journal recalls some remarkable cases of resuscitation in discussing the actual danger of premature burial. There is on record the case of a man who was capsized from a sailboat and sank with weights on top of him. With the exception of his left arm he was entirely submerged for almost fifteen minutes; but was revived, though with considerable difficulty, and eventually recovered. Examples of recovery after periods of submersion lasting for twenty minutes, one hour, and even two hours, are recorded. Another interesting case is that of a criminal who was hanged, being suspended for twenty minutes. His death was certified to, and the body removed for post-mortem examination; but while the surgeons were making their preparations for work he suddenly sat up, fully alive, although he afterward died of pulmonary congestion. Another instance relates to the surprising experience of a Russian general who was shot through the head and buried by his orderly, who had satisfied himself that the officer was dead. Two hours afterwards the general reported himself to the Emperor; and it is recorded that he lived for many years, and that he served, incidentally, as a pall-bearer to the orderly who had buried him. Again, there is the case of a man who took 120 grains of chloral with apparently fatal results. His respiration had ceased entirely, the sounds of the heart were imperceptible, and there was no pulse at the wrist. After having been in this condition for some hours he was successfully revived and made a permanent recovery.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

IF YOUR PHYSICIAN prescribes a milk diet, for its easy digestibility, it will be well to use BORDEN'S PEERLESS BRAND EVAPORATED CREAM to get a rich, deliciously flavored milk food, perfectly sterilized according to latest sanitary methods. For general household uses. Prepared by Borden's Condensed Milk Co.—[*Adv.*]

KNOWING physicians prescribe Abbott's Angostura Bitters to tone up the system—they know Abbott's will meet every requirement. All druggists.—[*Adv.*]

THOSE who cough at night may secure rest by taking PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTI FRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

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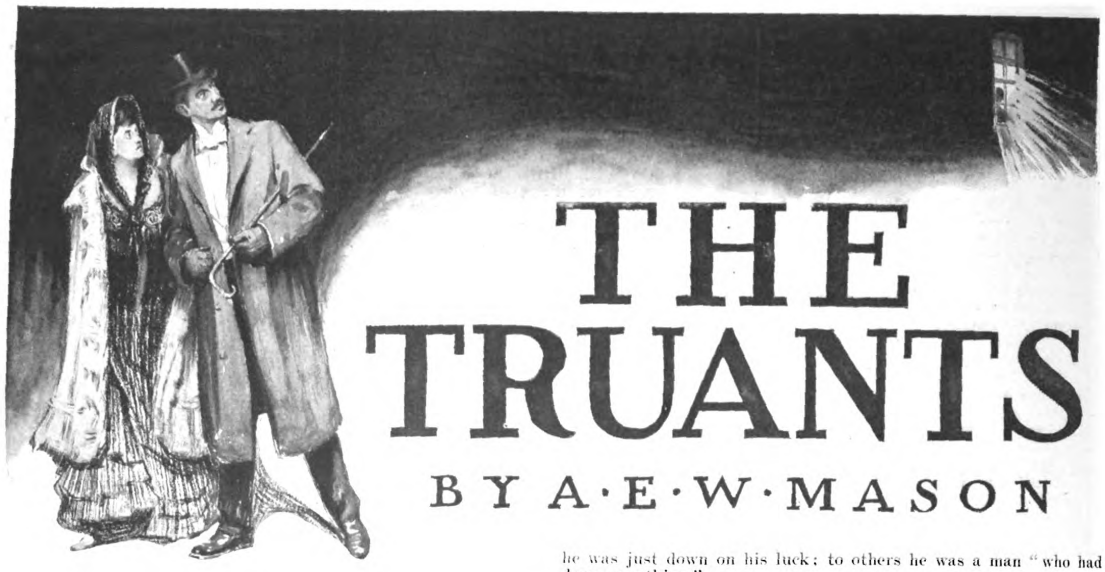
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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Mardale is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Into her early life has come a mysterious influence which dominates and directs her whole career. What this strange influence is only two of her friends suspect—a young schoolmaster who knew her as a child at Roquebrune, and Alan Warrisden, who is in love with her, and who, though his proposal of marriage is refused, determines to win her. Late one night at a ball, Pamela and Warrisden, while seated on a balcony, observe a young couple leaving the opposite house. They are Tony and Millicent Stretton, who live in a gloomy home presided over by the rich but unjust father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. This practice they keep up for a year, but finally both of them grow extremely weary of their monotonous life, and in a moment of exasperation Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune, while Millie is to be left behind and sent for as soon as her husband is able to establish a home. Tony has some misgivings about leaving Millie, for he has been warned by Pamela Mardale that she should never be left alone; but at last he departs, after Pamela has promised to be a staunch friend to his wife. Millie becomes infatuated with Lionel Callon, a gentlemanly adventurer. Pamela wishes to help her. She wires Warrisden to come by an early train, and asks him to find Tony and bring him home. Warrisden accepts the commission. Pamela has advised him to call on a Mr. Chase, head of a London mission, at whose suggestion Tony had chosen New York as a field of adventure. Warrisden learns from Mr. Chase that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a trawler. He starts out to find him, and finally reaches him far up in the North Sea. Warrisden uses every argument to prevail upon Tony to come back, but he refuses, and Warrisden is forced to return alone. He reports to Pamela the failure of his mission, but, to his surprise, she does not seem disappointed. He thinks it is because of the news which he hears from her—that Sir John Stretton has died, which will naturally bring Tony home. But that is not the whole explanation: for Pamela is overcoming her old indifference toward life, and in her life are being aroused new sympathies and emotions.

CHAPTER XII.—*(Continued.)*

PAMELA was wrong in her supposition that since Sir John's death the danger for Millicent was at an end. Tony Stretton would now return home, she thought; and nothing was further from Tony's thoughts. At the time when Pamela was riding through the lanes of Leicestershire on that morning of early spring, Tony was lying in his bunk in the cabin of the *Perseverance* reading over, for the thousandth time, certain letters which he kept beneath his pillow. This week he kept the long night watch from midnight until eight of the morning; it was now eleven, and he had the cabin to himself. The great gale had blown itself out. The trawl, which for three days had remained safely stowed under the lee bulwarks, was now dragging behind the boat; with her topsails set the ketch was sailing full and by the wind; and down the open companion the sunlight streamed into the cabin and played like water upon the floor. The letters Tony Stretton was reading were those which Millie had sent him. Disappointment was plain in every line; they were sown with galling expressions of pity; here and there contempt peeped out. Yet he was glad to have them; they were his monitors, and he found a stimulus in their very cruelty. Though he knew them by heart, he continually read them on mornings like this, when the sun shone down the companion, and the voices of his fellow sailors called cheerily overhead; at night, leaning upon his elbow, and spelling them out by the dim light of the swinging lamp, while the crew slept about him in their bunks.

To his companions he was rather a mystery. To some of them he was just down on his luck; to others he was a man "who had done something."

"I suppose you have come out here to lie doggo," said the skipper to him, shouting out the words in the height of the gale, when both were standing by the lashed wheel one night. "I ask no questions. All I say is, you do your work. I have had no call to slap a haddick across your face. I say that fair and square. Water!"

He concluded his speech with a yell. Stretton saw a ragged line of white suddenly flash out in the darkness high up by the weather bow and descend with a roar. It was a wave breaking down upon the deck. Both men flung themselves down the companion, and the water sluiced after them and washed them struggling about the floor of the cabin. The wave saved Stretton from the need to reply, and the skipper did not refer to the subject again.

Stretton had signed on for this cruise on the *Perseverance* because he wanted a time during which he could be quite sure of his livelihood. So far he had failed. He must map out a new course for himself upon his life's chart. But for that work he needed time for thought, and that time, up till now, he had not enjoyed. The precarious existence which he had led since he had lost the half of Millie's small fortune—now a clerk in a store, and a failure; now a commercial traveller, and again a failure—had left him little breathing space wherein to gather up his slow thoughts and originate a new plan. That breathing space, however, the *Perseverance* had afforded him. During the long watches on fine nights, when the dark sails, swinging up and down to the motion of the boat, revealed and obscured the stars, he wrestled with the difficult problem of his life.

He could go back when his cruise was over if he chose. His father was dying; he faced the fact quite frankly. The object with which he set out would be, after all, accomplished, though not accomplished by himself. There would be a house for Millie and himself independent of the old man's caprice; their life would be freed from the shadow of his tyranny; their seclusion would come to an end; they could let the sunlight in upon their lives. Yes! But there were the letters down in the cabin there, underneath his pillow. Did not they alter the position? He had gone away to keep his wife, just, in a word, to prevent that very contempt of which the letters gave him proof. Must he not now stay away in order to regain her? His wife was at the bottom of all his thoughts. He had no blame for her, however much her written words might hurt. He looked back upon their life together, its pleasant beginnings when they were not merely lovers, but very good friends into the bargain. For it is possible to be the one and yet not the other. They were good days, the days in the little house in Deanery Street, days full of fun and good temper and amusement. He recalled their two seasons in London—London bright with summer—and making of each long day a too short holiday. Then had come the change, sudden, dark, and complete. In the place of freedom, subjection; in the place of company, isolation; in the place of friends, a sour old man, querulous and exacting. Then had come the great hope of another home; and swiftly upon that hope its failure through his incapacity. He could not blame her for the letters underneath his pillow. He was no less set upon regaining her than he had been before on keeping her. His love for her had been the chief motive of his life when he left the house in Berkeley Square. It remained so still. Could he go back, he asked himself?

There was one inducement persuading him always to answer "Yes"—the sentence which Pamela had spoken, and which she had refused to explain. He should be at his wife's side. He had never understood that saying; it remained fixed in his memory, plaguing him. He should be at his wife's side. So Pamela Mardale had said, and for what Pamela said he had the greatest respect. Well, he could be in a few weeks at his wife's side. But would it not be at too great a cost unless he had first redeemed himself from her contempt?

Thus he turned and turned, and saw no issue anywhere. The

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days slipped by, and one morning the fish-cutter brought to him a letter, which told him that four days ago his father had died. He could not reach home in time for the funeral even if he started at once. And he could not start at once; he had signed on for eight weeks.

But the letter left him face to face with the old problem. Should he go back or should he stay away? And if he stayed away what should he do?

He came on deck one morning, and his skipper said,

"There's a fog on land, Stretton."

"How do you know that?" asked Stretton.

The captain pointed to some birds hovering over the masts of the ketch.

"Those are land birds," said he. "Look, there's a thrush and there's a blackbird. You won't find them so far from land without a reason. There has been a fog, and very likely a storm. They have lost their bearings in the fog."

The birds hovered about the ships of the fleet calling plaintively. Stretton, watching them, felt very much like one of those birds. He, too, had lost his way in a fog, and though he made no outcry, his need of guidance was no less great than theirs.

Then came a morning at last when the trawl was hauled in for the last time, and the boat's head pointed towards Yarmouth.

"When shall we reach harbor?" Stretton asked, anxiously.

"If this breeze holds, in twenty-four hours," replied the skipper.

Twenty-four hours! Just a day and a night, and Stretton would step from the deck on to Gorleston Quay; and he was no nearer to the solution of his problem than when he had stepped from the quay on to the deck eight weeks ago. Those eight weeks were to have resolved all his perplexities, and lo! the eight weeks had passed.

He was in a fever of restlessness. He paced the deck all the day when he was not standing at the wheel; at night he could not sleep, but stood leaning over the bulwarks, watching the stars trembling in the quiet water. At one o'clock in the morning the *Perseverance* passed a light-ship. Already the boat was so near home! And in the hour which followed, his eight weeks of solitary communing, forced, as it were, by immediate necessity, bore their fruit. His inspiration—he counted the idea no less than an inspiration—came to him suddenly. He saw all at once his course marked out for him upon the chart of life. He would not suffer a doubt of it to enter his mind; he welcomed it with passion, and the great load was lifted from his mind. The idea had come. It was water in a dry land.

A fisherman leaning over the bulwark by Stretton's side heard him suddenly begin to sing over to himself a verse or two of a song:

Oh, come out, mah love! I'm a-waiting foh you heah!
Doan' you keep yuh window closed to-night.

It was a coon song which Stretton was humming over to himself. His voice dropped to a murmur. He stopped and laughed softly to himself, as though the song had very dear associations in his thoughts. Then his voice rose again, and there was now a kind of triumph in the lilt of the song, which had nothing to do with the words:

De stars all a-gwine put dey little ones to bed
Wid dey "hush now, sing a lullaby."
De man in de moon nod his sleepy, sleepy head,
And de sandman put a little in his eye.

The words went lilting out over the quiet sea. It seemed to Stretton that they came from a lighted window just behind him, and were sung in a woman's voice. He was standing on a lawn surrounded by high dark trees in the warmth of a summer night. He was looking out past the islets over eight miles of quiet water to the clustered lights of the yachts in Oban Bay. The coon song was that which his wife had sung to him on one evening he was never to forget; and this night he had recovered its associations. It was no longer "a mere song sung by somebody." It seemed to him, so quickly did his anticipations for once outrun his judgment, that he had already recovered his wife.

The *Perseverance* was moored alongside of the quay at eight o'clock in the morning, and just at that time Millie was reading a letter of condolence from Lionel Callon.

To be Continued.

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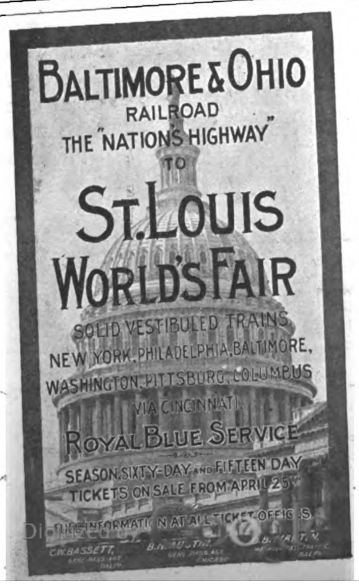
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The Wee Brown Man

By Joaquin Miller

GREAT Czar, good Czar, white Christian Czar,
The white world loves this brown sea wraith,
Brown brother, bared of Hope, of Faith—
Brown child, new born to blood and war.
The art child loves him for his art;
The heart world loves him for his heart,
His dauntless heart, home or abroad,
His love of flowers, nature, God.
It loves this sudden, Orient star,
This lithe Venetian, lover true,
This isle-born elf, so old, so new,
Wee neighbor of the stalwart Czar—
His thousand isles, his million flowers,
His terraced steeps, his cloud-topt towers—
And it would have you love him, too,
And track his warm seas through and through.

Great Czar, brave Czar, so far, so far,
In your proud capital from these
New nadirs of your nether seas—
Why, know you what these brown bees are?
Their length, their strength is scarce a span!
They rarely eat, drink not at all.
The one man this, from pole to pole,
That never knows the flowing bowl!
And brownie, sprite, or baby-man,
He scarce may stand your waistband tall!
And yet his hands are iron, steel.
The arrow's flight is in his feet.
He comes, he goes, whirls by, can wheel
As winds that whistle down your street!
He scarce seems human save that he
Loves truly, bravely, humanly.

Great Czar, wise Czar, peace-loving Czar,
Your strength is as a cyclone's strength.
You hold a world in your arm's length—
Ten million ministers in war!
Your gold, the mines of Solomon—
The North Pole yours to lean upon!
Can you be greater? Aye, the hour
You reach these water-wraiths a hand
Across your shoreless, gold-strown land
The grateful world will glad proclaim
How greater far your place, your power,
And sing your Christian deed and name!
Ah, Sire, hear us! Great white Czar,
So brave, so strong, so wise in war,
Can you who scotched the Corsican
Turn now to bait this wee brown man?

Don't Cross Your Knees

A MEDICAL authority has recently uttered a warning against the habit of sitting with one knee crossed over the other—a pose which is nowadays almost as common among women as among men. This apparently harmless habit, it seems, is likely to cause sciatica, lameness, chronic numbness, ascending paralysis, cramps, varicose veins, and other evils. The reason is simple: The back of the knee, it is explained, as well as the front of the elbow and wrist, the groin and the armpit, contains nerves and blood-vessels which are less adequately protected than in other parts of the body. The space behind the knee contains two large nerves, a large artery, and numerous veins and lymphatic glands. It is the pressure on these nerves and vessels which is apt to give rise to the various troubles against which we are warned.

Art and the Yellow Peril

WHEN William M. Chase, according to a current anecdote, had his summer school at Shinnecock, Long Island, he used to hold semi-public sessions in the main studio building, when the sketches made by students during the week were exhibited and criticised. On one of these occasions, during a summer when the Chinese question was occupying public attention, one landscape showed a broad stretch of lawn painted in brilliant splotches of lemon color. Mr. Chase examined it gravely.

"It seems to me," he observed, indicating the lemon-colored grass on the canvas, "that politics and not art is the proper field for an agitation of the 'yellow-peril' question."

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Progress of the War

THE important results of the war in the Far East may be briefly summarized as follows: The Russians have had fifteen war-vessels sunk or disabled—the *Petropavlovsk*, *Pobieda*, *Czarevitch*, *Retvisan*, *Poltava*, *Pallada*, *Novik*, *Askold*, *Diana*, *Variag*, *Boyarin*, *Korietz*, *Yenesei*, the torpedo-boat *Stereguschtchi*, and the destroyer *Bezstrashni*. Of these the battle-ship *Poltava* and the cruisers *Novik*, *Askold*, and *Diana* are known to have been repaired and are again in commission. The disasters to the battle-ships *Petropavlovsk* and *Pobieda* and the destroyer *Bezstrashni* are described below. Japan is known to have lost one torpedo-boat, and several others of her ships are believed to have been injured in the Port Arthur engagements; but definite knowledge of this is withheld. Port Arthur has been repeatedly bombarded, with damaging effect, by the Japanese, and Vladivostok was attacked by them on March 6, though without serious damage to the port. Previous to April 10 Admiral Togo made two unsuccessful attempts to blockade the entrance to Port Arthur by sinking merchant steamers in the harbor. The first land engagement of importance took place at Chongju, Korea, on March 28 and resulted in a Japanese victory.

April 14.—More definite particulars regarding the sinking of the Russian battle-ship *Petropavlovsk* were received to-day. On the night of the 12th of April a Japanese torpedo flotilla reached the mouth of the harbor at Port Arthur, and succeeded in laying mines at several points outside the port. The torpedo flotilla then withdrew. On the morning of the 13th a small Japanese squadron appeared off Port Arthur, and Admiral Makaroff, with the battle-ships *Petropavlovsk*, *Pobieda*, and *Poltava* and the cruisers *Novik*, *Askold*, and *Diana*, sailed out to meet it. The Japanese retreated. The Russians followed about fifteen miles out from port, when the Japanese were suddenly reinforced by Admiral Togo's squadron. The Russians at once began to retreat towards Port Arthur. Upon entering the harbor, the flag-ship, the *Petropavlovsk*, struck one of the mines laid the previous night by the Japanese, and immediately turned turtle and sank. Vice-Admiral Makaroff, Verestchagin, the Russian painter, and practically the entire crew were drowned. According to the Russian official reports forty officers and seven hundred and fifty men perished on the *Petropavlovsk*. Fifty-two, including the Grand-Duke Cyril and Captain Jakoileff, are said to have been saved. The battle-ship *Pobieda* also struck a mine, but was able to regain the harbor. No one on board was killed or wounded.

On the same morning the Russian destroyer *Bezstrashni*, one of a fleet sent out during the previous night to reconnoitre, became separated from the fleet, and was surrounded by Japanese destroyers and sunk. Forty-five officers and men are said to have been lost. Five men were saved.

April 15.—The Czar has appointed Vice-Admiral Skrydloff to succeed the late Vice-Admiral Makaroff as commander-in-chief of the Russian naval forces in the Far East. He will leave at once for Port Arthur.

A despatch from Liao-yang says that the Russians have completed their entrenchments on the Yalu River.

News was received to-day that the Imperial Palace at Seoul was destroyed by fire last night. The Emperor and his suite escaped without injury.

April 16.—Viceroy Alexeieff took command of the Russian fleet at Port Arthur this afternoon, and selected the battle-ship *Sevastapol* as his flag-ship. Admiral Togo has sent his official report of the engagement at Port Arthur on April 13 to the Japanese government at Tokyo. He confirms the sinking of the Russian battle-ship *Petropavlovsk* and the destroyer *Bezstrashni*, and announces that there were no casualties on board the Japanese ships.

April 18.—It is reported to-day that a fleet of seventy Japanese transports has been seen headed for Kin-Chau, north of Port Arthur. It is expected that a landing will be attempted in this vicinity for the purpose of isolating the Liao Tung peninsula.

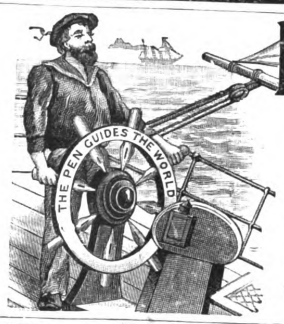


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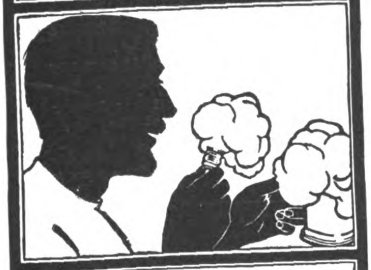
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Progress of Science

The Soft-Coal Smoke Nuisance

THE prevention of the smoke nuisance is a question that has interested many cities in the United States, particularly in the Middle West, and it is the opinion of authorities that considerable progress has been made recently towards ameliorating the evil.

The campaign waged has been largely one of education, as the convincing of factory managers that objectionable smoke was not only unnecessary, but a sign of positive waste of fuel, has had as important effect as threats or the resort to legal measures. Furthermore, when it has been understood by the citizens of a city that insisting on the proper firing of boilers did not entail any hardship on the owners, they became the more ready to insist on the proper observance of their rights, and to demand that all new plants should be so constructed that a minimum of smoke was produced. The smoke nuisance becomes serious only where soft coal is employed, and it is due to the presence in the vapor given off of particles of finely divided carbon, which is deposited in the form of soot. This is obviated by securing good combustion, essential to which are enough air, a sustained high temperature, and a thorough mixing of the gases. This can be illustrated by the ordinary kerosene-lamp, which will smoke and deposit soot unless proper combustion is secured. Petroleum, like soft coal, is composed largely of carbon and hydrogen, and the phenomena of combustion are similar in each case. The lamp is open at the bottom so that an air-supply for the flame may be drawn through, and this opening is generally of gauze, so that the air-supply may be divided and mix with the gases of the flame. The lamp smokes if the wick is turned up too high, or there is not sufficient air, and if the chimney is raised from the bottom there is too much air at a low temperature, which tends to chill the flame, so that the carbon is disengaged instead of passing off in the form of carbon dioxide, a colorless gas, or as water vapor. With a furnace the desired conditions can be realized in hand firing by the use of care and intelligence, qualities rarely secured in the average fireman, and especially by putting small quantities of coal on the fire at frequent intervals and watching and adjusting the air-supply. With this can be used a mechanical arrangement operated by the door, whereby steam from jets is admitted, drawing in air and mixing it thoroughly with the flame when fresh fuel is put on the fire. With mechanical firing, as effected by mechanical stokers, there is a regularity in feeding the coal which permits a uniform air-supply, and more perfect combustion is gained at a saving of about 15 per cent. for fuel over hand firing. By overworking boilers there is an increase in smoke and a great loss of economy, and also in the cleaning of fires, but aside from the suitable provision of mechanical devices, the unskilled and unintelligent men employed as firemen are responsible for smoke as well as the extravagant use of fuel.

Pumice from Russia

The mineral wealth of Russia is hardly appreciated, and new industries are from time to time being developed, though the effect of the present war may be felt in many new schemes. A recent proposition is the development of the pumice-stone, which has been found in the provinces of Erivan and Kars in Transcaucasia. The deposits in Kars, at Malayakutma, are near the surface in horizontal strata, and occasionally run over two and a half feet thick, furnishing a high-grade mineral that is used for polishing, and a poorer quality from which hydraulic cement can be made. The material is convenient to Kars, from which place it will be shipped by rail to Poti, on the Black Sea, and thence conveyed by steamer to Odessa. When the works are operating to their full capacity several million pounds a year of the material will be produced. The world's supply of pumice is now largely derived from the Lipari Islands near Sicily.



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is a story of an unconventional love match, well told and beautifully illustrated. The small picture above only *suggests* the real charm of these illustrations. As a bit of readable fiction the story is well worth writing for. It is contained in a handsomely bound book of 128 pages, a portion of which is devoted to the attractive mountain and lake resorts along the Lackawanna Railroad. It is a book you will like to see. It may be had by sending 10 cents in postage stamps to T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York.

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Ninety Dollars Out of Ten

If there is any flaw in the logic of this story, for which the Kansas *Ranch News* is responsible, it is not easy to find: Mr. Brown, a Kansas gentleman, keeps a boarding-house, it appears. Around his table at a recent occasion sat his wife, Mrs. Brown; the village milliner, Mrs. Andrews; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter; and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed, and lumber merchant. Mr. Brown took a ten-dollar bill out of his pocketbook and handed it to Mrs. Brown, with the remark that there was ten dollars toward the twenty he had promised her. Mrs. Brown handed the bill to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying, "That pays for my new bonnet." Mrs. Andrews, in turn, passed it on to Mr. Jordan, remarking that it would pay for the carpentering work he had done for her. Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, requesting his receipted bill for flour, feed, and lumber. Mr. Hadley gave the bill back to Mr. Brown, saying, "That pays ten dollars on my board." Mr. Brown again passed it to Mrs. Brown, remarking that he had now paid her the twenty dollars he had promised her. She, in turn, paid it to Mr. Black to settle her bread and pastry account; Mr. Black handed it to Mr. Hadley, asking credit for the amount on his flour bill. Mr. Hadley again returning it to Mr. Brown, with the remark that it settled for that month's board; whereupon Brown put it back into his pocketbook, observing that he had not supposed a greenback would go so far.

A Seasoned Rustic

The young daughter of a prominent New York financier, who had passed most of her years either in the city or at the large summer resorts, recently paid her first visit to a real country home. She was anxious to show that she was not altogether ignorant of rural conditions, and when a dish of honey was set before her on the breakfast-table she saw her opportunity.

"Ah," she observed, carelessly, "I see you keep a bee."

Nearly Sad

A newspaper in a small country town not far from New York employs a reporter whose knowledge of English idioms is somewhat uncertain. He was assigned recently to report the sudden death of an important local citizen, and after describing the circumstances leading up to it, he referred to the sadness of the bereavement sustained by the family.

"The widow," he concluded, "is almost grief-stricken."

Some Long-Lived Animals

It is believed that the whale holds the palm for length of years. A reliably correct computation puts the extreme age of the largest of fish at 400 years. It is said in India that elephants have been known to live over 300 years. Certain species of birds, as the swan and raven, pass the 100-year mark; camels sometimes live fifty years; horses from twenty to thirty. Sheep, oxen, and dogs have less vitality; it is seldom that a dog lives longer than fifteen years.

How Bacon Settled Him

A story that is told of Leonard Bacon, who was one of the best-known theologians in New England a quarter of a century ago, illustrates the absurdity of a popular kind of argument. Dr. Bacon was attending a conference in one of the New England cities, and some assertions he made in his address were vehemently objected to by a member of the opposition.

"Why," he expostulated, "I never heard of such a thing in all my life!"

"Mr. Moderator," rejoined Bacon, calmly, "I cannot allow my opponent's ignorance, however vast, to offset my knowledge, however small."

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Old Nick: "It's worse—I haven't got anything like that at home."

Dr. Lapponi

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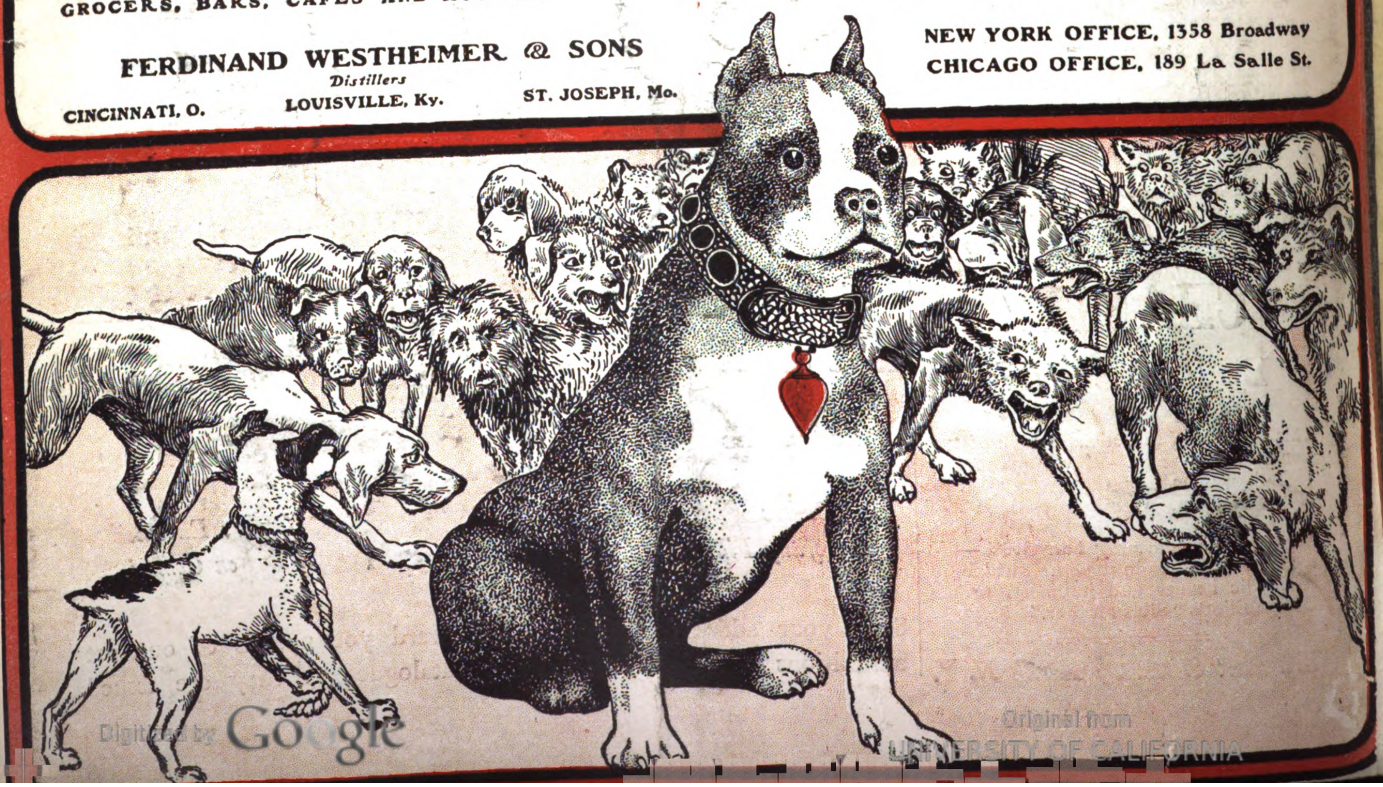
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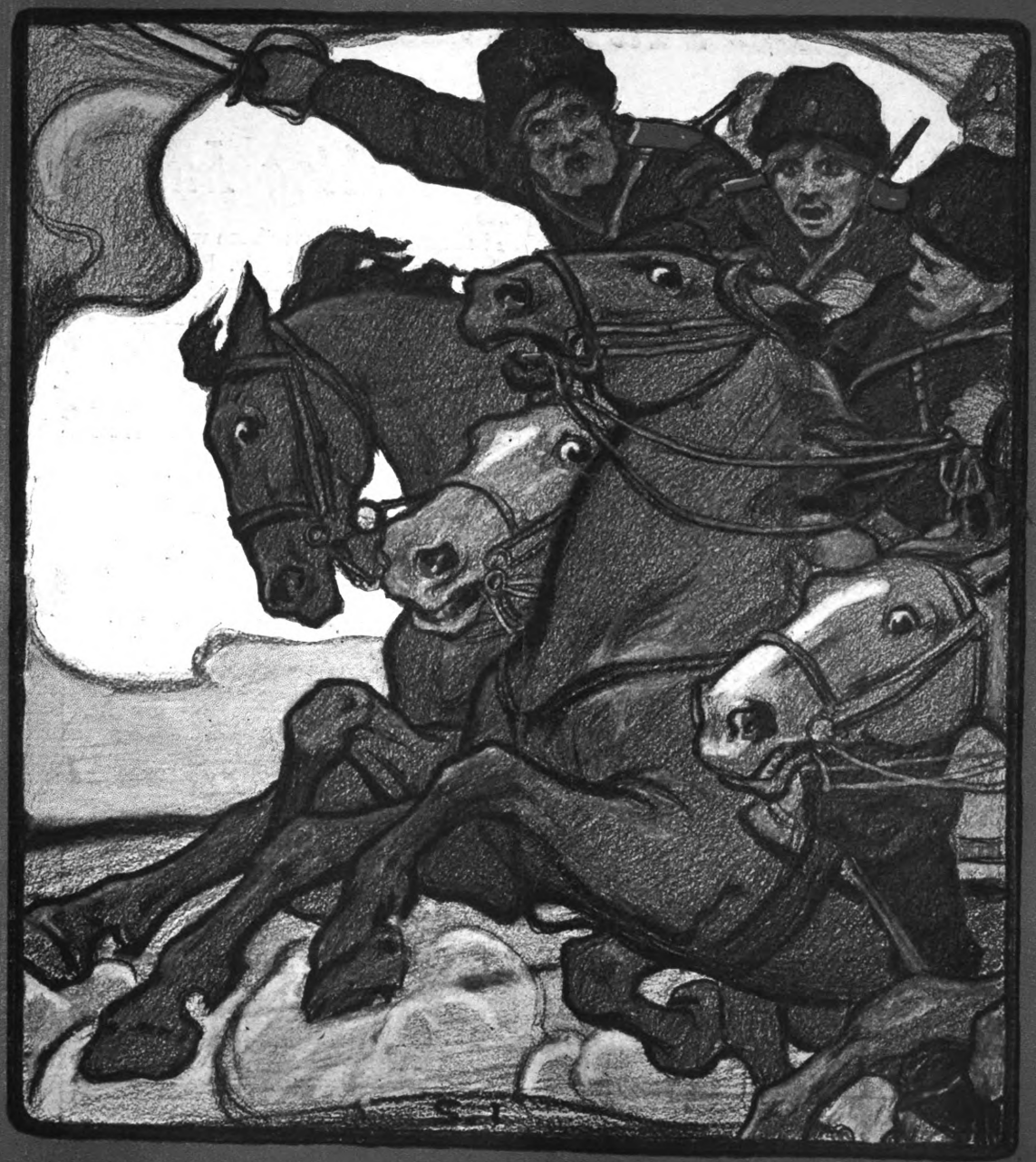
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was afterwards submitted for acceptance or rejection at a primary election, there is no doubt that the members of a State Legislature representing that party would obey its will.

Upon none of the omissions thus far named, however, did Mr. Bryan lay much stress. His most vehement criticism of the Albany platform was levelled at its failure to make a definite pronouncement regarding the issues which, he is convinced, will be pivotal in the coming campaign. These issues are four, and they were named in the following order: Trusts, imperialism, the labor question, and tariff revision. As for the last-named issue, it must be acknowledged that Mr. Bryan was justified in describing as ambiguous the "reasonable" revision demanded at Albany. As to imperialism, it is true that in Porto Rico, in Guam, in one of the Samoan islands, in the Philippines, and, we might add, Alaska, our Federal government is now administering a colonial policy framed upon the political principles avowed and applied by George III. a century and a quarter ago. That, we repeat, is true, but the same principles were adopted and applied in the form of government which a Democratic Congress authorized President Jefferson to set up in the Louisiana Territory in the first lustrum of the nineteenth century. That species of colonial government established in the Louisiana Territory was only provisional and temporary, however, and we do honestly believe that also in Porto Rico, Alaska, and at least a part of the Philippines it will be replaced by some form of self-government at no distant date. Meanwhile, it is to be regretted that the Albany platform did not proclaim its opposition to the permanent adoption of a colonial policy.

What are the reasons given for thinking the labor question an issue? Mr. Bryan points out that working-men are trying to push through Congress three measures in which they are deeply interested. One is the arbitration of differences between corporations engaged in inter-State commerce and their employees. In favor of the proposal the Chicago and Kansas City platforms declared, but no reference was made to it at Albany. The laboring-men also desire most earnestly an eight-hour day, so far as work done for the Federal government is concerned, and the abolition of so-called "government by injunction." The platform suggested by the New York convention contains no allusion to any of these subjects. That the exercise of control over the trusts by the Federal government will be the most conspicuous issue in the coming campaign Mr. Bryan has no doubt whatever, yet, as he points out, in the platform formulated at Albany there is not a word calculated to encourage the determined opponents of the trusts, nor a syllable that binds a person elected on that platform to do anything that the trusts are unwilling to have done.

Summing up his objections in a sentence, Mr. Bryan declared that the platform constructed at the New York State convention is a dishonest platform, fit only for a dishonest party, and that no one but an "artful dodger" would stand upon it. Much the same criticism was made on the platform put together by the Whig national convention in 1848; nevertheless, General Zachary Taylor, whom nobody ventured to describe as an "artful dodger," consented to stand on it, and he was elected. Besides, as we have formerly said, the suggestions put forward tentatively at Albany bind neither the St. Louis convention nor the nominee thereof. They bind nobody except ex-Governor Hill, who phrased the suggestions, and those who endorsed them. If Chief-Judge Parker thinks that it is fitting for the head of the New York State judiciary to proclaim his opinions in advance of the St. Louis convention, which alone is authorized to announce the views and wishes of his party, he will doubtless do so over his own signature. He may think, however, that it would be in better taste for the occupant of a high judicial office to wait until a national convention shall have made him its nominee, and then to declare his personal convictions in a letter of acceptance. As a matter of fact, nobody disputes that Judge Parker has always supported the Democratic nominees for national and State offices. Nor can it be denied that a great deal can be learned about his political prepossessions from a study of his recorded judicial opinions. Under the circumstances, it is obvious that very much more is known or knowable about Judge Parker's political views than was known about William Henry Harrison's in 1840, or Zachary Taylor's in 1848, or Franklin Pierce's in 1852, or General Grant's in 1868, or Grover Cleveland's in 1884.

There has been of late a great deal of discussion in newspapers representing both political parties as to the States supposed to be doubtful in the coming campaign, and, incidentally, as to the States which *must* be carried by the Democracy if they are to elect their nominee for the Presidency this year. Before our readers take any part in such a debate, it might be well for them to consider carefully certain fundamental data. It is, in the first place, evident that, since the reapportionment of members of the Federal House of Representatives, based on the census of 1900, it will be indispensable for the Democratic candidate to get 239 electoral votes if he is to be successful. Where is he to get them? That is the question. He can rely with absolute confidence upon Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia. He is almost certain to carry Kentucky, Maryland, and Nevada, although the first-named State gave twelve of her thirteen electoral votes in 1896 to McKinley, although the second State mentioned voted for McKinley in 1896 and 1900, and although the third of the States named voted for Weaver in 1892, for Harrison in 1888, for Blaine in 1884, and for Hayes in 1876. Assuming, however, that the Democratic nominee would carry all of those fifteen States, he would start with only 162 electoral votes. He, therefore, would need 77 additional votes to reach the White House. Let us assume that he could win both New York and Illinois, though the latter State is much more doubtful than the former: even then his aggregate strength would be only 228 electoral votes, or eleven short of the number requisite. Those electoral votes might be obtained in Connecticut and Colorado, or in Delaware, West Virginia, and Montana; or in Wisconsin, which voted for Cleveland in 1892, or in California and Idaho; or in Wyoming, Oregon, and Washington; or in New Jersey alone, which has twelve electoral votes; or in Indiana, which has fifteen.

Now let us see how the Republicans regard the political situation. They express the belief that they are absolutely certain of carrying Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Jersey, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming, which, together, will have 243 electoral votes, or four more than the number needed. Let us scrutinize this list somewhat closely. Undoubtedly McKinley carried all of those States in 1900; but the existing situation is not exactly a counterpart of that which obtained then. As for Connecticut, the Democrats carried it in 1892, in 1888, in 1884, and in 1876. From 1876 to 1892 (both years included) Delaware gave her electoral votes to the Democratic nominee. In 1892, Illinois gave her electoral votes to Mr. Cleveland—the first time that she had given them to any but the Republican nominee since the civil war. We come next to Indiana, which voted for Tilden in 1876, for Cleveland in 1884 and 1892. Iowa, of course, like Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island, has never failed to give her electoral votes to the Republican nominee for the Presidency since the Republican party was formed. As for Kansas, which the Republican machinists include so boldly in their list of victories, it voted for Bryan in 1896 and for Weaver in 1892. Michigan has been uniformly a Republican State in Presidential years, except in 1892, when, all but two of the Presidential electors being chosen in Congress districts instead of on a State ticket, she gave five of her electoral votes to Cleveland. Minnesota also in Presidential years has always been faithful to the Republican party. Not so with Nebraska, which, although she repudiated Weaver in 1892, voted for Bryan in 1896. New Jersey, we scarcely need to say, always gave her electoral votes to the Democratic nominee from 1872 to 1896 (both years excluded). As for North Dakota, it is true that she voted for McKinley in 1896 and 1900, but in 1892, the first year when she voted, she gave one electoral vote each to Cleveland, Harrison, and Weaver. Ohio, of course, could always be relied upon by the Republicans in

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Presidential years since the formation of their party in 1854, except in 1892, when she actually gave one of her twenty-three electoral votes to Cleveland.

On Pennsylvania we need not dwell; she has been as invariably Republican in Presidential years since and including 1860 as she was invariably Democratic for a long period before that date. If the Republicans are leaning on South Dakota, they are leaning on a broken reed, since she gave her electoral votes to Bryan in 1896. The State of Washington also voted for Bryan in that year. West Virginia, it is true, was swept by McKinley in 1896 and 1900, but it had been Democratic in very many Presidential years. Wisconsin, which McKinley twice carried by upwards of a hundred thousand plurality, gave all of her electoral votes to Cleveland in 1892. Wyoming, which figures at the end of the Republican list of "sure" States, voted for Bryan in 1896. Let any impartial man run over these figures, and then ask himself what basis there is for the Republican confidence. Republicans themselves seem to recognize that some doubt attaches to their alleged "certain" catalogue of 243 electoral votes, for they assert that they will secure at least half of the electoral votes belonging collectively to California, Colorado, Idaho, Maryland, Montana, Rhode Island, and Utah. We have already conceded their claim to Rhode Island, because that State has ever given its electoral votes to a Republican in Presidential years, though of late a Democrat has shown himself able to win the Governorship. As for California, it gave one electoral vote to Bryan in 1896, five to Hancock in 1880, and eight to Cleveland in 1892. Colorado voted for Weaver in 1892, for Bryan in 1896, and again in 1900. In 1892, the first year when the State could vote, Idaho gave her support to Weaver; in 1896 and also in 1900, to Bryan. As for Maryland, although it twice voted for McKinley, it has been hitherto, as it is now, a stronghold of the Democracy. As for Oregon, it gave one of its four electoral votes to Weaver in 1892. Utah gave McKinley a very small plurality in 1900, while Bryan got a relatively enormous plurality in 1896. On the whole, it seems to us that, so far as the coming canvass is concerned, mathematicians will find it difficult to evolve an entirely trustworthy forecast from past electoral statistics. It really begins to look as if this year the battle would be joined between principles, not men.

We referred recently to the notification served upon our State Department by Russia's ambassador, Count Cassini, that newspaper correspondents found using wireless telegraphy within Russia's "zone of hostilities" would be treated as spies. As we pointed out, the announcement implied a departure from the view previously taken of wireless telegraphy by the military and naval authorities at Port Arthur, only a short time having elapsed since the Russian war-vessel *Bayan* overhauled the steamer *Haimun*, and, after examining her papers and inspecting the wireless-telegraphy apparatus, which had been placed on board by the correspondent of the London *Times*, the New York *Times*, and the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, allowed her to pursue her course unmolested. The two experts, it should be observed, who operate the apparatus are American citizens: hence our national interest in the matter. Now the "treatment" customarily received by spies is immediate execution. Not for a moment, however, do we believe that a Russian court martial would be instructed or permitted to deal with the British newspaper correspondents or with the American operators in that summary way. It is scarcely conceivable that such an act of folly would be committed even by Admiral Alexeieff, though he has played the fool more than once during the last six months, and although, knowing that his removal is imminent, he might be not unwilling to increase the difficulties in the path of his successor.

Some of those who have discussed the incident have professed to detect in it a deliberate design on the part of the war party at St. Petersburg to drag one or more of the great powers into the Far-Eastern contest on the side of Japan, in order to provide an avowable pretext for invoking the aid of France and Germany. It is to consider too curiously to consider so. The coterie of officers and bureaucrats which drove Russia into a preposterous quarrel at the farther end of Asia have ceased for some time to have an atom of influence over the Czar. Its leaders, Alexeieff and Bezabrazoff, are utterly discredited, and such men as Mr. Witté and Count Lamsdorf, who most earnestly opposed the retention of Manchuria and any interference with Japan in Korea, have regained the ear of the sovereign. We, therefore, take for granted that the threat to treat as spies all foreigners found using wireless telegraphy within Russia's "zone of hostilities" is but *brutum fulmen*. Besides, the steamer *Haimun* is extremely unlikely to penetrate the harbors of Port Arthur, Newchwang, and Vladivostok, to which, for the moment, Russia's zone of hostilities seems to be confined, so far as maritime operations are concerned. That the status of wireless telegraphy will soon have to be defined by international agreement we have no doubt. It, obviously, cannot be subjected to the same easy and effective censorship which may be applied to telegraphic, telephonic, and postal communications. For this reason we deem it probable that an international conference would prohibit the use of wireless telegraphy within a theatre of war. At the same time it would be necessary to leave the limits of the area within which the apparatus would be proscribed to be determined by the circumstances of each case.

On Sunday, April 24, a meeting of the House of Representatives was held for the purpose of commemorating certain members of that body who have recently died. An impressive incident was the delivery of a eulogy of the late Representative Charles W. Thompson, of Alabama, by Mr. Littlefield of Maine, who, although a stalwart Republican, has long been recognized as one of the most broad-minded men in the popular branch of the Federal legislature. Mr. Littlefield, it seems, was one of a number of Northern Representatives whom Colonel Thompson, while serving his first term in Congress, invited to accompany him on a journey through the black belt, in order that they might study the negro question at first hand. Mr. Littlefield, he tells us, was profoundly moved by the spectacle of the kindliness and sympathy with which negroes were treated by Southerners of Colonel Thompson's stamp. He came home convinced that such Southern whites are discharging in an admirable spirit the highest duty of American citizenship, and are entitled therefor to unstinted commendation. Who, he asks, can render greater service to his country than the man who demonstrates the possibility of making useful citizens out of members of a race which, under proper conditions of educational development, should prove an agricultural and industrial resource of the utmost value to the South? That the work done by Colonel Thompson in this direction was thoroughly appreciated by the colored people whom he had befriended was attested by the multitude of negroes who were present at the funeral exercises, and followed the body of their benefactor to the grave with unobtrusive, sincere, and pathetic manifestations of sorrow.

The plan of campaign adopted by the Japanese is slowly becoming apparent, in spite of the sedulous care which has been taken to keep every move secret. The steps taken have evidently formed part of a single scheme, and one cannot too much admire the forethought and energy hitherto manifested by the Mikado's War Office. The first stage of this plan is, evidently, an occupation of Korea, not merely as a war measure, or a stage in the invasion of Manchuria, but as a substantive achievement, something intended to last, and to strike roots into the soil. Japan might be well advised to make this her entire plan of campaign, settling her armies along the north frontier of Korea, in the positions of immense strength offered everywhere in that mountainous region, and daring the Russians to dislodge them. Russia would by no means have an easy task here, and we might see just such a deadlock as preceded the arrival of Lord Roberts in South Africa in the Boer war. But Japan is evidently ambitious to carry the war into the enemy's country, and intends to proceed primarily against Port Arthur and Vladivostok. These two ports can be blockaded from the sea, and Japan can keep open a line of transports and supplies to either of them, so that her investing armies would be favorably placed. She might, without great loss, cut the Russian line of communication across the Liao-tung peninsula, and might also get in behind Vladivostok, either from the south or from the north. In this event the Russian armies in Manchuria would be compelled to divide, one part going to the relief of Port Arthur from the land side, while the other sought to render a like service to Vladivostok.

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The relieving armies would be exactly in the position of Sir Redvers Buller in his attempt to relieve Ladysmith: unable either to advance or retreat. When the Russian armies were thus drawn in two directions, exactly like the opening of a curtain, there would be an opportunity for a Japanese rush on Harbin, which is the final objective of the Mikado's plan of campaign. With the taking of Harbin the war would be virtually at an end; for the Japanese army could simply hold its own and wait for terms. How far these anticipations will be realized we shall presently have an opportunity of seeing.

It is always a solace to persons of restricted means to meditate upon the special trials that are incident to wealth. It is a lawful form of contemplation, and, on the whole, praiseworthy, since, even though the conclusions it encourages may not be altogether well founded, it tends to remove the underpinning from envy and makes for contentment. Consider, for example, the automobiles, which so greatly abound in this great centre of riches. They are as yet almost exclusively a part of the apparatus of the opulent. Only one or two persons in a thousand of New York's population ever puts foot into an automobile. The rest observe the machines as they speed by, and speculate from time to time as to what automobile life is like, and how it would seem to have one of these distance-annihilating contrivances always at one's command. The usual conclusion is that, like the other expensive luxuries, it would make life a little different, but not necessarily better. An automobile would save some time sometimes, but waste, or at least devour, much time at other times. It would give one the air, but diminish one's share of exercise. It would help a very busy person who had to make many visits, or a less busy person who had time to kill. It is not in the least hard to get along without repining without an automobile, even when on our main thoroughfares the swift machines are never out of sight. It becomes easier still when we read in the newspaper reports of some of the daily experiences which are incident to the automobile habit.

For example, on April 25 the papers had a story of the wreck on Seventh Avenue, far up-town, of the new forty-horse-power automobile of a very rich and well-known citizen. Four chauffeurs, one no doubt in the owner's employ, took the machine out on Sunday evening to give it a trial in the country. Returning to town about one o'clock in the morning and going fast on a dimly lighted street, they ran into a pile of building material, which wrecked the machine, sent three of the occupants to the hospital with serious injuries, and left the fourth impaired, but able to be sent home. One of the men will probably die. Consider how acute must naturally be the annoyance of the owner of this machine. If he is entirely indifferent to the cost of things (as may easily be) and toughened by long experience to the misdeeds and misfortunes of serving-men, he may take such a dispensation as this as philosophically as Uncle Sam takes it when a battleship scrapes a rock or has its lid blown off. But probably, being human, he is vexed, and possibly he uses bad language. Is it not one of the drawbacks to perfect pleasure in automobiles that these machines lend themselves somewhat overreadily to the pleasures, not always judicious, of hired men? Coachmen do not, as a rule, take their owners' horses out on long excursions, either to test their qualities or for pleasure. And if they do, and are overindulgent to themselves, most horses have sense enough to turn out for a pile of bricks of their own accord even in a dark street. When a coachman ceases to be able to take care of a horse, the horse will often take care of the coachman, and bring him home safe, but an automobile is absolutely without discretion or responsibility, and when the chauffeur's caution fails him, anything may happen, and happen with the utmost emphasis.

It seems to the layman almost worth while not to have an auto for the sake of not having a chauffeur. And when one runs his own "devil" the case is not surely bettered, for the papers that told of the accident just rehearsed recorded the painful experience of another party of four gentlemen, who started out the same night about midnight from Trenton, New Jersey, for a little spin up the road. The owner, who was driving, turned a corner too sharply while running perhaps not faster than twenty miles an hour in the dark. The machine took the ditch. Its occupants were thrown out like missiles from a catapult. One soon died from his injuries. Another (the owner) may recover. A third was thrown thirty feet over a fence and merely jarred, and the fourth man wasn't hurt. The propensity to ride at high speed in the dark seems unaccountable, and may doubtless be trusted to correct itself. Meanwhile it may lawfully be noticed that these terrific experiences with their attendant griefs do not befall persons whose circumstances constrain them to shun automobiles, and rely for transportation on the public vehicles, or on horses of mature years and impaired spirits.

Mr. Edward Bok, in a page of the May number of his widely diffused periodical, addresses himself to array the Women's Christian Temperance Union against the patent-medicine industry. He prints a list of thirty-six kinds of "bitters" and other familiar patent remedies with the well-known official report of the analyst of the State of Massachusetts as to the percentage of alcohol each mixture contains. The percentages range from 12 to 47.5, the average being about 23. These patent medicines, which are enormously advertised and which are consumed in vast quantities by the public, are swallowed without scruple by great numbers of persons who are either outspoken foes of "rum," or are particularly wary in their use of it. They are, as a rule, unaware that they are using compounds some of which contain more alcohol than ordinary whiskey does, and all of which contain vastly more alcohol than exists in beer. Mr. Bok feels that the W. C. T. U. is neglecting a field of great promise in not opening a campaign against these deceptive beverages which warm the insides of temperance folk who don't know what they are drinking. Mr. Bok's effort is interesting and seems worthy. So long as the W. C. T. U. is in the fight with alcohol, it ought to pursue it even more fervently when the alcohol is disguised than when its nature appears in the label. How much harm, or the contrary, the patent medicines do we do not know, but a serious fight against them is likely to bring it early to light that they are strongly entrenched not only in the affections of the people, but of the newspapers, which derive from patent-medicine advertisements a revenue that in the aggregate must be enormous. It might be said for the alcoholic "tonics" and "bitters" that they do not lend themselves as readily as whiskey does to convivial uses, and that, as a rule, they are taken in fixed and moderate doses. That may be an advantage, but surely it is more than offset by the insidiousness of mixtures whose real character is concealed. Most sane people prefer, when they drink alcohol, to know what they are drinking.

A contemporary paragrapher in commenting on the career of Dr. Samuel Smiles, who died last month at Kensington, London, speaks of him as the first of the "success" writers. He tempers this doubtful praise by the admission that the kind of success that Dr. Smiles tried to promote was altogether worthy and commendable, and that there was no real fault to find with the methods he inculcated. He did not quite make literature, but he made some very good and useful books, which have been put with confidence in the hands of thousands of young men, and have helped many of them to overcome their natural human inclinations towards ease, and make the most of their chances and equipment. The Harpers published many of Dr. Smiles's books, and that they were good in their day and are still good is attested by their wide appreciation and distribution in years past, and by the fact that new editions of some of them are now impending. The author of *Self-Help* practised his own doctrines, and demonstrated their value by his own experience. He was one of eleven children who were early left fatherless. He studied medicine and practised it for six years; then became the editor of a newspaper, and later secretary of the Southeastern Railway. His books, when once they had reached their public, had an enormous sale, and were translated into many languages. They held to the old-fashioned theory that success should be earned and deserved. The development of superior efficiency was what Dr. Smiles was after, and he would probably have looked with hesitation at least on the David Harum maxim about doing to the other fellow what he means to do to you, and doing it first. It is observed that he maintained himself in comfort, raised a large family, was honored by the public and beloved by his associates, and reached without calamity the great age of ninety-one. Certainly he justified in his own life the theories he had expounded.

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Is Imperialism an Extinct Issue?

MANY intelligent persons, including not a few Democrats, take for granted that the imperialism issue will play no part in the coming campaign. That opinion is not shared by Mr. E. W. Carmack, of Tennessee, as is evident from the remarkable speech which he delivered not long ago in the United States Senate. Neither is it shared by Mr. W. J. Bryan, who, speaking at Chicago on April 23, insisted that imperialism would remain an issue so long as our Federal government should continue to enforce a colonial policy framed in accordance with the political principles applied by George III. to the American colonies a century and a quarter ago. We are inclined to think, nevertheless, that it would be useless for the Democratic party to try this year to secure a majority of the electoral votes by dwelling on the imperialism issue, and that such an effort will continue to be futile until the immense pecuniary burden imposed by the new colonial policy shall have been brought home distinctly to the individual voters. The weight of the burden will never be recognized with the requisite precision so long as the bulk of our national revenue is derived from a high protective tariff, or, in other words, from taxes which are paid indirectly, and, so to speak, unconsciously. If a tariff were to be framed for revenue only, or, if, what is much more practicable, the present duties in many schedules were to be reduced materially; and, consequently, the cost of our new colonial policy had to be defrayed in whole or in large part by a direct tax, which the citizen would have to pay directly and consciously, it is not only possible, but probable, that imperialism would become the primary, paramount, controlling issue.

We are led to this conclusion by our observation of the fact that very few American citizens have even an inkling of the amount of money which the adoption of a colonial policy has already cost. The ominous figures relating to the subject are set forth in a public document, a statistical statement compiled by Mr. Edward Atkinson, and ordered by the United States Senate to be printed as an appendix to the speech delivered by Mr. Carmack of Tennessee. It appears from this statement that the cost of the war with Spain and of the warfare which went on in the Philippines up to the end of the last fiscal year, June 30, 1903, had been over $850,000,000. The cost of the war with Spain and of the warfare in the Philippines and of the maintenance of order by armed forces in the archipelago up to June 30, 1904—as computed from the expenditures for the six months running from June 30 to December 31, 1903, and completed by estimates to June 30, 1904—will have been for seven years not less than one billion dollars. Now the average annual expenditure per head of population for the twenty years antecedent to the war with Spain had been five dollars per head, while, during the second administration of President Cleveland, it was $5 18. In the year ending June 30, 1904, the expenditure per capita will be $6 29. The average annual expenditure per head during the seven years of active and passive warfare preceding the last-named date will have been $6 58 per head. The difference between the expenditure and that which took place annually on an average during the twenty years previous to the Spanish war is, obviously, $1 58 per head. But, as Mr. Atkinson points out, during the eight years of Harrison and Cleveland the cost of pensions and interest was $2 50 per head, whereas in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, it was less than two dollars. We must, therefore, add fifty cents to $1 58 in order to get the actual average annual cost per head of active and passive warfare during the last seven years. It follows that if the Spanish war had never taken place, and we had not undertaken to govern the Filipinos against their will, the normal cost of government in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1904, now estimated at $6 29, would not have exceeded $4 29 on the basis of peace, order, industry, and good government economically administered. It follows that the taxpayers of the United States are now paying the penalty for the anti-Spanish course pursued by the first McKinley administration at the rate of two dollars per head, or ten dollars per family, a rate, moreover, which is tending to increase rather than diminish.

Now, if it could be proved, as Mr. Atkinson thinks it could be—though this we are not disposed to admit—that the war with Spain was not necessary to secure the liberation of Cuba from oppression, then it would also be proved that, with the one billion dollars that has been spent in more than six years of war and aggression, the whole bonded debt of the United States might have been saved. It is easy to see that, if this huge sum had been expended within the boundaries of the forty-five States and Territories for pacific and useful purposes, many measures now contemplated, but scarcely hoped for, might have been carried out wholly or partially. If, for instance, we had expended in the more than six years named two hundred million dollars on the improvement of rivers and harbors, how much would have been accomplished! Had we expended two hundred million dollars on the irrigation of arid lands how vast an area might have been made productive! Had we made for the Southern States a grant of one hundred million dollars for educational purposes how immense, in all likelihood, would have been the observable abatement of their illiteracy! Let us look at the matter from yet another view-point. If, for instance, the cost of the national government could be reduced once more to the average annual figures of twenty years before the outbreak of the Spanish war, to wit, five dollars per head, what nation could compete with us in the productive pursuits of peace or in the expansion of our transmarine commerce?

Why is it that the American people do not rebel at the extra tax of two dollars per head annually imposed upon us by the cost of war and warfare during the last six years or so? Because the tax is levied indirectly. Because it is unconsciously that every family pays its proportion, ten dollars annually, of this tax, which is imposed on beer, tobacco, spirits, fuel, timber, steel, iron, and other metals, clothing, leather, cord-wood, sugar, salt fish, potatoes, and every other article of necessity, comfort, or luxury that is now subjected to a tax or duty. Indirect taxes are tolerated because those who pay them are not alive to the burden. They would become immediately conscious of it, because a direct tax for the purpose of providing the whole or a large part of the two dollars per head would be indispensable, if a method should be devised of reducing materially the present tariff without dislocating industries and upsetting business. The politico-economical genius who shall invent a formula which shall be recognized as a practicable solution of the problem will revolutionize the attitude of business men toward tariff revision, and forcibly bring home to the pocketbook of every taxpayer a poignant knowledge of the amount which the national attempt to govern foreign peoples against their will costs him personally. When we consider how differently the individual taxpayer would be likely to regard the retention of the Philippines if he felt himself to be taxed directly for the purpose we can see that imperialism, although, as things are for the moment, it may not be a pivotal issue, might easily be made one in the days that are to come.

Some of Mr. Carnegie's Recent Utterances

LAST week we directed attention to the letter in which Mr. Andrew Carnegie set forth in detail the purpose and the scope of the "Hero Fund" of five million dollars which has been created by him. That is not the only interesting paper which he has lately published. Some addresses delivered by him at Dingwall, Cork, Limerick, and other places in the United Kingdom have been printed in a pamphlet, and a striking article exhibiting the enormous resources of Great Britain was contributed the other day to the English review, *Nineteenth Century and After*. What we would point out at this time, however, is the summary of surprising facts relating to the growth of the iron and steel industry which was given in a paper read at Barrow-in-Furness last September by Mr. Carnegie, in the capacity of president of the Iron and Steel Institute. He reminded his auditors that twenty-nine years had passed since the Iron and Steel Institute had held its autumn meeting at Barrow. On that previous occasion Mr. David Forbes, foreign secretary to the institute, had submitted a report upon the condition of the iron and steel industries in foreign countries, and especially in the United States. The account of the progress in those industries which at that time (1874) had been attained on this side of the Atlantic is contrasted by Mr. Carnegie with the state of things that obtains to-day. The facts which are brought out in the course of the comparison are likely to astonish many readers. For example, in 1873, the Pennsylvania Steel Company made twenty thousand tons of steel rails. They now make that quantity in two weeks. The Cambria Iron Works in western Pennsylvania were credited with having made no fewer than 1027½ tons of ingots in the week ending September 26, 1873, the largest quantity which, up to that time, had ever been made in a week. It is a day's work of the Cambria establishment to-day. Mr. Forbes noted in his report that the total yearly production of pig-iron in the United States in 1873 fell considerably short of three million net tons. In 1902 it was at least twenty million net tons. The product of steel in the United States during the year just named was nearly fifteen million gross tons, or nearly as much as was produced in all the rest of the world. The largest output for a furnace then known was during the week ending November 7, 1874, namely, one hundred tons per day. Two new Carnegie furnaces have recently averaged 650 tons each per day for months at a time. If the blast-furnace product has increased more than six times, the rail-mill's product has undergone a still more remarkable expansion. There, too, the work of a week is now done in a day; but, signal as is that contrast, there is one still more impressive. Mr. Carnegie told the Iron and Steel Institute at Barrow that in the United States there have been made and sold without loss hundreds and thousands of tons of four-inch steel billets at the incredible price of three pounds for a penny.

To make that three pounds of steel at least nine pounds of material were required: three pounds of coke, made and transported sixty miles to the works; one and a half pounds of lime, made and transported a hundred and fifty miles; and four and one-half pounds of iron stone mined at Lake Superior, and trans-

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ported nine hundred miles to Pittsburg, in the course of which transportation it had to be twice transferred. How, under the circumstances, the work could be done for a penny is scarcely conceivable. Mr. Carnegie himself avowed that every time he repeats the figures he doubts their possibility. Yet he could vouch for their correctness. The transactions occurred, however, during a period of depression in the iron and steel market, and the cost of manufacturing steel billets is considerably greater to-day. Mr. Carnegie, indeed, is inclined to believe that the price of steel will advance steadily from decade to decade, owing to the growing deficiency of raw materials. The United States Steel Corporation, he said, owns iron ore enough to maintain its present rate of consumption for some sixty years; but what are sixty years in the life of a nation? It is upon future discoveries of iron ore that the future of steel manufacturing, even in the United States, depends. There are known, it seems to be, immense deposits of iron ore in parts of the country that, as yet, are inaccessible by railway. In Utah, for instance, and in southern California, large deposits have been found. That America is destined to increase her output of steel at a tremendous pace during the next half-century may doubtless be taken for granted. On the other hand, the output of Britain seems likely to remain nearly stationary, though it may increase somewhat should new deposits be discovered in Norway and Sweden. Before we take leave of this compilation of amazing data we may recall the fact that in 1874 two new blast-furnaces were being built in Ohio, and that, as the capital of the company was all Scotch, it was proposed to call the iron Scotch-American pig. Mr. Carnegie submitted that this is not a bad brand—either of men or iron.

An Anglo-Russian Understanding

For several weeks London has been full of rumors of steps taken by King Edward to draw England and Russia together. Of these rumors there are several causes: first, the obvious result of the good feeling between France and England, which has culminated in the treaty to settle outstanding differences; then the sense that Russia, as the ally of France, was thus brought closer to France's new friend; and, finally, a reaction against the extreme Russophobia of the Jingoes, which is only a part of the general and widespread reaction against the ideas and principles of Mr. Chamberlain.

Rumor goes beyond the mere possibility or even likelihood of a better understanding between Russia and England, and insists that this understanding is occupying the immediate attention of the King. It is pointed out with great justice that his Majesty is bound to the Russian imperial house by the closest bonds. The mother of the Czar is sister to Queen Alexandra; the Czaritza is the daughter of Princess Alice, second daughter of Queen Victoria. Thus the Russian Emperor is a nephew of the Queen of England, and the Russian Empress a niece of the English King. There are other bonds of union, but these ties are strong enough to bring the two royal houses together.

King Edward has thus all-sufficient private reasons for the line of policy ascribed to him; and this policy is in keeping with his character, and with the part he has already played with such success, in healing the age-long sores in the body politic of Europe. The public reasons which might make it expedient to draw England and Russia together begin to appear, as soon as we ask what are the causes which, during half a century, have kept England and Russia apart. The Napoleonic wars, which made so many innovations in European politics and political combinations, found Russia and England on the same side. The famous campaign of Kutuzoff in Russia, the burning of Moscow, and the disastrous retreat of Napoleon's army through the wilds of Lithuania and Poland made possible the victory of Wellington at Waterloo. The first breach between England and Russia was caused, most probably, by their taking opposite sides in the struggle between Austria and Hungary; England, as the defender of nationalism, taking the side of Kossuth, while Nicholas I. of Russia, with his ideas of absolutism, stood for the Hapsburgs.

Then came the Crimean war, when England took the side of Turkey, and, with France, waged an exhausting and barren campaign against Sevastopol and other Russian strongholds on the Black Sea. John Bright, who stood for the English idea of righteousness, once said of the statue celebrating this war in London, which bears the one word "Crimea" across its pedestal, that the last letter of the inscription should be first, so that it would read "A Crime"; Lord Salisbury cynically expressed the same view when, towards the end of his wonderful life, he declared that England in that great struggle "had put its money on the wrong horse." Gladstone was equally strong in condemning the Russophobia of Benjamin Disraeli, when the latter sent the British war-ships through the Dardanelles, to protect Constantinople against the armies of Alexander II. twenty-seven years ago. It seemed, towards the end of the last century, that better relations between England and Russia might be brought about, but the influence of Mr. Chamberlain turned the scale the other way, and Lord Salisbury made his now world-famous treaties, first with Germany, and later with Japan, with the avowed intention of preventing the expansion of Russia in Eastern Asia.

English Russophobia has its stronghold in two widely separated regions. The first of these is India, which, for nearly two centuries, ever since the days of Peter the Great's apocryphal will, has lived in terror of a Russian invasion. Anglo-Indians to a man hold this invasion as the first article of their faith, and it has formed the motive of a long line of viceroys, whose foreign policy in Asia has been directed altogether to forestalling the Bear from the North. Some of Rudyard Kipling's stories have the added merit of reflecting this prevalent Anglo-Indian obsession, as have also some of his most notorious verses. This anti-Russian policy has cost many chiefs of the Indian borderland their independence; it has been the origin of a series of Afghan wars and political intrigues with the Ameers of Afghanistan, who have drawn immense sums from the treasuries of India, as pro-English and anti-Russian bribes; and, lastly, this forward movement across the Indian frontier, to ward off the Bear, has cost the Indian peasants immense sums of taxation wrung from them in their condition of chronic famine. Here we can see where Edward VII., as Emperor of India, will find his humane and politic motive for making a lasting peace with Russia.

The other home of Russophobia is among the British merchants, from the Straits Settlements to Hongkong, and thence to Shanghai and Peking. It may or may not be true that the British authorities in these regions have suppressed the Russian official telegrams concerning the war, as the Mukden telegram declared; but it is certainly true that they would enjoy doing so, unless these telegrams recorded defeats. They had the China trade all to themselves for generations, these stalwart British merchants, and they have by no means become reconciled to the apparition of Russian vessels and of the Russo-Chinese Bank, along the China coast. The climax was reached when, immediately after the Shimonoseki treaty, the Russo-Chinese Bank obtained from the Peking court the invaluable concession for the Manchurian railroad. This is what the British merchant in the Far East could not forgive, and his representative, Sir Claude Macdonald, who was nourished on the Beaconsfield tradition of Russophobia, was, doubtless, the *deus ex machina* of the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

It is too soon to discuss the conditions on which England and Russia could come to terms; but it is quite evident that they would find their mutual advantage in doing so. England would gain security in India, while Russia would be rid of the spectre of English opposition, at every point of her foreign policy, from the Balkans to Bering's Sea.

The Value of the "Platt Amendment"

Cuba is to be congratulated upon the peaceable settlement of her election troubles, which threatened, from February 28 to April 15, to spoil the fair record she has made since the republic was established. The troubles began when the Liberal party claimed that its candidates for Congress in three provinces had been deprived by fraud of the lawful fruits of victory at the polls. That the Conservatives had secured a majority of the votes in Matanzas and Villas was conceded, though reluctantly and with protest against the methods employed; but in Oriente, Camaguëy, and Pinar del Rio the Conservatives (the "Ins") had, according to the passionately reiterated assertions of the "Outs," juggled shamelessly with the results. A typical charge, published by a Liberal organ in a recent issue, was that "the provincial board of Santiago de Cuba falsely announced the election of three persons who were not elected at all, changed the totals on the returns from various election boards, and obtained the signatures of the presidents of local boards by placing the paper on which the forged signature was to be written upon the original document, with the real signature underneath, and then holding the two up to the light and gently pricking out the signature with a pin, inking it over, and rubbing the little holes with a knife-blade so as to hide them, if possible."

When the time came for the assembling of Congress, early in April, the Liberal members tried to prevent the House from securing a quorum. A despatch sent from Manzanillo to Havana on April 8 said: "The people here are well pleased with the attitude of the Liberals in not attending the sessions of the House. It is hoped that the Liberals will maintain this energetic attitude, utterly refusing to condone the scandalous, criminal offence against the republic committed by the bandits of the suffrage." On April 9 *La Lucha* in its leading editorial plainly threatened the government with a civil war, saying that "the fatal hour of revolutions" was sure to arrive whenever the people discovered that the ballot was "a useless arm" to give effect to the purposes of the majority, and that "all those who, in Oriente, Pinar del Rio, and Camaguëy, see their purposes frustrated, have sworn to take such action as is enjoined upon them (*han jurado proceder como se lo aconsejа*) by wounded self-respect, rights violated, law defiled,

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and by that which is above all other considerations—the interest of their native land."

To have appealed to arms in such a situation would have been simply to follow the general practice of Latin-American communities. But the Cubans decided to follow, instead, the wise counsels of those who pointed to the third article of the appendix to the Cuban Constitution which is known as the "Platt Amendment," and which provides that the United States may exercise the right to intervene "for the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty." On April 15 a number of Liberal and Independent members, forswearing "energy," took their seats in the House, a quorum was at last secured, and a committee on credentials was appointed. It seemed the better plan to deal with the question of fraudulent elections in the House itself or in the courts of law, and *La Lucha* states that 657 cases involving such questions have already been taken before the judges.

In the vain effort to put down the insurrection of 1895-98, over 200,000 Spanish soldiers were employed; and, according to official reports, Spain sent 257,000 men against the insurgents in the Ten Years' War (1868-78). Having these facts in mind, are we at liberty to conclude that the presence of the "Platt Amendment" in the Cuban Constitution imposes more restraint upon an impulsive people than the presence of an army of 200,000 men? Certainly not. It is quite enough to claim, for an influence which serves the purpose so well, that it occasions the minimum of friction; we need not insist that the right to intervene, coupled with the manifest ability to exercise that right, imposes the maximum of restraint. At present the Cubans seem disposed to applaud both the effect and its cause; indeed, shrewd observers among them are now saying, rather cynically, "The 'Platt Amendment' is the only part of our Constitution that is destined to endure; as for universal suffrage, that is a failure in Cuba, as in Spain."

If both Liberals and Conservatives continue to seek lawful ways of escape from the perplexities of the moment, the prosperity which the island is now beginning to enjoy (thanks, in part, to the treaty of reciprocity with the United States) will tend to establish peace on a firmer basis than ever before. The nineteenth-century revolutions were all, in large measure, occasioned by financial distress. Now, an enduring peace will lead more and more to a general appreciation and development of the island's agricultural resources. If prosperity is to signify tranquillity, in the future as in the past, then tranquillity enough and to spare can be evoked from Cuban soil. It need not be invoked from the United States always.

Are Americans Cowards?

PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard, addressing St. Louis alumni of Harvard recently, said that he was forced to believe that the American people were cowardly in that so few of them dare to stand against the crowd; and he said that he had been surprised of late to find what timidity there was among American business men, having in mind, no doubt, their supineness in the face of the demands of the trades-unionists.

This is no new charge against us as a people. The tyranny of public opinion and its overriding of individuals is something that impressed Lowell in 1860 when he wrote to Charles Nordhoff that "It was time to take the height of the sun of righteousness," and to quit running by dead-reckoning, and he added, "Is it the effect of democracy to make all our public men cowards? An ounce of pluck now were worth a king's ransom." A year later the war broke out, which revealed the men of the North and of the South as men of courage—physical and moral. It was a purging process that revived the national health.

Wendell Phillips, diagnosing the effect of democracy upon individual character, contended that entire equality and freedom in political forms "almost invariably tend to make the individual subside into the mass and lose his identity in the general whole. . . . In a country like ours . . . public opinion is not only omnipotent, it is omnipresent. There is no refuge from its tyranny, there is no hiding from its reach; and the result is that if you take the old Greek lantern and go about to seek among a hundred, you will not find one single American who does not fancy at least that he has something to gain or lose in his ambition, his social life, or his business, from the good opinion and votes of those around him. And the consequence is that instead of being a mass of individuals, each one fearlessly blurting out his own convictions, as a nation, compared to other nations, we are a mass of cowards. More than all other people, we are afraid of each other."

Phillips attributed what he thought he saw to a desire for approbation characteristic of Americans, their desire to be on good terms with their kind; and Charles Follen, who came from Germany and taught at Harvard, told Harriet Martineau in 1837 that our most striking national characteristics were "deficiency of individual moral independence and extraordinary mutual respect and kindness." Here the two things are related, in the order of effect and cause: we are so eager to be on good terms with all men that we betray our ideals. We love peace more than we do the right.

Emerson contended that "all the American geniuses lacked nerve and dagger," and Mr. J. J. Chapman has pointed out how imitative and secondary all of Lowell's work over his own name was, compared with the work he did anonymously in which the dagger gleamed.

Viewed from one standpoint, what the country most needs now is a great issue which will compel men to take sides, which will cause brother to be arrayed against brother, class against class, section against section. Then would poets sing again, preachers emerge of national and international repute, oratory emerge from the conversational type to the inflammatory and persuasive sort, and great literature be born.

We are living now on the neutral, commonplace stage of undue regard for each other's feelings. Magnanimity, which, it has been said by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, that we love above all things else, has verged on pusillanimity. For lack of fearless speech, resolute action, and positive programmes, our political parties, our churches, our literature are suffering, and with them our national character. "An American explorer, an American settler in new lands, an American man of business pushing a great enterprise, is a being as bold and resourceful as the world has ever seen," says Mr. Bryce, and he speaks with authority. But Americans as statesmen, thinkers, preachers, educators, are they equally bold and resourceful?

Deteriorating Taste

THE English Laureate in the *Fortnightly Review* bemoans the condition of literary taste and the reactive influence upon production. Such a criticism, endangering as it does the Laureate's own position, since he is himself extremely popular in England, bears the hall-marks of sincerity, and should be taken seriously. Mr. Austin regrets that epic and dramatic poetry, indeed, all large and serious treatment of a poetic subject, is being ousted out of life by the short lyric. Dramatic poetry is banished because audiences now insist upon having in its place "sumptuous scenery, choreographic sensuousness, and the lightest of music." The drama is ruled by the stalls, and the occupants of the stalls, according to Mr. Austin, "alike in the theatre, as in their reading, exhibit an ever-deteriorating and more frivolous taste." And if one asks what does it matter, Mr. Austin asserts (a few would question the justice of his statement) it matters to the extent that if this be proven, we are "less intellectual, less spiritual, less wisely serious" than we were in an age that demanded as its reading matter Gray's *Elegy*, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, and Pope's *Essay on Man*.

It is true that the cosmopolitan religion of the hour is the acquisition of wealth—an ideal destructive of every great spiritual force in the world. There is a great dearth of prophets and leaders of thought such as Ruskin, Carlyle, Newman, and Emerson of a generation ago. The protests of Maeterlinck and Wagner have not yet prevailed nor even been widely heard, and Nietzsche succumbed to despair. He exhorted his followers to flee the mart and to live alone on a mountain-top, where they might escape even the echoes of popular clamor. But to the sanguine-minded there are other reasons for deterioration of taste. Free education has created a tremendous reading public. Practically everybody reads something. Moreover, the man in the street has experienced an apotheosis; he knows himself to be a power to be reckoned with. He is not timid nor afraid to voice his opinions. The world has made itself a comfortable dwelling-place for him; he has all sorts of facilities and rights; a ready hearing and a swift supply for all his demands; he demands diversion in books and in art. And meantime, hidden away in obscure corners, there are doubtless those few who are happy with the best of the ages. They make little noise, they ask no odds of the yearly output of fiction, they do a small part toward the support of the publishers; the great houses would not thrive in their hands. They are never swept off their feet where a big majority proclaims a new Thackeray. For them, once every half-century, a new edition of Plato is published. And so long as this remnant pursues its course untroubled by any prevailing or general code in art there is little to be feared from an ultimate deterioration of taste.

All this tumultuous reading and writing and printing may be just ebullitions of young life. Of the undue checking of just such clamors Clifford wrote: "Propriety is the crystallization of a race. And if we consider that a race, in proportion as it is plastic and capable of change, may be regarded as young and vigorous, while a race which is fixed, persistent in form, unable to change, is as surely effete, wornout, in peril of extinction, we shall see, I think, the immense importance to a nation of checking the growth of conventionalities. It is quite possible for conventional rulers of action and conventional habits of thought to get such power that progress is impossible and the nation fit only to be improved away. In the face of such a danger *it is not right to be proper.*"

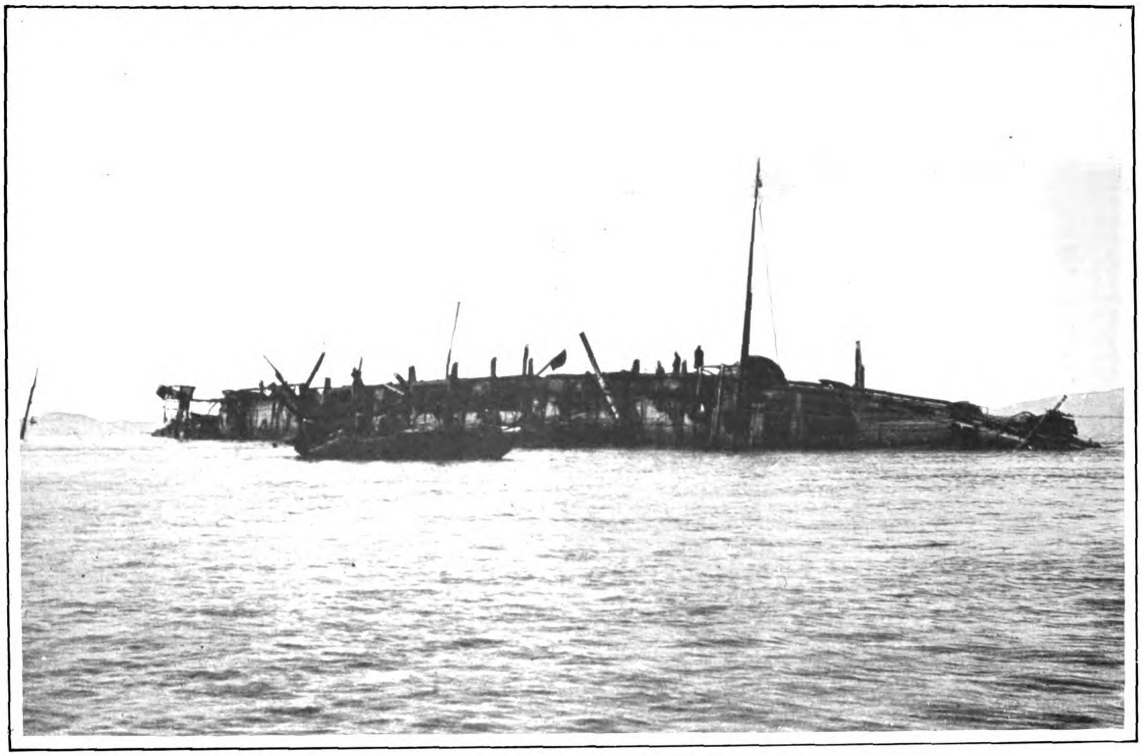
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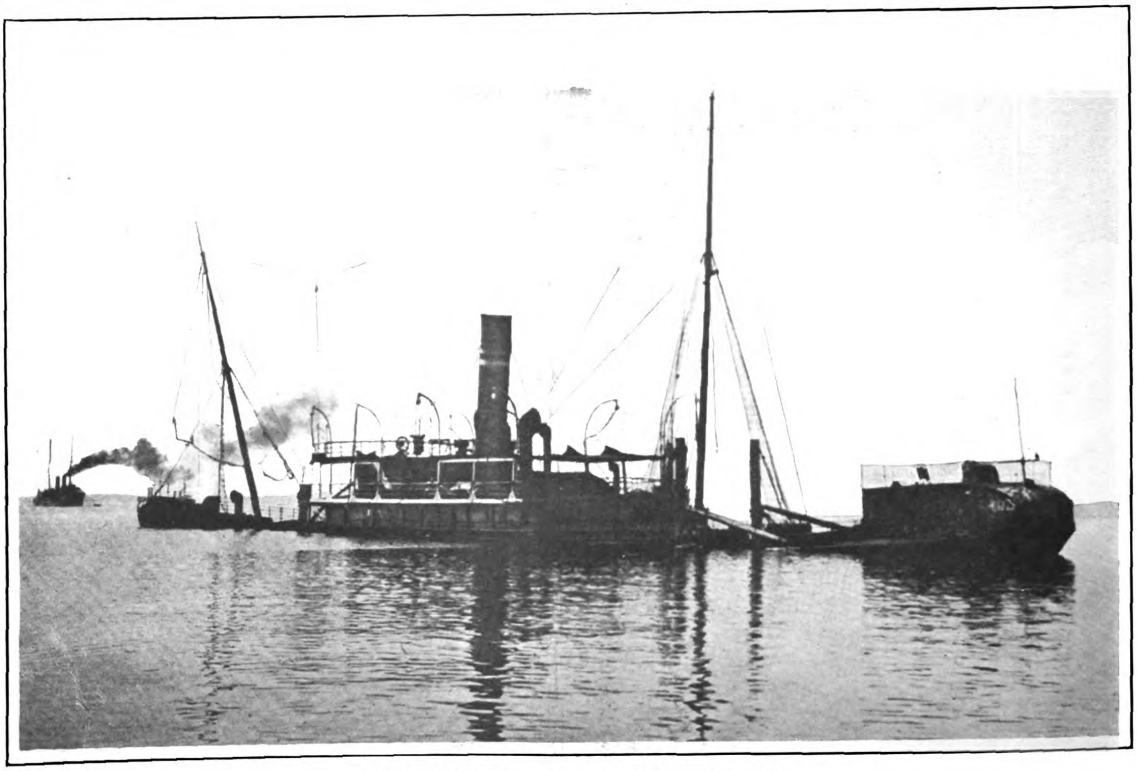
JAPANESE INFANTRY IN NORTHERN KOREA MARCHING TOWARD THE YALU

The double-page illustration in this issue of the "Weekly" shows a force of Japanese cavalry advancing toward Wiju, in northern Korea; the photograph on this page shows a body of infantry on their way to reinforce the main body of the Japanese advance near the Yalu. It is believed that the Japanese do not plan to invade the Manchurian interior, but will confine themselves to the isolating of Port Arthur and Vladivostok, and the junction of the Korean and Liao-Tung forces

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The Wreck of the Cruiser "Variag" in Chemulpo Harbor



The Merchant Ship "Sungari," sunk at Chemulpo

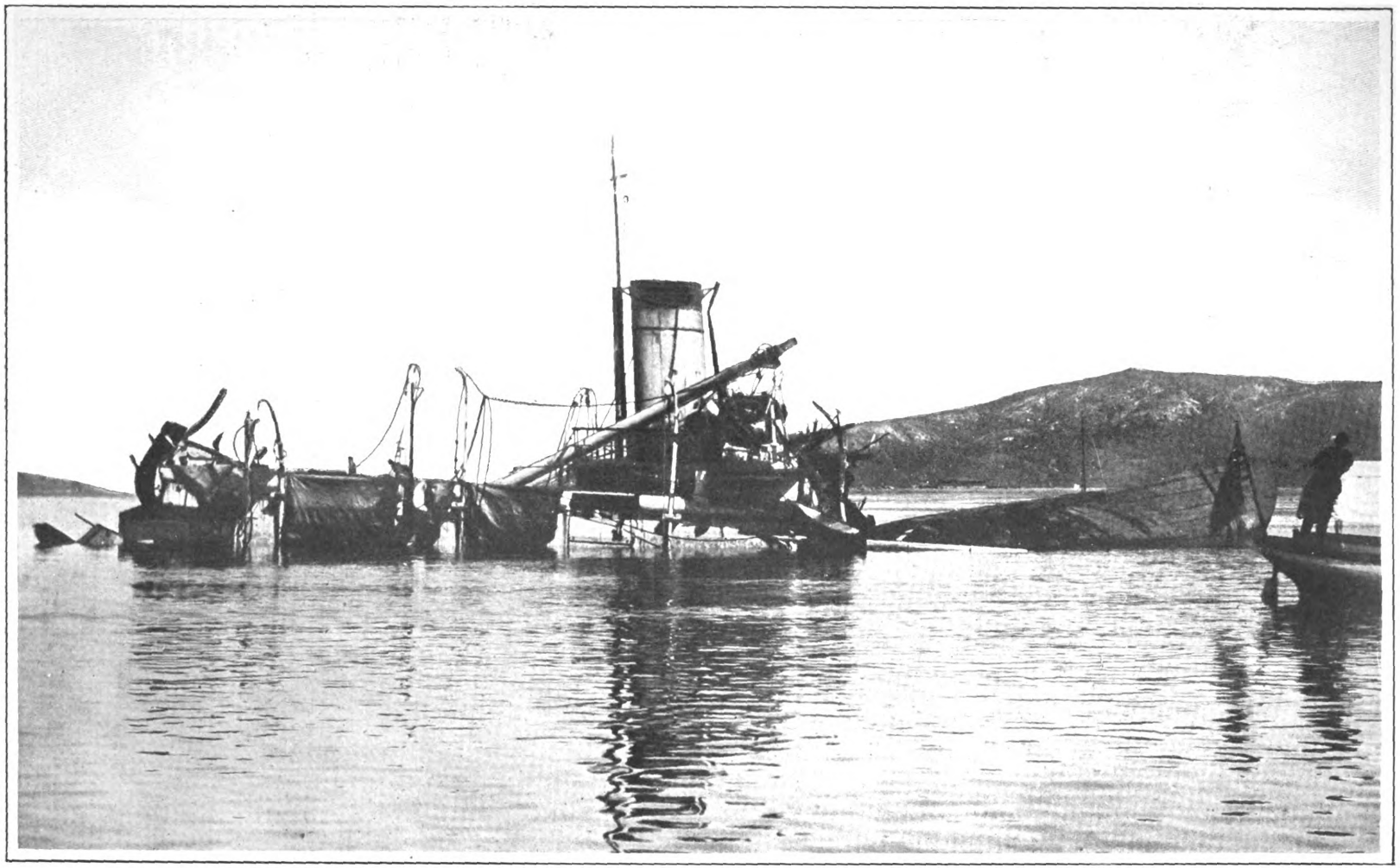
PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WRECKS OF THE RUSSIAN SHIPS "VARIAG" AND "SUNGARI" IN CHEMULPO HARBOR

The Russian cruiser "Variag" was sunk by the Russians on February 9, after being disabled by the Japanese fleet. The upper photograph on this page shows the wreck of the vessel as it lies to-day in Chemulpo Harbor. The photograph at the bottom of the page shows the wreck of the Russian merchant steamer "Sungari," which was sunk by the Russians, after the loss of the "Variag," to prevent her falling into the hands of the Japanese, who outnumbered the Russian force by ten to one

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THE WRECKED GUNBOAT "KORIETZ" AS SHE LOOKS NOW IN CHEMULPO HARBOR

The "Korietz," Russia's 1500-ton gunboat, was blown up by order of her commander on February 9 after the first naval engagement of the war. After the disabling of the "Variag," in the fight of that morning, it was decided to destroy the "Korietz," who was hopelessly outclassed by the Japanese force of twenty ships, to prevent her capture by Admiral Uriu

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Recollections of a Japanese Leader

By Poultney Bigelow, M.A., F.R.G.S.

I CONFESS with humility that I am a bunch of quasi prejudice—that I cannot escape from the personal element in history. I was influenced in this way when I first met the present Moltke of Japan—the man whose name is rarely heard, whose face is never seen, but whose web is spinning on all sides of the Russian forces as was that of the illustrious Danish strategist when he locked Bazaine in Metz, and Napoleon in Sedan.

General Fukushima I met first in Germany—he was military attaché at the Court of the Kaiser, and as such was invited to attend the great autumn field operations of the army, which lasted a week or more, and which brought together some fifty to one hundred thousand men of all arms.

Those were hard days, even for spectators. Whoever would keep up with such a host as his Imperial Majesty of Germany must rise early and never want to lie down. There is a story current that William II. was once known to take a nap; it is unsupported by any but hearsay evidence. On the contrary, I have personal knowledge of his having passed many days without any opportunity for such interruption.

Many were the guests whom the Kaiser exhausted completely at these military operations. Even military attachés of other countries were heard to grumble as did Maréchal Lefevre in "Madame Sans Gêne," when reciting to his wife a dinner with the great Napoleon. Many a foreign military guest have I known to sneak away for a nap while his imperial host was on the bridge of a man-o'-war, or in the saddle, or, harder than all, sitting bolt upright in the imperial box listening to an interminable Hohenzollern drama, written with a view of stimulating patriotism.

But Fukushima was here also an exception. I do not say he listened, but he sat upright, his baby eyes serenely bent upon Nirvana, ostensibly devouring the turgid lines of a court drama, but in reality repeating to himself a list of the Russian regiments east of Moscow, and the names of their garrison towns.

Fukushima discussed things with me, because he and I had friends uncommon in Japan. He evidently concluded that he could trust me, and when a Japanese gives you his confidence you may bank upon it, as though he were a Boer or a Briton.

At that time this little Moltke was but a captain, and the smallest soldier in uniform that had ever been seen in Germany outside of a museum. The Emperor had raked his stables in vain for a horse that could squeeze between the legs of his little guest. At last one was found; it came from a circus, and had spots all over. It was the smallest mount available, yet small as it was the witty ones alleged that glove-stretchers had been used before the legs of the Oriental could be made to straddle with ease. Whatever may have been the truth of that, Fukushima managed always to stumble accidentally upon the point of chief interest in the day's operations, whether it was an attack of cavalry, a massing of artillery, the bridging of a river, or something novel in ballooning. On the way to the point of meeting, usually about four o'clock in the morning, the important colonels and generals who constituted the main body of imperial guests held forth learnedly on what would be done that day, and where they should go in order to see what was important. Fukushima never said anything, but when councils diverged amongst the great and learned we soon came to seek light of our little Japanese captain; and when we did so, he invariably professed to know nothing, but would, in his childish manner, place his little finger as though at haphazard upon a point of his map; and those who steered for that point were never disappointed.

He passed, however, for feeble in mental capacity, and he took pains to preserve that character. The Russian military attaché took him for stunted and stupid. The jovial British delegate regarded him as an idiot, and many of my friends asked me seriously how it was that I managed to waste so much time in his company. I told them I was an alienist, and besides that I was refreshing my knowledge of the language.

Even then, and I am talking of a few years before the Chinese-Japanese war of 1894, Fukushima showed me photographs he had taken throughout the border country of Russia—about the Black Sea, down the Danube, in Rumania, Turkey, Bulgaria, etc. He knew all there was worth knowing about the strength of Russia this side of Moscow and the Caspian, and as I had been twice in those territories I found a comparison of data very interesting.

But he never allowed any one else at the Berlin Court to suspect that he was more than a commonplace piece of uniform. Though he spoke seven languages to my knowledge, he never allowed any one else in Berlin to suspect that he knew anything but a few garbled scraps of German. Here is a sample that I overheard:

German General loquitur: "Guten Morgen, Herr Hauptmann!"

Fukushima bowed politely and smiled, while he inhaled audibly.

The General: "Tell me, my dear Fukushima, how long would it take you in Japan to mobilize an army-corps and land it in Korea?"

Fukushima: "Thank you, Herr General, my health is very good!"

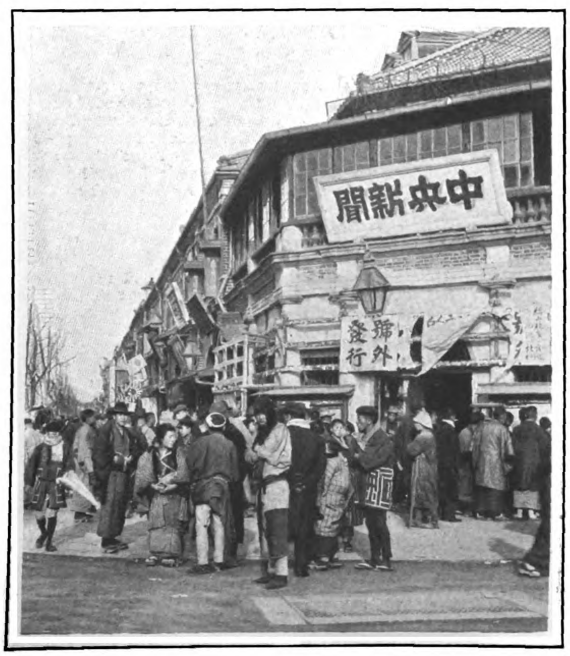
The General: "I'm very glad to hear it; but I wanted to know something about your mobilization!"

Fukushima: "You are quite right, Herr General; das Wetter ist Heute sehr schoen, but it may possibly rain to-morrow!"

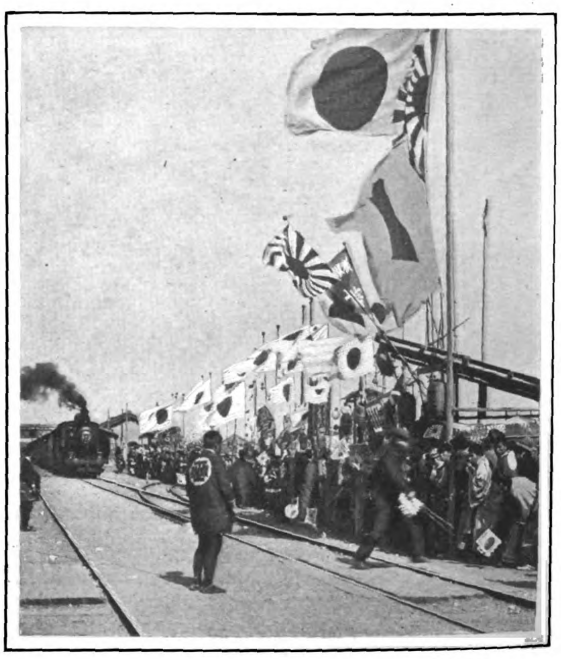
And so this conversation would go on, each day like the last, and each questioner coming away with the impression that it was a shame for governments to send to Berlin representatives who could not speak a civilized tongue.

One day little Captain Fukushima disappeared from Berlin, and many moons later arrived on the shores of Manchuria, or Mongolia, I forget which. He had bought a little cossack pony somewhere east of Moscow, and had steered his way across that vast Siberian plain, keeping his ears and eyes well open, and his mouth tight shut. He had note-books, but he wrote in figures that gave no comfort to any but himself. He counted the telegraph-poles as he rode, he noted the bridges, and the wells, and the farms, and everything that might prove interesting to Japanese visitors who might come after him.

Fortunately for him, Russia also despised his intellect, else he would have met with an accident in some lonely section of his long ride. He would have turned up missing. The Russian government



Japanese reading War Bulletins in Tokyo



A Troop Train leaving Tokyo

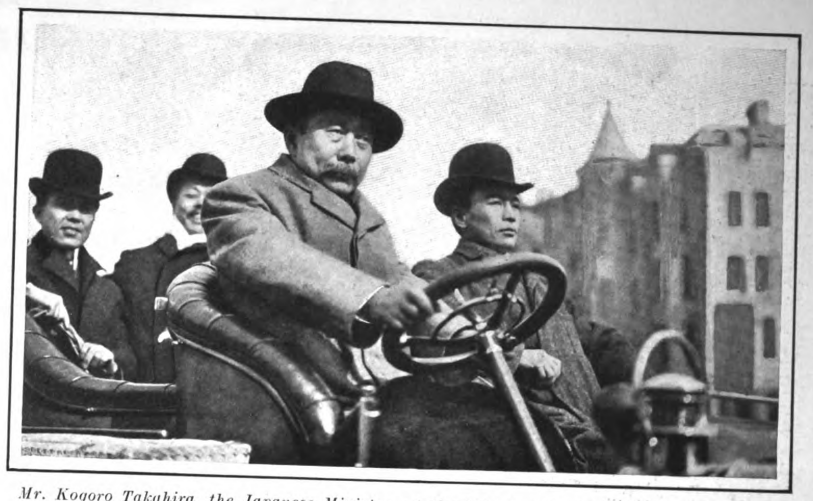
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Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador at Washington



Mr. Kogoro Takahira, the Japanese Minister, at the Wheel, with Attachés of the Legation



Mr. Minhui Cho, the Korean Minister, at the Wheel



Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng, the Chinese Minister, at the Wheel, with his Attachés

SNAP-SHOTS OF WASHINGTON REPRESENTATIVES OF POWERS INVOLVED IN THE FAR-EASTERN CRISIS

The photographs give some interesting views of the Washington representatives of the powers involved in the Far-Eastern crisis. The Russian ambassador, Count Cassïni, the Japanese minister, Kogoro Takahira, the Korean minister, Minhui Cho, and the Chinese minister, Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng, are all expert automobilists. The snap-shots show them in their different machines as they are often seen in the streets of Washington during the season. The Chinese minister is the only one who wears his native costume

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would have expressed great sorrow over the sad accident, and have promised to punish the wicked peasants who had killed him. Those peasants would have been policemen in disguise, but in such matters we must not be too squeamish.

You know the rest, how in 1894 Japan put an army afloat, landed in China, tumbled the forces of that empire head over heels, sank her battle-ships and dictated terms of peace after a short campaign conducted in such a manner as to call forth the praise of military students no less than lovers of fair play on the battle-field.

The next time that I saw Fukushima was in his own home; he was the same sunny, moony, smiling, and sympathetic Fukushima, but had become a general, and was recognized as the hero of the great Chinese war. But to look at him, he was the very same man that had passed in Berlin and Petersburg for a harmless toy.

He lived in Tokyo in a bandbox sort of a bamboo bungalow—all lacquer and matting, and fans, and dainty tea things. He wore the native gown spattered with storks or some such design, and in his arms was a baby—just like the Japanese dolls we see at Christmas. General Fukushima, as chief of a nursery, was worth coming to see, and he played his part with the same success as distinguishes him at the head of an army.

Like all real men, and particularly real great men, he is the simplest of men. When all the world was praising Waldersee as a great soldier, it made me hesitate to accept this verdict, merely because Moltke had the simplicity, the modesty of greatness. At any court ball in Berlin it would have been hard to find Moltke, but harder still to avoid seeing Waldersee.

And so it is with Fukushima; you find him most readily in his little family circle, playing with his children, or chatting with the few intimates whom he can trust.

Our talk was interrupted by the announcement of a Chinese Embassy. So the baby was passed on to the nursery, and in came several big Chinese officers to pay their respects to the man who had humiliated their army more than all the hosts of the white man since the first settlement in Macao.

This was the year 1898—a memorable year to others than to us and Spain, for in that year China sent to Japan thirty military representatives for no other purpose than to learn the art of war from the nation which they had before that referred to as one of contemptible dwarfs.

In other words, only three years from the close of the Chinese-Japanese war, the Chinese Emperor paid to the conquering nation a compliment he has never yet paid to any other country, not even Germany.

Fukushima received his guests kindly, and after they had drunk of his tea and taken their departure he told me many things which have now come true, but which he did not intend that I should publish.

What he told me I have used indirectly, however, and there is no harm in repeating the warning for such of us as have interests in the Far East. Japan has her Monroe Doctrine no less than the United States. The days of Germany in Kiao-Chow are numbered, and it is because she feels uneasy on this subject that we find the unnatural sympathy for Russia in Berlin.

Whatever our sympathies may be it is our business to equip ourselves with sound information from impartial first-hand sources. Our press treats this war as though it were a stage pantomime which would close with the curtain's drop.

It is something vastly different. When peace is declared, a new act will commence in a drama that promises to be continuous, at least a longer drama than any ever put upon a Chinese theatre in our life time.

England and the President

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *April 23, 1904.*

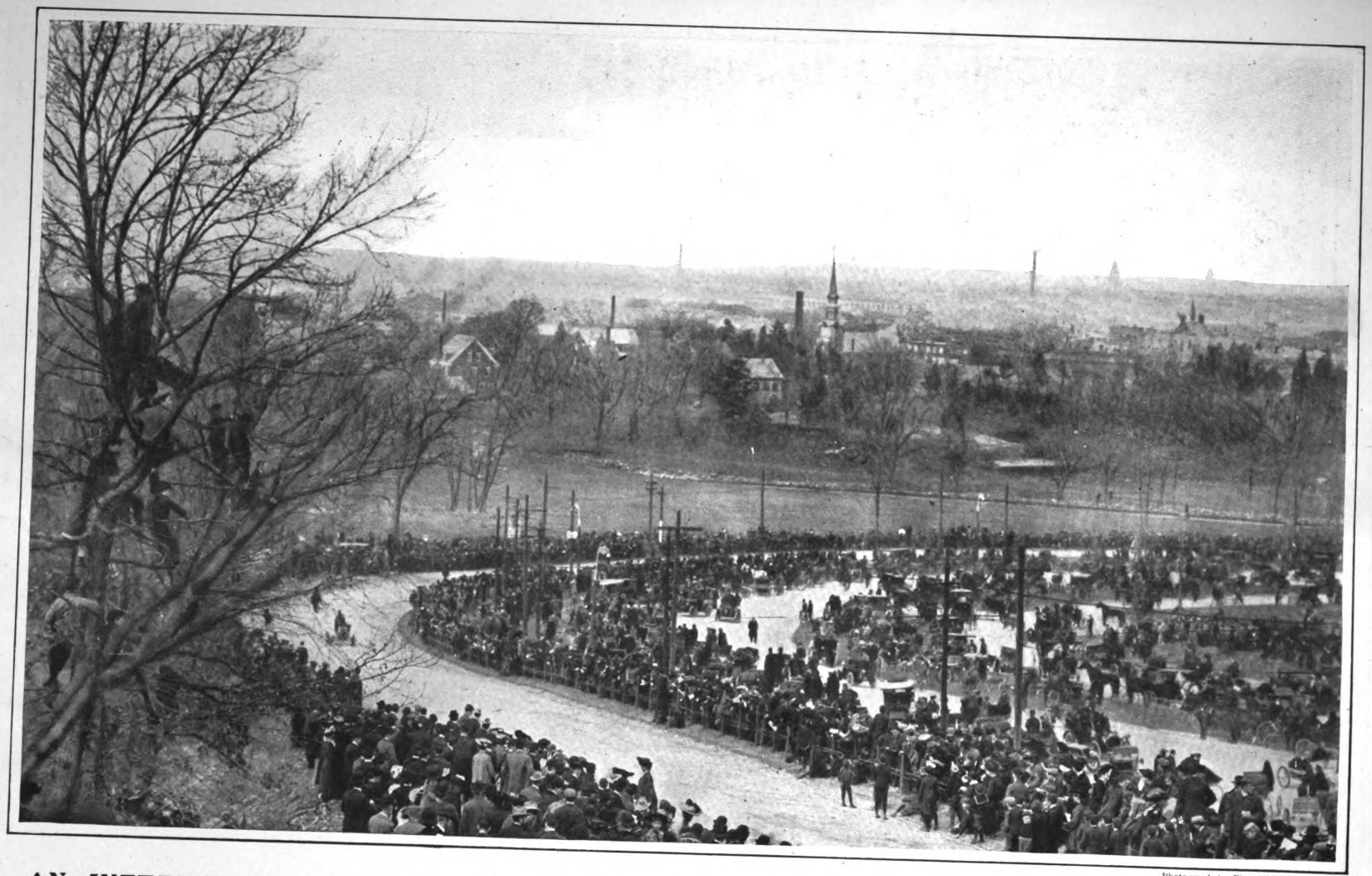
ENGLAND greatly admires Mr. Roosevelt. No American President of my time has succeeded in so strongly impressing the imagination of Europe. Last May when I was in Berlin I found an interest in things American that ten years ago would have been surprising and twenty years ago incredible. It was a popular interest as well as an official one, and almost all of it centred on the personality of the President. What little was left over fastened on the trusts and the puzzling wave of Teutophobia that was then sweeping over America. But for one question on these subjects ten were put to me about Mr. Roosevelt. Professors at the Berlin University, high officials in the Wilhelmstrasse, journalists, business men and chance acquaintances in the army all wanted to know about Mr. McKinley's successor. They liked to hear of him, they liked to discuss him, and they especially liked to draw comparisons between him and the Kaiser. The rather piquant developments in the relations between Germany and America during the lest few years may, of course, have had something to do with this, but I am inclined to attribute by far the larger part of it to Mr. Roosevelt's personal characteristics. And that this is the true explanation of the amazing interest that Europe is now taking in the White House may be judged from the fact that President Roosevelt is just as much the subject of eager debate in countries that have no special relations with the United States as in countries where America's political and commercial policy is a matter of national concern. I was talking, for instance, not long ago to the editor and proprietor of the great Italian fortnightly review, the *Nuova Antologia*. Signor Ferraris was a member of Crispi's last cabinet, and sits in the present Chamber of Deputies. He is keenly interested in labor questions and in that cooperative movement which promises to revolutionize Italian agriculture. My idea was to extract information from him on both subjects, and I might have succeeded but for an unhappy admission that I had lived for some years in America. He at once began to talk Roosevelt, and nothing would induce him to come back to Italian trade-unions and village banks. If I had followed every step of Mr. Roosevelt's career from the cradle to the Presidency, had read all his books, and learned by heart all his speeches, I should still have been unable to satisfy my pertinacious questioner. In France, too, where popular interest in foreign affairs and foreign personalities is not usually very deep or well informed, Mr. Roosevelt is a familiar and engrossing topic. When the English Members of Parliament paid their famous visit to the legislators of the French Chamber a neutral and appetizing subject of discussion was found in President Roosevelt, and some wonderful English and perfectly astounding French was devoted more than once to elucidating his personality.

And the qualities that make Mr. Roosevelt so interesting to Germans, French, and Italians make him still more interesting to Englishmen. They see in him a superb specimen of Anglo-Saxondom. He belongs by education, birth, and tastes to the type that Englishmen most like to represent them in the national legislature. If he were an Englishman people feel that he would have explored every inch of the empire, shot all the big game to be found in it, won his Blue at Oxford or Cambridge, kept a pack of hounds, written some slashing books on Wellington and Nelson and the heroes of the Indian mutiny, captured De Wet, annexed an empire or two, and made his mark in Parliament as a progressive Conservative. People here feel they would know what to do with Mr. Roosevelt, and I dare say Mr. Roosevelt feels he would know what to do with them. There are only two other Americans in the political world whom Englishmen show this same instinct towards. One of them is Mr. Hay, the other is Mr. Root. Both appeal to Englishmen as men who would fit in easily with English public life—just as easily as Mr. Chamberlain would take to American politics. I do not say Englishmen are right in this opinion or that it is based on very wide or intimate study. Nevertheless, it exists. People can imagine without any great effort Lord Hay expounding the foreign policy of England in the House of Lords and finding its atmosphere not oppressively uncongenial, and Sir Elihu Root, Bart., P.C., K.C., etc., reforming the War Office and defending his policy in the House of Commons as though he had done nothing else all his life. I cannot recall any other American statesmen of recent years whom Englishmen have felt drawn to in this way. They never showed any desire to annex President Harrison or to transplant Mr. Blaine. They never detected any special affinity between Mr. Cleveland and English public life. They would be quite startled if any one at all resembling Mr. Hearst were to run for Parliament even in an Irish constituency. They can just conceive Mr. Bourke Cockran raising his tempestuous voice from the Nationalist benches in the House of Commons, but naturally they prefer not to dwell on the prospect. On the whole, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Hay, and Mr. Root are the only Americans in political life whom Englishmen can picture as taking part in English politics just as they are.

And of the three it is, of course, Mr. Roosevelt who makes by far the widest appeal. To judge Mr. Hay's capacity with any approach to adequacy one must have followed his career and his diplomacy step by step and with meticulous absorption. For a proper estimate of Mr. Root's achievements only an expert in army matters is fully qualified. Mr. Hay and Mr. Root are most honored among those Englishmen who know their work most intimately, but naturally those Englishmen are not precisely a majority of the nation. Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, is easily studied even at a distance of three thousand miles. "A pork butcher could understand Harcourt," was said of the Parliamentary veteran whose approaching retirement all England has heard of with regret. A pork butcher could understand Mr. Roosevelt. His whole case is got up in good plain black and white. He is a "popular" subject. There is little to confuse or distract in his clean-cut conciseness. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt does precisely the kind of things Englishmen like their own leaders to do. Every bear he has shot would be worth five thousand votes to him in England. He would never have to write an election address as a Parliamentary candidate. It would be enough to distribute copies of his books on sport and throw open his collection of heads and skins and rifles to the public. That is the first great hold he has on the English people; he is a sportsman and so are they. The second is that he is a natural leader—so much so that people sometimes question whether the American Constitution allows room enough for his instinct of domination. No such question would arise in England. There is no one the average man in this country takes to more readily than a leader who will put him right on everything—tell him how many children patriotism demands of him and what are the ideals he ought to cherish. Mr. Roosevelt does all this, even in America, without blinking or blushing. Over here he would find a wider field and a larger and less critical audience. There is not a nursery from Land's End to John o' Groats that he could not turn upside down at a word. And besides all this, Mr. Roose-

(Continued on page 731.)

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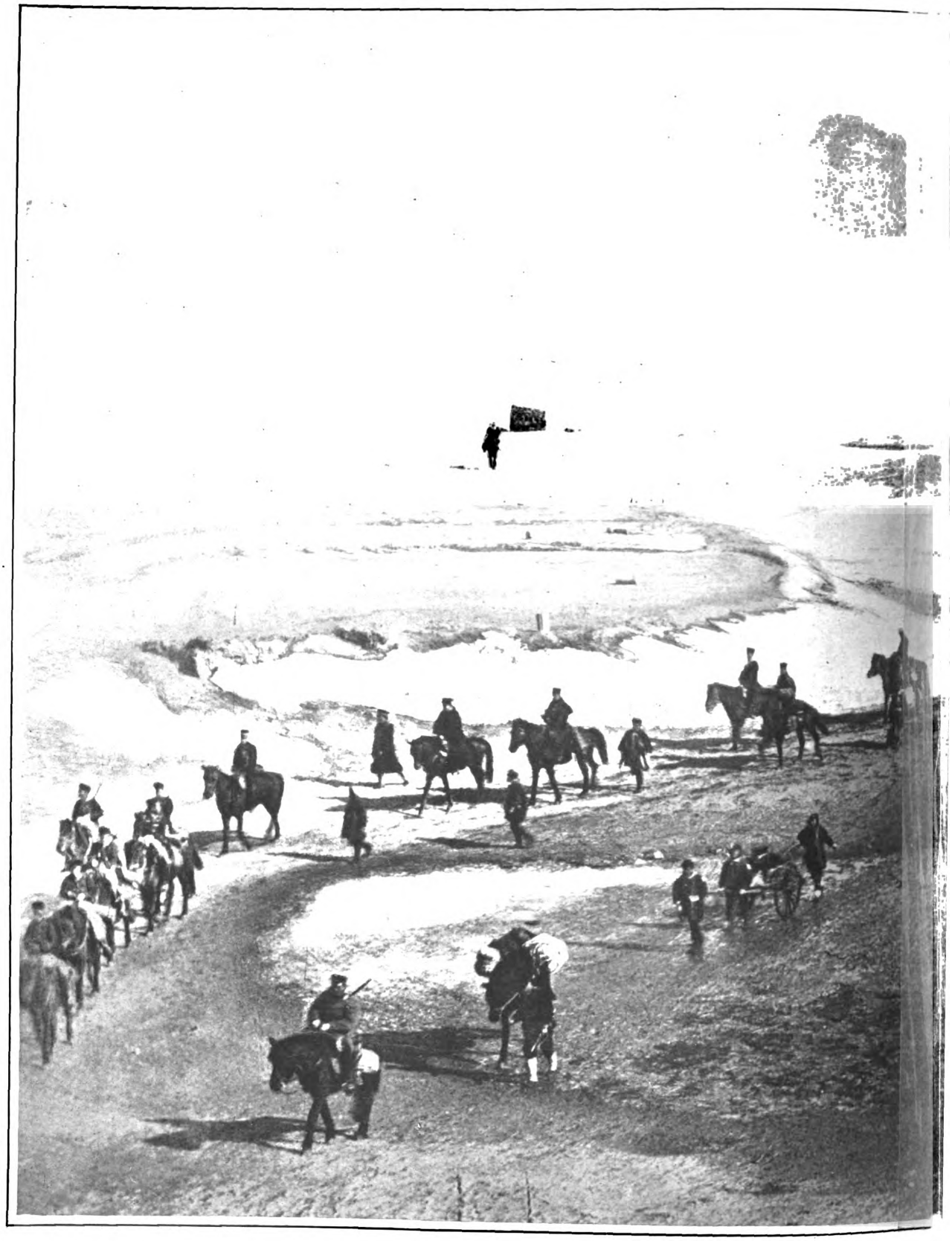


Photograph by Pictorial News Company

AN INTERESTING VIEW OF THE AUTOMOBILE HILL-CLIMBING CONTEST IN BOSTON

In the automobile hill-climbing contest held on April 19 at Boston, the record time was made by two foreign cars, resulting in a tie for first place in the competition. The winners were the Georges Richard-Brasier 45-horse-power car, run by Horace B. Hills, Jr., and H. L. Bowden's 60-horse-power Mercedes, driven by Mr. Bowden. The fifth of a mile on Commonwealth Avenue hill was made in 15 2-5 seconds. The photograph is a snap-shot showing a bird's-eye view of the course and vicinity, and was taken at the finish of the contest

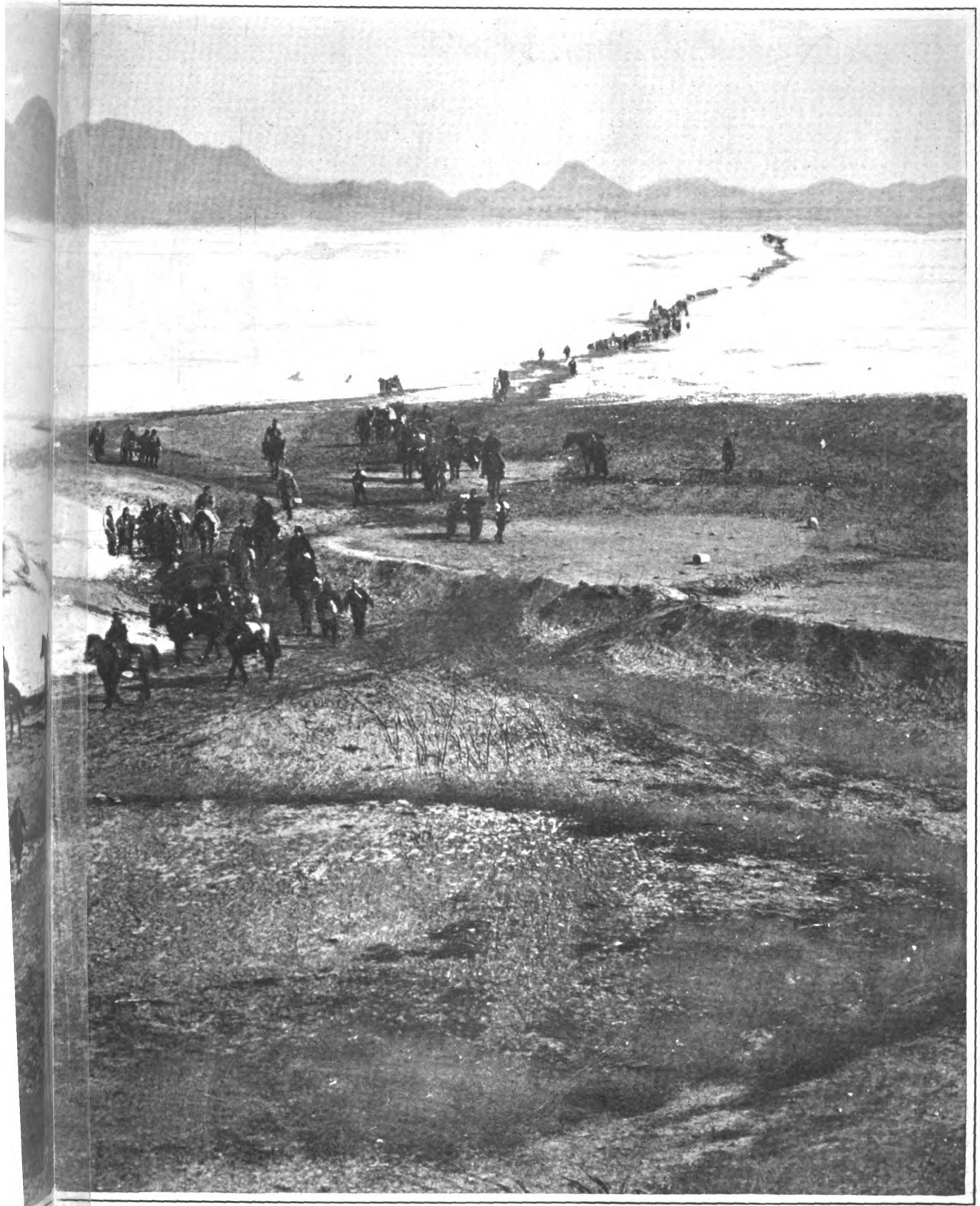
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THE JAPANESE IN NORTHERN KOREA—A

The photograph shows a detachment of Japanese troops advancing in northern Korea. A telegram from Viceroy Alex troops a Wiju, from which they have moved the Korean population. The troops have also occupied an island opposite W

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ADVANCE OF REINFORCEMENTS TO WIJU

Kuropatkieff to the Czar, made public at the time this issue goes to press, reports the continued concentration of Japanese forces at Wiju, as a preparation for the laying of pontoons, and it is believed that they will soon make an attempt to cross the river

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Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

COULD anything more fantastic or original in literature be imagined than *The Memoirs of a Baby*? The fairies knew their business when they lodged the idea in the brain of Miss Josephine Daskam. No author to-day writing of child life has blended her observation of the infant *genus* with such acute humor and sympathy, and surrounded the subject with so much merriment without offending the maternal or paternal prejudices. Indeed, the young father and mother, as well as the dear old maiden aunt—the *Fidus Achates* of potential motherhood—come in for a large share of Miss Daskam's mischievous humor, but it is humor of a wholesome kind that is all laughter and no sting. Chapter I. deals with the Young Mother; in the second the Baby himself comes on the scene and takes possession of the centre of the stage; then there follow in succession the evolution of "the dawning soul," "child study," "spontaneous ejaculations," the "mystery of speech," "family discipline," until the "abdication of Binks" is reached upon the arrival of the new baby. "Martin! Oh, Martin!" Aunt Emma exclaimed as she viewed the pathetic little figure. "Don't you mind, darling, don't you mind! You are Aunt Emma's own baby—you shall always be! Always! You shall be *my* baby!" But Martin struggled from her arms and dashed the tears from his eyes. His hands slipped into the pockets of his ridiculous trousers unconsciously. "Pooh!" he said, catching his father's eye, defiantly, "pooh! I'm not, either. I'm not anybody's baby. *That's* a baby. I'm a boy!" As whimsical and delightful in their humor are Miss F. Y. Cory's drawings, which are scattered profusely through the pages of the Memoirs. Artist and author never worked so harmoniously together to a common end. *The Memoirs of a Baby* is likely to become a classic of household humor.

With the exception of *Kronstadt*, perhaps, I don't think Max Pemberton has given us a better story than *A Daughter of the States*, and the new novel has the advantage of an American heroine. The story opens with a lively scene on board a transatlantic steamer. This is a refreshing change; so many stories of late have begun in the parlor-car or sleeper of a train. "The man's a rogue!"—this is our introduction to the hero, blandly made by the Rev. St. John Trew, vicar of Sackville Street, London. But it is not long before we begin to differ with the vicar—with all due respect for his cloth—and we suspect that the rogue is a right manly, honest fellow, and will have chances enough to prove it before the author is through with him. The tale becomes exciting before we are through with the first chapter, and the scent keeps us hot on the chase until the last is reached. Jessie Golding, the heroine, is an American heiress who is crossing the ocean to join hands and hearts with Lord Eastry of Monkton Castle, which is badly in need of the Golding dollars. Murray West, the hero, has been mixed up in some way with the shooting of Miss Golding's brother Lionel in Jackson City, and she comes to hear of it from a gambling blackleg, just as Murray has made a favorable impression. By the way, the little poker game in the smoker of the *Jersey City*, which led to this spiteful act on the part of Mr. Marx, is quite a lively episode in itself. Things are reaching a crisis, but in a few hours the passengers in whom we have become interested might have landed and gone their several ways without further clash, had not the liner collided with some craft in a dense fog and gone down with most of her human freight. Murray West contrives an escape for himself and Miss Golding on a raft just before the steamer sinks, and they are eventually picked up by an unspeakably wretched tramp steamer. What with mutiny, and a race with a Venezuelan gunboat, after being carried far out of their course, and a miraculous escape from the burning dust of Mount Pelée, the adventures of the couple keep one's interest keyed up to the highest pitch until they are at last safely convoyed to London. But the pause is only for a moment, for the mystery of Lionel Golding's death is still to be cleared up; and Jessie Golding has Lord Eastry to reckon with. And when this is done, Mr. Pemberton has still another surprise for the reader before the curtain falls. There are few writers to-day who can spin a yarn with more adroitness and verve than Max Pemberton, and his inventive genius has never achieved a greater success than *A Daughter of the States*. If you want to read a rattling story, full of "go" and excitement, unimpeded by extraneous matter, let me recommend this latest novel by one of the most popular writers of serial fiction to-day.



Josephine Daskam
Author of "The Memoirs of a Baby"

After reading *The Woodhouse Correspondence*, by G. W. E. Russell and Edith Sichel, I can assure my readers that a most amusing volume awaits them, notwithstanding the prejudice that has arisen with good cause against the novel told in letters. The authors describe these letters as "studies in idiosyncrasy"; but there is nothing very subtle or deep about the types of human nature studied. We have all been bored by the hypochondriac, who exhorts you to "thank Heaven that you have escaped my trials, and that you and your mother's branch of the family have never known what suffering means"; the person with the Artistic Temperament who is "very, very lonely," and is writing a "Realistico-Spiritual Novel, *The Woof-Warp*, which centres round the Education Bill," who keeps a diary, and calls her collection of unprinted poems *The Versicles of a Lonely Spirit*; the innately selfish prig who writes pompously and shudders at Vulgarity; the mother with social aspirations for her daughters. Here is a mirror in which you may see some of human nature's ugliest traits—is there anything under the sun uglier than undiluted egotism? The story of these characters unfolded in their letters would be the most depressing and sickening sort of thing to read, if it were not for the keen satire of the writers, which plays mercilessly with the emotions of the correspondents and holds their idiosyncrasies up to ridicule while it flays them. Miss Elaine Thompson (she was christened Ellen)—she of the A. T.—might stand as a parody on Mary McLane. She ends up by accepting a position to write "attractive advertisements" for Spasmon Food at £120 a year. Her entrance on this new path is marked "in the silent watches of the night" by this rhapsody:

TO THE CHANGE IN MYSELF
(At the Parting of the Ways)

I, who now and ever, lived for Art's sake,
Shall I hold this changeless as the Best?
Nay, but I will rather live for Heart's sake;
Strive afresh, nor stop to take my rest.

Even Food is holy when prepared
Through long vigils for the Love of Men.
Nought there is that's coarse and nought that's arid—
Body's Soul, Soul's Body, now as then.

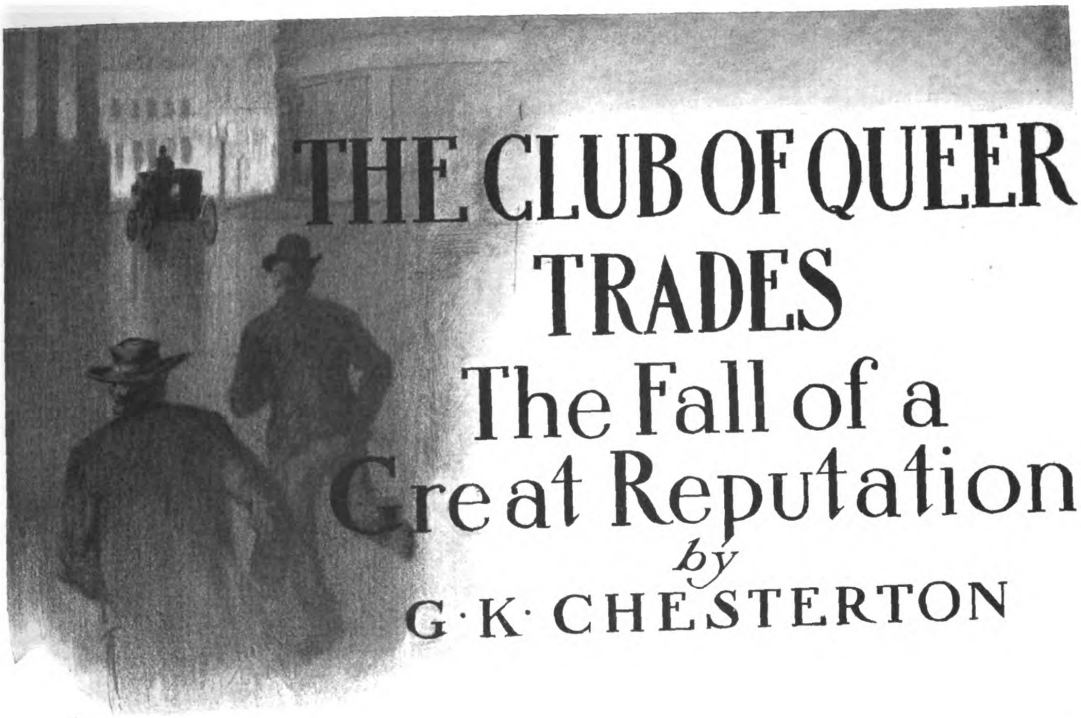
The poet of the *Versicles* had read her Browning to good purpose.

"Since feeble Woman is not allowed to speak the truth," writes Miss Elaine Thompson, "it has seemed to me that I could speak out more boldly on many essential facts if I assumed the name of a man." And so, the Realistico-Spiritual Novel was submitted with a *nom de plume*. "Nor is there, I believe," she adds, "any other sign in the book by which my Womanhood will be known." No such motives can happily be imputed to the author of a recent novel entitled *Yarborough the Premier*, by "A. R. Weekes," and there is no reason why Miss Weekes should seek to screen her identity behind the subterfuge of a *nom de masculine*. *Yarborough the Premier* is a vigorously written story of an English politician who rises to power through unscrupulous and high-handed measures, but who is overtaken in the end by the Nemesis of his sins. Miss Weekes has attempted an ambitious task in the portrayal of Yarborough; it is built on epic lines, but she has not the epic imagination to create and sustain so complex and subtle a character. Yet she has contrived skilfully to suggest the lines upon which it was built; the shadow of the man falls across the pages, and we are interested in him as in some sort of modern Paracelsus, groping blindly toward the goal of his ambition, moved solely by one overwhelming desire—England's prestige and glory. "I believe I have neither conscience, honor, nor soul," he declares, "and yet I shall keep England's honor unstained." Margaret, the one woman he loved, but of whom he was not worthy, saw the truth, and spoke it when the blow fell at last. "He had no faith, he could not wait for God; he felt that he must do things his own way; that was his mistake." The words are an echo of Michal's prophetic warning to Paracelsus:

An angel warns me, too,
Men should be humble; you are very proud:
And God, dethroned, has doleful plagues for such!
—Warns me to have in dread no quick repulse,
No slow defeat, but a complete success:
You will find all you seek, and perish so!

For a first novel, *Yarborough the Premier* shows remarkable strength and maturity, and augurs well for the author's future. Miss Weekes has a distinctly dramatic gift, and can invest her salient scenes with a vivid and impressive power of picturesqueness, which is enhanced by her vigorous and graphic style.

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THE CLUB OF QUEER TRADES

The Fall of a Great Reputation

by

G·K· CHESTERTON

BASIL GRYCE and I were talking one day in what is perhaps the most perfect place for talking on earth—the top of a tolerably deserted tram-car. To talk on the top of a hill is superb, but to talk on the top of a flying hill is a fairy-tale.

"It is very odd," said Gryce, grimly; "I said all these people were good, and there is the wickedest man in London."

"Which man?" I cried, and then my eye caught the figure at which Basil's bull's eyes were glaring.

He was a slim, smooth person passing very quickly among the quickly passing crowd, but though there was nothing about him sufficient to attract a startled notice, there was quite enough to demand a curious consideration when once that notice was attracted. He wore a black top-hat, but there was enough in it of those strange curves whereby the decadent artist of the 80's tried to turn the top-hat into something as rhythmic as an Etruscan vase. His hair, which was largely gray, was curled with the instinct of one who appreciated the æsthetic beauty of gray and silver. The rest of his face was oval, and, I thought, rather Oriental; he had two black tufts of mustache.

"What has he done?" I asked.

"I am not sure of the details," said Gryce, "but his besetting sin is a desire to intrigue to the disadvantage of others. Probably he has adopted some imposture or other to effect his plan."

"What plan?" I asked. "If you know all about him why don't you tell me why he is the wickedest man in England? What is his name?"

Basil Gryce stared at me for some moments.

"I think you've made a mistake in my meaning," he said. "I don't know his name. I never saw him before in my life."

"Never saw him before!" I cried, with a kind of anger. "Then what in heaven's name do you mean by saying that he is the wickedest man in England? What do you mean by your nonsense about his using other people for his own ends?"

"I meant what I said," said Basil Gryce, calmly. "The moment I saw that man I saw all these populations stricken with a sudden and splendid innocence. I saw that while all ordinary poor men in these streets were being themselves he was not being himself. I saw that all the men in these slums—cadgers, pickpockets, hooligans—are all, in the deepest sense, trying to be good. And I saw that that man was trying to be evil."

"But if you never saw him before," I began.

"In God's name look at his face," cried out Basil in a voice that startled the driver. "Look at the eyebrows. They mean that infernal pride which made Satan so proud that he sneered even at heaven when he was one of the first angels in it. Look at his mustaches; they are so grown as to insult humanity. In the name of the sacred heavens, look at his hair. In the name of God and the stars, look at his hat."

I stirred uncomfortably.

"But, after all," I said, "this is very fanciful—perfectly absurd. Look at the mere facts. You have never seen the man before; you—"

Basil sprang up straight and swayed with the swaying car.

"Let us get off and follow him," he said. "I bet you five pounds it will turn out as I say."

And with a scuttle, a jump, and a run we were off the car.

The man with the curled silver hair and the curved Eastern face walked along for some time, his long splendid frock-coat flying behind him. Then he swung sharply out of the great glaring road and disappeared down an ill-lit alley. We swung silently after him.

"This is an odd turning for a man of this kind to take," I said.

"A man of what kind?" asked my friend.

"Well," I said, "a man with that kind of expression and those boots. I thought it rather odd, to tell the truth, that he should be in this part of the world at all."

"Ah yes," said Basil, and said no more.

We tramped on, looking steadily in front of us. The elegant figure, like the figure of a black swan, was silhouetted suddenly against the glares of intermittent gaslight and then swallowed again in night. The intervals between the lights were long and a fog was thickening on the whole city. Our pace, therefore, had become swift and mechanical between the lamp-posts; but Basil came to a standstill suddenly, like a reined horse; I stopped also. We had almost run into the man. A great part of the solid darkness in front of us was the darkness of his body.

At first I thought he had turned to face us. But though we were hardly a yard off he did not realize that we were there. He tapped four times on a very low and dirty door in the dark, crabbed street. A gleam of gas cut the darkness as it opened slowly. We listened intensely, but the interview was short and simple and inexplicable as an interview could be. Our exquisite friend handed in what looked like a paper or a card, and said:

"At once. Take a cab."

A heavy, deep voice from inside said,

"Right you are."

And with a click we were in blackness again and striding on after the striding stranger through a labyrinth of London lanes, the lights just helping us. It was only five o'clock, but winter and the fog had made it like midnight.

"This is really an extraordinary walk for the patent-leather boots," I repeated.

"I don't know," said Basil, humbly. "It leads to Berkeley Square."

As I tramped on I strained my eyes through the dusky atmosphere and tried to make out the direction described. For some ten minutes I doubted; at the end of that I saw that my friend was right. We were coming to the great dreary spaces of fashionable London—more dreary, one must admit, even than the dreary plebeian spaces.

"This is very extraordinary," said Basil Gryce as we turned into Berkeley Square.

"What is extraordinary?" I asked. "I thought you said it was quite natural."

"I do not wonder," answered Basil, "at his walking through nasty streets; I do not wonder at his going to Berkeley Square. But I do wonder at his going to the house of a very good man."

"What very good man?" I asked, with exasperation.

"The operation of time is a singular one," he said, with his imperturbable irrelevancy. "It is not a true statement of the case to say that I have forgotten my career when I was a judge and a public man. I remember it all vividly, but it is like remembering some novel—such as the life of the Prince Consort. But fifteen years ago I knew this Square as well as Lord Rosebery does, and

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a damned long-sight better than that man who is going up the steps of old Beaumont's house."

"Who is old Beaumont?" I asked, irritably.

"A perfectly good fellow. Lord Beaumont of Foxwood—don't you know his name? He is a man of transparent sincerity, a nobleman who does more work than a navvy, a socialist, anarchist, I don't know what—anyhow, he's a philosopher and philanthropist. I admit he has the slight disadvantage of being, beyond all question, off his head. He has that real disadvantage which has arisen out of the modern worship of progress and novelty; and he thinks anything odd and new must be an advance. If you went to him and proposed to eat your grandmother he would agree with you so long as you put it on hygienic and public grounds, as a cheap alternative to cremation. So long as you progress fast enough, it seems a matter of indifference to him whether you are progressing to the stars or the devil. So that his house is filled with an endless succession of literary and political fashions—men who wear long hair because it is romantic; men who wear short hair because it is medical; men who walk on their feet only to exercise their hands, and men who walk on their hands for fear of tiring their feet. But though the inhabitants of his salons are generally fools, like himself, they are almost always, like himself, good men. I am really surprised to see a criminal enter there."

"My good fellow," I said, firmly, striking my stick on the pavement, "the truth of this affair is very simple. To use your own eloquent language, you have the 'slight disadvantage' of being off your head. You see a total stranger in a public street; you choose to start certain theories about his eyebrows. You then treat him as a burglar because he enters an honest man's door. The thing is too monstrous. Admit that it is, Basil, and come home with me. Though these people are still having tea, yet, with the distance we have to go, we shall be late for dinner."

Basil's eyes were shining in the twilight like lamps.

"I thought," he said, "that I had outlived vanity."

"What do you want now?" I cried.

"I want," he cried out, "what a girl wants when she wears her new frock; I want what a boy wants when he goes in for a slanging match with a monitor—I want to show somebody what a fine fellow I am. I am as right about that man as I am about your having a hat on your head. You say it cannot be tested. I say it can. I will take you to see my old friend Beaumont. He is a delightful man to know."

"Do you really mean?" I began.

"I will apologize," he said, calmly, "for our not being dressed for a call," and walking across the vast misty Square he walked up the dark stone steps and rang at the bell.

A severe servant in black and white opened the door to us; on receiving my friend's name his manner passed in a flash from astonishment to respect. We were ushered into the house very quickly, but not so quickly but that our host, a white-haired man with a fiery face, came out quickly to meet us.

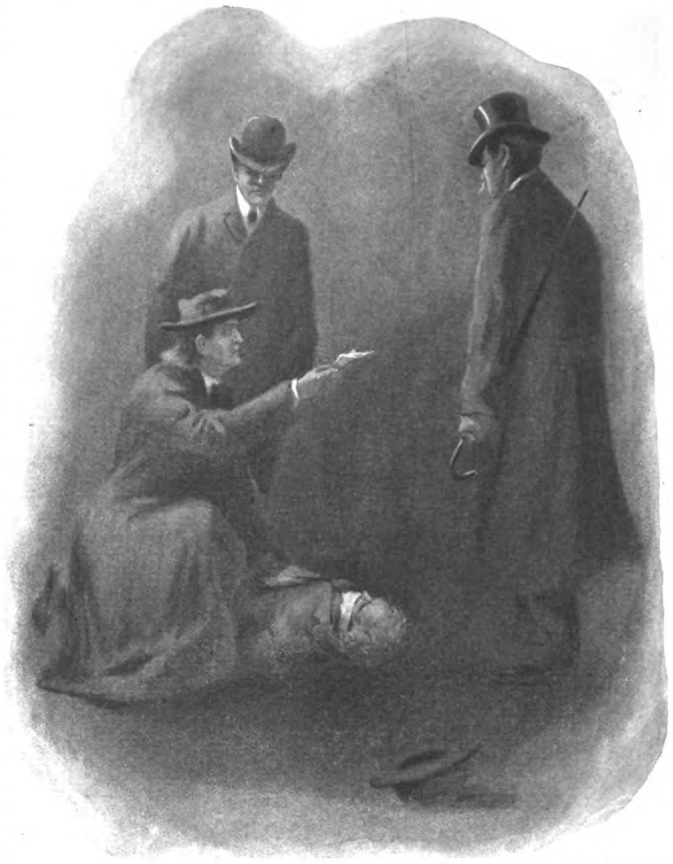
"My dear fellow," he cried, shaking Basil's hand again and again, "I have not met you for years. Have you been—er—" he said, rather wildly. "Have you been in the country?"

"Not for all that time," answered Basil, smiling. "I have long given up my official position, my dear Philip, and have been living in a deliberate retirement. I hope I do not come at an inopportune moment."

"An inopportune moment!" cried the ardent gentleman. "You come at the most opportune moment I could imagine. Do you know who is here?"

"I do not," answered Gryce, with gravity. Even as he spoke a roar of laughter came from the inner room.

"Basil," said Lord Beaumont, solemnly. "I have Wimpole here."



Drawn by W. E. Mears

Basil bent suddenly down and tore a paper out of Sir Walter's breast pocket

"And who is Wimpole?"

"Basil," cried the other, "you must have been in the country. You must have been in the antipodes. You must have been in the moon. Who is Wimpole? Who was Shakespeare?"

"As to who Shakespeare was," answered my friend, placidly, "my views go no further than thinking that he was not Bacon. More probably he was Mary Queen of Scots. But as to who Wimpole is—" and his speech also was cloven with a roar of laughter from within.

"Wimpole!" cried Lord Beaumont, in a sort of ecstasy. "Haven't you heard of the great modern wit? My dear fellow, he has turned conversation, I do not say into an art—for that perhaps it always was—but into a great art, like the statuary of Michael Angelo—an art of masterpieces. His repartees, my good friend, startle one like a man shot dead. They are final; they are—"

Again there came the hilarious roar from the room, and almost with the very noise of it a big, panting, apoplectic old gentleman came out of the inner house into the hall where we were standing.

"Now, my dear chap," began Lord Beaumont, hastily.

"I tell you, Beaumont, I won't stand it," exploded the large old gentleman. "I won't be made game of by a twopenny literary adventurer like that. I won't be made a guy. I won't—"

"Come, come," said Beaumont, feverishly. "Let me introduce you. This is Mr. Justice Gryce — that is, Mr. Gryce. Basil, I am sure you have heard of Sir Walter Cholmondeliegh."

"Who has not?" asked Gryce, and bowed to the worthy old baronet, eyeing him with some curiosity. He was hot and heavy in his momentary anger, but even that could not conceal the noble, though opulent, outlines of his face and body, the florid white hair, the Roman nose, the body stalwart, though corpulent, the chin aristocratic, though double. He was a magnificent courtly gentleman—so much of a gentleman that he could show an unquestionable weakness of anger without altogether losing dignity; so much of a gentleman that even his mistakes were well bred.

"I am distressed beyond expression, Beaumont," he said, gruffly, "to fail in respect to these gentlemen, and even more especially to fail in it in your house. But it is not you or they that are in any way concerned, but that flashy half-caste jackanapes."

At this moment a young man with a twist of red mustache and a sombre air came out of the inner room. He also did not seem to be greatly enjoying the intellectual banquet within.

"I think you remember my friend and secretary, Mr. Drummond," said Lord Beaumont, turning to Gryce. "Even if you only remember him as a schoolboy."

"Perfectly," said the other. Mr. Drummond shook hands pleasantly and respectfully, but the cloud was still on his brow. Turning to Sir Walter Cholmondeliegh, he said:

"I was sent by Lady Beaumont to express her hope that you were not going yet, Sir Walter. She says she has scarcely seen anything of you."

The old gentleman, still red in the face, had a temporary internal struggle; then his good manners triumphed, and with a gesture of obeisance and a vague utterance of "If Lady Beaumont . . . a lady, of course," he followed the young man back into the salon. He had scarcely been deposited there half a minute before another peel of laughter told that he had (in all probability) been scored off again.

"Of course I can excuse dear old Cholmondeliegh," said Beaumont, as he helped us off with our coats. "He has not the modern mind."

"What is the modern mind?" asked Gryce.

"Oh, it's enlightened, you know, and progressive . . . and faces the facts of life seriously." At this moment another roar of laughter came from within.

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"I only ask," said Basil, "because of the last two friends of yours who had the modern mind one thought it wrong to eat fishes and the other thought it right to eat men. I beg your pardon—this way, if I remember right."

"Do you know," said Lord Beaumont, with a sort of feverish entertainment as he trotted after us towards the interior, "I can never quite make out which side you are on. Sometimes you seem so liberal and sometimes so reactionary. *Are* you a modern, Basil?"

"No," said Basil, loudly and cheerfully, as he entered the crowded drawing-room, "before Abraham was, I am."

This caused a slight diversion, and some eyes were turned away from our slim friend with the Oriental face for the first time that afternoon. Two people, however, still looked at him. One was the daughter of the house, Muriel Beaumont, who looked at him with great violet eyes and with the intense and awful thirst of the female upper class for verbal amusement and stimulus. The other was Sir Walter Cholmondeliegh, who looked at him with a still and sudden but unmistakable desire to throw him out of the window.

He sat there coiled, rather than seated, on the easy-chair, everything from the curves of his smooth limbs to the coils of his silvered hair suggesting the circles of a serpent more than the straight limbs of a man—the unmistakable, splendid, serpentine gentleman we had seen walking in North London, his eyes shining with repeated victory.

"What I can't understand, Mr. Wimpole," said Muriel Beaumont, eagerly, "is how you contrive to treat all this so easily. You say things quite philosophical and yet so wildly funny. If I thought of such things, I'm sure I should laugh outright when the thought first came."

"I agree with Miss Beaumont," said Sir Walter, suddenly exploding with indignation. "If I had thought of anything so futile I should find it difficult to keep my countenance."

"Difficult to keep your countenance!" cried Mr. Wimpole, with an air of alarm. "Oh, keep your countenance! Keep it in the British Museum. It must not be mislaid."

Every one laughed uproariously, as they do at an already admitted readiness, and Sir Walter, turning suddenly purple, shouted out,

"Do you know who you are talking to with these tomfooleries?"

"I never talk tomfooleries," said the other, "without first knowing my audience."

Gryce walked across the room and tapped the red-mustached secretary on the shoulder. That gentleman was leaning against the wall regarding the whole scene with a great deal of gloom; but, I fancied, with very particular gloom when his eyes fell on the young lady of the house rapturously listening to Wimpole.

"May I have a word with you outside, Drummond?" asked Gryce. "It is about business. Lady Beaumont will excuse us."

I followed my friend, at his own request, greatly wondering, to this strange external interview. We paused abruptly, in a kind of side room out of the hall.

"Drummond," said Basil, sharply, "there are a great many good people and a great many sane people here this afternoon. Unfortunately, by a kind of coincidence, all the good people are mad and all the sane people are wicked. You are the only person I know of here who is honest and has also some common sense. What do you make of Wimpole?"

Mr. Secretary Drummond had a pale face and red hair, but at this his face became suddenly as red as his mustache.

"I am not a fair judge of him," he said.

"Why not?" asked Gryce.

"Because I hate him like hell," said the other, after a long pause, and violently.

Neither Gryce or I needed to ask the reason; his glances towards Miss Beaumont and the stranger were sufficiently illuminating. Gryce said, quietly:

"But before—before you came to hate him, what did you really think of him?"

"I am in a damnable difficulty," said the young man, and his voice told us, like a clear bell, that he was an honest man. "If I spoke about him as I feel about him now I could not trust myself. And I should like to be able to say that when I first saw him I thought he was charming. But, again, the fact is, I didn't. I hate him; that is my private affair. But I also disapprove of him—really, I do believe I disapproved of him quite apart from my private feelings. When first he came I admit he was much quieter, but I did not like, so to speak, the moral swell of him. Then that jolly old Sir Walter Cholmondeliegh got introduced to us, and this fellow, with his cheap-jack wit, began to score off the old man in the way he does now. Then I felt that he must be a bad lot; it must be bad to fight the old and the kindly. And he fights the poor old chap savagely, unceasingly, as if he hated old age and kindliness. Take, if you want it, the evidence of a prejudiced witness. I admit that I hate the man because a certain person admires him. But I believe that, apart from that, I should hate the man because old Sir Walter hates him."

This speech affected me with a genuine sense of esteem and pity for the young man—that is, of pity for him because of his obviously hopeless worship of Miss Beaumont and of esteem for him because of the direct realistic account of the history of Wimpole which he had given. Still, I was sorry that he seemed so steadily set against the man and could not help referring it to an instinct of his personal relations, however nobly disguised from himself.

In the middle of these meditations Gryce whispered in my ear what was perhaps the most startling of all interruptions.

"In the name of God, let's get away."

I have never known exactly in how odd a way this odd old man affected me; I only know that for some reason or other he so affected me that I was within a few minutes in the street outside.

"This," he said, "is a beastly but amusing affair."

"What is?" I asked, baldly enough.

"This affair. Listen to me, my old friend. Lord and Lady Beaumont have just invited you and me to a grand dinner party this very night, at which Mr. Wimpole will be in all his glory. Well, there is nothing very extraordinary about that. The extraordinary thing is that we are not going."

"Well, really," I said. "It is already six o'clock, and I doubt if we could get home and dress. I see nothing extraordinary in the fact that we are not going."

"Don't you?" said Gryce. "I'll bet you'll see something extraordinary in what we're doing instead."

I looked at him, blankly.

"Doing instead?" I asked. "What are we doing instead?"

"Why," said he, "we are waiting for one or two hours outside this house on a winter evening. You must forgive me; it is all my vanity. It is only to show you that I am right. Can you, with the assistance of this cigar, wait until both Sir Walter Cholmondeliegh and the mystic Wimpole have left this house?"

"Certainly," I said. "But I do not know which is likely to leave first. Have you any notion?"

"No," he said. "Sir Walter may leave first in a glow of rage. Or, again, Mr. Wimpole may leave first, feeling that his last epigram is a thing to be flung behind him like a firework. And Sir Walter may remain some time to analyze Mr. Wimpole's character. But they will both have to leave within reasonable time, for they will both have to get dressed and come back to dine here to-night."

As he spoke the shrill double whistle from the porch of the great house drew a dark cab to the dark portal. And then a thing happened that we really had not expected. Mr. Wimpole and Sir Walter Cholmondeliegh came out at the same moment.

They paused for a second or two opposite each other in a natural doubt; then a certain geniality, fundamental perhaps in both of them, made Sir Walter smile and say: "The night is foggy. Pray take my cab."

Before I could count twenty the cab had gone rattling up the street with both of them. And before I could count twenty-three Gryce had hissed in my ear:

"Run after the cab; run as if you were running from a mad dog—run."

We pelted on steadily, keeping the cab in sight, through dark mazy streets. God only, I thought, knows why we are running at all, but we are running hard. Fortunately, we did not run far. The cab pulled up at the fork of two streets, and Sir Walter paid the cabman, who drove away rejoicing, having just come in contact with the more generous among the rich. Then the two men talked together, as men do talk together after giving and receiving great insults—the talk which leads either to forgiveness or a duel—at least so it seemed as we watched it from ten yards off. Then the two men shook hands heartily, and one went down one fork of the road and one down another.

Basil, with one of his rare gestures, flung his arm forward.

"Run after that scoundrel," he cried; "let us catch him now."

We dashed across the open space and reached the juncture of the paths.

"Stop!" I shouted, wildly, to Gryce. "That's the wrong turning."

He ran on.

"Idiot!" I howled. "Old Sir Walter's gone down there! The fellow Wimpole has slipped us. He's half a mile down the other road. You're wrong. . . . Are you deaf? You're wrong!"

"I don't think I am," he panted, and ran on.

"But I saw him!" I cried. "Look in front of you? Is that Wimpole? It's the old man. . . . What are you doing? What are we to do?"

"Keep running," said Gryce.

Running soon brought us up to the broad back of the pompous old baronet whose white whiskers shone silver in the fitful lamplight. My brain was utterly bewildered; I grasped nothing.

"Charlie," said Basil, hoarsely, "can you believe in my common sense for four minutes?"

"Of course," I said, panting.

"Then help me to catch that man in front and hold him down. Do it at once, when I say 'now.' Now!"

We sprang on Sir Walter Cholmondeliegh and rolled that portly old gentleman on his back. He fought with a commendable valor, but we got him tight. I had not the remotest notion why. He had a splendid and full-blooded vigor; when he could not box he kicked and we bound him; when he could not kick he shouted and we gagged him. Then, by Basil's arrangement, we dragged him into a small court by the street side and waited. As I say, I had no notion why.

"I am sorry so to incommode you," said Basil, calmly, out of the darkness, "but I have made an appointment here."

"An appointment?" I said, blankly.

"Yes," he said, glancing calmly at the apoplectic old aristocrat gagged on the ground, whose eyes were staring impotently from his head. "I have made an appointment here with a thoroughly nice young fellow. An old friend. Jasper Drummond his name is; you may have met him this afternoon at the Beaumont's. He can scarcely come, though, till the Beaumont's dinner is over."

(Continued on page 733.)

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Grace George and Margaret Illington



Frederick Perry and Kyrle Bellew

"The Two Orphans" at the New Amsterdam

D'Ennery and Cormon's famous melodrama, "The Two Orphans," is being played at the New Amsterdam Theatre by a remarkable cast, including Kyrle Bellew and Clara Morris. There are probably few theatre-goers who are not familiar with the story of "The Two Orphans," but an indication of the plot may serve to recall it more clearly. The two orphans, "Henriette" and "Louise," have come to Paris from Normandy to make their home with an aged relative. He fails to meet the coach on its arrival, and while the two girls are waiting for him they are set upon by ruffians, who seize "Henriette" and carry her off to the home of the unscrupulous "Marquis de Presles." The action is based upon the adventures of the two orphans, who are finally happily united



"The Shepherd King" at the Knickerbocker

"The Shepherd King," a drama of Biblical times by Wright Lorimer and Arnold Reeves, was produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre on April 5, with Mr. Lorimer as "David." The play is a dramatization of the Old Testament story of the boy David's rise to power and fame, of his relations with Saul of Israel and Prince Jonathan, and of his love for Michal, the king's daughter. The action of the play begins with the summoning of the shepherd boy to the king's court. Then follow the scenes of "David's" arrival at the camp of the Israelites; his winning of "Saul's" affection; his challenge and successful combat with the giant "Goliath"; his rise to power and influence in Israel, and the growing jealousy of "Saul," who feels that the prophecy of "Samuel" referred to "David" in declaring that the next king should be no issue of "Saul's." The love interest is complicated by the hopeless passion of "Merab," "Michal's" sister, for "David," and the affection of "Phalti," the prince, for "Michal"

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MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON

Miss Matthison plays "Everyman" in Mr. Ben Greet's production of the morality play of that name, which is now on a tour through the Eastern cities. Miss Matthison was last seen in New York in Mr. Greet's productions of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It," the first of which was given in the Elizabethan manner, as described in "Harper's Weekly" of March 12. She also appeared in a revival of the morality, "Everyman," and of "She Stoops to Conquer"

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Correspondence

THE "THIRD TERM" BOGEY

EDGEWOOD PARK, PA., *April 5, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have just read in your issue for April 2, the letter of D. R. Waters, and it prompts me to ask if there is no way to put to rest this "third term" spook or bogey, and especially the habit of invoking Washington as authority against it. How can one read his farewell address and find in it an argument against the principle of a third term when the burden of the opening paragraphs, again and again repeated, is that the more settled condition of the country will now at last permit him to retire from public life, as he would gladly have done four years before, and return to that private life which at the very first, indeed, he left only with reluctance. But he leaves no room for doubt that had the public weal required it, he would have been ready to sacrifice his own inclination and serve his country another term. "I rejoice," he says, "that the state of your concerns . . . . no longer renders the pursuit of inclination *incompatible with the sentiment of duty and propriety*." So far from having scruples against a third term, he is anxious lest his deprecating it appear due to a want of public spirit and patriotism.

As to the principle itself of a third term, as long as the people retain in their own hands the right of passing every four years upon the question, who shall be President, why should they deliberately put out of their power the selection, at some critical hour in the nation's history, of the one man for the hour simply because he had already held the office for two or even three or four terms? Can we imagine the American people being so monstrously foolish? If three terms are dangerous, why not a second, and then suppose that in 1864 we had been by the Constitution forbidden to re-elect Lincoln! Or suppose the war had lasted another four years and we had been brought in 1868 face to face with the third-term spook, who believes it would have resulted in putting a new man at the helm?

As for the availability of Cleveland which this and especially another correspondent in the same issue find so small, I cannot refrain from expressing my own conviction as an independent, that he is the only Democrat who would have a ghost of a chance against Roosevelt. I do not think any Democrat can be elected; but certainly he is the only one in sight who would have a fighting chance, and that I think he would have. He would sweep the independent vote with enthusiasm, while thousands of Republicans would be won by the inflexible political integrity of the man. If the Democrats do not see it at the convention, their stupidity will almost merit the defeat awaiting them.

I am, sir, H. D. C.

A SERVICE

HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS, *April 6, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I do not agree with your correspondent, in the WEEKLY of April 2, who charges you with being a Democratic advocate.

You appear to me to be rather a looker-on who is offering to one poor sparrer, who has just received two consecutive solar plexus blows, some suggestions to assist him in avoiding a third and surely fatal blow in the same place. In our government, parties are the best means of getting good officers, and you are doing the nation at large a good deed when you urge the Democratic party not to commit suicide, now when hope is just dawning.

I am, sir, A DEMOCRAT.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY AMERICAN ABROAD

NAPLES, ITALY, *April 11, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have been in Naples one week, which is just about seven days too much, and I leave for Rome to-morrow. From what I have read and have been told Naples is a very fine place; no one should miss it, but if one cannot come over here a drive along Avenue "A," New York, and the Bowery, would about fill the bill. I understand the population here is about 300,000,000—750,000 of which are beggars, the rest fleas. I have counted 2,367,513 of the latter, and do not think I have yet reached the "home hole." The principle products of Naples are: One, beggars; two, fleas; three, bad smells; four, macaroni and talk.

To any one wanting a real nice trip I should heartily recommend Newark, New Jersey.

I went over to Capri yesterday, and I advise any prospective tourist to spend three months on Blackwell's Island, where he will have more fun and better society. Yours for America.

I am, sir, G. S. C.

RESPECT FOR LAW

ST. LOUIS, MO., *March 17, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Anent your comment in the WEEKLY on an article by Booker T. Washington recently published in the *Age-Herald*, I should like to remark that it is not very strange to me why the negro has so little regard for law as to be continually transgressing. If the white man set him a better example, it would be different. We might then have a better reason for branding him as possessed of a nature over which the *respect* for law, and not law's rod of iron, is devoid of influence—that is, if he then failed to follow the example set him.

Observe, as of course you have, how the negro is punished for his transgressions. If he commit murder, a mob is immediately organized, almost as if by magic, to commit crime for crime—to do murder in a more fiendish way, if possible, than the manner in which the one has already been committed by their murderous victim. In their execution of punishment, they strive to eclipse, as far as possible, the cruelty of the old Mosaic law. They burn him at the stake, cut him to pieces with knives, or kill him in any other way by which his death can be the most slowly and fiendishly brought about. In doing so, in their temporary insanity, they flatter themselves that they are angels of justice, Daniels at judgment; that they are doing their country a credit and glory-deserving act. But are they? No! They themselves are violators of the law of their land—as much so, in truth, as was their victim. And that is not all. They have set themselves as examples for law-breaking to every ignorant negro in the country. In his mind he asks, If they can violate the law why cannot I? To him the real crime lies in his lack of ability to escape punishment; not in the violation itself. The white man has set the example, and has also escaped punishment. He can but try.

In my opinion, there is too much of this thing of teaching man to respect law, either man made or God made, out of fear alone. At the same time it teaches him to be a coward, and that no man should be. Let all be taught to be brave, and to respect all laws for the love of order, peace and justice to one another. There are times when any man will temporarily conquer such fear, and if he has obeyed a law for that reason *alone* there will then be nothing to restrain him. Of course, linked with such teachings, there must also always be punishment for the transgressor. It would be far from wisdom to do away with punishment, but let the punishment be administered according to some code of laws—not according to the dictates of an insane and revengeful mind. And for the administration of mob punishment, the plea that the working of the law is too slow is but the poorest of excuses. It seems not so when the transgressor is a white man, and it should not be so when a man of a *different color* is the erring one.

I am, sir,

CHARLES ALMA BYERS.

SPELL IT C-R-U-S-E

WESTWOOD, MASS., *April 4, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Widow's cruise (WEEKLY, p. 455) is sanctioned by the dictionary, but is more appropriate to her experiences in Newport and off Coney Island, while cruse is the Bible spelling of the vessel containing oil (*r.* 1 Kings, 17:12).

I am, sir, C. S. LOCKE.

WHO WILL INHERIT AMERICA?

BROOKLINE, MASS., *March 29, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your correspondent from Chicago who chortles over the supposed fact that the Irish-Americans will inherit the United States must look closer into the facts and statistics. The Irish of the first generation do multiply fast, but as they rise in the social scale this rapid multiplication soon ceases. Even the statistics of the mill cities will show this. Moreover, it is a matter of common experience. I know several Irish-Americans of the second generation, and the bachelors, "old maids," and small families level down to the ordinary native New England standard. Moreover, many even of the Irish of the first generation never marry, notably multitudes of those who go out to service.

If the statistics are looked carefully into and used with discretion, it would seem fair to conclude that not the "old American" stock, nor the Irish, nor the Germans will inherit this land, but the French-Canadians, the Italians, and the Russian Hebrews. However, probably in the second and third generations the same influences will affect them in turn which has already affected the "native American," the Irish, and the German.

I am, sir, J. F. TWOMBLY.

CONCURRENCE

CLAYTON, NEW MEXICO, *April 15, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have just read the communication of H. J. Stewart, of Chattanooga, Tenn., and am so impressed with the absolute truth of his statement that I must add my testimony to his.

I am a Southern woman, born and reared among the negroes, and from observation of many years can truthfully state that no self-respecting Northerner can or will equalize the negro when he comes in contact with the race as it is in the South.

My husband was born and reared in Vermont, and had all the enthusiastic ideas of New-Englanders until he came West. All he needed to open his eyes to the negro was to be thrown with him. I am satisfied it is invariably so with intelligent reasonable people.

I am, sir, MRS. H. J. HAMMOND.

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England and the President

(Continued from page 720.)

velt's other qualities—his breezy and invigorating self-confidence, his great political courage (which is something better than personal courage or moral courage or the courage of one's opinions, because it embraces all three), his buoyant, eager, somewhat slapdash temperament, and his entire adequacy to the practical duties of whatever office he happens to be holding—irresistibly compel the sympathy and admiration of the English people. They have no one like him over here. He is an amalgam of half a dozen English favorites. Take Selous, the big-game hunter, add Lord Charles Beresford (who would be a Roosevelt himself if he were not an Irishman), add again Baden-Powell, the defender of Mafeking, multiply by Mr. C. A. Pearson, the chairman of the Tariff Reform League and the champion "hustler" of the kingdom, throw in a dash of Chamberlain's decisiveness and practicality and another dash of his belligerency, and you get a result which closely corresponds to the English idea of Mr. Roosevelt.

As for his policy, Englishmen find in it a great deal more to approve than they ever expected to—especially in the sphere of foreign affairs. Mr. Roosevelt came to the Presidency with something of the reputation of an Anglophobe. Englishmen waited with more than a little anxiety to see what would follow the impact of his tingling personality. They had heard of his militant impulsiveness, and they remembered some utterances of his, of ultra-Bismarckian frankness, on the Alaska question and the Monroe Doctrine. They were prepared accordingly for exciting times, and they are proportionately relieved to find Anglo-American relations as satisfactory at this moment as they ever were. England does not care twopence who is in the Presidential chair so long as he is not too flagrantly hostile to or suspicious of Great Britain; but it has given her peculiar pleasure to find in Mr. Roosevelt a President who is firm without being belligerent and conciliatory, though in no way weak. Outside of Anglo-American questions Englishmen were particularly struck with the effectiveness of the President's action in Panama and throughout the Venezuelan mess and with the strong line he has permitted Mr. Hay to take in China. There is a feeling here that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay are more far-seeing in their Eastern policy than the bulk of their countrymen, and that, if only public opinion would allow them, they would be prepared to go much farther than they have as yet done. I heard one Englishman of high position say that, in his opinion, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay were engaged on the task of educating their countrymen in foreign affairs. This is a task with which England has every sympathy, believing that the more Americans realize that an active diplomacy cannot be always successful without the readiness to back it up by war, and the more they get rid of such bogeys as "isolation," "non-interference," and "entangling alliances," the nearer will England and the United States be brought to practical co-operation in the Far East.

In matters of purely domestic moment what most impresses Englishmen in Mr. Roosevelt is his insistence on efficiency. They consider him to have come nearer to making public office a public trust, in fact as well as name, than any other American President. They like to read of how he has appointed men to office in spite of the "machine," and they believe him to have breathed a new life of thoroughness and public-spiritedness into the army, the navy, and the civil service. His success in passing the Cuban Reciprocity Treaty was described by an Englishman as "one of the most signal victories ever won by an American President over the grasping provincialism of Congress." His intervention in the coal strike was only criticised from one point of view—that it should have been so long deferred. The objections urged against it by some Americans—that it was "unconstitutional," that it would "increase the arrogance of labor," and so on—carried no weight whatever in England. But naturally it is Mr. Roosevelt's fight against the trusts that has most engaged English opinion. With the masses it makes him quite a hero, and as anything that diminishes the powers of the trusts is thought to be good for English trade, his policy also finds considerable approval among business men. I think, though, one may take it that the best commercial opinion of the country regards the anti-trust campaign as likely to produce more disturbance to business than positive benefit to any one. There is a growing disbelief in the effectiveness of the measures proposed by Mr. Roosevelt, and a distinct suspicion that he will end by injuring commerce itself. This suspicion became almost a conviction when the decision of the Supreme Court in the Northern Securities case was made known. The resurrection of an obsolete law to thwart that movement towards railroad consolidation which has been of such inestimable advantage to travellers, shippers, inventors, and railroad men, struck Englishmen as anything but a wise or beneficial proceeding. Nevertheless, England thinks that Americans do well to be proud of their President, and fully expects to see him elected next November.

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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Mardale is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Into her early life has come a mysterious influence which dominates and directs her whole career. What this strange influence is only two of her friends suspect—a young schoolmaster who knew her as a child at Roquebrune, and Alan Warrisden, who is in love with her, and who, though his proposal of marriage is refused, determines to win her. Late one night at a ball, Pamela and Warrisden, while seated on a balcony, observe a young couple leaving the opposite house. They are Tony and Millicent Stretton, who live in a gloomy home presided over by the rich but unjust father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. This practice they keep up for a year, but finally both of them grow extremely weary of their monotonous life, and in a moment of exasperation Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune, while Millie is to be left behind and sent for as soon as her husband is able to establish a home. Tony has some misgivings about leaving Millie, for he has been warned by Pamela Mardale that she should never be left alone; but at last he departs, after Pamela has promised to be a stanch friend to his wife. Millie becomes infatuated with Lionel Callon, a gentlemanly adventurer. Pamela wishes to help her. She wires Warrisden to come by an early train, and asks him to find Tony and bring him home. Warrisden accepts the commission. Pamela has advised him to call on a Mr. Chase, head of a London mission, at whose suggestion Tony had chosen New York as a field of adventure. Warrisden learns from Mr. Chase that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a trawler. He starts out to find him, and finally reaches him far up in the North Sea. Warrisden uses every argument to prevail upon Tony to come back, but he refuses, and Warrisden is forced to return alone. He reports to Pamela the failure of his mission, but, to his surprise, she does not seem disappointed. He thinks it is because of the news which he hears from her—that Sir John Stretton has died, which will naturally bring Tony home. But that is not the whole explanation: for Pamela is overcoming her old indifference toward life, and in her life are being aroused new sympathies and emotions. Tony remains on the trawler until the term of his cruise is over, and then, after much perplexity and indecision, decides to return to London, feeling that he has seen a way out of his difficulties.

CHAPTER XIII

IN STEPNEY

MR. CHASE left the mission quite early in the evening and walked towards his lodging. That side of his nature which clamored for enjoyments and a life of luxury was urgent with him to-night. As he turned into his street he began to debate with himself whether he should go in search of a cab and drive westwards out of the squalor. A church clock had just struck nine; he would find his club open and his friends about the fire. Thus debating he came to his own door and had unconsciously taken his latch-key from his pocket before he had decided upon his course. The latch-key decided him. He opened the door and went quickly up to his sitting-room. The gas was low and what light there was came from the fire. Chase shut the door gently and his face underwent a change. There came a glitter into his eyes a smile to his lips. He crossed to the little cupboard in the corner and unlocked it stealthily even though he was alone. As he put his hand into it and grasped the decanter, something stirred in his armchair. The back of the chair was towards him. He remained for a second or two motionless, listening. But the noise was not repeated. Chase noiselessly locked the cupboard again and came back to the fire. A man was sitting asleep in the chair.

Chase laid a hand upon his shoulder and shook him.

"Stretton," he said; and Tony Stretton opened his eyes.

"I fell asleep waiting for you," he said.

"When did you get back?" asked Chase.

"I landed at Yarmouth this morning. I came up to London this afternoon."

Chase turned up the gas and lit a cigarette.

"You have not been home then?" he said. "There is news waiting for you there. Your father is dead."

"I know," Stretton replied. "He died a month ago."

Mr. Chase was perplexed. He drew up a chair to the fire and sat down.

"You know that?" he asked, slowly. "And yet you have not gone home?"

"No," replied Stretton. "And I do not mean to go."

Stretton was speaking in the quietest and most natural way. There was no trace in his manner of that anxiety which during the last few days had kept him restless and uneasy. He had come to his decision. Chase was aware of the stubborn persistence of his friend. And it was rather to acquire knowledge than to persuade that he put his questions.

"But why? You went away to make an independent home, free from the restrictions under which you and your wife were living. Well, you have got that home now. The reason for your absence has gone."

Stretton shook his head.

"The *reason* remains. Indeed, it is stronger now than it was when I first left England," he answered. He leaned forward with his elbows upon his knees, gazing into the fire. The light played upon his face, and Chase could not but notice the change which these few months had brought to him. He had grown thin and rather worn; he had lost the comfortable look of prosperity; his face was tanned. But there was more. It might have been expected that the rough surroundings amidst which Stretton had lived would have left their marks. He might have become rather coarse, rather gross to the eye. On the contrary, there was a look of refinement. It was the long battle with his own thoughts which had left the marks. The mind was showing through the flesh. The face had become spiritualized.

"Yes, the reason remains," said Stretton. "I left home to keep my wife. We lived a life of quarrels. All the little memories, the associations, the thousand and one small private things—ideas, thoughts, words, jokes even, which two people who care very much for one another have in common—we were losing, and so quickly—so very quickly. I can't express half what I mean. But haven't you seen a man and a woman at a dinner-table when some chance sentence is spoken, suddenly look at one another just for a second, smile, perhaps—at all events, speak, though no word is spoken? Well, that kind of intimacy was going. I saw indifference coming, perhaps dislike, perhaps contempt—yes, contempt just because I sat there and looked on. So I went away. But the contempt has come. Oh, don't think I believe that I made a mistake in going away. It would have come none the less had I stayed. But I have to reckon with the fact that it has come."

Mr. Chase sat following Stretton's words with a very close attention. Never had Stretton spoken to him with so much frankness before.

"Go on," said Chase. "What you are saying is—much of it—news to me."

"Well, suppose that I were to go back now!" Stretton resumed. "At once—do you see?—that contempt is doubled."

"No," cried Chase.

"Yes, yes," Stretton insisted. "Look at it from Millie's point of view, not from yours, not even from mine! Look at the history of the incident from the beginning! Work it out as she would, nay," he corrected himself, remembering the letters, "as she has. I leave her when things are at their worst. That's not all. I take half Millie's fortune and am fool enough to lose it right away. And that's not all. I stay away in the endeavor to recover the lost ground, and I continually fail. Meanwhile, Millie has the dreary, irksome, exacting, unrequited life which I left behind to get through as best she can alone. Without pleasure, and she likes pleasure—" He suddenly looked at Chase with a challenge in his eyes. "Why shouldn't she?" he asked, abruptly. Chase agreed.

"Why shouldn't she?" he said, with a smile. "I am not disapproving."

Stretton resumed his former attitude, his former tone.

(Continued on page 734.)

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The Club of Queer Trades

(Continued from page 727.)

For I do not know how many hours we stood there calmly in the darkness. By the time those hours were over I had thoroughly made up my mind that the same thing had happened which had happened long ago on the bench of a British court of justice. Basil Gryce had gone mad. I could imagine no other explanation of the facts, with the portly, purple-faced country gentleman flung there strangled on the floor like a bundle of wood.

After about four hours a lean figure in evening dress rushed into the court. A glimpse of gaslight showed the red mustache and white face of Jasper Drummond.

"Mr. Gryce," he said, blankly, "the thing is incredible. You were right; but what did you mean? All through this dinner-party, where dukes and duchesses and editors of quarterlies had come especially to hear him, that extraordinary Wimpole kept perfectly silent. He didn't say a funny thing. He didn't say anything at all. What does it mean?"

Gryce pointed to the portly old gentleman strapped on the floor.

"This is what it means," he said.

Drummond, on observing a fat gentleman lying so calmly about the place, jumped back, as from a mouse.

"What?" he said, weakly, "what?"

Basil bent suddenly down and tore a paper out of Sir Walter's breast pocket, a paper which the baronet, even in his hampered state, seemed to make some effort to retain.

It was a large loose piece of white wrapping-paper, which Mr. Jasper Drummond read with a vacant eye and undisguised astonishment. As far as he could make out it consisted of a series of questions and answers, or, at least, of remarks and replies, arranged in the manner of a catechism. The greater part of the document had been torn and obliterated in the struggle, but the termination remained. It ran as follows:

"*C.* says . . . Keep countenance.
"*W.* Keep . . . British Museum.
"*C.* Know whom talk . . . absurdities.
"*W.* Never talk absurdities without . . ."

"What is it?" cried Drummond, flinging the paper down in a sort of final fury.

"What is it?" replied Gryce, his voice rising into a kind of splendid chant. "What is it? It is a great new profession. A great new trade. A trifle immoral, I admit, but still great, like piracy."

"A new profession," said the young man with the red mustache, vaguely, "a new trade?"

"A new trade," repeated Gryce, with a strange exultation, "a new profession! What a pity it is immoral."

"But what the devil is it?" cried Drummond and I in a breath of blasphemy.

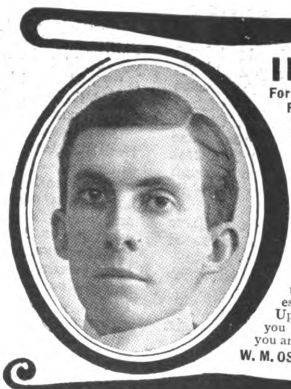
"It is," said Gryce, calmly, "the great new trade of the Organizer of Repartee. This fat old gentleman lying on the ground strikes you, I have no doubt, as very stupid and very rich. Let me clear his character. He is, like ourselves, very clever and very poor. He is also not really at all fat; all that is stuffing. He is not particularly old, and his name is not Cholmondeliegh. He is a swindler and a swindler of a perfectly delightful and novel kind. He hires himself out at dinner-parties to lead up to other people's repartees. According to a preconcerted scheme (which you may find on that piece of paper) he says the stupid things he has arranged for himself, and his client says the clever things arranged for him. In short, he allows himself to be scored off for a guinea a night."

"And this fellow Wimpole—" began Drummond, with indignation.

"This fellow Wimpole," said Basil Gryce, smiling, "will not be an intellectual rival in the future. He had some fine things—elegance and silvered hair, and so on. But his intellect is with our friend on the floor."

"That fellow," cried Drummond, furiously, "that fellow ought to be in jail."

"Not at all," said Basil, indulgently, "he ought to be in the Club of Queer Trades."



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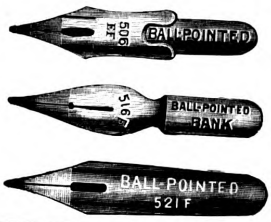
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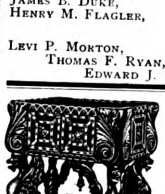
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(Continued from page 732.)

"Without friends, and she is fond of having friends about her! Without any chance of gratifying her spirits or her youth! To make her life still more disheartening every mail which reaches her from New York brings her only another instalment of my disastrous record. Work it out from her point of view, Chase! Then add this to crown it all!" He leaned forward towards Chase and emphasized his words with a gesture of his hand. "The first moment when her life suddenly becomes easy and does so through no help of mine, I—the failure—come scurrying back to share it. No, Chase, no!"

He uttered his refusal to accept that position with a positive violence and flung himself back in his chair. Chase answered quietly,

"Surely you are forgetting that it is your father's wealth which makes her life easy."

"I am not forgetting it at all."

"It's your father's wealth," Chase repeated. "You have a right to share in it."

"Yes," Stretton admitted. "But what have rights to do with the question at all? If my wife thinks me no good, will my rights save me from her contempt?"

And before that blunt question Mr. Chase was silent. It was too direct, too unanswerable. Stretton rose from his chair and stood looking down at his companion.

"Just consider the story I should have to tell Millie—to-night, by George!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "if I went back to-night. I start out with fifteen hundred pounds of hers to make a home and a competence. And within a few months I am working as a hand on a North Sea trawler at nineteen shillings a week."

"A story of hardships undergone for her sake," said Chase. "For that's the truth of your story, Stretton. And don't you think the hardships would count for ever so much more than any success you could have won?"

"Hardships!" exclaimed Stretton, with a laugh. "I think I would find it difficult to make a moving tale out of my hardships. And I wouldn't if I could. No!"

As a fact, although it was unknown to Tony, Chase was wrong. Had Stretton told his story ever so vividly it would have made no difference. Millie Stretton had not the imagination to realize what those hardships had been. Tony's story would have been to her just a story, calling no doubt for exclamations of tenderness and pity. But she could not have understood what he had felt, what he had thought, what he had endured. Deeper feelings and a wider sympathy than Millie Stretton was dowered with would have been needed for comprehension.

Stretton walked across the room and came back to the fire. He looked down at Chase with a smile. "Very likely you think I am a great fool," he said, in a gentler voice than he had used till now. "No doubt nine men out of ten would say, 'Take the gifts the gods send you and let the rest slide. What if you and your wife drift apart? You won't be the only couple.' But frankly, Chase, that is not good enough. I have seen a good deal of it, the boredom, the gradual ossification—oh no, I am not content with that. You see, Chase," he stopped for a moment and gazed steadily into the fire. Then he went on quite simply, "You see, I care for Millie very much."

Chase knew well what weight to give to that short sentence. Had it been more elaborate it would have meant less. It needed no other commentary than the quiet sincerity with which it was uttered.

"Yes, I understand," he said.

To be Continued.

What We Know of the Sun

By Charles Augustus Young, Ph.D., LL.D.

Professor of Astronomy at Princeton

A VERY wonderful and, in some respects, mysterious object is the sun; a typical star, the nearest one, and not so far away as to prevent us from studying it in detail; and yet presenting conditions so different from those we can obtain in our laboratories that to a considerable extent it defies our reasonings and renders our conclusions merely conjectural.

Certain facts, however, have been established beyond any possible doubt, and must necessarily form the foundation of all reasonable theories and opinions.

We know, for instance, that its mean distance from the earth is very closely 93,000,000 miles; that its diameter is about 866,500 miles, or 109½ times that of the earth, and its bulk about 1,300,000 as great.

We know also that its mass is about 330,000 that of the earth, and that consequently gravity upon its surface is about 27½ times as powerful as here; a man who here weighs 150 pounds would weigh more than two tons upon the sun, and there a squirrel would not be able to jump any more friskily than an elephant here.

And yet, comparing the bulk of the sun with its mass, it is certain that, notwithstanding this enormous gravitating force, the sun's mean density is only about one-fourth as great as the earth's, or less than once and a half that of water; and this, although we know, as we shall see, that iron and other heavy metals are abundant in its constitution.

Again, from direct observation with the telescope we know that the visible surface of the sun, the so-called "photosphere," is not permanent and solid like that of the earth and moon, nor a continuous expanse of liquid like an ocean; it looks and acts like a sheet of tumbling clouds—brilliant lumps and grains floating in a less luminous medium.

Dark spots, sometimes as much as 100,000 miles in diameter, appear upon it from time to time, remain visible for a few days or months, continually undergoing changes of form and size as they pass across the disk.

Their motions show that the sun rotates on its axis like the earth, though much more slowly. We can, therefore, determine the position of its poles and its equator; and a significant fact appears—that spots near the equator complete their circuit in about two days less time than those half-way towards the poles, the periods being about twenty-five and twenty-seven days, respectively. Then, again, the spots are, for the most part, confined to two belts between 5° and 40° on each side of the equator.

Moreover, the spots have a roughly regular eleven-year periodicity of abundance; at the time of maximum they appear by scores and hundreds, while at the time of minimum there are none for weeks and months.

Strangest of all, the magnetic conditions of the earth sympathize to a certain extent. When spots abound the usual daily magnetic variations shown by our instruments become more extensive, and so-called "magnetic storms" are frequent, often accompanied by brilliant auroras, and sometimes by the demoralization of our telegraph and telephone circuits; in numerous instances these violent "storms" have coincided with the outburst or sudden transformation of some great sun spot, as on October 31 of last year.

Outside the photosphere the telescope at the time of a total solar eclipse shows the so-called "chromosphere," or "sierra"—a thin crimson fringe around the disk of the sun, looking like "a prairie on fire," to use Professor Langley's graphic expression. From it here and there project great tongues and clouds which sometimes reach a height exceeding 100,000 miles, as restless and changeable as the tossing flames of a conflagration.

Enveloping the whole, but visible only during the fleeting moments of a total eclipse, is the beautiful and mysterious "corona," a magnificent glory of pearly streamers radiating from every portion of the solar surface, but as a rule especially abundant in the sun-spot zones, and sometimes extending to a distance of several million miles. Near the poles they are shorter and curve each way like parted hair. The corona is never twice quite the same, but changes with no such rapidity as the prominences. In form and extent it exhibits an obvious sympathy with the sun-spot period.

The spectroscope proves beyond dispute that in the solar atmosphere interpenetrating and overlying the photosphere there exist nearly forty of our familiar chemical elements, mostly metals in the state of vapor. Iron, calcium, magnesium, sodium, and hydrogen are specially conspicuous, though such conspicuousness is not necessarily the measure of actual abundance.

In the spectrum of the chromosphere and prominences hydrogen, calcium, and helium stand out far more prominently than anything else, though numerous other elements at times appear. One of the most interesting triumphs of the spectroscope is that it has made the chromosphere and prominences observable whenever the sun shines; we need not wait for an eclipse; not so with the corona, however. But during an eclipse the corona spectrum shows certain bright lines which indicate the presence of some unknown gas, not yet detected upon the earth.

Experiments with burning-glasses make it certain that the effective temperature of the sun's surface, taken as a whole (doubtless the actual temperature varies widely at different points), is much above any which we can produce by artificial means; not even the electric furnace can rival it. Carried to the sun and kept there for a few hours only the earth would melt and pass into vapor. The estimated temperature is about 12,000° F., but cannot be regarded as exact.

Finally, we can measure by experiment how much heat is received by the earth from the sun, and it appears that when the sun is overhead the heat from it, after allowing for the loss in passing through the air, would be sufficient to melt in an hour a sheet of ice about three-quarters of an inch thick, provided that none of the heat were reflected from the surface of the ice or passed through it to the earth underneath. Just how much this simple statement implies our space does not permit us to set forth; it is enough to say that this heat received from the sun is the ultimate and sufficient source of nearly all the energy that is developed and utilized upon the earth.

The facts above stated are unimpeachable, but the conclusions to be drawn from them are in various degrees debatable.

In a second article the writer will try to show what the best authorities at present believe respecting the constitution of the sun.

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Progress of the War

THE important results of the war in the Far East may be briefly summarized as follows: The Russians have had fifteen war-vessels sunk or disabled—the *Petropavlovsk*, *Pobieda*, *Czarevitch*, *Retvisan*, *Poltava*, *Pallada*, *Novik*, *Askold*, *Diana*, *Variag*, *Boyarin*, *Korietz*, *Yenesei*, the torpedo-boat *Stereguschtchi*, and the destroyer *Bezstrashni*. Of these the battle-ship *Poltava* and the cruisers *Novik*, *Askold*, and *Diana* are known to have been repaired and are again in commission. Japan has lost one torpedo-boat, and several of her ships are believed to have been injured in the Port Arthur engagements; but definite knowledge of this is withheld. Port Arthur has been repeatedly bombarded, with damaging effect, by the Japanese, and Vladivostok was attacked by them on March 6, though without serious damage to the port. Admiral Togo has made two unsuccessful attempts to blockade the entrance to Port Arthur by sinking merchant steamers in the harbor. The first land engagement of importance took place at Chongju, Korea, on March 28 and resulted in a Japanese victory.

April 19.—News was received to-day from St. Petersburg that Viceroy Alexeieff has telegraphed to the Czar asking to be relieved of his position of viceroy in the Far East. The general staff of the Russian government has given out the report that General Kuropatkin now has a force of 300,000 men in the Far East, and that the further despatch of troops has been suspended for the present.

April 20.—General Kuropatkin to-day reported to the Czar that Japanese transports were seen at Potinsa, about sixteen miles west of Tatung-Kao, at the mouth of the Yalu. The Japanese are concentrating their forces at Wiju. It is estimated that the Russians now have 50,000 men stationed along the north bank of the Yalu.

It is reported that 1500 engineers are to be sent from the Russian Black Sea shipyards to repair the damaged ships at Port Arthur.

April 21.—A despatch to-day from St. Petersburg says that the cost of the war to Russia in all branches of the service, up to April 5, is officially estimated at $46,250,000.

It is now definitely stated that the loss on the Russian destroyer *Bezstrashni*, sunk by the Japanese at Port Arthur on April 13, was three officers and fifty-five seamen.

April 22.—Admiral Alexeieff reports that while some steam-launches were engaged in placing mines at Port Arthur one of the mines exploded, killing twenty men. In his official report of the engagement of April 13 at Port Arthur, Admiral Alexeieff gives the number of rescued from the battle-ship *Petropavlovsk* as seven officers and seventy-three men.

April 24.—A report from Seoul says that the Japanese lines now extend thirty miles along the Yalu, reaching from Yongampho to ten miles above Wiju. There is no confirmation of the reports of recent engagements between the Russian and Japanese forces along the Yalu, in which both sides are said to have lost heavily.

April 25.—A Russian squadron, consisting of three cruisers and two torpedo-boats, appeared off the port of Gensan, Korea, 350 miles south of Vladivostok, and sank the Japanese merchant steamer *Goyo Maru*. It is believed that the war-ships belonged to the Vladivostok squadron, which was previously reported as having been bottled up in Vladivostok by the Japanese.

General Kuropatkin to-day telegraphed the Czar that small detachments of Japanese have been seen west of the Yalu. He also reports that the Japanese have been landing pontoon material and collecting boats for the purpose of constructing bridges near Wiju.

April 26.—It was officially admitted to-day by the Russian government at St. Petersburg that the Japanese forces are crossing the Yalu. Two companies of infantry are known to have crossed the river near Tchangjiou, and under cover of their guns reinforcements are crossing. No official reports have been received of any engagements of importance.

A report received to-day from Port Arthur says that the Russians have successfully launched four submarine boats.



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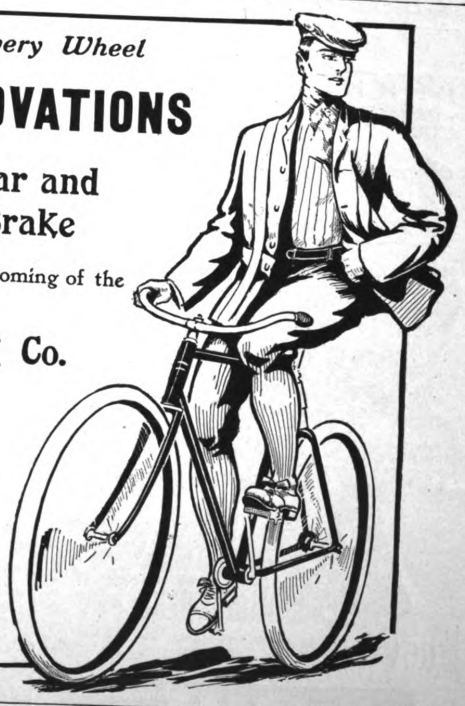
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A Biblical Story on the Stage

By the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, D.D.

When I noticed on the billboards some few weeks ago the picture of a shepherd lad used to advertise a Biblical play, I immediately rated the piece in my mind as a third-class entertainment, and only wondered who it was that hoped to interest New York in such a play. When I saw the "Shepherd King" performed I was astonished, for I have seen few more consistently dramatic productions of a more constant emotional intensity.

But why should it surprise me that a great story of the Bible contained dramatic capabilities? These same stories are listened to by people year after year, with an interest—a human interest—that does not abate. The elements in the story of David are certainly more varied and profound than those which constitute the moving forces in most Greek dramas. A shepherd boy by his skill and courage in single combat with a gigantic champion was raised to a high position in the court and army. Endowed not only with courage and warlike skill, but with a melting heart for poetry and music, he became the lyric voice of his nation. Hero, poet, king—here already is a personality of wonderful endowment and of splendid accomplishment. David's relation to the gloomy and maddened King Saul, in the evening of his sovereign power and popularity. Saul's dealing with the supernatural. Best of all, perhaps, the ideal friendship of David and Prince Jonathan. Why should not such remarkable persons and events in their joint action produce upon the stage a moving drama? As a matter of fact, they do. The youthful simplicity, the skill, the courage of David in the freshened incidents of the play are stirring. The madness of Saul has a dignity and effectiveness not unpleasantly to be compared with Lear, and the Witch of Endor scene was not unworthy of expectation trained by Macbeth.

The meeting of Jonathan and David is as effective as the recognition by Electra of Orestes, and more powerful than the recognition in "Twelfth Night" of Viola by her brother.

The play opens on sunny fields and hillsides, the home of *Jesse*, the father of *David*. The hay is in the fields, the sheep are led to the fold, the women servants weave cloth, the brothers go and come about their rustic labors. While the father and mother of *David* are dignified and strong and the scene beautiful, yet there is no especial interest, the key is low and a little disappointing.

I found myself fearing my friend, who urged me to see the play, had been mistaken in his praise. Suddenly down a flight of rocky steps descends a group of royal personages. *Prince Jonathan*, like a young Achilles, the *Princess Michal*, and *Phalti*, a prince. There is an immediate quickening of the pulse when the royal world of *Saul's* court touches the simple pastoral life of *David's* home. From that moment on there is little pause in the intensity of the play. *Prince Phalti* is in love with *Princess Michal*, but the little princess at sight of *David* loses her heart to the future king. *Jonathan*, too, coming to ask the unknown lad reputed to be a magical musician, to play to his distracted and moody father, finds a comrade for his soul and for his future enterprise. The note of the play has been struck, and it proceeds on a high key of courts and camps all the more potent in contrast to the quiet pastoral opening.

Brought to *Saul's* camp to beguile him from his melancholy, *David* on his way uses his sling in preparatory prowess, slaying a lion which is pursuing the little princess as she strays from the camp picking flowers. The familiar exploit with Goliath is off the stage, but the expectant king and soldiery give breathless eagerness to the spectators as the result is awaited.

Merab, a second daughter of *Saul*, a haughty, ambitious nature, seeing the star of *David* in the ascendent, desires by alliance with him to seize for herself the sceptre which her father must soon lay down. The different natures and different loves of the two sisters are finely contrasted with strong dramatic effect. The noble *Prince Phalti*, the lover of *Princess Michal*, magnanimously appreciates her preference for *David*, and is a happy contrast to the blacker devotion which *Doeg*, the Edomite, gives the more ambitious of *Saul's* daughters. A strain of disloyalty to the Hebrew king is made to proceed from this Edomite and his brother *Omar* on the very just grounds of an historical antagonism of the intensest sort between Edom and Israel.

There are moments of thrilling emotion in the "Shepherd King," although in the whole play the tears are not far from brimming the eyes. As *Saul* in his rage at the faithless *Omar* strides from his throne and lifts his own hand to stab his faithless captain, *David* for the first time steps in front of him with harp in hand, singing and playing, until the king, fascinated and abashed, slinks back to his throne. Even with "Parsifal" in mind, I did not feel any deficiency in the delicate, powerful, but difficult, scene. When *Saul's* jealousy is kindled against *David* and he thrusts at him with a spear, it is a faithful bondmaiden whose heart unasked long ago on his father's farm had been given to the hero, that receives in her body the fatal blow. At the end, when the palace of *Saul* is the seat of terror, while just outside the battle with the Philistines rages, where *Saul* and *Jonathan* meet their death, the girl who mounts to the walls of the palace and describes the battle scene gives one the effect of a Homeric picture.

Not only is there quickness of movement in the play and intense emotion, but splendid color. The Oriental costumes and Oriental interiors are magnificent. The dancing, too, which so appropriately is a part of Oriental life, is introduced with great artistic effect, and the semi-barbaric cymbals clash with new emotional value.

There are some persons who do not like to see Biblical scenes reproduced on the stage for fear of irreverence. The "Shepherd King" does not contain a suspicion of irreverence, as do certain New Testament plays where the relation of Christ to the drama is a difficult one. There can be no slightest irreverence in giving dramatic vividness to the great Hebrew kings. The Old Testament has gradually thrown over these personages a kind of Olympian vagueness, and it actually helps our religious need to have these personages with their great moral struggles through great historical crises made real to us to-day. Men who have been so gifted and have so dared and have fought and conquered or so fallen must by sheer necessity of their colossal nature and experiences become the historical teachers of posterity.

Mr. Wright Lorimer deserves our thanks. He is joint author of the "Shepherd King" with Arnold Reeves, and takes the title part, which he represents with winning beauty. He has a fortunate stage presence and voice which fitly represent the strong open-natured youth. Mr. Lorimer is not the David of Michael Angelo, but perhaps more the David of Browning. He should be given our gratitude also for a literary version which does not jar the memory of the story as told in the Bible. Unhappily the English of the text is usually weak in Biblical dramas. The author manager has also not stinted his hand in the selection of an excellent company and of fresh and rich stage settings. People who are fond of discussing the elevation of the stage, religious persons, wishing fresh pictures of the scenes from which their religion borrows so much of its force, as well as the theatre-goer desiring new sensations, all can find satisfaction in the "Shepherd King."

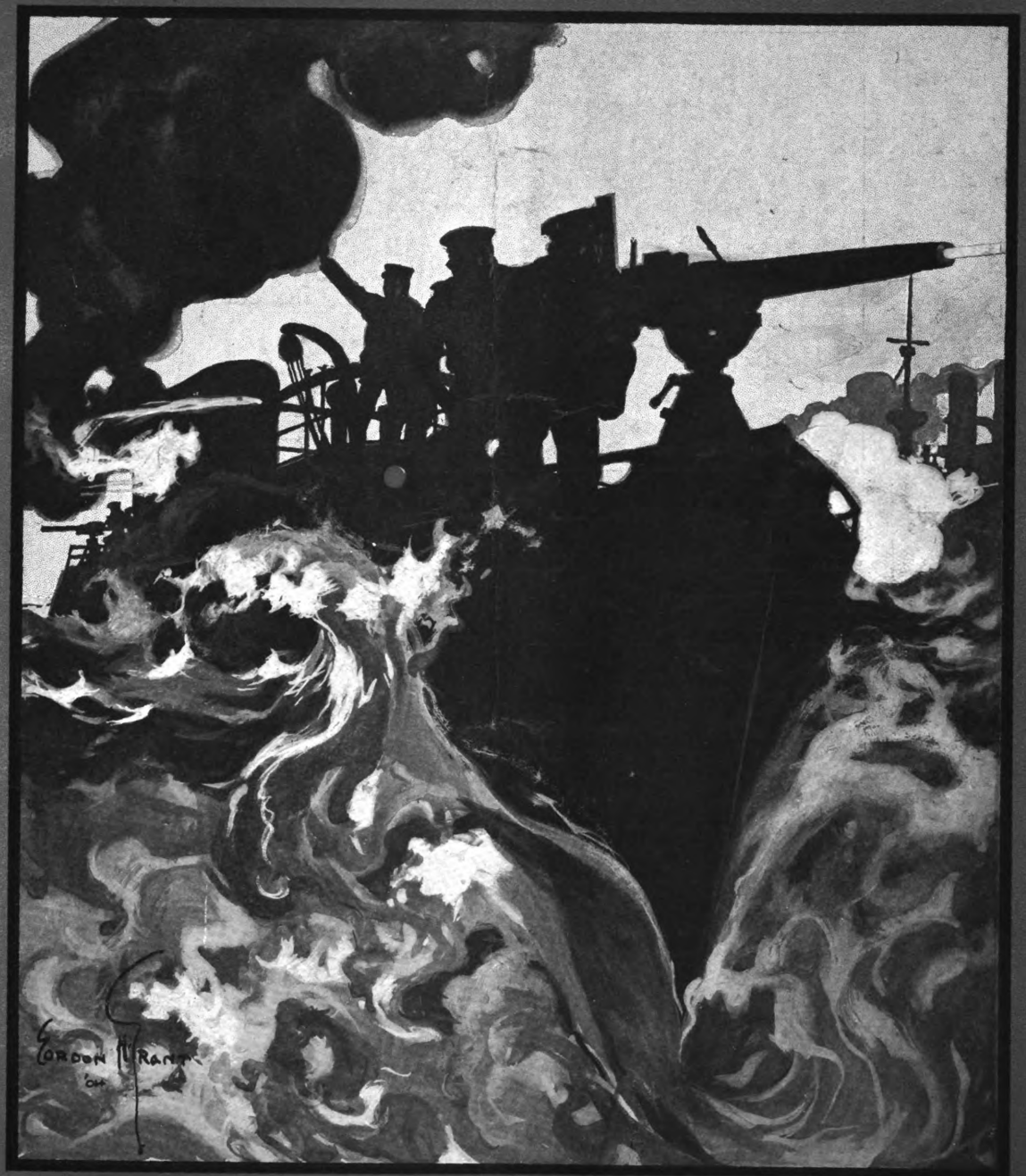
The First Umbrellas

Those who suppose that the umbrella is a modern contrivance will be surprised to learn that umbrellas may be found sculptured on some of the Egyptian monuments and on the Nineveh ruins. That umbrellas bearing a close resemblance to those of to-day were in use long before the Christian era is shown by their representation in the designs on ancient Greek vases. The umbrella made its first appearance in London about the middle of the eighteenth century, when one Jonas Hanway, it is said, thus protected himself from the weather at the cost of much ridicule.

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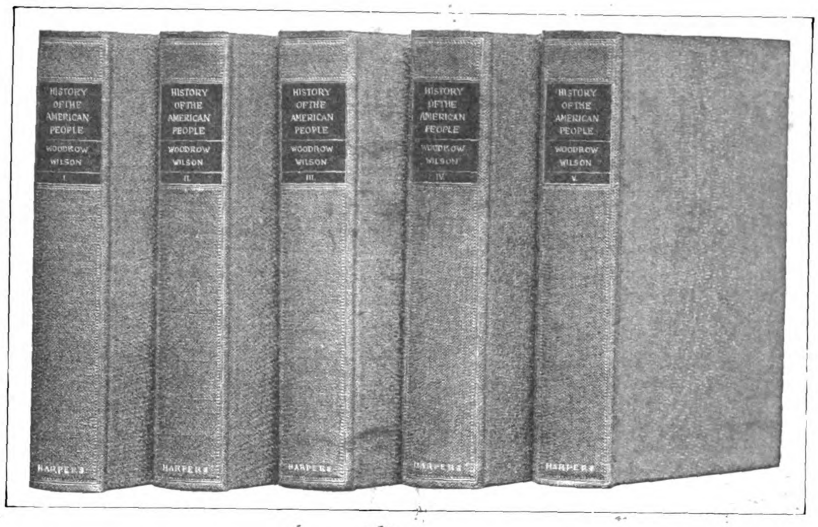
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COMMENT

IOWA'S Democratic delegation goes to St. Louis instructed to vote for Mr. Hearst, whose managers now claim to have more than one hundred delegates pledged to vote for him "first, last, and all the time." As for Ohio, it seems to be taken for granted that Mayor Johnson of Cleveland will control the delegation to St. Louis, but, radical as he is, he is known to treat Mr. Hearst's candidacy with derision. There may be such a thing as overdoing the widespread contempt for the Hearst movement. In the State of Washington on April 30 his friends carried the Spokane primaries; the first county convention held in Minnesota instructed its delegates for Hearst; so did the Orange County convention of California, held on April 30; so did Kenosha County in Wisconsin on the same day; while of the total number of delegates thus far elected to the State convention of Michigan, 185 are said to be for Hearst, and only twelve for Parker, the remainder professing to have no choice. It will have been observed that Mr. Bryan has never, in so many words, declared himself for Mr. Hearst, but, on the other hand, in recognition of the support which he received from the Hearst papers in 1896 and 1900, he is, naturally, reluctant to pour contumely on his follower's aspirations. It is alleged by some persons who are supposed to enjoy the Nebraskan's confidence, first, that under no circumstances will he bolt the ticket nominated at St. Louis; and, secondly, while he would prefer to see ex-Senator Charles A. Towne the nominee of the Democratic convention, he would be satisfied with Mayor McClellan, General Miles, Judge Gray, Adlai Stevenson, or even ex-Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania. The candidacy of Chief-Judge Parker of New York, and, *a fortiori*, that of ex-President Cleveland, the Nebraskan is believed to be determined to fight to the last ditch.

As over 520 delegates, or over two-thirds of the whole number chosen to the Republican national convention, have now been instructed for Mr. Roosevelt, his nomination is obviously so assured that public interest no longer attaches to the subject. The only act of the Republican national convention about which any curiosity is at present felt is the decision which it may reach with regard to a nominee for the Vice-Presidency. The candidacy of Senator Elkins for that post has been endorsed by the Republican State convention of West Virginia, and the Republican State convention of Indiana would undoubtedly have pressed the nomination of Senator Fairbanks had not that gentleman urged his friends not to permit such a step to be taken. Republican strategists seem to have reached the conclusion that Indiana is now lodged so firmly in their party column that it would be more conducive to their success to accept a candidate from Illinois. Should that view be taken by the President himself and by his spokesmen in the Republican national convention, there is no doubt about the nominee. The choice of the Republicans would fall inevitably upon Speaker Cannon, who is one of the most popular men in the United States, and who has gained the confidence of conservative members of his party without alienating the progressives. As we have formerly pointed out, political conditions in Illinois seem just now so mutable, owing to the difficulty of foreseeing the action of Cook County, that the Republicans cannot neglect the State with safety, nor can the Democrats overlook it without folly. If, however, the Republicans should take their nominee for the Vice-Presidency from that State, it would then seem judicious on the part of the Democrats to make a desperate effort to carry Indiana, to which end they would doubtless pick out a nominee for the Vice-Presidency from the Hoosier State.

It seems that Senator Gorman is opposed to the abrogation of the two-thirds rule in the St. Louis convention. His opposition would be intelligible if we could believe him to fear that the Hearst-Bryan coalition may control a majority of the delegates. To us it seems incredible that the Hearst-Bryan wing of the party can command more than a *third* of the delegates if the unit rule be enforced, as, we assume, it will be. The unit rule ought to be maintained, because it is simply an application to State delegations in a national convention of the Democratic principle that the wishes of a majority should prevail. If a majority of one in a State delegation cannot decide how the whole vote of a State shall be cast in a national convention, why should a bare majority of one in the electoral colleges elect a President, as was the case with Rutherford B. Hayes? The argument for the maintenance of the unit rule is irresistible. But the grounds on which Senator Gorman is said to defend the two-thirds rule are far from convincing. It is alleged that the regulation has been useful in the past, and we do not deny that its devisers imagined that it would prove a bulwark of the sectional interests of the slave States. It proved, however, to be a weapon that cut the hand which used it.

There seems to be some difference of opinion or of intention between President Roosevelt and Postmaster-General Payne as to the institution of a drastic investigation of the Post-office Department during the recess of Congress. For the reason that both Chambers are controlled by Republican majorities, Congress adjourned on April 29, it will be remembered, without acting on the Democratic proposals for an investigation of the Post-office Department. Simultaneously, however, newspaper correspondents were informed at the White House that an investigation would take place, and a very thorough one at that, although it would be conducted by government officials who presently would be appointed by the Chief Magistrate. President Roosevelt is determined, so the correspondents were informed, that the Democrats shall not be able to make campaign material out of their charge, repeatedly launched in Congress during the recent session, that the Republican party did not dare to turn a searchlight any further on the conduct of the Post-office Department. As a matter of fact, he is resolved, so the callers at the White House on April 29 were informed, to institute an inquiry so searching that none but the guilty can find fault with it, and not one of them can escape. This ruthless purpose of the President was represented as having been conceived in pursuance of Mr. Lodge's declaration, made in the Senate, that the Republican party would investigate the Post-office Department at the proper time and in its own way. The proper time is now, according to the President, and to strike and spare not is the proper way. The information was added that in ordering a merciless inquiry the President would take the public into his confidence with regard to his motives, as he did in the letter which he wrote to explain the appointment of the Panama Canal Commission.

Since this edifying declaration was made at the White House, Postmaster-General Payne has returned to Wash-

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ington from the voyage in Southern waters which he undertook for hygienic purposes, his health having been impaired temporarily by the distressing failure of the evidence to bear out his assertion that all the charges levelled against the postal service were "hot air." He was promptly interviewed with reference to the Executive programme for administering to his Department a thorough shaking up. He disavowed any knowledge of the design, and was sceptical in the extreme with regard to the execution of it. All the wrongdoing in his Department, he said, the existence of which there was the faintest reason to suspect, had been already unearthed with pitiless completeness in the course of the inquiry conducted by First Assistant Postmaster-General Wynne and Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow. There was nothing more to investigate, according to Postmaster-General Payne, although, of course, should any new irregularity happen to occur in the course of the summer, it would be dealt with rigorously. Under the circumstances, the newspaper correspondents who got what they presumed to be authentic intelligence at the White House are now quivering with curiosity to learn whether President Roosevelt or Postmaster-General Payne, the political expert of the present administration, knows most about the intentions of the Federal government.

With one exception, the first session of the Fifty-eighth Congress will be remembered as the shortest first session ever held since the government organized under the Constitution went into operation. Of the thousands of legislative proposals, only a small fraction were adopted; and of these there were eight private bills to one public measure. Among the important projects which failed to become laws may be mentioned Senator Hoar's bill for the protection of the President. This bill will be called up, however, on December 6. The Cooper-Lodge Philippine bill, which was reported favorably by the House and Senate committees, and actually passed the House, was never considered in the Senate, the Democratic Senators being determined to oppose the measure, unless the promise of government aid to Philippine railroads should be stricken out. The bill creating two States, composed respectively of Arizona and New Mexico on the one hand, and of Oklahoma and Indian Territory on the other, and the bill giving the inhabitants of Alaska a larger measure of self-government than they now possess, also secured the approval of the House of Representatives, but were held up in the Senate Committee on Territory. On the other hand, a number of measures which had proved acceptable to the Senate failed to commend themselves to the popular branch of the Federal legislature. Among these was a bill providing annual salaries for steamboat-inspectors, in lieu of the present statutory regulation by which they are paid according to the number of vessels inspected. The same fate awaited the bill, obviously urgent, for the destruction of derelicts.

The bill as to naturalization laws for Porto Rico, which, in the form prepared by the Senate, compelled a Porto-Rican to go through the same procedure as would a Frenchman or a Russian in order to become a citizen, except as to the renouncement of his foreign allegiance, was reported by the House Committee on Insular Affairs with all the provisions relating to Porto-Rican citizenship stricken out. The House also declined to act on a proposal to give a delegate (technically so called) to Porto Rico, although in the Fifty-seventh Congress the House unanimously passed the same bill. The House rendered, nevertheless, an instalment of justice to Porto Rico in giving, by amendment of its own rules (which does not, of course, require the concurrence of the Senate), to the Porto-Rican Resident Commissioner the right to serve on committees, introduce bills, and speak in the House. Practically, therefore, though not nominally, he will be hereafter a delegate. Strange to say, organized labor, though it is expected to play an important part in the coming campaign, did not secure from the party dominant in both Chambers the concessions that it desired. Of the two measures in which organized labor was deeply interested, one, an anti-injunction bill, was referred to the Judiciary Committee, and another, an eight-hour bill, to the Labor Committee. The advocates of the projects had many hearings, but in each case the Republican members of the committee voted to postpone decision until the next session, while the Democratic members, with one exception, favored immediate consideration. On the whole, it is generally recognized that in the manœuvring for advantageous strategic positions during the coming campaign the Democrats, under the revitalizing influence of Representative John Sharp Williams and the astute guidance of Senator Gorman, got the better of their opponents.

The Louisiana Purchase Exposition, which was opened formally on Saturday, April 30, seems likely to prove worthy of the event which it commemorates. The event, of course, is one of the four most important incidents in the history of the New World,—to wit, the discovery by Columbus, which was celebrated at Chicago; the Declaration of Independence, which was honored at Philadelphia; the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, which will be duly remembered at some future date when the wounds caused by the civil war shall have been healed; and the transaction by which we secured from France an empire, including exclusive control of the whole Mississippi Valley. Upon the details of that transaction we need not dwell, since they were made familiar a year ago, when the grounds of the Exposition were dedicated. Of the speeches delivered on April 30, the most interesting was made by Judge Taft, lately Governor-General of the Philippines, and now Secretary of War. As spokesman of the Federal Executive, Judge Taft pointed out that the St. Louis Exposition—like each of its more notable predecessors since 1851, when the Crystal Palace was thrown open in the British metropolis—should be looked upon as a mile-stone in the progress of the world. Each nation represented at St. Louis is striving to show how, since the last World's Fair, it has handled and added to the talent confided to its care. Such international competition affords a measuring-rod of that at which myriads of hands and myriads of brains have aimed, namely, an increase in the control which mind and muscle can exercise over nature's inanimate resources. Judge Taft went on to remind his auditors that from each of the great expositions can be dated the world's familiarity with some useful or marvellous invention. The adoption of the telephone, for instance, dates from the World's Fair held in Philadelphia in 1876. It is hard for some of us to realize that then for the first time were shown publicly the experiments which resulted in the transmission of the human voice hundreds of miles, and which has revolutionized the methods of life and business in every civilized community. Not only in the mechanical sciences, but also in the fine arts and in education have the steps of modern progress been marked by the more notable expositions.

Judge Taft went on to direct attention to the fact that at the present hour, when we are engaged in commemorating the centenary of the Louisiana Purchase, the American people have entered upon another and a different kind of expansion than that contemplated by Thomas Jefferson—a kind of expansion that involves the solution of other and different problems than those presented by the Louisiana Purchase. Those problems, he said, had been forced upon us without our seeking, and must be solved with the same high sense of duty, yet with the same fearlessness, with which our ancestors met the startling questions presented by the acquisition of the vast domain secured from France. It was pronounced probable by the late Governor-General of the Philippines that the assimilative problems by which we are now confronted will not be solved by the bestowal of Statehood upon the territory newly acquired in the Far East. He intimated a personal belief that the ultimate purpose of our Federal government should be to repeat in the Philippines what it has done in Cuba, or, in other words, to aid another people to stand upon its feet, and to take a short cut to the civil liberty which it has cost us and our ancestors so much time and so sturdy an effort to hammer out.

There seems to be a concerted movement on the part of many conspicuous citizens of German birth or descent for the promotion of the election of Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency. A meeting which had this purpose in view was held in Washington on Sunday, May 1, and an organization was effected, to which was given the name "The National Roosevelt League. Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri, was chosen president; Joseph Winter, of New York, secretary; F. L. Ringler, of New York, treasurer; while on the executive com-

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mittee were placed Arthur von Briesen, of New York, Judge A. H. Bude, of Cincinnati, E. G. Halle, of Chicago, Rudolph Blankenburg, of Philadelphia, Frank C. Wachter, of Baltimore, Otto Stiffel, of Missouri, and George Brunder, of Wisconsin. Letters cordially approving the aim of the league were read from many German-Americans well known all over the United States, and resolutions were adopted providing for the appointment of a central committee to be composed of one member from each State in the Union, and of an executive committee to take charge of campaign work. We need not remind our readers of the importance of the part played in pivotal States by German-American voters in 1896 and 1900.

The address issued on Sunday by the National Roosevelt League was written with much ability from the Jacob Riis point of view. It began by declaring, what no one is likely to deny, that the man who is to be the executive head of this great nation must possess the following qualifications, namely: a clear head, a warm heart, a strong sense of justice, persevering diligence, large experience, and, above all, a firm character and a pure mind. The address proceeds to assert that these qualifications are personified in Mr. Roosevelt. That he possesses a clear head has been proved, it is alleged, by the solution of the difficult diplomatic problems with which he has had to wrestle. How much credit for the solution should be given to John Hay the address deems it superfluous to inquire. It goes on to adduce the evidence for Mr. Roosevelt's warmth of heart. Whenever the poor and the powerless needed protection, whether they were mine-workers, helpless immigrants, or needy veterans, Theodore Roosevelt has been always ready to come to the rescue. On the other hand, when the mighty attempted to make themselves still more powerful, it was Theodore Roosevelt who stayed their hand. The address adds that it takes a strong moral character to engage in combat with powerful interests and with the forces of prejudice. His greatest glory, however, is asserted to consist in this, that he has faithfully executed the political testament of his predecessor, the immortal martyr, William McKinley. For these reasons, with which is coupled the unquestioned purity of his private life, Theodore Roosevelt is proclaimed the choice of German-Americans. On the whole, it cannot be denied that the National Roosevelt League has given the President a satisfactory bill of health, from both moral and intellectual view-points.

The Chief Magistrate showed his appreciation of the service which citizens of German birth or parentage have it in their power to render when, late on Sunday evening, the members of the league called at the White House in a body. He dwelt at length on the debt which the United States owed to German-American citizens, notably at the critical conjuncture when the union of the States was threatened. There was at the time dissension, he recalled, among the inhabitants of various sections, but there was none among the Germans. He told his visitors that he would rather a hundredfold lose the office of Chief Magistrate and retire from public life than forfeit the right to the friendship and to the respect which they had testified. In conclusion, he assured the members of the league that he needed their support, not only when he was battling with bad men, but also when he was battling with good men, who sometimes get a little puzzle-headed. He took for granted, he said, that he would have the assistance of German-Americans in opposing wrong, but he also should count upon their assistance in the upholding of right principles whereon good men might chance to have divergent ideas. On the whole, we infer from his treatment of the incident that the President is something of a politician himself, and is pretty well qualified to be his own campaign-manager.

Some steps have recently been taken with the hope of strengthening Judge Parker's candidacy in his native State, and also among conservative Democrats throughout the Union. It has come to be recognized that the equivocal programme put forward tentatively at Albany has pleased nobody, while it provoked Mr. Bryan to outspoken and vehement denunciation. A mischievous effect has been produced in the West and some parts of the South by the suspicion widely current that Judge Parker allowed Mr. David B. Hill to frame the platitudinous Albany platform, and that, should the New York candidate be chosen President, the ex-Senator would be the power behind the throne. An effort to counteract this impression was made the other day, when Cord Meyer, Jr., was appointed chairman of the Democratic State Committee, whereof he was not a member. There is no doubt that this is a shrewdly planned concession to the friends of Mr. Cleveland. Throughout his political life Mr. Meyer has been a stanch and zealous supporter of the ex-President. Neither is there any doubt that he possesses sufficient firmness of character to run the Democratic machine in a way calculated to command the approval of conservative Democrats. The selection of Mr. Meyer, however, does not please Mr. Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall. He says that in order to carry the State of New York, or any other doubtful State, the Democrats have got to make a pivotal issue of the trusts during the coming campaign, and that they cannot do so consistently if the control of their machinery in the Empire commonwealth is committed to Cord Meyer, Jr., who has long been known to be associated very closely with the Sugar Trust.

There is no doubt, on the other hand, that Mr. Meyer was regarded with much favor by Mr. Croker, and that, although he is not a member of the Tammany organization, being a resident of Long Island, he was, at Mr. Croker's suggestion, made one of the governors of the Democratic Club. We suspect that what angered Mr. Murphy was not so much the selection of Mr. Meyer for chairman of the Democratic State Committee as it was the designation of Senator McCarren for the leadership of the executive committee. Mr. Meyer, in an interview, spoke of Mr. Murphy's favorites in a most conciliatory strain. He declared that no two men have done more for their party than have Mr. McClellan and Mr. McAdoo, by the admirable government they are giving the city of New York. We presume that this means that Mr. Meyer, as comptroller of the party machinery, would willingly and effectively promote the nomination of Mayor McClellan to the Governorship next autumn. It is, apparently, evident to him that without the cordial and vehement support of Tammany Hall it may prove extremely difficult to beat Mr. Roosevelt this year in the State of New York. He has said for publication that, in his opinion, Judge Parker will be named at St. Louis, and that the Democracy could not ask for a more available nominee. We do not imagine, however, that Mr. Meyer's heart would be broken if the St. Louis convention should take the bit between its teeth and nominate Grover Cleveland. There are at present no clear indications of such an event, but until the St. Louis convention adjourns, the New Jersey delegation will bear a good deal of watching.

The land campaign in the Far East is fairly begun with the crossing of the Yalu by General Kuroki's army and the driving back of the Russian forces under General Zassalitch after a hard fight. The engagement will entail a series of highly important results, both moral and material. To begin with, the extrusion, so to speak, of one arm of the Japanese army across the Yalu will compel the Russians to retire from the coast between the Yalu and Liao-tung peninsula, thus leaving the region about Takushan free for the landing of Japanese troops. The next result of the crossing of the Yalu will be an increased strain on the line of communication between Mukden and Port Arthur. Should the Japanese turn the whole of this force against the railroad, they should have no difficulty in cutting it, and thus gravely menacing the chief Russian naval base—a sufficiently serious matter, in view of the hopes placed on the arrival of the Baltic squadron. A report of the capture of Newchwang is still unconfirmed as the WEEKLY goes to press.

In the May number of the *Metropolitan Magazine* Major G. Creighton Webb recites the historical reasons why Americans should regard Russia with grateful friendship, and warns us all against harboring friendly sentiments towards Japan. He reminds us of Russia's urgent need of ice-free ports; recalls how the powers held her back (worse luck) from seizing Constantinople in 1877, and explains how the abandonment of Korea to Japan would constitute the Strait of Korea a new Dardanelles between Vladivostok and Port Arthur. He tells what excellent work Russia has done in Manchuria, and excuses the breaches of her promises to withdraw her troops from that country. Turning to history, he recounts how

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Catharine II. refused to let England hire mercenary troops among her subjects for service against the American colonies; how the League of Neutrals broke the heart of George III.; how Czar Alexander refused to carry out Napoleon's orders to exclude American ships from the Baltic ports; and how during our civil war Russia was our strong friend in Europe, and sent in 1863 a fleet to New York and one to San Francisco, both with sealed orders to be opened only if our government became involved with any government in Europe; and finally he recounts how Russia sold us Alaska, because she wanted us to have it. In view of this long record of Russia's active friendship for the United States, Major Webb feels, as many others do, that Russia's broken promises about Manchuria are not enough to account for the "almost unanimity of the press in siding with Japan against Russia." The pro-Japanese sentiment is largely due, he thinks, to the active work of a large body of writers whose business it is to make sentiment for Japan and England. "For this is England's war," says Major Webb. "Whoever wins, England gains."

We think Major Webb takes American sympathy for Japan rather too hard. It exists undoubtedly, but it by no means goes the length of hostility to Russia. Sympathy for Japan preponderates at present in this country: that is as much as is safe to say. Nothing that Russia ever did for us has been forgotten. We do not hate her, but quite the contrary; do not envy her, do not fear her. We are still Russia's friend, albeit the warmth of our emotion has lately been chilled by several things, and especially by the harrying of Jews and by Manchurian duplicities. We hoped Russia would make terms with Japan and avoid this war. Was that unfriendly? She could have kept her ice-free port, and, on fair terms, everything she needed. That she did not make terms with Japan is now as plainly conceded in St. Petersburg to have been a mistake as it is in Washington. Was it the fault of the Americans that the Czar was hoodwinked and misled by his advisers and agents in the Far East, and put in a position where it was impossible for Americans to wish him complete success? There is no lack of sympathy between America and the Czar, none between us and the Russian people, but there are many things about the Russian system of government that try our patience. When Jews are massacred under the noses of government officials we cannot applaud; when the promises of St. Petersburg are broken in Manchuria we cannot like it. As a generous people admiring grit and willing to see every nation get its due, we could not withhold a measure of our sympathy from Japan. Japan is our friend; her cause is at least as good as Russia's; she is as much entitled to what she can get as Russia is. If the memory of past favors and the hope of favors to come availed to make Americans eager to see Japan crushed and Russia all-prevailing, then truly it would appear that we had been bought with a price, and the goods delivered.

The utmost we can do is to be neutral; and we are neutral. Outside of the Jews and the papers that they control there is no hostility to Russia, and nowhere is there exultation over her reverses. Russia has blundered, and practically she admits it. We are not glad; we are sorry. Major Webb says that pro-English sentiment is at the bottom of our feelings. But five years ago, when we were quite as pro-English as we are now, our sympathies were more decidedly with the Boers than they are now with Japan. Our sympathies are apt to go out to any people who are fighting for national existence. If they are anywise worthy, we are for them. We can't help it. We are built that way, and neither ties of blood nor claims of ancient friendship, nor even self-interest, will break us of that habit. When the Filipinos fought against us, many of us sympathized with them, and some of our people even went so far as to hope they would win. Japan is worthy. To be crushed in this war would be, for her, an irreparable calamity. For Russia a defeat would be a mere setback. Japan is in a way the under dog, not because she is not as strong—or stronger—in the East as Russia, but because the risk she runs is so immeasurably greater than Russia's. We sympathize with her because of her cause, her grit, and the magnitude of her peril. But we are neither unfriendly to Russia nor unmindful of her record in our history. She may not now understand our feelings or our position, but some day she will. Meanwhile she will probably misjudge us.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton thinks that contemporary American literature is a tame and unprofitable product. She says so in the May number of the *North American Review*, and sets herself to explain why it is so bad. She charges it with misrepresenting its country, and contrasts the boldness and dynamic energy of the American race with a literature "the most timid, the most anæmic, the most lacking in individualities, the most bourgeois that any country has ever known." It might, she declares, be the product of a great village censored by the village gossip. She names Mark Twain and Bret Harte as the two American authors who first showed the shaping influences of a new nation. They could have been born and nourished nowhere else on the planet but here, and she wonders why they did not found permanent and important schools, or at least by their brilliant success remind others that "originality is the final and supreme touch which secures an artist a permanent position on the heights." She has hopes for the future. Our public seems to her to be disentangling itself from leading-strings, and there are signs that in another generation we shall have discarded our Puritanism and grown into a broad, tolerant, and no less virtuous race. But meanwhile our literary affairs are in a deplorable state, and the tyranny of the American literary powers is crushing.

We had a reign of Realism—which she calls Littleism—and then the Spanish war came on and created a demand for stories of adventure. The change was small gain except that it prodded on the public to demand the unfamiliar. One awful barrier to any native literature worth reading she finds in the magazines. Writers want to get into the magazines, but the magazines, Mrs. Atherton discloses, proscribe originality, except in the mildest form; insist upon the world that ought to be and ignore the world that is; demand anæmic literature with vigor, audacity, and all American characteristics bleached out of it; make a fetish of the body and let the brain rot; and defend far too solicitously their readers' nerves. The writing of the authors whom the magazines nourish conveys to Mrs. Atherton the impression of "having flowed forth in puny studies between a well-filled stomach and an ear cocked to catch the prattle of the nursery." She derides the magazine authors as "good family men, who eat well, rarely drink, and are too dull to be bored by their own wives." The magazines, she feels, will never produce even one great writer. The coming great writer must forego them. But, for that matter, she declares that "no writer with a real gift and a real ambition has any business with a home, children, the unintermittent comforts of life which stultify and stifle."

We fear the future great writer will not shape himself very accurately on Mrs. Atherton's suggestion. Great writers are almost incorrigibly addicted to the comforts of life, and get them if they can. Stevenson, bohemian as he was, married a wife. Kipling is married; so were Dickens and Thackeray; so is Mark Twain; so was Bret Harte. A good deal of attention has to be paid to the body if the mind is to be kept long at work at high pressure. Mrs. Atherton realizes that, and she warns us against stimulants, thereby weakening her disparagement of magazine writers as persons who eat better than they drink. We don't think the really vital trouble with the American writers is that they are not "tough" enough, nor are we sure that they are spoiled by having to write down to the anæmic level of the magazines. The *Century Magazine*, one of the most respectable of our periodicals, is just now printing as a serial as brutal, bloody, and nerve-racking a tale as Mrs. Atherton could demand, and a lively tale it is and much appreciated. To our mind there is nothing the matter with current American literature, except that the demand for the best lines of it is very much in excess of the supply. A great writer is a very rare bird, and always has been. The publishers print the best books they can get; the magazines print the best stories they can get; the public reads the best books and magazines it can find. There is no conspiracy to put down talent, and some notable minds that ought to be making literature are otherwise employed. We fear that there is no better reason for it than the sordid one that the other jobs pay better.

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Herbert Spencer's Political Views

It is a curious fact that, of the numerous reviewers of Herbert Spencer's remarkable autobiography, scarcely one has noted the author's attitude toward the political system of his native land, or, for that matter, toward the political system of any other country, past or present. Yet there is no doubt that his attitude was definite, significant, and characteristic, and it could have been guessed by those who marked his singular avowal that never in his life, except once in the sixties, did he vote for a member of Parliament. That unique vote was given in the town of Derby under circumstances which are carefully recorded. It seems that certain property which had come to Mr. Spencer from an uncle gave him a qualification in that constituency; but that when, shortly afterwards, he sold this property, he was disqualified, so far as Derby was concerned. It is true that, subsequently, he acquired a Parliamentary qualification in London, and might have registered, but never did so. Not, he explains, that the election of a Liberal or of a Conservative was a matter of total indifference to him; for, speaking generally, he acknowledges that his sympathies have been with the Liberal candidate. In most cases, however, his dissent from the beliefs, openly or tacitly held by both political parties, on the question of the true functions of the state—a question which Mr. Spencer regarded as of paramount importance—was so pronounced that he had but little motive to support one candidate rather than another. Moreover, as of late years Liberals have vied with Conservatives in extending legislative regulations in all directions, there has been, in Mr. Spencer's eyes, nothing to choose between them, and, therefore, no temptation to vote.

It is toward the close of the second volume of the "Autobiography" that Mr. Spencer, describing that volume of the "Synthetic Philosophy" which is devoted to "political institutions"—a volume which was composed in the biennial period 1880-2—that Mr. Spencer is moved to say something about the political opinions which he held at the age of sixty, as contrasted with those which he held in earlier days. He queries whether his ideas have been modified by the conservatism of advancing years, or by the wider knowledge acquired? Or whether both influences have cooperated in causing the change from a sanguine view to a desponding view? Certainly, he that had been an optimist did, in course of time, become pessimistic. He admits that, after attaining the age of sixty, he sometimes startled friends by saying that he was more Tory than any Tory, and more Radical than any Radical. What he means is that, while he had not relinquished his ideal of a future, he had come to see that its realization was far more remote than he had supposed. The adolescent indignation against war, the hopefulness of youth, and the lack of experience, had joined in Mr. Spencer, as they join in many a young man, to produce eagerness for political reorganization, and the belief that it needed only to establish a form of government, theoretically more equitable, to remedy the evils under which society suffered. Hence his juvenile radicalism.

Mr. Spencer goes on to testify that by the time he was thirty—when his tentative volume, *Social Statics*, which contained the germ of his evolutionary hypothesis, was published—the crude notions of five-and-twenty had been qualified considerably. He had come to see that institutions are dependent on human character, and, however changed in their superficial aspects, cannot be changed in their essential nature faster than the character of human beings changes. Moreover, it had become manifest to Mr. Spencer at the age of thirty—what some social philosophers never seem to realize—that men are rational beings in but a limited sense; that conduct results from desire, to the gratification of which reason serves but as a guide; and that hence political action will on the average be determined by the balance of desires wherever this can show itself. It is also true, as is disclosed in the essay on "Reform: the Dangers and the Safeguards," that, by the age of forty, Mr. Spencer had perceived, or thought he perceived, that mischief would result from the giving of votes unless the costs of political action, general and local, were made to fall, directly and unmistakably, on all the individuals to whom votes were given; or, in other words, that political power can be safely extended only as fast as governmental functions are restricted. He himself exemplified the truth that feeling rather than intellect guides, for, temporarily forgetting the confusion just mentioned, he approved the wide extension of the franchise effected by the Reform bill of 1867. The sentiment of early years which had been strongly enlisted on behalf of the seemingly just principle of giving equal political powers to all men proved too strong for the restraints of his calmer judgment.

Moreover, above and beyond the recognized truths which feeling had led him to ignore, there were other truths as yet unrecognized which in later days he felt that he ought not to have overlooked, truths from the recognition of which further deterrents should have arisen. What other truths does Mr. Spencer have in mind? He might have inferred *a priori*, he tells us, what has now become clear *a posteriori*, that the change introduced in the British political system by the Reform bill of 1867 would result in replacing the old class-legislation by a new class-legislation. It is certain, he holds, that, given the average human nature now existing, those who have power will pursue, indirectly, if not directly, obscurely, if not clearly, their own interests, or rather, their apparent interests. Mr. Spencer, unlike Mr. Gladstone, could never see any reason for assuming that the lower classes are intrinsically better than the higher classes. Hence it seemed to him self-evident that if, while the higher classes were predominant, they made laws which in one way or another favored themselves, it followed that now, when the lower classes are predominant in the British electorate, they also will give legislation a bias to their own advantage. Manifest as it always was, it seemed to Mr. Spencer still more manifest in the later decades of the nineteenth century, that, so long as governmental action is unrestricted, the thing required is an equitable representation of interests; and that a system in which one interest is overwhelmingly represented (whether it be that of a smaller or larger section of the community) will issue a one-sided law. Mr. Spencer, writing in the nineties, predicted that his fellow countrymen would soon see the injustices once inflicted by the employing classes paralleled by the injustices inflicted by the employed classes. During a long past the superior classes had inequitably profited at the cost of the inferior; but now, as Mr. Spencer believed, one of the rhythms displayed in movements of every order would shortly bring about a state of things in which the inferior classes would inequitably profit at the cost of the superior.

And besides this there was still another overlooked truth which, to Mr. Spencer's vision, had of late become conspicuous enough. Often, he says, had he reproached politicians with contemplating only the proximate results of legislation, and not seeing the remote results; but the time came when he acknowledged that in the sixties he should have reproached himself with a kindred blindness. He did not in those days perceive that one organic change tends ever to initiate another, and this other occasionally brings about a perpetual moulding and remoulding of institutions, and a too plastic state of society, until there eventually arises something approaching to political disorganization.

Returning to his paramount postulate, however, Mr. Spencer reasserts that, while character remains unchanged, change of institutions, however great superficially, cannot be fundamentally great; that is to say, while there is going on disorganization of one kind, there goes on reorganization of another kind, or, in other words, while the old coercive arrangements are being relaxed, new coercive arrangements are being unobtrusively established. For the concomitant of the legislation which more and more advantages the employed classes at the expense of the employing classes, is the growth of an administrative system, becoming ever more powerful and peremptory—a new governing agency which the emancipated people are unawares elaborating for themselves, while thinking only of gaining the promised benefits. Mr. Spencer came to be convinced that unceasing development of this new governing agency, daily more rapid, has become inevitable, for the reason that both the electors and their representatives invoke with increasing urgency public help, public expenditure, and public regulation, which all imply a continually augmented army of officials—an army which, by the restrictions and dictations its members enforce, gradually decreases the freedom of citizens, at the same time that it further decreases this freedom by demanding that more and more of their labor shall be devoted to maintaining the official regulative army, and paying for the work of superintendence.

The ultimate forecast of the author of the "Synthetic Philosophy" was that the insidious growth of an organized consolidated bureaucracy would go on, because the electorate cannot conceive the general but distant evils it must entail, in contrast with the special and immediate advantages to be gained by its action. For the masses can appreciate nothing but material boons—better homes, shorter hours, higher wages, more regular work. Hence they are in favor of those who vote for restricting time in the mines, for forcing employers to contribute to men's insurance funds, for dictating railway fares and freights, for abolishing the so-called sweating system. It seems to them quite right that education, wholly paid for formerly in England by local rates, should be state-regulated; that the state should give technical instruction; that quarries should be inspected and regulated; that there should be sanitary regulation of hotels. The powers which local governments now have in Great Britain to supply gas, water, and electric light, the masses think, may quickly be extended to making tramways, buying and working adjacent canals, building houses for artisans and laborers, lending money for the purchase of freeholds, and otherwise adding to conveniences and giving employment.

While all this implies a widespread officialism, ever growing in power, Mr. Spencer pointed out that it also implies augmented burdens upon all who have means, burdens practically constituting an indirect redistribution of property. There is, in fact already in force, so far as Great Britain is concerned, the policy which was advocated by Mr. Henry George when he declared it to be a community's duty not to turn out the landlords, but to "tax them out."

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Joseph Pulitzer on a College of Journalism

It will be remembered that not long ago Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, the proprietor of the New York *World*, made a gift of one million dollars to Columbia University for the purpose of founding a "College of Journalism," and that he made a promise that, if at the end of three years the college should be in successful operation, he would endow it with an additional million. That, in organizing such a college, Mr. Pulitzer was actuated by a high and exemplary aim, and that he is preeminently qualified by experience to forecast the utility of such an institution, has been by no one disputed. Touching the practicability of the project, however, opinions have varied. In some quarters the plan has been acclaimed with approval and sympathy; in others, it has been received with scepticism, if not with ridicule. It was fitting that Mr. Pulitzer should reassure his friends and refute his critics by undertaking an exposition of his object, and of the probable efficiency of the means proposed for its attainment. This he has done in the May number of the *North American Review*. His article occupies some forty pages of that periodical, and it is but justice to say that not one of them could be spared. His discussion of the practicability of a "college of journalism" is so nearly exhaustive that it merits the term, so often misapplied, of a "monograph." Not one of the suggested objections to his scheme is overlooked; all are fairly stated, if not decisively answered.

To the fundamental objection that a "newspaper man" must be "born, not made," Mr. Pulitzer replies that he should be glad to hear the name of some great editor who was born full-winged like Mercury, the messenger of the gods. He, personally, knows of but one position which in our republic a man can fill successfully by the simple fact of birth, namely, that of an idiot. He knows of no other position for which a man does not demand and receive training. The process by which the profession of journalism at present receives useful recruits is by the elimination of blunderers, costly alike to employers and employed. It works by natural selection and the survival of the fittest: its failures are strewn along the wayside. He reminds us that the typical "born editor," Horace Greeley, was, in the strictest sense, an educated man, only he had substituted self-education for tuition received from others. It is submitted that, even in his case, much time and labor might have been saved by a well-planned system of instruction. It has further been asserted that the "instinct for news" must be innate. This Mr. Pulitzer concedes, but he adds that if a "nose for news" were turned loose in any newspaper office in New York without the control of sound judgment, bred by considerable experience and training, the result would be much more pleasing to the lawyers than to the editor. Then, again, we are told that moral character, like the instinct for news, cannot be made, but must be born. Mr. Pulitzer queries whether the critics who advance this objection have not themselves reached their present moral attitude by degrees. He concedes that training cannot create, or, perhaps, radically change, temperament, but is not conscience, he inquires, something different from temperament? Is it not largely the outcome of education; may it not be considered more an acquired than an inherited quality? Evidently Macaulay assumed that conscience is largely a question of climate and geography, when he pointed out that "child murder leads in London to the scaffold; on the Ganges, it is an honored religious sacrifice." To the contention that moral courage cannot be taught, Mr. Pulitzer replies with the question, Why not, as well as physical courage? It is not to be supposed, he says, that every young man who enters West Point or Annapolis is a born hero, yet the student at either of those schools is so braced in the direction of courage, that, by the time he graduates, it is practically certain that he will not flinch under fire. If, then, he argues, the mind can be taught to expose the body fearlessly to death, cannot the soul be taught to cling to its convictions in the teeth of prejudice, temptation, obloquy, and persecution?

Mr. Pulitzer proceeds to examine the assumption that such making as a newspaper man needs after he has been successfully born can be done only in the actual practice of the office or "shop." He reminds us that, as a matter of fact, it is not intentional, but only incidental, training that is obtainable in a newspaper office. Nobody in such an office has the time or the inclination to teach the raw reporter the things he ought to know before undertaking even the humblest work of the journalist. Incidentally, Mr. Pulitzer mentions that, in his own experience as a newspaper reporter and editor, he never had a single lesson from anybody. From this point of view, journalism, as hitherto organized, differs fundamentally from the other professions. A doctor, for instance, does not learn to practise at a medical school, but he does learn there the principles, theories, rules, and results of others' experience that constitute the foundation of his calling. After leaving college, he must work in hospitals in order to acquire the art of applying the knowledge practically. In journalism the newspaper offices are the hospitals, but the students come to them knowing nothing of principles or theories. The newspaper hospital is extremely accommodating. It furnishes the patients for its bright young men to practise on, puts dissecting-knives into the hands of beginners, who do not know an artery from a vermiform appendix, and pays them for the blunders by which they gradually teach themselves their profession. We may sympathize with the students in their industrious efforts at self-education, but may we not also, asks Mr. Pulitzer, sympathize with the unfortunate editor who has to work with such incompetent instruments? To the specious objection that, even if a college education be desirable, everything needed is already provided in the existing colleges, and no special department is required, Mr. Pulitzer replies that the existing university courses in history, law, and political science do not furnish what is really needed by a specialist in journalism. They give him only a fraction of the knowledge he requires, and they swamp that fraction in a flood of details whereof he can make no use. To fit these courses to his purpose they must be remodelled and specialized. This is precisely what a college of journalism would propose to do.

That there are some things that a college of journalism could not teach Mr. Pulitzer would not deny. He admits that no college can give imagination, initiative, impulses, enthusiasm, a sense of humor, a capacity for irony. These things are inborn, but they need to be developed, and we witness their development everywhere in intellectual life. Have we not read that Demosthenes, who was a born orator, if ever such a man there were, transcribed seven times Thucydides in order to gain a vocabulary and a method? Does not a born painter gain a mastery of the brush by studying the work of his predecessors in his art? To Mr. Pulitzer's mind it seems that the more conclusively critics prove certain things to be unteachable, the more do they demonstrate the necessity of teaching everything that is teachable. This is all that any education can do, but it is enough.

We observe, finally, that, among the things which, in his judgment, should not be taught in a college of journalism, Mr. Pulitzer enumerates typesetting, the methods of business management, the ordinary courses of a commercial college. On the contrary, in his conception of a school of journalism, it should not only be not commercial, but anti-commercial. The aim of such an institution should be to exalt principles, knowledge, culture, at the expense of business success, if need be. It should aim to set up ideals, to keep the counting-room in its proper place, and to make the soul of the editor the soul of the newspaper. It cannot be denied that, if a college of journalism should be so inspired and managed as to cause such a conception of the profession to predominate, Mr. Pulitzer would be justified in saying that our republic and its press will rise or fall together. An able, disinterested, public-spirited press, with trained intelligence to know the right, and courage to do it, can alone preserve the public virtue, without which popular government is a sham and a mockery.

King Edward in Ireland

We have often had occasion to speak of the admirable influence which King Edward has exercised on the foreign policy of England, not merely by instilling wise counsels and precepts of moderation into the ears of his Secretary for Foreign Affairs, but far more by taking things boldly into his own hands, appointing himself envoy extraordinary of the nation, and going boldly abroad to conquer new spheres of moral influence for England. A year ago he had a signal triumph in Rome, Paris, and in July last, as a result, the streets of London were gorgeous with tricolor flags and Venetian masts, and the initials of the French republic, on heraldic shields, adorned the lamp-posts of Pall Mall.

King Edward is now facing a problem even more serious than the relation of England to France; a problem, the essence of which is that it is at once a difficulty of home and foreign policy. Ireland, though an integral part of the United Kingdom, is yet, for England, a foreign country, one much more obstinately foreign in feeling than France, though France is accounted the secular foe of England, and was, in fact, at war with England during centuries. But France was England's ally in the Crimean war, and in the Prussian invasion the feeling of England in general was strongly in favor of the French. Moreover, every English schoolboy learns French from his earliest years, and, while never framing his tongue to pronounce it aright, yet gains a thorough knowledge of the masterpieces of Molière, Racine, Voltaire, Corneille, and the great names of the French classics. This enables him, when he arrives at years of discretion, to pass by an easy transition to Flaubert, Zola, Maupassant, Daudet, Ohnet, and the rest, imbibing from them the cult of Paris, whither he presently goes to worship in person.

There is no such interest of culture to make Ireland intelligible to England, nor has there been a single mitigating circumstance to bring the two countries nearer to a common understanding. This is not at all because there is any radical hostility or difference between the Celt and the Saxon, for in reality Celtic Ireland was on the best of terms with Saxon England before the battle of Hastings, and the political and legal systems of the two lands were identical. In those days Ireland was England's superior in

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culture, to a very marked degree, so that in The Venerable Bede's time it was the custom for well-born Englishmen to go to Ireland for their education, and to learn Irish Gaelic, in order that through that tongue they might study Latin and Greek. The beginnings of classical learning at Oxford were laid by a famous Irishman, Johannes Scotus Erigena, who was, in philosophy, the predecessor of another famous Hibernian, Bishop Berkeley.

The Saxons and Angles were on excellent terms with Ireland, whence they had learned the arts of writing, illumination, and music; for the harp, which is the national symbol of Ireland, is really the record of centuries of musical culture. It was with the coming of the Normans that the real schism between the two countries began. England was invaded, summarily conquered by the Normans, and studded with strong castles, of which the Tower of London is the type and first example. All the land of England passed into Norman hands, and the landholders of England, to a large degree, maintain the tradition of Norman blood unto this day. Those whose ancestors inscribed their names and escutcheons on the Battle Abbey Roll are justly proud of the fact and of the Norman tradition. Norman feeling and Norman law triumphed in Ireland, and the Saxon tribal system was broken up once for all, the Anglo-Saxon tongue soon vanishing in its wake. English, which it has become the fashion to speak of as "Anglo-Saxon," is really nothing of the sort, but a tongue at least half Latin, and owing its richness to the Latin admixture, the genuine Anglo-Saxon being as unintelligible to most of us as Mœsogothic, which it greatly resembles.

The Norman system completely dominated England, and dominates it to this day. England is an oligarchy, ruled by the great Norman families, under the forms of democracy. The descending pyramid of king, lords, and commons is the Normal feudal system, and now that England has a King who rules as well as reigns, the likeness is complete. To this domination by Norman discipline, Norman law, Norman order, England has owed her greatness and power through centuries.

To Ireland the Normans brought discord, not unity. The Saxons were completely conquered by the year 1087, when William the Norman died. The conquest of Ireland was only partial, so late as 1603, when the last of the Tudor monarchs gave place to the Stuarts. During the five centuries between, Irish princes ruled in many parts of Ireland, under Irish law, and in territories permeated by the Irish spirit and using the Irish tongue. Ireland was thus divided against itself, and felt the weakness that comes of division. Then followed the great religious feud of the Reformation. England accepted wholly the new order. Ireland remained in great part loyal to the old. Here was another element of discord, which brought about endless misery in its train. Then came the struggle between Irish and English law, which added the third principle of strife. Ireland's law was based on the modern elective system, on the choice of the fittest as heir, rather than the eldest. We all remember Darwin's famous attack on English primogeniture, as the system best fitted to neutralize natural selection and secure the supremacy of blockheads. The Irish brehons anticipated Darwin's idea and its application. Again, Irish law substituted fines for capital punishment, which was a terrible stumbling-block to English legislators.

The result was that England attacked and rendered invalid all land titles in Ireland, following this by wholesale confiscation. Thus to difference of policy and difference of religion insecurity of law was added, and this was finally capped by the forced destruction of Irish commerce, begun by Wentworth in the reign of James I., and continued to the close of the eighteenth century.

These are some of the causes of the great discrepancy between England and Ireland at the present day, in wealth, prosperity, culture, and prestige. To bring about a better understanding between the two nations King Edward must fully understand where the real trouble lies, and do justice to the causes which have brought about the present misery and poverty of Ireland. If he can accomplish this he may lay claim to be considered the greatest of English kings, succeeding where all his predecessors have signally failed.

Goethe and the Poetic Temperament

THERE are great poets whose experimental daring finds vent only in the world of ideas and whose external life flows as uneventfully as that of the veriest sage. The recent biographies of Browning place him plainly in this category. If he was pure poet in sensitive perception and daring flight of fancy, he was a philosopher in his convictions of the limitation set to human action. He had an almost philistine comprehension of the necessity of rules, and he was a man of affairs in his grasp upon practical living. He was never in debt, and the virulent outbreak against Fitzgerald, to the contrary, he was useful and peaceful in all human relations. As Mr. Chesterton points out, Browning was equally happy in his capacities as man, liberal, Englishman, author, gentleman, lover, and husband. It is beautifully recorded of him that he was most vain of being a good husband. With all his intellectual zest for the conglomerate, for faiths and heresies, virtues and vices, joy and suffering, he delighted, as Mr. Chesterton points out, "in the great agreements, the great conventions." His intellect, cordial and open, ready to greet every aspect of life, when it reached matters of conduct was ruled by a judgment heartily at variance with all kinds of eccentricity and irresponsibility. If he appeared at times to be holding a brief for the universe as it stands, with all its contrasts and varieties, he accepted, and in the main he lived by, the rules of the majority.

It is noticeable that Dowden's recent book on Browning is devoted chiefly to a serious weighing of his work, and that Mr. Chesterton, in his chase for an adventurous act in the poet's career, absurdly magnifies the risks of his elopement. In Shelley's life, on the contrary, adventurous acts far too much abound. For one person capable of reading and appreciating Shelley's poetry there are hundreds conversant with the half-assimilated, petty gossip of his life. His habits, or better, his erratic lack of habits, his swift following out of the idea, his exaggerated trusts and affections and equally impetuous hatreds, his adventures by land and by sea, with robbers and murderers and tempests, his atheistic tracts and political pamphlets, his abstemious diet and paper boats are the common property of multitudes as incapable of guessing at the seething world of thought and profound devotion to the ideal back of these casual externalities, as were the parents, justices, and university dons of his own day. In the face of the irregularities of Shelley's life it would be absurd to deny the dangers that beset the poetic temperament when immediately translated into action.

On the same side we could quote the career of Marlowe, he of the

Unbowed, bright, insubmissive head.

Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, all poets of first rank, lived lives where the world of poetic perception interfered but little with a due acknowledgment of the usual rules of conduct.

A recent book published in Munich called, *Ulrika von Levetzow and Her Recollections of Goethe*, shows us Goethe at the age of seventy-four, possessing still a youth's capacity for emotion, which Eckermann refers to as "a fresh vivacity of heart." It was for the seventeen-year-old Ulrika that Goethe wrote the impassioned "Elegy of Marienbad," a poem compact of stress and intensity, having, says Eckermann, "something immediate about it as of a single jet of feeling."

Ulrika denies that she was, at seventeen, a sentimental Charlotte and Goethe an aged Werther. She tells, very ingenuously, of being called from her embroidery one day by her grandmother to meet an old gentleman. Unaware of his name and his celebrity, she met him with the utmost unconcern and indifference. It was doubtless this ingenuousness coupled with a childlike and charming appearance which won the poet's heart. The acquaintance ripened "into friendship and into a deep devotion on the poet's side. The two took long daily walks together." Goethe, in his mineralogical excursions, has found an "immortal violet," writes a contemporary. "He is distractedly in love with a young girl, and wants to marry her. A poet's folly!"

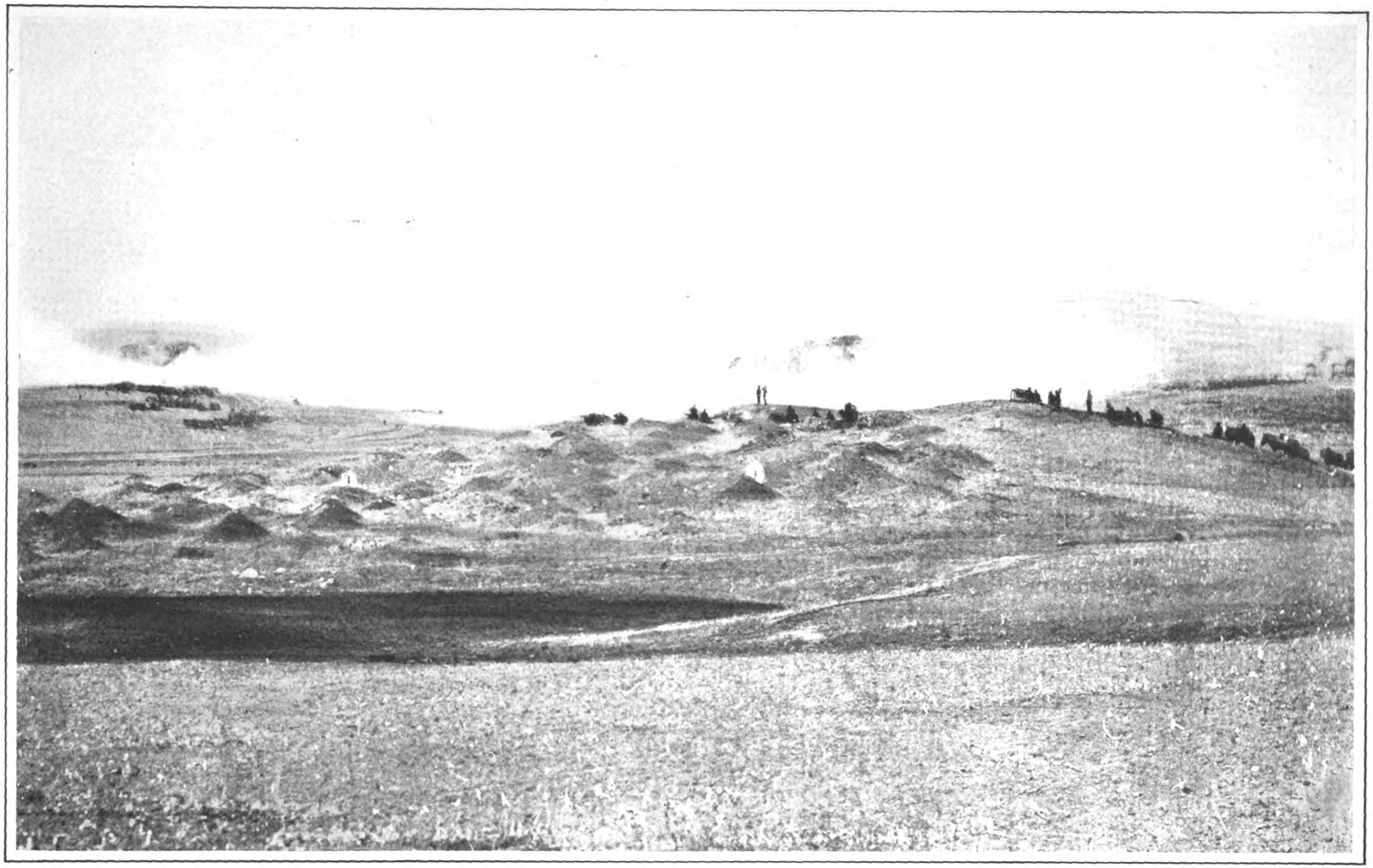
According to Ulrika, the formal proposal followed, accompanied by persuasion from Duke Karl August, of Weimar, but it was, reasonably enough, rejected by the young girl herself.

In the course of the friendship the poet told Ulrika the first volume of *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*, deeming it unfit for her to read. "How often I have regretted," writes Ulrika, "that I did not write out his words. This would have had a far greater interest to-day than the notes and letters people make such a fuss about." But in reality the highest interest attaches to this proof of the persistence of youth in the poetic temperament, and it is a more valuable point to note than the exact words in which he chose to adapt Wilhelm Meister to the intelligence of seventeen.

It is the especial quality of the poetic temperament that is keenly alive. A poet is not so much different from other men as he is *more* than other men. He sees more in quantity and he feels more in intensity under the same circumstances. The service of the poetic temperament is that it revivifies what is dead or half-dead. Its gift is the life more abundant. Whether merely by creation, by daring questioning of accepted codes or by bold deeds and painful downfalls it sets a question mark after all established values. With its tremendous fertilizing power it sets men to questioning all that is crystallized in dogma and conventions, to raking up and revitalizing the underlying reasons for the faiths that are in man.

The second quality of the poetic temperament is its perennial buoyancy. Goethe, at seventy, was alive with the living capacity for emotion of a youth. Browning, though less swift at translating emotion into life, shows in "La Saisioz," written at the age of sixty-five, a whole world of feeling, pain, and uncertitude still at its keenest. The poetic temperament, by its intensity and its buoyancy, remains one of the greatest creative forces of the world.

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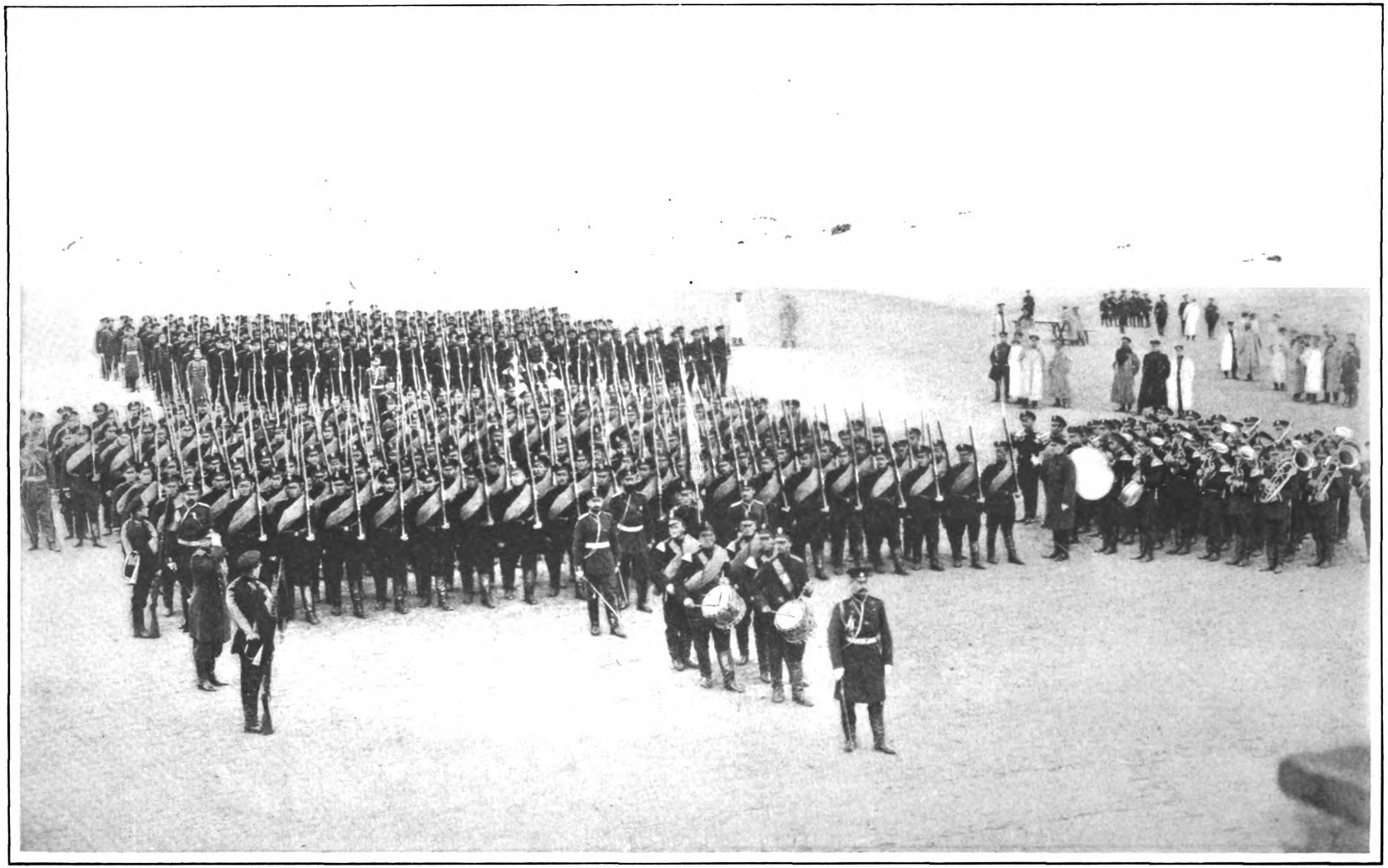
PHOTOGRAPH OF JAPANESE FIRING-LINE IN A SKIRMISH NEAR THE YALU

The photograph shows the Japanese firing-line in a skirmish with the Russians near the Yalu River in northern Korea. The most recent information concerning the progress of the Japanese in Korea is contained in the news, received as this issue goes to press, of a six-day battle culminating on May 1 in which a Japanese army, under General Kuroki, crossed the Yalu and forced the Russians from Chiu-Tien-Cheng, ten miles above Antung. The Russians retreated toward Feng-Wang-Cheng. No trustworthy report of the losses has been received

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RUSSIAN TROOPS IN THE FAR EAST—INFANTRY PARADING AT BLAGOVESTCHENSK

It is estimated that within three months Russia will have not less than four or five hundred thousand men at the front. According to the most reliable reports, the Russian forces in the Far East are divided as follows: at Port Arthur and Vladivostok, 30,000 men; guarding the railroad, 40,000; at various garrisons and fortified points, 20,000; available for the field, 135,000

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RUSSIAN TROOPS IN THE FAR EAST—INFANTRY PARADING AT BLAGOVESTCHENSK

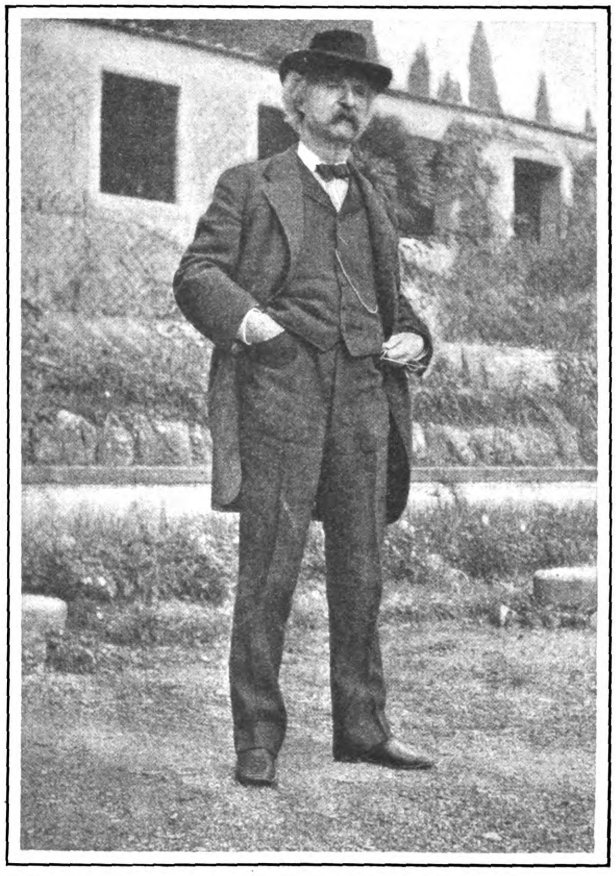
Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

HALF an hour's journey from Florence in the Sesto train, and then another twenty minutes gentle up-hill walk along a lane, will bring you to a small iron gate in a wall—the wall which encloses the grounds of the Villa di Quarto, where Mark Twain has been spending the winter. Here a special representative of the *Sketch* visited the great humorist recently, and obtained the new photograph and interview with him which are herewith reprinted for the benefit of Mr. Clemens's host of admirers in this country.

It was raining dismally when I arrived (writes the representative of the *Sketch*), as it can rain sometimes in Florence; the chrysanthemums round the villa were wofully bedraggled, and there was a general feeling of damp discomfort in the air, so that I was scarcely surprised when I was told that the famous humorist was confined to bed with a sharp attack of rheumatism. Fortunately, however, he sent word that he would receive me. The first thing that impressed me was his eyes. What wonderful eyes Mark Twain has! At times, in repose, seeming to be set far back in his head, dull, dead of expression, and then, of a flash, shining out keen, piercing, full of life. I recognized at once the mass of long hair inclined to curl, the heavy mustache, and the shaggy eyebrows of lighter hue, which go to make up the characteristic head so familiar in portraits. He has extraordinarily expressive hands, full of nervous force, seeming to point his meaning even more than the vigorous "By George!" with which he would introduce a more than usually interesting comment. On my entrance, I made some stumbling apology for my intrusion, and he said, rather severely, that he had made it a rule never to be interviewed between whiles, but that during the twenty-four hours preceding his departure from one country and the twenty-four hours after his arrival in another country he was open to all comers. I ventured to hope that my visit would not result in his undoing, and inquired if he knew Italy well.

"No," he replied, laboring with a recalcitrant pipe; "I should like to very much, but this is the only part of Italy that I know. A very pleasant race the Tuscans are, and I get on well with them in a deaf-and-dumb fashion; not that I did not carry on long conversations with every Italian I met when I was in Settignano eleven years ago, only I spoke English and the Italian spoke Italian, and neither of us understood what the other was saying. But we never bore malice and always parted friends." After applying a fresh match to his pipe he went on: "The world, of course, is the same all over, and I have my singular correspondents here, too. To-day I have received a letter from a Florentine gentleman in which, as far as I can make out with the aid of my daughter, he asks me to pay him twenty francs for some copies of his paper which he sent to me and as recompense for five visits which he has made to my house 'at grave risk from your dogs.' I did not ask for his papers, I did not ask him to pay me those visits, and the dogs who threatened his life belong to my neighbor!"



Mark Twain in the Garden of the Villa di Quarto, near Florence

Speaking of the followers of Mrs. Eddy, who do not reason but blindly believe, he said: "For the matter of that, the ordinary followers of any religion may be accused of the incapacity to reason clearly about it. The opinion of 'The Man in the Street' is worthless on a subject of which he has not made a special study. Lawyers, perhaps, and college professors may be listened to with attention on their own subjects, for their training has been long and in one direction, but this is true of scarcely any other men." The pipe was going easier now. "Take, again, the burning copyright question. Why, when I want some plumbing done in the house, do I go to the expense of getting the plumber out from the town, if the village carpenter who lives next door could do the work as well and cheaper? It is just because he does not understand the mysteries of pipes and soldering that I do not ask him for his opinion. And why should we expect the seven hundred or so Members of Parliament or Congress to settle satisfactorily the intricate question of copyright? Perhaps there are twenty-five out of the whole number who have written a book that has achieved success; of these twenty-five certainly not more than five have written a book that will outlast the statutory forty-two years. The remaining six hundred and seventy-five may be gifted with more than average intelligence, but that is not sufficient if they are to adjudicate on a matter outside their own special province. Now the learned Law Lord who examined me when I appeared before the House of Lords made a point that the owner of land, for instance, had a right to perpetual freehold, but not the author of a book, the value of which depended on an *idea*, on something evanescent. I objected at once that the value of real estate was as much dependent on an idea as any book was. Take a simple example: A shrewd traveller in the heart of Africa comes upon some land, which he foresees will some day become the centre of a network of railways, and purchases it from the local chief. At that moment it is not worth a cent, but will be valuable in the future, in his children's or his grandchildren's time, years after some wretched writer, perhaps, would have ceased to have any property in a book he had written at the same time. And yet in both cases it was an *idea* which gave the value, and why should there be this discrimination? I cannot understand why Lord Macaulay, who *was* qualified to judge, and whose advice was listened to, favored the forty-two rather than the sixty years' limit in copyright. But, even with forty-two years, the English are better off than we with our twenty-eight years in America. It is true that we can extend our copyright for another fourteen years, but the application has to be made, personally, within the last six months of the term, and it is not always easy to remember dates."

I rose to go, and, looking out of the window at the incessant rain, expressed a regret that Florence was treating him so unkindly with her weather. "Well," quoth the humorist, "it is rather an incentive to imaginary rheumatism. Mother Eddy has not taught me yet to suppress my imaginings." Whereat I laughed, and so ended a long visit in which all my preconceived notions of the great writer had been upset, and a new Mark Twain showed himself to me, not solely humorous, but intensely earnest.

Since Mark Twain published a portion of Adam's Diary a few years ago in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, he has, as he puts it, "deciphered some more of Adam's hieroglyphics," and they now appear in book-form, with comic drawings by the humorous illustrator, Mr. F. Strothmann. *Extracts from Adam's Diary*, "translated from the original MS," and illustrated "with photographic reproductions of the original Diary carved on stone," is conceived in a spirit of broad fun, and yet it is not without its touches of tender seriousness. Adam had his doubts about Eve for a long time, but "after all these years," he concludes, "I see that I was mistaken about Eve in the beginning; it is better to live outside the Garden with her than inside it without her."

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Japanese Women in the War

By William Dinwiddie

Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Far East

TOKYO, *April 9, 1904.*

WITH all social barriers down, hand in hand and heart to heart, the millions of Japan are working for one common end—the crushing defeat of Russia and the glory of their country in victory.

Royalty and nobility are actually commingling with the common people in closest union, for the first time in the history of the nation, in many philanthropic undertakings, for the alleviation of the sufferings of the sick and wounded soldiers in the field and at the home hospitals, and for the support and care of the helpless and destitute soldiers' families, left alone to struggle, as best they can, with scanty larders, by the men who have answered the war call to arms of their government.

This levelling of social distinctions and breaking up of caste lines under the overwhelming necessity for national self-preservation will be a good thing for Japan, and, though she be tried in the furnace and her very existence be torn on the rack of war, if she ultimately succeeds she will have done more than simply sustain her integrity—she will have coalesced her people, from the highest to the lowest, into a democratic comity whose every heart-beat will signify a national desire for rapid progress.

The practical, every-day side of the situation, divested of possibly fine-spun theories, is that the wealthy and aristocratic men and women are working with the humbler classes to organize relief and aid societies.

The oldest and best known of these is the national Red Cross Society, founded in 1887 by the government, and presided over by his Imperial Highness, Prince Komatsu, until his death a year ago. The present president is his Imperial Highness, Prince Kanin. The organization is supported by the subscriptions of the members, who number between one and two millions; it has, at the present time, a large reserve fund of between three and four million dollars gold.

The Red Cross Society has a branch or auxiliary known as the Ladies' Volunteer Nursing Association, which was established shortly after the parent society.

An interesting fact is that all the princesses of royal blood are enlisted among its members and practically all the ladies of the nobility. Marchioness Nabeshima is the president and manager of the society. There are four hundred women in Tokyo alone who are both contributing members and actual workers, and the association has branches all over the empire, including the island of Formosa.

The object and purposes of the society are extremely practical and praiseworthy, as it undertakes to turn out trained army nurses, compound all the lotions and salves, and make all the antiseptic bandages and first-aid-to-the-wounded packages used by the army.

Five days in every week—whether there be war or not—the nursing association members (who must also be members of the Red Cross) have to go to the great Aoyama Military Hospital and attend lectures on first aid to the wounded, be present at clinic and operations, take lessons in practical pharmacy, and roll bandages for the army.

Almost any day a dozen princesses may be seen among a hundred other Japanese ladies of various gradations in title working with might and main rolling bandages—all in the regulation white cotton dress and cap. On the street, when engaged in work connected with the association, they wear black uniforms trimmed with blue, and a fetching bonnet upon their heads of the same material, relieved with touches of white, "Because we have such very black hair," one small lady coquettishly vouchsafes.

The work is carried on systematically and scientifically, and it is neither an afternoon tea-party nor a gossip club, but a workshop in which every woman tries to turn out good work, and, in these trying times, lots of it. As the previously medicated bandages are rolled loosely by hand and again on the machine, they are gathered together and put in a sterilizing oven; they are then tied in small bundles of nine and again sterilized, so that the final product is quite as perfect, from a surgical standpoint, as those handled by professionals. The output for the month of March was eighteen thousand bandages, and every particle of the labor—from the bolt of cloth to the finished bandage—was done by these volunteer nurses.

That the training-school of the Ladies' Nursing Association stands for substantial learning on the part of the pupils was exemplified when the American minister, Hon. Alfred Buck, expired suddenly while out on a duck-hunting expedition with the Emperor on some of the royal preserves; it was the court ladies who took the initiative in trying all the known methods of restoring suspended animation, by rubbing, hot applications, and mechanical respiration, and it was the verdict of the physicians who arrived later that these royal ladies had done everything known to science.

The hospital has a regular training-school for army nurses, who take a systematic four years' course, and may, at the end of that period or when they have passed the examinations successfully and secured a diploma, be taken into the regular army service.

The ladies of the association, in time of war, pledge themselves to help in some way, such as visiting certain hospitals one, two, or more days in the week, or for one month, or any other time they may feel they have strength to undertake, or even, in some cases, to go to the front should the authorities at the War Office desire it; they volunteer the amount of service themselves.

Regular members of the Ladies' Nursing Association pay a fixed sum per year, ranging from three to twelve yen, depending upon what each feels her station in life enables her to contribute, and they pay this fee for ten years, when they become life members. In addition, all members pay 2.40 yen for ten years, and all women from the Empress down may join.

A cash payment of twenty-five yen makes one a life member, and those donating two hundred yen or more become special members, while honorary membership may be conferred upon those who have done some distinguished work for the organization.

Not only do these noble women work like trojans in the bandage-room and tirelessly attend lectures, but, at the present time, hundreds of them are engaged in making warm clothing, caps, and heavy woollen socks for the soldiers in the field. Ear-warmers made of rat skins are being sent out by the thousand; it seems that, in a recent plague scare, a tremendous onslaught was made upon the rodents, with a view of exterminating, if possible, these carriers of the dread disease, and, as a result of the government's efforts and the offer of a small premium, vast numbers of pelts were secured, and are now being turned into nice furry little mufflers, by the aid of the nimble fingers of princesses, marchionesses, countesses, etc.

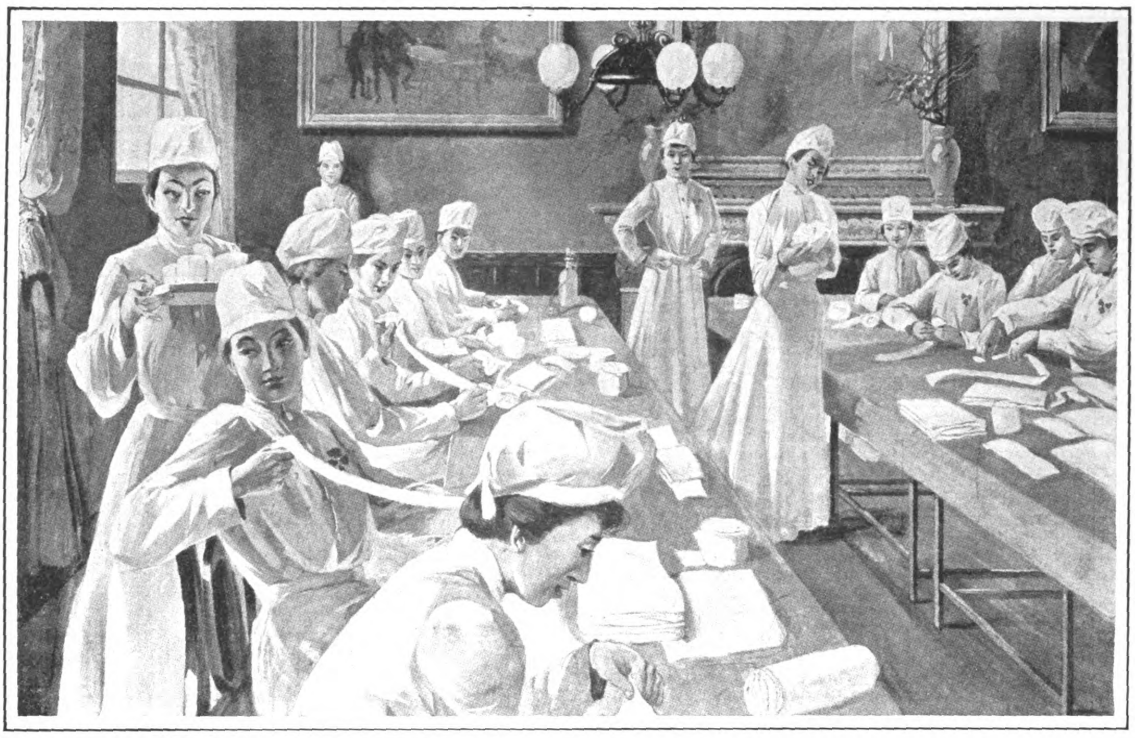


Princess Nashimoto, Honorary Member of the Red Cross of Japan

The work of these women whose hearts are fired with patriotic sentiments does not stop here, for they have given concerts, recitals, musicales, and garden-parties galore. One amateur concert netted them over seventeen hundred yen. Private gardens from which the public have always been excluded have been opened for the purpose of raising funds and bringing the Japanese women together. The Empress has graciously, on one or two occasions, extended the use of her royal private gardens for sweet charity's sake.

What is known as the Japanese Ladies' Aid Association has been recently created, for the sole purpose of ministering to the wants of officers and soldiers' families, and that such an association is urgently needed is evidenced by the fact that, during an interval of less than ten days, the number of families in Tokyo alone reported as needing some assistance jumped from

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Japanese Women of Title working as Red Cross Nurses—Making Lint and Bandages at the House of Princess Komatsu

four hundred odd to nearly fourteen hundred, and, with the soldiers leaving steadily by the tens of thousands, the suffering among the women and children left behind with no surplus savings must increase proportionately, and the tales of self-sacrifice and denial, of woe and hardship, will multiply until the heart of the world will be wrung with pity and sympathy.

There is still another organization of Japanese women known as the Aikoku Fujinkai (Ai, love; koku, country; fujin, ladies; kai, society) or the Ladies' Patriotic Society. It was founded three years ago for the purpose of benefiting the destitute families of soldiers who had been killed or had died.

The members pay annual dues of either one yen or two yen, the smaller sum conferring the privilege of wearing a silver medal, and the larger a gold one. There are several thousand members in the society, and any woman in Japan can join.

The officers are all members of noble families, and the president is her Imperial Highness, Princess Kanin. Every spring an out-door mass-meeting is held, and this year, on March 27, the society met in the gardens of H. I. H. Princess Kanin, but, in view of war conditions, the usual festivities which accompany the gathering were curtailed, her Imperial Highness simply thanking the members for the assistance given in the past, and urging them to greater effort in securing new members.

Small sweetmeats, or, rather, cakes of rice-flour, were distributed among the concourse—one of pure white bearing the imperial crest of the sixteen-petalled chrysanthemum in gilt. Each member was also given two tickets of admission to the imperial botanical garden, and the ceremonies closed by the multitude singing the national anthem, the Kimigayo, accompanied by the imperial band.

Though, all in all, there are several million men and women in Japan enrolled in the philanthropic movements to aid the soldiers and those ordinarily dependent upon the soldier when he is on a peace footing and an earning factor in the daily struggle for bread, times will be hard in this country for several hundred thousand families should the war be one of long duration.

The generous aid-workers of Japan will make a mighty effort to prevent much suffering or destitution among those who have given their nearest and dearest for the glory of the nation, but it is a lean, gaunt monster of poverty with which they are confronted, and, unfortunately—in this land of scanty earnings and no surplus—he was hungry before the war came to brush away the little at hand.

The British Budget

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *April 27, 1904.*

ANOTHER penny on the income tax. An extra twopence on every pound of tea. Some new duties on tobacco which I do not pretend to understand. A realized deficit on the year that has just closed of about $27,000,000. An estimated deficit for the year that is to come on the existing basis of taxation of about $19,000,000. Such, roughly, is the gist of the financial statement which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, submitted recently to the House of Commons. It is gloomy reading. Tory governments are traditionally extravagant, and this year's budget shows that the tradition has its basis in fact. After nine years of Tory rule the financial condition of the United Kingdom is worse than it has been for half a century. British credit stands lower to-day than at any moment in the last twenty years. Since the Tories came in in 1895 expenditure has increased fifty per cent.—an increase out of all proportion to the growth of population or wealth. Something over $135,000,000 of additional taxation, imposed as a "war measure," is now kept on in time of peace. And yet in spite of this, and in spite of the huge increase in the national debt, the country is not paying its way from year to year. Rarely has the British House of Commons listened to a more hopelessly depressing summary of the national balance-sheet. It speaks well for "Master Austen," to give him his lobby nickname, that he was able to hold the House from the opening sentence to the last of his long and lugubrious speech. Budget-day is always marked in white on the Parliamentary calendar. This year it was not merely marked, but underlined. A combination of personal and political circumstances, quite unique in their way, had united to make the day an occasion altogether out of the ordinary. It was, for one thing, Mr. Austen Chamberlain's first budget. There was the greatest interest to see how he would acquit himself. For the first time in Parliamentary history a Chancellor of the Exchequer was delivering his budget speech with his father as a fellow member and under the paternal eye. That lent to the proceedings an unusual and appealing touch of sentiment. And, finally, there was the political situation to point and emphasize the zest of the occasion. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is the Protectionist Chancellor of a government, that, nominally, at any rate, has excluded protection from its official policy. Would

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his budget be a budget "for revenue only," or would he contrive to work into it a spice of protection? It was known that he would have to face a deficit. How would he meet it? What new taxes would he impose? What untapped sources would he discover and lay under contribution?

I was not myself present at his speech, but I have talked with M.P.'s who heard it, and they are unanimous in thinking it the best thing that Austen Chamberlain has yet done. The witchery that Mr. Gladstone was able to throw over his famous budgets his young successor does not even pretend to. Austen Chamberlain is a popular man on both sides of the House, but even after making full allowance for personal partiality, there remains a very general opinion that his effort was a great success—a plain, lucid, unambitious, businesslike statement of the facts of the case. Success must have been all the more welcome as since his appointment to the Chancellorship he has not risen to the height of his chances. At the beginning of the session, when Mr. Balfour was down with influenza and Chamberlain *père* away on his holiday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had a great opportunity to make his mark as a debater and party leader. He quite failed to take it. His speeches were flat and nerveless, and showed none of his father's cool incisiveness—in fact, nothing of his father at all except a few mannerisms. Men quoted Burke's time-worn criticism—"All his pomp without his force; all the nodosities of the oak without its strength; all the contortions of the sybil without the inspiration." There was the eye-glass and the wagging forefinger, the front-bench attitude, and the perky style—but nothing else. It even came to be thought that under the ordeal of the budget speech he might absolutely collapse. Perseverance, however, and careful preparation pulled him through. I do not by any means regard Austen Chamberlain as a heaven-born minister of finance. He is in his present position mainly because he is his father's son. When he went to the Treasury I doubt whether he knew much more about finance than Randolph Churchill, who scandalized the permanent officials by pointing to the decimal signs and asking, "What are those damned dots about?" But ever since his appointment he has grappled, bull-dog fashion, with his task. Fairly quick to take a point, he has also the virtue of taking pains and of surrendering himself without reserve to the business on hand. His success was the success of the industrious apprentice, and very cordially welcomed as such by all parties and sections. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is a capital example of the English public man. His character is cast in a finer mould than his father's, his manners are exceptionally polished and agreeable, his flow of talk easy and attractive in a mundane way, and all his tastes are wholesome. He has a good head for affairs, though not a remarkably good one, lacks his father's force, but has the knack of proving adequate to the duties of whatever post he may be holding. Rugby and Cambridge and an early mingling in good society have left their pleasant stamp upon him, and, on the whole, I know of no man in English politics of whose essential soundness people are more convinced or for whose success there are more general good wishes.

Naturally what most interests the country in the new budget—it is at best but a painful interest—is the extra penny on the income tax. It interests me. Every now and then the British government becomes most flatteringly aware of my existence, and desires a closer acquaintance with a zeal I have some difficulty in evading. Taking stock of all the resources that may be drawn upon to meet the expenses of the "little war" in Somaliland, a new army reform scheme, the expedition to Tibet, and what not, it lights upon my insignificant self and still more insignificant income as an asset that should be turned to account. I find myself accordingly placed under Schedule D of the income-tax assessment, am *bom*barded with official documents that have to be filled up and returned within seven days to the local surveyor of taxes, and am threatened with a host of penalties if I assault the collector or make "*an* untrue return." Schedule D seems to be quite comprehensive in its scope, and it would puzzle even an Armenian to get around it. It does not matter whether you are a British subject or not, whether you live in the United Kingdom or outside of it, whether your "trade, profession, employment, or vocation" is carried on in England or abroad. Your income may come from the United States, and you yourself be an American citizen, but if you live in England Schedule D will get you. Or you may be a Frenchman living in France, but if your income is derived from any form of business carried on in Great Britain Schedule D will still circumvent you. All that you can do is to take the fullest advantage of the various abatements and deductions that are permitted or else to juggle frankly with your conscience. Most Englishmen do both. When the present budget is passed the income tax will stand at one shilling in the pound—in other words, at five per cent. It has in previous years been as high as one shilling and fourpence—that was during the Crimean war—and it has also been as low as twopence. The way in which under Schedule D the amount of assessable income is calculated is simple and fairly equitable. You begin by striking an average of the profits of the three past years arising from your "trade, profession, employment, or vocation." From this you are entitled to make deductions (1) for the repairs of premises occupied for the purpose of trade and manufacture and for the supply and repair of implements, articles, or utensils employed; (2) for bad and doubtful debts at their estimated value; (3) for the rent of such premises as are solely used for business; (4) for two-thirds of the rent when the premises are only partly used for business; (5) for wear and tear of machinery and plant; (6) for life-insurance premiums; and (7) for "any other disbursements or expenses wholly and exclusively laid out for the purposes of the trade, etc." Thus if you are a doctor and receive patients at home you may deduct two-thirds of the rent of your house, the whole of the rent of an outside office, the sums paid out in local rates and taxes, the salaries of your assistants and locum-tenens, the wages and board of your coachmen and servants, the cost of drugs, medical books, and instruments, the keep or hire of your brougham, and so on.

The income tax was introduced into England by William Pitt—who otherwise had his points—in 1799 under the stress of the French war. It ceased in 1816, but was revived by the dastardly Sir Robert Peel in 1842, and extended by the iniquitous Gladstone in 1853. From being a temporary war-tax it has now become a permanent part of the British financial system, and is resorted to by every Chancellor who finds himself in difficulties. It is not such an inquisitorial tax as you would think, as over half—I have seen it stated two-thirds—of the amount collected is not assessed directly on the ultimate payers, but at the source of origin. I own stock, let us say, in a railroad and industrial company. The income tax is assessed on and collected from the railroad company in one sum, and the burden of it distributed among the stockholders in proportion to their holdings. My dividends, that is, *reach me* "less income tax." In this way evasion is made extremely difficult, the productivity of the tax is largely increased, and its incidence is deprived of that personal element and that direct contact between the individual and the tax-collecting agency which are usually responsible for the unpopularity of imposts. On the whole, it is probably true to say that in no other way can the wealth derived from property and investments be so adequately, so regularly, and so equally laid under contribution. Incomes of less than $800 a year are exempt from the tax, and there is a graduated scale of abatements of the duty on incomes up to $3500 a year. The latest available figures put the gross income from all sources sworn to by the people of the United Kingdom at $4,334,967,265. From this sum abatements of one kind or another were made to the amount of $1,297,212,670. Income tax was therefore paid on $3,037,754,595, and produced at a shilling in the pound the sum of $177,202,350. An extra penny on the tea is reckoned as equivalent to $10,000,000.

The Science of Gas

By Sir Hiram Maxim, C.E., M.E.

A GAS-MACHINE is generally understood as an apparatus for producing carburetted air, which may be used like carburetted hydrogen or coal-gas for illuminating purposes. When gasoline, which is a very light and volatile product of petroleum, comes in contact with the air it is dissolved by the air—in other words, the air becomes charged with its vapors to such an extent that the air and vapors form a fairly good substitute for coal-gas, requiring a slightly different burner.

Oliver P. Drake, a philosophical instrument-maker of Boston, Massachusetts, was the first to use gasoline for this purpose. The Drake machine was made in the form of a cylinder with a partition through the centre. One end was provided with a water-metre wheel driven by a weight and clockwork. This metre-wheel pumped air, which was taken into the other end of the cylinder, where it came in contact with the gasoline, the gasoline being constantly presented to the air by a rotating evaporator made of wicking. The air in passing took up sufficient of the vapors to enable it to be used for illuminating purposes. These machines went into use to a limited extent. They were followed by numerous other forms, of which the Springfield was the best known. This had all the features of the Drake machine, except that the carburettor was separated from the metre-wheel or air-pump.

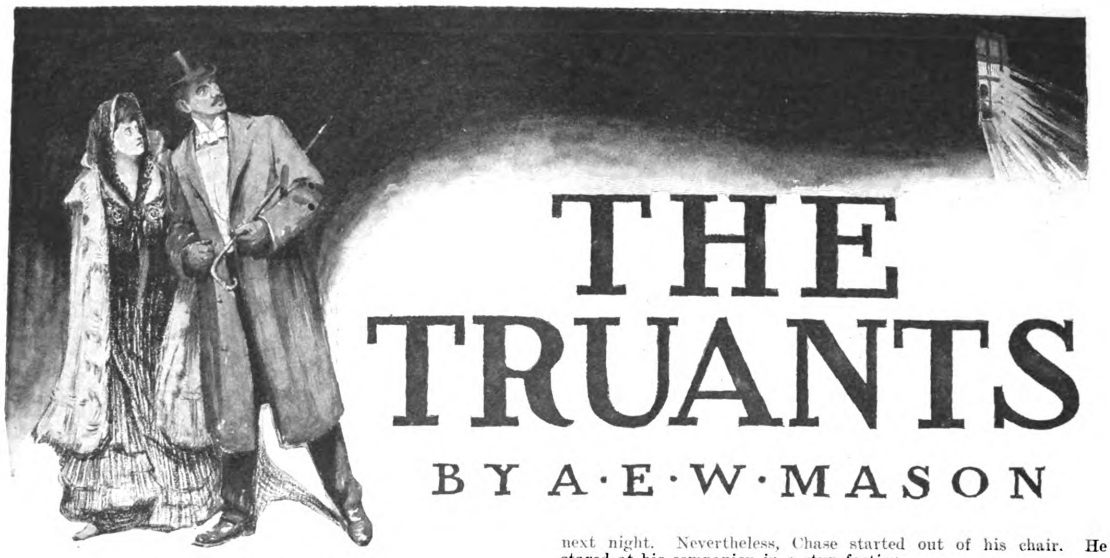
In 1870 I brought out a totally new form of gas-machine.

The gasoline was first converted into a vapor under a pressure of about thirty pounds to the square inch, and the escaping force of the vapor was made to suck in the necessary air, thus doing away with the air-pump. This was the first machine in which the quality of the gas was uniform. It was, however, only suitable for large purposes. A considerable number of these machines were used in large manufacturing establishments, hotels, etc., one of them being employed at the Post-office, New York.

Light-machines have also been used in hotels in New York and elsewhere.

Gas-machines of this type, however, have now been supplanted by acetylene-gas and electric light.

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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Mardale is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Into her early life has come a mysterious influence which dominates and directs her whole career. What this strange influence is only two of her friends suspect—a young schoolmaster who knew her as a child at Roquebrune, and Alan Warrisden, who is in love with her, and who, though his proposal of marriage is refused, determines to win her. Late one night at a ball, Pamela and Warrisden, while seated on a balcony, observe a young couple leaving the opposite house. They are Tony and Millicent Stretton, who live in a gloomy home presided over by the rich but unjust father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. This practice they keep up for a year, but finally both of them grow extremely weary of their monotonous life, and in a moment of exasperation Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune, while Millie is to be left behind and sent for as soon as her husband is able to establish a home. Tony has some misgivings about leaving Millie, for he has been warned by Pamela Mardale that she should never be left alone; but at last he departs, after Pamela has promised to be a stanch friend to his wife. Millie becomes infatuated with Lionel Callon, a gentlemanly adventurer. Pamela wishes to help her. She wires Warrisden to come by an early train, and asks him to find Tony and bring him home. Warrisden accepts the commission. Pamela has advised him to call on a Mr. Chase, head of a London mission, at whose suggestion Tony had chosen New York as a field of adventure. Warrisden learns from Mr. Chase that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a trawler. He starts out to find him, and finally reaches him far up in the North Sea. Warrisden uses every argument to prevail upon Tony to come back, but he refuses, and Warrisden is forced to return alone. He reports to Pamela the failure of his mission, but, to his surprise, she does not seem disappointed. He thinks it is because of the news which he hears from her—that Sir John Stretton has died, which will naturally bring Tony home. But that is not the whole explanation: for Pamela is overcoming her old indifference toward life, and in her life are being aroused new sympathies and emotions. Tony remains on the trawler until the term of his cruise is over, and then, after much perplexity and indecision, decides to return to London, feeling that he has seen a way out of his difficulties. On his arrival in London he calls on Mr. Chase, and tells him that he has decided not to return to Millie until he has succeeded in winning distinction in some field of work. He feels that he would deserve Millie's contempt if he returned at the moment when life had suddenly been made easy for them by his father's death.

CHAPTER XIII.—*(Continued.)*

IN STEPNEY

STRETTON seated himself again in his chair and took out a briar pipe from his pocket. The pipe had an open metal covering over the bowl.

"I need that no longer," Stretton said, with a laugh, as he removed it. Then he took out a pouch, filled his pipe, and lighted it.

"Have a whiskey and soda?" said Chase.

"No thanks."

Chase lighted a cigarette and looked at his friend with curiosity. The change which he had noticed in Stretton's looks had been just as noticeable in his words. This man sitting opposite to him was no longer the Tony Stretton who had once come to him for advice. That man had been slow of thought, halting of speech, good-humored, friendly, but a man with whom it was difficult to get at close quarters. Talk with him a hundred times, and you seemed to know him no better than you did at the moment when first you were introduced to him. Here, however, was a man who had thought out his problem, was, moreover, able lucidly to express it.

"Well," said Chase. "You are determined not to go back."

"Not yet," Stretton corrected.

"What do you propose to do?"

The question showed how great the change had been, begun by the hard times in New York, completed by the eight weeks in the North Sea. For Chase put the question. He no longer offered advice, understanding that Stretton had not come to ask for it.

"I propose to enlist in the French Foreign Legion."

Stretton spoke with the most matter-of-fact air imaginable: he might have been naming the house at which he was to dine the next night. Nevertheless, Chase started out of his chair. He stared at his companion in a stupefaction.

"No," said Stretton, calmly. "I am not off my head and I have not been drinking. Sit down again and think it over."

Chase obeyed, and Stretton proceeded to expound that inspiration which had come to him the night before.

"What else should I do? You know my object now. I have to reestablish myself in my wife's thoughts. How else can I do it? What professions are open to me in which I could gain, I don't say distinction, but mere recognition? I am not a money-maker, that, at all events, is evident. I have had experience enough during the last few months to know that if I lived to a thousand I should never make money."

"I think that's true," Chase agreed, thoughtfully.

"Luckily there's no longer any need that I should try. What then? Run through the professions, Chase, and find one, if you can, in which a man at my age, twenty-nine, with my ignorance, my want of intellect, has a single chance of success. The bar? It's laughable. The sea? I am too old. The army? I resigned my commission years ago. So what then?"

He waited for Chase to speak, and Chase was silent. He waited with a smile, knowing that Chase could not speak.

"There must be an alternative," Chase said, doubtfully, at last.

"Name it then."

That was just what Chase could not do. He turned in his mind from this calling to that.

There was not one which did not need a particular education; there was not one in which Stretton was likely to succeed. Soldiering or the sea. These were the two callings for which he was fitted. From the sea his age debarred him. From soldiering, too, except in this one way. No, certainly, Stretton was not off in his head.

"How in the world did you think of the Foreign Legion?" he asked.

Stretton shrugged his shoulders.

"I thought of most other courses first, and one by one rejected them as impossible. This plan came to me last of all and only last night. We were passing a light-ship. In a way, you see, we were within sight of home. I was in despair. And suddenly the idea flashed upon me, like the revolving blaze from the light-ship. It is a sound one, I think. At all events, it is the only one."

"Yes," answered Chase, slowly. "I suppose there will be chances. For there's always something stirring on the Algerian frontier."

"There or in Siam," said Stretton.

"What arrangements are you making here?"

"I have written to my lawyers. Millie can do as she pleases with the income. She has power, too, to sell the house in Berkeley Square. I made my will, you know, before I left England."

Chase nodded, and for a while there fell a silence upon the two friends. A look of envy crept into the face of the clergyman as he looked at Stretton. He could appreciate a motive which set a man aiming high. He admired the persistence with which Stretton nursed it. The plan it had prompted might be quixotic and quite fruitless, but, at all events, it was definite. And a definite scheme of life based upon a simple and definite motive was not so common but that it was enviable. Stretton was so sure of its wisdom, too. He had no doubts. He sat in his chair, not asking for approval, not caring for censure. He had made up his mind. The image of Stretton, indeed, as he sat in that chair on that evening with the firelight playing upon his face was often to come to Chase's thoughts.

"There will be great risks," he said. "Risks of death, of trouble in the battalion."

"I have counted them," Stretton replied. And he leaned forward again with his hand upon his knees. "Oh yes, there will be great risks. But there's a prize, too, proportionate to the risks. Risks! Every one speaks of them," he went on, with a laugh of impatience. "But I have been eight weeks on the Dogger Bank, Chase, and I know—yes, I know—how to estimate risks. Out

(Continued on page 769.)

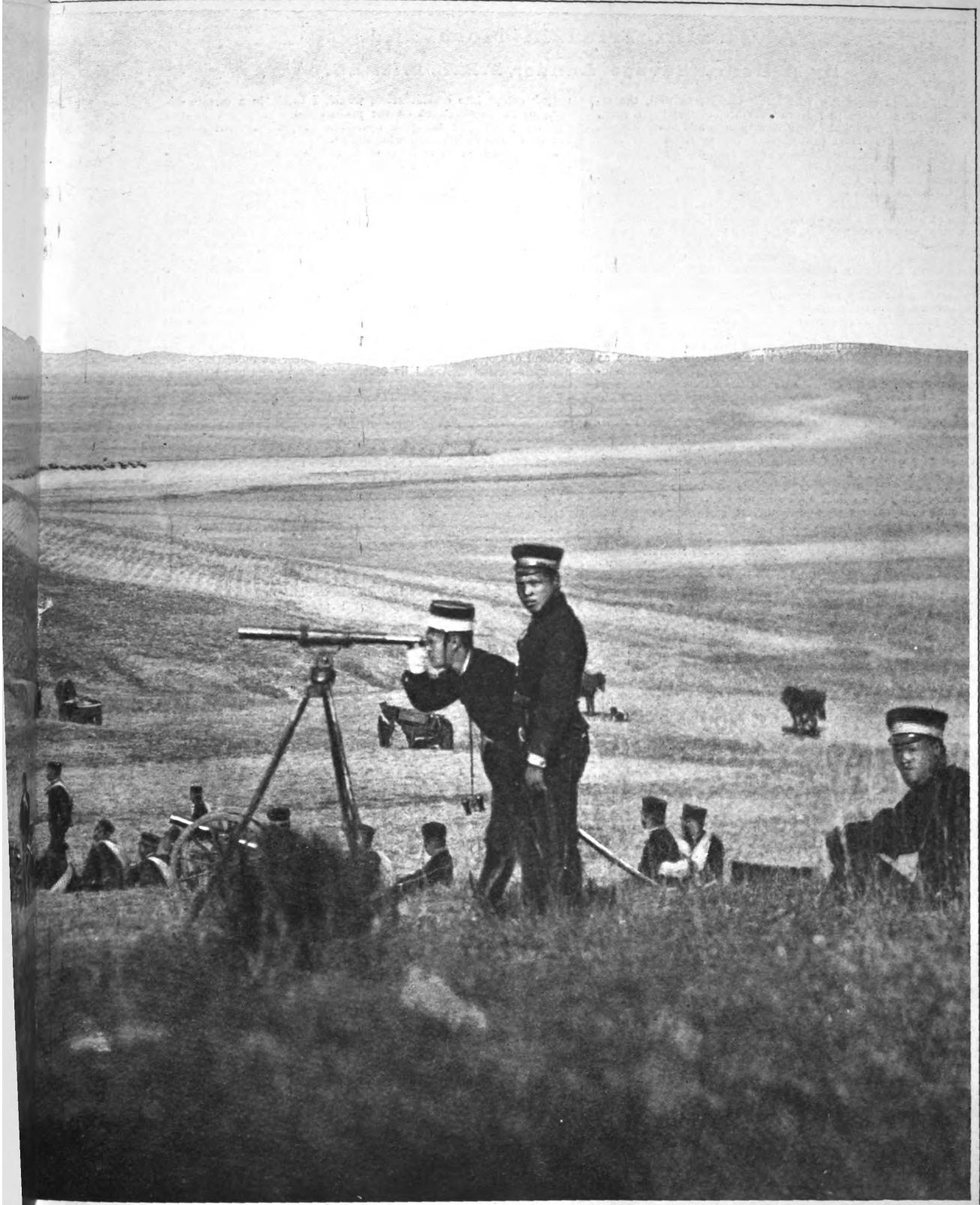
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JAPANESE ARTILLERY IN ACTION DURI

The photograph shows a scene during a skirmish between the Japanese and Russian outposts near the Yalu, over 100,000 men. Of these, the larger body, according to the most authentic reports, are situated between Seo and at various points between Fusan and Chemulpo. The battle of May 1 on the Yalu, which resulted

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ING A SKIRMISH IN NORTHERN KOREA

alu, with the Japanese artillery in action. The Japanese force in Korea is believed to number, at present, Seoul and the Yalu, with other bodies at Wonsan on the east coast, at Fusan in the south, at Mesampo, ed in an important victory for the Japanese, is described on another page of this issue of the "Weekly."

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Experiences in the Philippines

A Quaint Trial in Moroland

By A. Henry Savage Landor, F.R.I., F.R.G.S.

PERHAPS to those few who know the Moros well, the organization of the new Moro Province, comprising a great part of Mindanao, the Sulu Archipelago and other islands, and the Tawi-Tawi group, with the establishment of a civil government, may seem a hasty step, and suspicions are current that such a measure has been dictated principally by political necessities. As regards the welfare and peace of that portion of the country, the experiment at such a premature moment may give unexpected results. The Moro country is nowhere in a condition at present to adopt up-to-date modes of self-government—such as may possibly answer well in the United States—in the way of municipalities, the establishment of schools, the imposition of absurd taxes for the raising of revenue, and the enforcement of certain irritating forestry regulations which (in the Philippines) do not protect forests in the slightest degree, and bring in but a miserable revenue, hardly sufficient to compensate the government for the expense and trouble caused by riot, murder, and destruction of property directly or indirectly brought about by what is considered by the natives as a grave injustice. And, indeed, when you come to think of it, an injustice—a great injustice it really is—especially when the law is carried to such ridiculous excesses as it is by some ignorant forestral underlings, such as I have unfortunately once or twice met in my travels in the Moro country.

The actual forestry regulations provide rightly, in order to preserve good and valuable timber, that certain permits must be obtained for cutting wood, but a good deal of red tape is experienced in some places by the natives in obtaining such permits. Moreover, instances have occurred where Moros who have been found carrying a few dried branches of trees for firewood have been subjected to much unnecessary annoyance, besides being heavily fined, or sentenced to imprisonment. To people who have been for centuries and are *au fond* to-day the rightful owners of those forests, such rigor cannot but appear unjust, and every one knows, or can well imagine, that such trifling, narrow-minded officialdom on the part of a supercilious clerk has often roused the revengeful spirit of natives, and has usually cost the lives of several innocent Americans.

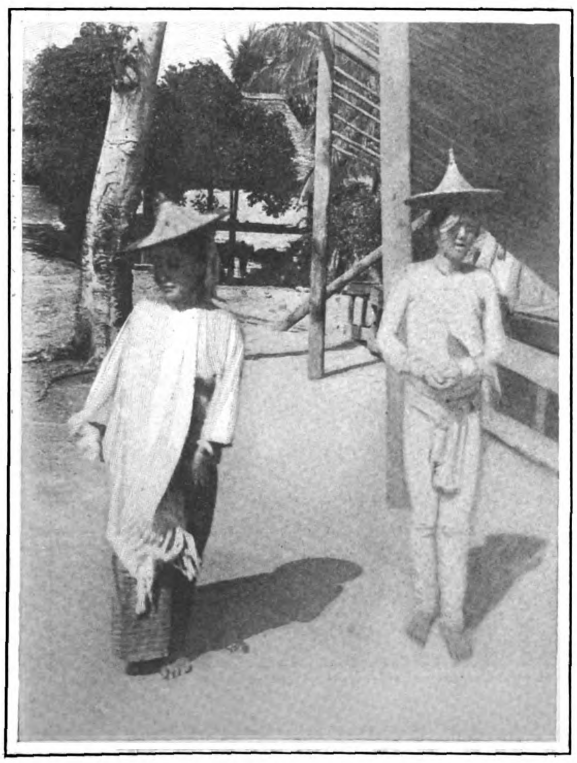
Nothing, however, has created and will in the future create more discontent than the laws for the abolition of slavery—which is not slavery at all in the true sense of the word; and still more the strict enactment of laws for the organization and procedure of district courts, to consider and decide civil and criminal actions between Moros, or between Moros or other non-Christian tribesmen and Christians.

The new enactment of laws, *if made simple enough*, and if the customs and manners of the natives were taken to some compatible extent into consideration, would, I think, in a certain degree, be an improvement on the present mode of procedure—the Spanish penal code being in operation at present until a code is issued by the Philippine Commission.

I will give here an instance of a most interesting arson case—a trial of Moros before the Court of First Instance at Jolo—a case which, according to the present way of administering justice, could not have been settled otherwise, but which, even in the opinion of the judge himself, could have been settled more satisfactorily for all parties concerned, and greatly to the advantage of the sufferers, had a simpler and more perfect code than the Spanish been in use. The case will be better understood by quoting what occurred.

The Chinese settlement of Parang was wilfully destroyed by fire, and this being a case of Moros against foreigners, the proceedings were brought before the American court. Warrants were issued on the sworn complaints of several Chinamen against the Moros Serabi, Ouad, Lan Hiri, and Pawaki for arson, and against Selungan for robbery, while Gagji, Hali, Ajadin, and Perog were accused of theft. These prisoners were brought into Jolo on the demand of Colonel Wallace, commanding officer at Jolo, they—the prisoners—being captured by Moros and by them turned over to the American court for trial.

The official language of the American court is Spanish, and all records are reduced to that language, which fact necessitated the services of no less than three official interpreters—English, Chinese, and Moro—to convey all proceedings, so that every party interested in the trial should at once have a knowledge of what went on and of the examinations of witnesses—a regular tower of Babel. Thus the court first, then the accused would know the question of the *fiscal* (or prosecuting attorney) before the question was put to witness and by him answered. So far so good, but here came the trouble and evident disadvantage to the several accused, which was regretted by the judge, who was unable materially to help them. The accused—absolutely ignorant of American, Spanish, or other ways of procedure but their own—were informed that they had the right to have counsel—what the use of a counsel is the Moros are yet too wise and to uncivilized to know, and may Providence spare them for a long time to come; but Jolo is neither New York nor Manila, and the court could appoint no attorney of the Philippine bar, for the reason that there were none in the judicial district. An accused in a New York court might with equal justice be asked at a moment's notice to produce a Moro chief, and with as much hope of success. However, they were further told that if they wished any person to see that they had a fair and impartial trial, and who could assist them in their defence, he would



Native Filipinos in Moroland



A Filipino Family—Scene in a Native Village

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be appointed by the court. Now all this sounds legally fair, but as law is not always justice, but often a mere skilful fencing of words, this reminded one of the adept swordsman or pistol-shot who fights a duel with an adversary who has never seen nor heard of a sword or a pistol. As it was, the Moros selected Azu Taibe, the generalissimo of the Sultan's army; Panglima Damang—the panglima (a title) or admiral of the Sultan's forces at Parang; and Bontoca, the old chief of Parang. These chiefs, like the accused they defended, knew nothing, or next to nothing, about Spanish law or any other law besides their own. As was to be expected, they all pleaded not guilty on arraignment. The evidence in the case developed the fact that the Chinese village of Parang was totally destroyed by fire on the night of the 10th of February, 1903, and the goods of the Chinamen, when conveyed from the burning buildings to a place of safety, were stolen or maliciously carried away by the Moros. The evidence showed that even little children were seen making off with loot. A great many Moros were engaged in robbing the Chinamen of their furniture and goods, but only the present accused were actually identified, though several of the Chinamen swore that they could easily recognize others if they could see them, whose names were unknown to them. The Moros themselves were not likely to give any information on this point.

The motive of the crime on the part of Serabi, in addition to "loot," as deducted from the evidence, was revenge, because, being a confirmed opium-smoker, he had become indebted to Hoo Chin (a Chinaman) in a sum of two *pesos* (about one gold dollar) for opium consumed, and Hoo Chin refused to sell Serabi any more until he was paid. Thereupon threats and the attempt to burn down the Chinese settlement.

The trial brought out a curious point, namely, that the leading Moros, or all the Moros who can afford it on the island of Jolo, are much addicted to opium-smoking, a habit which they have undoubtedly acquired from the Chinese.

Serabi himself, while in prison, had to be supplied with opium, as he and his friends, the agus and panglima, declared the accused would collapse without it, so the commanding officer very obligingly had the soothing pills provided for the Moro's pipe while the trial lasted. It was also noticed by the court that the distinguished counsels of the accused were never on time to resume business of the trial on the convening of the court after lunch at noon, and being admonished that they were officers of the court for the time being and must be prompt with their business before the court, dolefully explained that they had no timepieces, and were unable to keep up with the lapse of time. Their sleepy, dreamy countenances and glassy eyes aroused suspicion in the learned judge. The following day, upon their being late again, an interpreter was despatched for them. The suspicions came true. The Moro chiefs and their friends were discovered placidly, happily, and most industriously smoking opium to their hearts', or rather lungs', content.



A Snap-shot of Filipinos in a River-boat of Native Construction.

From my own observation, and also in the more weighty opinion of Judge Powell, it was really astounding how quickly the Moro counsels, up to a certain point, grasped the "trick of the law," as it were, but their mode of defence was at first somewhat startling for an American court. They seemed particularly good at cross-examination of the witnesses, seeing clearly the point in the case and the weight of contrary evidence, attacking it in a most violent manner when it was most damaging. To begin with, they would invariably complain to the court that the witness was an absolute liar, and, whether truthfully or not, could always find a seemingly plausible reason to prove, in their opinion, that he was; then, open and most violent threats to kill any witness who spoke against the accused was another effective mode of defence, until the learned judge, fearing that blood would soon be shed in court, pointed out to the counsels that this was the wrong way to proceed, and patiently taught the Moros the possibly less effective but more legal way of entrapping a lying witness. They were also warned that no witness must be insulted or threatened in court.

In a short time the Moros showed surprising intelligence and cunning in cross-examining witnesses, but another difficulty arose. Both counsel and bystanders, although warned over and over again, would insist on answering for their witnesses and prompt their replies in answer to the judge. Many explanations failed to stop this evil, which seemed to strike the Moros as being the most absurd thing they had ever heard of, and nothing short of a promise to the prime-minister by the court, to let him reflect over American legal procedure in jail if the offence were repeated, made him understand and adopt the rule of law regarding witnesses and their testimony.

The Moros then explained that it was the custom for the chiefs to speak for witnesses, because they accept as evidence only that which they "see with their own eyes, hear with their ears, and believe in their hearts." Under their custom, the Moros have no written laws or anything like an accepted precedent, but Sultan and datto have customs to suit themselves, as the case in hand—a simple mode of procedure, which to me personally seems to be well fitted for such a people, crude as it may seem to a man legally inclined, and to the home-staying Britisher or American. Certainly there are points in the Moro criminal customs which would hardly be applicable to a white race, such as that "no one can be convicted of crime unless some one saw it committed"—that is to say, provided the accused would take the oath, and his kindred and friends, believers in his innocence, would join him in taking such an oath, calling all the curses of the chapters in the Koran down upon themselves if a lie were sworn to. But it must be remembered that even if a champion lying, thoroughbred Moro — I am not certain about semi-civilized ones — would not stop short of taking such an oath, his kinsmen certainly would if he were guilty; whereas it is difficult to prophesy what white men would not swear to in order to protect their own interests.

Another amusing incident occurred during the trial. American law provides for an oath or affirmation, and the Moro counsel strongly objected to Chinese taking the oath in American fashion, on the ground that the Chinese do not consider themselves bound by it—in which there was some truth — and they insisted that they be given the oath according to Chinese custom, namely, by burning joss-sticks or incense, besides killing a chicken and being sprinkled with its blood. Other such or more complicated methods were also suggested. However, the learned judge satisfied himself that the Chinese would tell the truth under the American law form of oath as well as by the chicken process, and the Moros then agreed that the American form would also be considered binding by them.

Reckoning time and distances is done in a primitive way by the Moros, and the particular case before Judge Powell afforded a great many amusing incidents, as well as several graphic illustrations —too graphic, some of them. Distances were computed "by the time it would take to boil one or two or more pots of rice," or by "the enjoyment of one or part of one or more cigarettes"; whereas the time when a journey was begun was identified by pointing at the position of the sun upon the sky, or, if at night, by one-half or one-third or two-thirds of the night.

One very remarkable point with these so-called barbarous people was the intense respect they showed for American law—notwithstanding the fact that they knew nothing about it—and their absolute readiness to accept the law as binding when they were told what it was; and, above all, the assurance of their willingness to accept whatever decision the court should arrive at—a compliment which personally was partly due, I think, to the very honest and confidence-inspiring face of Judge Powell himself. The Moros, like all other savage or semi-barbarous tribes, can never dissociate what they hear from what they see at that particular moment. When the Moro hears of laws of the great American nation, naturally he instantly resembles and compares them to the individual powers of one of his dattos or chiefs. So that what an American judge tells him, are mere words of a particular man's wisdom, rather than the formulated laws of a distant foreign land and people whose powers and influence the Moros are very far as yet from grasping.

It is known to every one that the Moros go armed at all times, and when the Sultan, dattos, or panglimas call on the general (on his visits to Jolo), or on the commanding officer, they bring a body-guard armed with rifles, spears, and evil-looking *barongs* and *kris*. They all crowd into the audience-room without for one mo-

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ment even dreaming of laying down their weapons. When they entered the court they were told that armed men were not allowed in a court of justice. They demurred on the ground that it was a disgrace for a chief to be without his weapons, but when told that the law protected all people alike and that arms were a profanity in the courts of justice, and that no one should be intimidated by a show of force, or the timid prevented from giving the whole truth to the court, they instantly agreed to lay aside their arms, and none were again worn during the entire trial. This showed the remarkable fact that for wild people the Moros are easily amenable to reason when properly coached.

It seems to me that with such people—mere children, after all—it is hardly fair to apply white men's laws made purely for white men. Take the particular case above referred to. On seeing that the accused had committed a great wrong and fully recognizing the fact, the Moros offered and promised to make good all losses of the Chinese, undertook to rebuild their houses, supply them with new furniture, and compensate them in every way, so as to reestablish them in the same financial position they occupied before. The Chinese were apparently glad to accept such terms, but it was too late and the trial had to have its course.

Serabi was found guilty of arson—burning a dwelling-house at night in a populous district—and, according to the Spanish penal code in use, was sentenced to the minimum of life imprisonment—death penalty being the maximum prescribed. Omad and Lan Hiri, slaves of Serabi, and his accomplices, were given minimum sentences under the code—twelve years each; Pawaki, brother-in-law of Serabi, accessory, twelve years (minimum), while Selungan, for robbery, got the minimum sentence, six years; Gagji and Hali, for theft, two years, proved by amount of stolen goods; Ajadin, for theft, one year, and Perog, for theft, acquitted.

The judge naturally had to carry on the law as instructed, and could in no way help this, but the result of the trial caused intense dissatisfaction among the already restless Moros of Jolo Island. They failed to see in what way such an exaggerated punishment could benefit the Chinese, and the accused and their defenders seemed staggered that their offer of fully compensating the Chinese was not taken into consideration. Of course the Moros cannot grasp the fact that the judge has no power whatever besides carrying out the law. As for the Chinese themselves, besides being out of pocket altogether, and instead of having protection insured, their position became rather precarious in the island, for the Moro is nothing if he is not revengeful, and the spirit of revenge descends from father to son and from tribesman to tribesman. Most of the Philippine Moros and Chinese, and many thinking Americans too, are at a loss to realize why in a country over which flies the Stars and Stripes, an ill-balanced Spanish code should be used at all in preference to the American—which, although not quite suitable, would still be better than the one now in use—or, best of all, in preference to a patriarchal government based on common sense and compatible with local customs and manners, which would, I think, create good feeling and respect for the ruling nation, instead of hatred, ridicule, and a spirit of revenge. The judges themselves, I think I am right in saying, are of this opinion; but, as I have already said, they have to do what they are told and follow instructions from superior authorities, who, although worthy in themselves, have no clear idea of local conditions and necessities.

How Shall I Educate My Daughter?

By Charles F. Thwing, LL.D.

President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College

THE future of my daughter is at once more and less uncertain than the future of my boy. It is more uncertain: for it is less under the immediate control of her own preconceived and foreordained plans. It is less uncertain: for, married or unmarried, my daughter should be the head of a home. It may be the head of a home which she and some man will agree together to make; it may be the head of a home which she herself makes alone. But, at all events, wherever she is, however she is, whosoever she is, she herself will be the head of a home. Such headship belongs to her womanhood. I would not have her prepare for marriage, for she may never be married. It is not well for her to think much about marriage. The man who may wish to marry her, if there be any such, she may not wish to marry, and I hope she does not *think* much of marrying any man. But, wholly apart from marriage, she is to embody a domestic headship.

The kind of education, therefore, which I shall give my daughter has relationship to what is her assured general calling, as the head of a home. In the constitution of such a headship are at least four important elements—first, appreciation of the needs of the persons who constitute the home; second, economic efficiency or efficient economy; third, ability for details; and fourth, a largeness of conception of the place of the home.

The first element is at once intellectual and ethical. It represents an understanding of the personalities which fill the house, of their relationship to each other, and it also includes a desire to minister to these personalities. It represents unselfishness. The second element embodies the power to secure from every utility the largest advantage. The third quality stands for the genius for little things. It represents a drudgery which does not belong to the drudge, but that is a form of careful faithfulness. The fourth part embodies a thought of the home as a constituent element of civilization. For the home is the origin, the result, the noblest form and the most potent force in the highest civilization.

The education, therefore, of my daughter shall be determined by these four elements or conditions.

In the securing of these conditions, for the first fifteen years of her life the education of my daughter should not differ from the education of my boy. They shall both be taught the elements of the fundamental studies. She shall know her arithmetic and her algebra, her history and geography, her English grammar, and the other subjects of the ordinary curriculum. She shall be taught them in the same way in which my son learns them. But, not far from the first years of her teens, I may begin to make a difference between her education and that of her brother.

Scholarship is a purpose commonly held in the school and college for boys. Although not one boy in a thousand will become a scholar, yet it is well that the purpose is general. If one boy in a thousand becomes a scholar, one girl in ten thousand becomes a scholar. Small is the chance that my boy will become a scholar, and so infinitesimal is the chance that my daughter will become a scholar that I have the right, and perhaps am bound by the duty of, eliminating it from my calculations. But if my daughter cannot become a scholar, there is one thing which my daughter may become: she may become a thinker. It is as much more important, as it is more probable. For the opportunities for the use of scholarship are few, sporadic; but the opportunities for the use of the power of thinking are constant. In no better way can I prepare my daughter to undertake the joys and responsibilities of the headship of a home, either for herself alone or for herself in combination with others, than by making her a thinker. The appreciation of others' needs is most readily secured by thinking. Wise thoughtfulness saves, or helps to save, one from selfishness. Effective economy, or economic efficiency, is the result of discrimination, and discrimination is a form of thinking. Attention to details is primarily an intellectual quality. The largeness of conception which my daughter should embody in her life in the home represents the power of thought. Therefore I wish my daughter to think. Her knowledge at the utmost will be slight. From year to year it will prove to be a changing quantity; what she knew yesterday she forgets to-day, and what she learns to-day will be no longer known to-morrow, and the quantity will gradually lessen. But the result of her having learned and of having known will be embodied in her power of intellectual penetration, interpretation, and discrimination. Such results are infinitely precious.

In making and aiding my daughter to become a thinker the question emerges: shall she go to college? To this question no unvarying answer is to be given. To make themselves thinkers most girls find the college a very efficient agency. I hope my daughter will be among them. For the college represents those studies and that combination of studies which, on the whole, tend to create and to nourish intellectual strength. The reasoning of the mathematics,—and mathematics is only reasoning,—tends to promote clearness and accuracy in perception, inevitableness in inference, a sense of logical orderliness. The study of the languages represents the element of interpretation. What does the author mean, in what form can his meaning be most adequately expressed, what is the significance of his message? are the questions constantly asked in the study of either Virgil or Livy, Thucydides or Plato, Goethe or Racine. Language may not so directly promote correctness of thinking as other studies, but language does enrich and fructify the mind, giving to it materials for thought as well as nourishing the power of thinking itself. The student of language gains a certain citizenship in the empire of knowledge, familiarity with its elements, conditions, and limitations, an unwonted power in understanding the origin and the progress of things, and an adequacy in the expression of his thought which does not usually belong to one who feels himself at home in the domain of only his native tongue. A similar result belongs to the student of history. By history one does not mean facts, but one means the interpretation of life. As the writing of history has passed over from being a record of the risings and the fallings of rulers, of the declaration, continuance, and conclusion of wars, so the study of history has ceased to be a learning of bare facts and has become an appreciation of the elements and forces which constitute the life of a people. I wish my daughter to know her own American people. I wish her to know of the sufferings and the hardships patiently borne and the simple lives lived, at Plymouth and Boston, by her grandparents in the former generations. I wish her to be able to conceive of the unique progress and development of the American nation. But she cannot know America unless she knows England, and in knowing England she will necessarily come to know a large part of the world. From one she may learn all. She cannot know one without knowing somewhat of all. Economics, sociology, political science, government, this vast yet diverse field, complex, an unmapped territory, an uncharted sea,—I would have her to some extent enter upon. No study is better fitted than economics or sociology to cause an appreciation of the value of facts. The subject quickens one to relate fact to fact, to infer from two

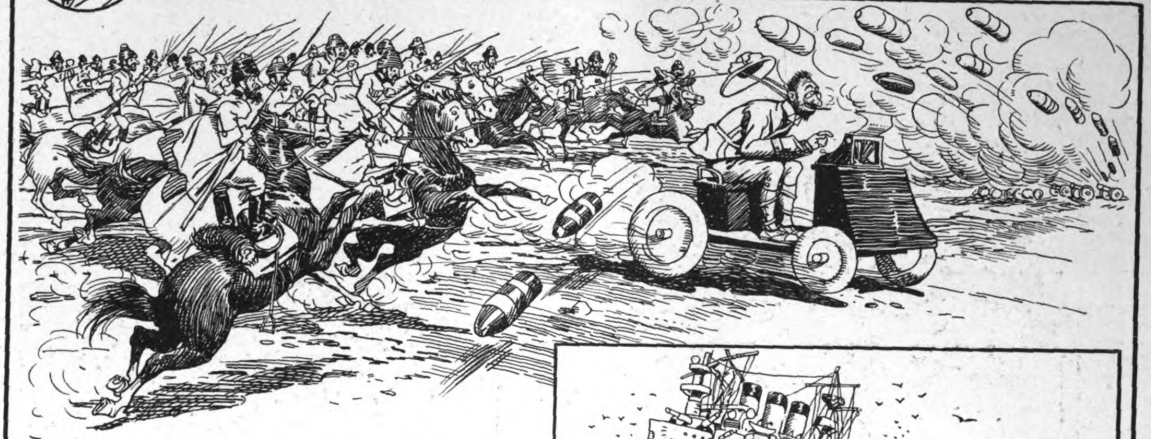
(Continued on page 771.)

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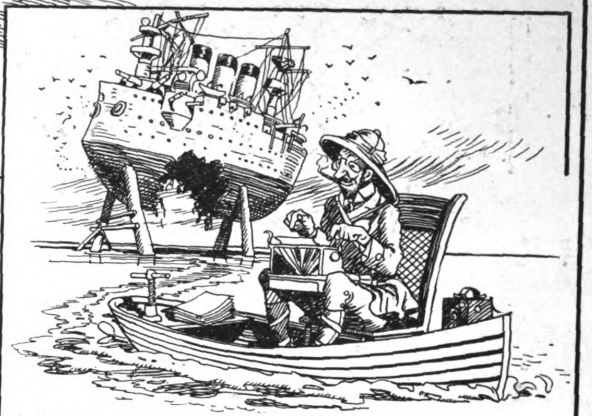
NEWS FROM THE WAR

PROGRESS OF THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT

SKETCHES FROM TELEGRAPHIC DESCRIPTION BY ALBERT LEVERING



April 27 (special).—There will be a great battle to-day; I am on the ground in my news-automobile; may I accept decorations from the Mikado if I get them?



April 30 (special).—To decide beyond dispute hereafter reason for sinking of Russian cruiser "Knockemoff," I raised her, and found a hole sixty-five by seventy-eight feet in her hull. This is doubtless why she sank; cannot say what caused the hole.



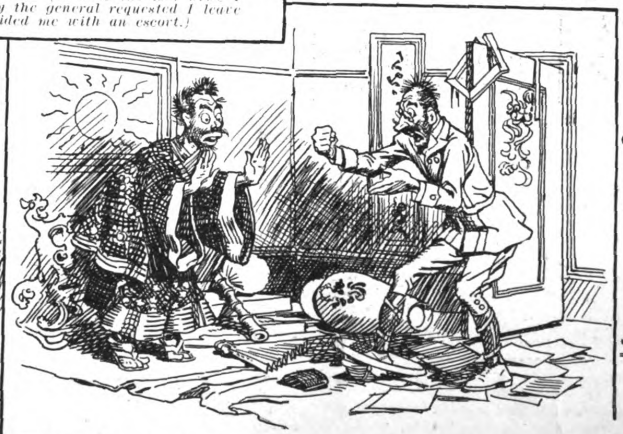
Chow-Chow, May 1 (special).—Troops will move somewhere to-night; I learned this from the Chinese camp cook. (This is the last news I will send from here; for my own safety the general requested I leave his headquarters. He thoughtfully provided me with an escort.)



May 3 (special).—We are marching on Goodoldstock. Great suffering among correspondents.



May 4 (special).—Great luck! Your correspondent was mistaken for a spy to-day, and shot in eight places. (This is the first real action any correspondent has been in.)



Tokyo, May 6 (special).—I had a heart-to-heart talk with the Mikado to-day, in which I insisted that the present inactivity must cease, and that St. Petersburg be captured at once. (You are authorized by me to state that by this time the Czar is a prisoner of war.)



(Very special.)—I am once more afield for important news.

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A Scene from "A Venetian Romance," at the Knickerbocker Theatre

"A Venetian Romance," a new "comedy-opera" by Cornelia Osgood Tyler and Frederick Coit Wright, was produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre on May 2. The story concerns "Antonio Philipe Foscari," a poor poet of Palermo, and "Nanetta," the beautiful young "Marchesi di Santa Molina." The signet ring which "Antonio" has brought to prove to "Nanetta's" parents that he is of noble birth is stolen by robbers at the instigation of "Antonio's" rival, "Count Von Hauptman." The outlaws make "Antonio" captive, and are about to murder him when "Nanetta," who has disguised herself as a roving minstrel, offers to avail herself of the alternative of saving her lover's life by marrying "Von Hauptman." In the end the lovers are happily united



The Revival of "Wang," at the Lyric Theatre

The operetta "Wang," which was popular thirteen years ago, was revived on April 18 at the Lyric Theatre, with Mr. De Wolf Hopper in his old part of the crafty Regent of Siam. Miss Madge Lessing has the part of "Mataya," originally played by Miss Della Fox. The humor and fun of "Wang" are built on a slender plot. "Wang," who is reigning as Regent until his nephew, the Crown Prince "Mataya," comes of age, marries the unprepossessing widow of the French counsel in order to obtain possession of a treasure-chest which has been left in her care for "Mataya." The Regent is pursued by debtors, and his efforts to elude them, and, finally, his plight when he finds that the chest is empty of treasure, furnish the humorous material of the piece

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MISS ISABELLE DOROTHEA CAMERON

Miss Cameron collected and arranged the portraits contained in the recently published "American Book of Beauty." Among the women represented in the volume, who were chosen by a jury of prominent artists as ideal types of beauty, are Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. Foxhall Keene, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mrs. Payne Whitney, Mrs. Henry P. Whitney, Mrs. Joseph Widener, and Miss Alice Roosevelt. Altogether, portraits of eighty-seven beautiful women of various American cities appear in the collection

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Correspondence

A LIVE ISSUE

MECHANICSBURG, PA., *April 27, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have been reading with a great deal of interest your recent comments and the letters published by you in relation to the problem presented by the race question, and wish to say that there is no lesson so important for the whites to inculcate into the minds of the negroes as respect for and obedience to law. It is absolutely necessary that this be done, both by precept and by example; and this is, also, necessary as well in respect to the processes of the formation of law as in obedience to its mandates.

The question of eligibility for the suffrage is, however, the living issue at the present time; and in this, I think, the South has suffered wrong through some of the later Federal amendments, in a manner as by attainder. Yet her deliverance appears to be at hand, and if her methods are not too reactionary it is very probable that her appeal may be heard and a measure of relief afforded by interpretation and in default of negro puissance. It is a question of very great moment, and there appears no champion of the cause of equality who can certainly appeal to the moral sense of our people effectively in behalf of the negro as the equal of the white. Before the law, in its administrative functions, every man is and should be equal; but in the making of that law and the voicing of the sentiment of the commonwealth, there appears no sufficient reason why the negroes should, as a class, be permitted to partake. There are, however, amongst this race certain educated and highly intelligent individuals; and these, it would seem, should exercise a function, which, for the welfare of the State, as an expression, if nothing more, of the opinions of these negroes, may be denominated *advisory*. For this purpose it would be well to permit such to exercise the franchise.

I am, sir, H. A. MUMPER.

A REMONSTRANCE FROM CINCINNATI

CINCINNATI, *April 20, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In this week's HARPER'S you have a series of very delightful and excellent articles on Ohio, but you leave Cincinnati and the southern part of Ohio out. Cincinnati is the first city in the State of Ohio, although, according to the last census, its population is less than that of Cleveland. We Cincinnatians and other people that are not avowedly partisans, but who are familiar with the two cities, would not for one moment consider Cleveland as the larger. Even if the census were correct, Cincinnati has on the south bank of the Ohio River in Kentucky, just the way New York used to have over in Brooklyn, a population exceeding 150,000, in the enterprising cities of Covington, Newport, Bellevue, and Dayton. These are simply Cincinnati suburbs connected with Cincinnati by bridges and distant by trolley-car not ten minutes from the heart of this city. Our bank clearings each week exceed those of Cleveland by from seven to ten million of dollars. Not for one moment would we Ohioans take from Cleveland. It is a great and wonderful city, full of enterprise, full of progress, and with a population that in intelligence and progress ranks with any city in the Union. Cincinnati, however, is likewise a wonderful city. It was the first of the great Western cities, and has its old families that have been rich, cultivated, and foremost in public affairs for four generations, which from a Western standpoint is a great deal. But whatever may have been its standing in the past, Cincinnati in the present is thoroughly abreast of modern thought and endeavor.

We are rebuilding the city, and in every way we are bringing it up to date. At the close of the war Cincinnati really had to begin over again. We were, in ante-bellum days, the great distributing-point in Southern trade. The war left the South barren and desolate, and more than one-half of our potentially productive territory was valueless. To help in the development of the South, to make more firm our hold there in the future, the city of Cincinnati did what no other city in the world has ever done—constructed a railroad to Chattanooga at an expense of thirty million dollars. This to-day is one of the greatest assets owned by any municipality. In the past ten years the South has had a new birth, and Cincinnati, in consequence, has developed amazingly, as fully half of our business is with the South. To-day nine-tenths of all the Southern iron is marketed here. The bulk of the Southern coke and coal are handled here, and the list might be extended indefinitely. Of course Cincinnati is so old and well established that what may be said or what may not be said is not a matter of any great moment; and yet in an Ohio number Cincinnati is deserving of a great deal better treatment than it has just received at your hands.

I am, sir, JAMES A. GREEN.

A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST'S REPLY

OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE,
NEW YORK, *April 23, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of the 23d inst. you made some editorial comments upon Dr. J. W. Churchman's article on "Christian Science," published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April. It is by no means remarkable that such an able scholar as our critic, Dr. Churchman, should take sides against Christian Science, for the reason that his mind is filled with materialistic learning and human hypotheses, all of which are a stumbling-block in the way of true spiritual progress, and prevent one from accepting the teachings of Christ with the simplicity of a little child.

In his first Epistle to the Corinthians St. Paul sums up the question in the following characteristic and deeply metaphysical language: "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Attempts to master the divine intelligence with a limited human intellect, is, to use a Bible simile, like trying to put new wine into old bottles. The pride of material knowledge must be made to give place to "a broken and a contrite heart," which is deeply conscious of its own unfitness to comprehend the "beauty of holiness," and the "mystery of Godliness." As a matter of fact, a mere intellectual discussion upon the subject of science or religion can do nobody any good. What we really want is the practical evidences of demonstrable truth.

Would it not be well, in view of the overwhelming testimony afforded by past history and experience, to concede to Christian Science the benefit of the doubt, and let it rise or fall according to its own inherent vitality? The most skilful attempts to intellectually disprove the truth of Christian Science must always be met with the unanswerable demonstrations of physical healing and moral regeneration constantly being brought about by its means. An unbiased investigator can gather abundant evidence at any Wednesday evening meeting of a Christian Science Church, when testimonies are given by those who have been healed and benefited by Mrs. Eddy's system of divine metaphysics.

Is the world so overflowing with brotherly love and good-will that we can afford to take sides against a movement which is shedding light all around us, restoring to health many invalids, and giving moral courage to those who are weak? Too much intellectual development is apt to chill the inspiration of man's spiritual age, and, like a visitor who is not hospitably received, this beneficent influence, if not welcomed, will soon cease to make its visitations. I am, sir,

RICHARD P. VERRALL.

[No doubt Christian Science will rise or fall according to its inherent vitality, but demonstrations of physical healing, or even of moral degeneration, are not unanswerable in the sense that they prove that the metaphysical system that they are geared to is faultless. The system may include defects of profound importance and yet yield some good results. Our correspondent's apparent feeling that the teachings of Mrs. Eddy should be accepted with the same simple trust as the teachings of Christ need not be discussed.—EDITOR.]

THE WORK OF WOMEN

NEW YORK, *April 30, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Dogs walking upon their hind legs were considered by Dr. Samuel Johnson to typify women's work when it attempted to step out of conventional bounds. It was not, he said, surprising that the dog did it so well, but that he did it at all. In accordance with this idea women's work in exhibitions has been segregated that our admirers might pause and exclaim: "Wonderful, wonderful. It was done by women!" Thus have women and their work suffered by lack of instructive comparison, of developing competition with the work of successful men, and women have deplored the fact. It is good news, therefore, that appears in your last number in the article by Mrs. Margaretta Manning: that women's work will be exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition with the work of men, that it will challenge critical judgment, not beg a patronizing admiration. This is a distinct step forward, and a high credit mark for the brains behind the Exposition.

I am, sir, MARGARET BUCKINGHAM.

WHY WOMEN HAVE NOT WRITTEN GREAT MUSIC

NEW YORK, *April 29, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I was interested in reading the comment on women as composers in the review of the songs of Miss Gertrude Norman-Smith which appeared recently in your music column. That women have done nothing of first-rate importance in creative music, you say, is a commonplace of critical history. As to why they have not, there are, you say, many theories, the fact itself being undisputed. In this connection let me suggest a theory propounded to me the other day which seems to throw some light on the question from rather a novel point of view. The argument ran, in the main, like this: Almost all great modern music has been inspired, in a greater or less degree, by the ideal of sex, and that ideal has necessarily, for the masculine composer, been feminine. The most intense and eloquent music we have was written as an idealized expression of sexual love. Think of the "Spring" symphony of Schumann, certain songs of Schubert and Brahms, the greatest passages in the music dramas of Wagner—would they have been possible without the stimulus of some personal ideal of feminine loveliness? Women did not begin to compete with men in the field of composition, to any extent, until music had ceased to be merely decorative or religious, as it was before Beethoven's time, and had begun to serve as a medium for emotional expression; therefore there was little opportunity for the development of a female Haydn or Bach. So it happened that when they did begin to turn their attention to the writing of music, they found it an art which was essentially a vehicle of expression, and only incidentally an art of formal beauty. What was it, then, that was lacking in the equipment of the woman composer that interfered with her producing music of authentic power and intensity? Is it not fair to suppose that it was the lack of that compelling inspiration which she herself furnishes to her brother composer? Obviously the ideal of masculine personality does not occupy a place in women's imagination analogous with the ideal of feminine personality in the imaginations of men. I should be glad to know your readers' opinions of this theory, which to me is a suggestive one.

I am, sir,

H. C. WOODWARD.

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Progress of the War

FROM the beginning of the war, February 9, to April 26 fifteen Russian war-ships have been sunk or disabled — the *Petropavlovsk*, *Pobieda*, *Czarevitch*, *Retvisan*, *Poltava*, *Pallada*, *Novik*, *Askold*, *Diana*, *Variag*, *Boyarin*, *Korietz*, *Yencsei*, the torpedo-boat *Stereguschtchi*, and the destroyer *Bezstrashni*. Of these the battle-ship *Poltava* and the cruisers *Novik*, *Askold*, and *Diana* are known to have been repaired and are again in commission. Japan has lost one torpedo-boat, and several of her ships are believed to have been injured in the Port Arthur engagements; but definite knowledge of this is withheld. Port Arthur has been repeatedly bombarded, with damaging effect, by the Japanese, and Vladivostok was attacked by them on March 6, though without serious damage to the port. Admiral Togo has made two unsuccessful attempts to blockade the entrance to Port Arthur by sinking merchant steamers in the harbor. The first land engagement of importance took place at Chongju, Korea, on March 28 and resulted in a Japanese victory.

April 27.—Admiral Skrydloff, who is to command the Russian naval fleet in the Far East, left St. Petersburg for Port Arthur to-day.

April 28.—It was announced at St. Petersburg to-day that on the night of April 26 Russian torpedo-boats belonging to the Vladivostok squadron sank the Japanese military transport *Kinshiu Maru*, laden with coal and military supplies. The Russians captured seventeen officers, twenty soldiers, eighty-five military carriers, and sixty-five of the crew. The rest on board, said to be a Japanese company of soldiers, refused to surrender and were drowned. The Russian government places the number lost at 200; the Japanese say there were not more than seventy-five drowned. The Russian squadron is reported to have returned safely to Vladivostok.

Japanese torpedo-boats were again sighted off Port Arthur this morning. A few shots were fired without damage. Many skirmishes are also reported along the Yalu River. No official announcement of the number of casualties on either side in these preliminary land encounters has been made.

April 29.—The Russian government to-day issued a circular to the Russian representatives to foreign powers announcing officially that she will not accept mediation to terminate the war with Japan.

Admiral Alexeieff reports that Japanese war-ships have again appeared off Port Arthur, and that ten Japanese cruisers and six torpedo-boats were lying in Ussuri Bay, opposite Vladivostok, this morning. No attack has been reported.

April 30.—Official reports say that the Japanese have been crossing the Yalu in large numbers since April 26. They have constructed a pontoon-bridge southeast of Wiju, over which several battalions have passed under Russian fire.

The State Department at Washington has received a cable despatch reporting that a battle between the Russians and the Japanese has taken place on the Manchurian side of the Yalu. No details of the engagement were given.

May 1.—The first great land battle between the Russian and Japanese armies took place this morning, and resulted in a Japanese victory. General Kuroki, commanding the first Japanese army, forced a crossing of the Yalu, and at daybreak began an attack on Chiu-tien-Cheng, ten miles north of Antung. The Russians made two stands, but in each case were forced back. They were compelled to abandon Antung, and after burning the town retreated to Feng-Wang-Cheng. The loss was heavy on both sides. General Kuroki, in his official report, gives the Japanese casualties as about 700 and the Russians more than 800. The Japanese captured twenty-eight quick-firing guns, twenty officers, and many men. The Japanese now control the estuary of the Yalu.

May 2.—The Japanese continue to advance along the road running west from the Yalu River towards Liao-Yang. General Kuroki reports that several skirmishes have taken place in which the Japanese losses were fourteen killed and forty-six wounded.

The Japanese fleet under Admiral Kamimura, which was seen near Vladivostok on April 29, has returned to Gensan, Korea.

May 3.—In General Kuropatkin's official report of the battle of May 1 near the Yalu River, the number lost on both sides is estimated at from 3000 to 4000 men. Up to the time General Kuropatkin's telegram was sent, 800 wounded, including fourteen officers, had been brought to the hospital at Feng-Wang-Cheng. The Japanese were aided by their gunboats, which sailed up the Yalu and bombarded the Russian positions. It is admitted that the Russian generals Zassalitch and Kashtalinsky were wounded and that twenty-seven guns were captured by the Japanese. General Kuroki, in command of the Japanese forces, has advised his government that a preliminary report from the chief surgeon of the first Japanese army shows that 798 men were killed and wounded. A large number of Russian officers and men were made prisoners.

General Kuroki also reports that his forces pursued the retreating Russians yesterday. The latter offered a stubborn resistance, and about 300 were added to the number of Japanese casualties.

Viceroy Alexeieff reports that at 1.45 this morning the Japanese made another unsuccessful attempt to block the entrance to Port Arthur. Eight fireships were sent out by the Japanese, under the protection of a number of torpedo-boats, but all of the steamers were sunk by the Russians before they reached the channel. According to Admiral Alexeieff two of the Japanese torpedo-boats were also destroyed.

It was reported to-day in London that the Japanese landed troops at Yin-kow on May 1, and have attacked Newchwang. The report has not been confirmed.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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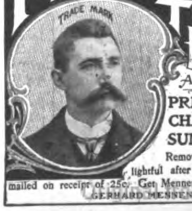
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Drawn by Sydney Adamson

I KNOW men who, when they find themselves by accident or through necessity in a troutless region, sit down and damn everything and everybody included within the desert mentioned. They have my sympathy, not my respect. Yet of the two evils, a troutless country, or a country the streams of which are overcrowded with trout that take anything at any time, I have thought that I should perhaps prefer the troutless region. For there is always hope even where there are no fish, and we all know that the greatest pleasure in life is in anticipation.

A troutless region is an unkind place to dwell in; but, thanks to the greatest of all Game Protectors, such gruesome territories are few in zones where trout find a natural home. Of course, nobody expects to find trout south of the Carolina mountains, and nobody wants to, any more than to see our Northern valleys set with cocoanut palms and monkeys chattering in our Northern forests. However, there are, as everybody knows, places where trout are so few, so shy, so unresponsive that they are practically extinct. In such places the small boy fishing for bullheads at night under the village dam usually secures the only pair of trout likely to bite during the season.

Now, these being the conditions, the writer argues that it is neither seemly nor wise to damn everything, or, with uplifted muzzle, howl calamity to the four winds. Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent anglers and sich, and heard great argument about it, and about. The result is that in maturer years I prefer a fly to a bait and a trout to a perch, but am no bigot. In this liberal state of mind one's attitude toward sport is changed. When it is a science tainted with rivalry or intolerance, angling becomes a nuisance to everybody except the angler, and it often becomes so to him. When angling remains a harmless sport, then is it wholesome, because true sport can never be anything except pure recreation.

Now this unasked-for sermon has this for a text: our attitude toward anything determines its value as a producer of pleasure. This sounds horribly like Tupper,—but, thank God, there are people yet living whose attitude toward Tupper transmutes the maxims of that great philosopher. The humbler fish, chub, perch, dace, pickerel—I was going to say black bass, but did not dare!—are, as a rule, unknown quantities to anglers,—and unknown qualities, too.

When an angler is face to face with the fact that he can take no trout in the waters accessible to him, it cannot harm him or his dignity to learn a little about these humbler fish. Chub will take a fly, so will perch, sunfish, dace, pickerel,—I was going to say black bass, but dare not! I never knew an eel to take a fly unless the point of the hook had been loaded with bait; the same I may say of that pest, outcast, pariah, that pig of fresh water, that destroyer of trout, the unspeakable sucker, whose gluttonous crimes place him far outside the pale. But, all of these fishes do not always take the fly. And, in that case, consolation and good sport (provided one's attitude is wholesome) may be had through the lightest of light tackle consistent with conditions.

Some years ago a pickerel was an objectionable fish to me. My general impression remained that he struck like a shark, and came in like a log. Everything was against him, his villainous habits, his havoc among other fish, his wicked eye, lean wide jaw set with teeth, and the slimy varnish which covers his golden-green scales. I learned to find amusement in taking this fish; I learned that he was uncertain, never to be depended upon, that he was shy as often as stupid, timid as often as bold, varying in game qualities according to season, food, environment, and latitude. Since then I have had many an uninteresting day with the pickerel, and some remarkably interesting days.

One of the latter kind was a gray windy November afternoon on a small body of water in the northern part of this State. The water looked black and forbidding; catspaws played over the surface, turning it lead color; every now and then a miniature squall struck the canoe, heeling it or spinning it around, and often we dragged our too light anchor. At the first cast,—a very small live minnow on a twelve-foot gut-leader,—a pickerel rose in a swirl of black water, seized the minnow, and set off, taking out line in fine fashion. Checked with the full force of the four-ounce rod, the fish flung himself clean out of water in noble style, sounded, then started full tilt for the canoe. Checked again, again he shot up clear above the water, then darted off, taking line. It was really fine; for the fish proved worthy of every ounce on him. Once or twice he tried the weed game, but was turned aside; once or twice he sulked, but most of the time he fought continually, not doggedly and stubbornly resisting, but forcing the fighting. And he came to net in a gallant fashion, spattering us well.

What that fish did, fourteen other fish repeated that afternoon before sunset. There was little difference in their weights; almost every one jumped from one to three times. We lost several because of our single-strand gut-leaders, but that made it all the more interesting; and I hardly think, considering the tackle usually employed against pickerel, that these fish lost through severed leaders could count against us. The fish were strong, vigorous, in splendid condition, and, as they came from the water, ice cold to the touch. Their quality as food was pronounced excellent by others than myself who seldom touch fish or game of my own procuring except from necessity.

On another occasion, in the same waters, my companion took thirteen fish with artificial lure, and these fish fought to the end as gamely as any fish that swims. Fishing in that and adjacent waters we found the pickerel exceedingly variable, sometimes fighting like demons, sometimes merely resisting with one or two savage jerks and perhaps a half-hearted run. One day, under certain conditions, the fish would take what we offered freely; another day, under conditions apparently exactly similar, not a fish would budge. At one time we decided that low water and a wet boisterous east wind was what we wanted; later we pinned our faith to mild weather and south wind. But there was no telling; the fish sometimes gave us fine sport in high water under a blazing sun.

One thing we could always depend on: sundown settled the fishing. There was, also, a certain time lasting sometimes ten minutes, sometimes an hour, when the water would be covered with circles from the splashes of rising pickerel. At this "magic hour," as we called it, every cast brought its response. Sundown ended it, although on one or two rare occasions I have taken pickerel at dusk. In striking, the fish were exceedingly variable, some days bolting the minnow at once, other days holding it for five minutes before reversing it to take it head first. They were variable, too, in selecting minnows, usually disdaining anything except shiners. Yet I recall one day when our minnow-can contained only suckers, and the pickerel took them at every cast; and another day when they actually jumped out of water in their eagerness to seize sunfish.

Of all artificial lures, the fluted spoon, the buck-tail, and the mouse were the most deadly. Flies and spinners they took at times,—usually a red ibis, Montreal, Parmachene, or some fly with red in it. On one occasion a "yellow kid" seemed to attract them.

The maskalonge we took preferred a spoon every time; the very large pickerel—those that scale at twelve to sixteen pounds dressed—take large live bait by preference, although I knew of several being taken on a spoon. I took no large fish. I have an uncomfortable feeling, too, that some of those very large fish brought in by country folk had curious holes in their backs—in fact, I have heard confessions, since, concerning the use of spears and rifles among the guileless and untutored natives.

There is no denying it; a small-mouthed black bass outfights a trout of his own weight almost every time. Yet, after all, that does not make him the beloved of anglers,—this "bronze-back" who is more often mud color,—this perch-shaped, spiny-backed, leather-lipped haunter of rock bottoms. I have no love for him or his habits; I have no friendship, no comradeship for him, and not very much respect. He lies like a sunfish, swims like a perch, hangs about uninteresting places, often takes the bait without giving you notice, and when he does act decently and rise to a fly, the reward of the battle is a blue-bellied creature who was apparently built for salt water and tropical inlets. As for eating him—I'd prefer a "pumpkin-seed."

Now this assault upon the black bass is made only because he is a "game fish," and a favorite with some people. Were he, like

(Continued on page 770.)

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The Truants

(Continued from page 757.)

there men risk their lives daily to put a few boxes of fish on board a fish-cutter. Take the risk half-heartedly and your boat's swamped for a sure thing. But take it with all your heart and there are the fish-boxes to your credit. Well, Millie is my fish-boxes."

He ended with a laugh, and rising, took his hat.

"Shall I put you up for the night?" Chase asked.

"No thanks," said Stretton. "I have got a bed at a hotel. I have something else to do to-night." And a smile rather wistful and tender played about his lips. "Good-by," he held out his hand and as Chase took it he went on: "I am looking forward to the day when I come back. My word, how I am looking forward to it. And I will look forward each day until it actually at the long last comes. It will have been worth waiting for, Chase, well worth waiting for, both to Millie and to me."

With that he went away. Chase heard him close the street door behind him and his footsteps sound for a moment or two on the pavement. After all, he thought, a life under those Algerian skies, a life in the open air of activity — there were many worse things, even though it should prove a second failure.

Chase stood for a little before the fire. Then he crossed slowly over to that cupboard in the corner at which Stretton's movement in the chair had stayed his hand. Chase looked back to the armchair as though he half-expected still to see Stretton sitting there. Then he slowly walked back to the fire and left the cupboard locked. Stretton had gone, but he had left behind him memories which were not to be effaced, the memory of a great motive and of a sturdy determination to fulfil it. The two men were never to meet again, but in the after time more than once of an evening Chase's hand was stayed upon that door. More than once he looked back towards the chair as if he expected that again his friend was waiting for him by the fire.

To be Continued.

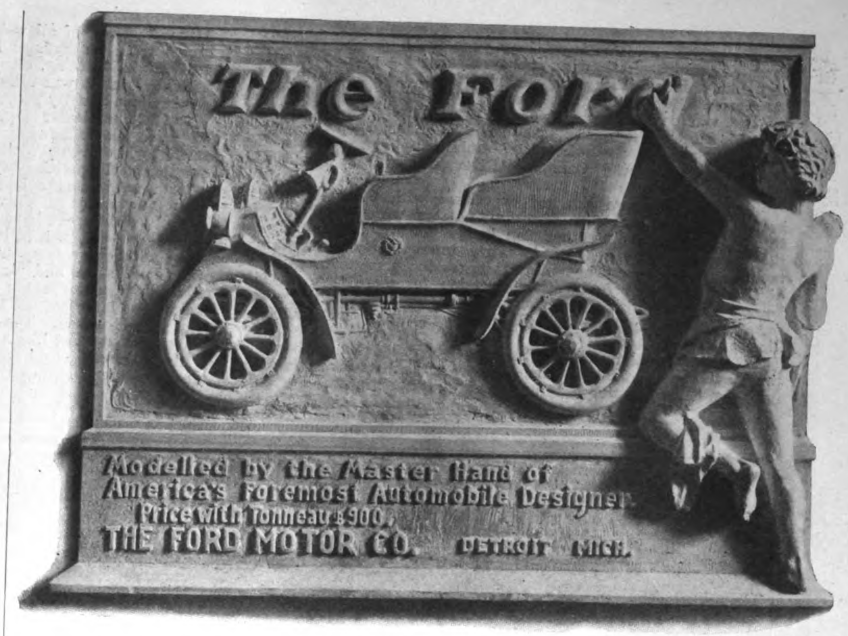
Serum Treatment for Hay Fever

THE treatment of hay fever by an anti-pollen serum has been successful in a number of cases, and in a list of 285 patients to which it had been given under different circumstances and in different countries, recently compiled in Germany, 60 per cent. are reported as completely relieved, 29 per cent. partial cures, and 11 per cent. failures. Hay fever is supposed to result from the pollen of various plants, and the serum was prepared by inoculating horses with this pollen. It may be used in liquid or powdered form, and is applied locally, no attempts having been made as yet at subcutaneous injection. There is strong evidence to believe in the efficacy of the serum, and in the majority of cases it was found possible to relieve the patient and to shorten materially the seizure. Although it does not, however, prevent a recurrence of the attack, it has great value as a prophylactic.

His First Experience with Wagner

A HUMOROUS writer of reputation, whose operatic experience has been limited, was induced to accompany his wife to a performance of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" during the recent opera season in New York. A friend, meeting him the following day, asked with interest what his impression had been.

"Well, it didn't hit me," remarked the writer, musingly. "I couldn't see it at all. I didn't mind so much when the captain steered the ship for ten minutes standing with his arms folded twenty feet from the tiller. But when they came to the place where *Isoldy* puts poison in her lover's tea, I threw up the game and smoked in the lobby till the act was over."



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(Continued from page 768.)

the pickerel, friendless, with nobody to sing his praises, I might very likely undertake a song in his defence, if not in tribute to his glories. But he has friends enough without adding an unwilling one, who really classes him with the pickerel and maskalonge. For, by all that is sacred, the black bass has no place in the charmed circle of the *salmonidæ*,—unless in company with the Scotch charr, or the Columbia River salmon, or our Maine "laker."

Every fly fisherman has had experience with the great bullet-headed, puffy-gilled chubs that rise in trout waters and gulp in the fly. These, and another fish known locally and vaguely as the "blue dace," can be made fairly interesting with gossamer tackle and dry fly casting. But it takes the persistent optimism of Mark Tapley to follow this diversion for more than an idle hour. And I think it a shame for a man not to return to the water, unharmed, these lubberly fish who have unwillingly contributed to his amusement.

As for eels and bullheads, two Tapleys rolled into one might pursue the sport of taking them; yet even that has its attractions for those fishermen who habitually eat what they catch. For bullheads from cool, clear, sweet water are really delicious, and delicate as any trout. Eel, I believe, is an acquired taste. Which reminds me that I once knew a worthy and persistent quay fisherman on the Seine who preferred gudgeons caught near *lavoirs* because in his youth he had acquired the taste for gudgeon that swam in waters tainted by soapsuds. *De gustibus*—disputing is bad taste, as another worthy friend translates it.

There are, in some clear, cold streams of the North, certain fish known locally as "Mohawk chubs." These fish are the ideal fish in shape and color,—graceful, slim, elegant creatures, pure silver except on the dorsal ridge, which is the tint of oxydized silver. They are tender-mouthed, and remind me somewhat of the grayling, although they have not the great dorsal fin nor the fragile mouth of that fish. They often inhabit trout waters, and I have an idea that trout feed on the smaller ones, although I have no absolute proof that this is true. I know, however, that pickerel, maskalonge, and black bass strike at them eagerly.

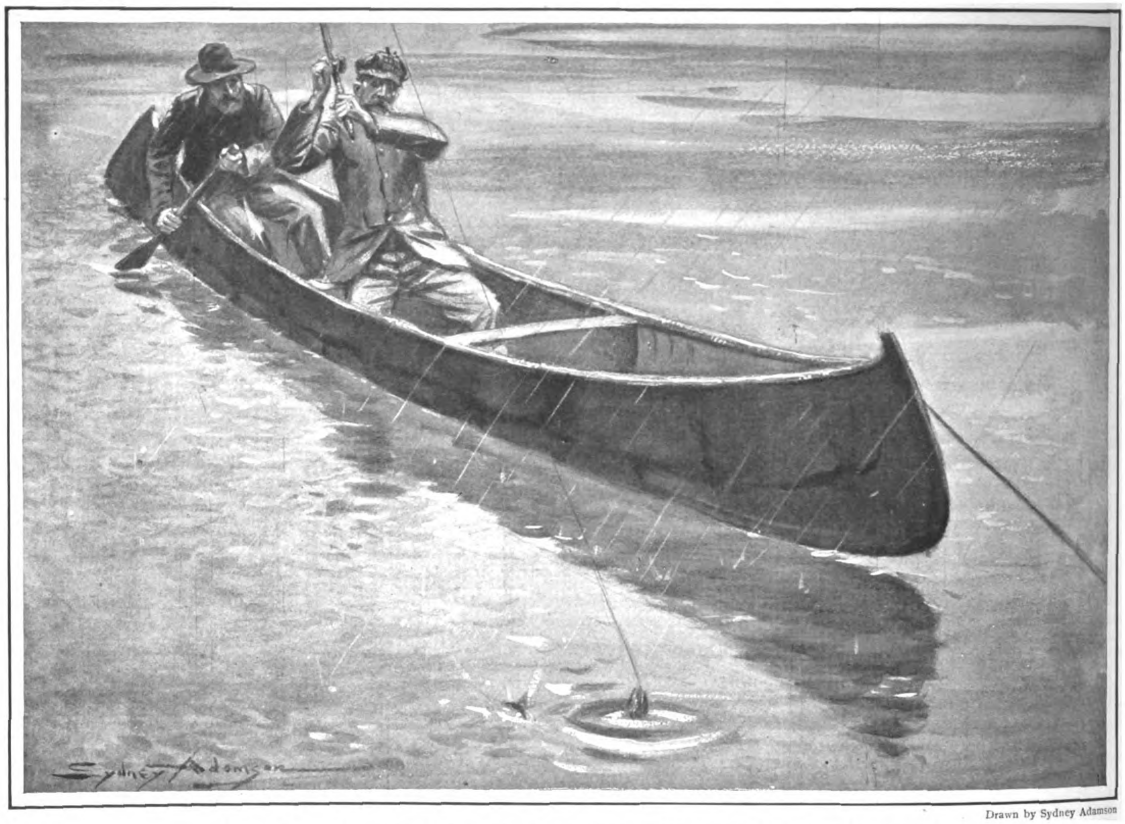
These fish rise to a fly, and are often quite as gamy as grayling. Often and often I have struck them in trout waters, and have found them interesting fighters when tackle is light and water cold and swift. I remember one occasion on a stream noted for its trout. Below a certain point there were supposed to be no trout, although two heavy creels of speckled trout were taken from that part of the stream by the writer. In this water lurked many Mohawk chubs, of all weights and dimensions. Curiously enough, many small maskalonge lived there too, and these fish at times took an artificial fly, although they never showed fight after being hooked. But it was different with the Mohawk; he fought like a good fellow, usually proving worthy of his name.

On this particular day, there being no prospect of trout-fishing, we tried the Mohawks. And they were a wary, yet savage lot, striking like trout, with a leap and a spatter, boring away upstream, battling with every fin and every muscle. The further downstream we went the larger and gamier the Mohawks. I do not know how many or what weight of fish we might have taken had we tried; but sport is sport, and a couple of hours sufficed. About the eatable qualities of the fish I know little. The natives devour them with every symptom of satisfaction, but the natives also devour fried steak and pie with similar symptoms. A man told me that early in the season a Mohawk chub was firm and sweet as a trout, but later became too soft to make good food. I once tasted one in mid-season. The fish was fairly firm, and, I thought, was flavored somewhat like a smelt.

Animals and birds appear to be very fond of them, or at least are often seen eating them, perhaps because they may be easier to catch than trout. Where Mohawk chubs are herons and kingfishers congregate. The only time I ever saw an osprey in that region was once when whipping that stream. The osprey dashed down within a rod of me and seized a Mohawk chub that must have weighed a pound at least, bearing him up out of the pool and away across acres of swamp toward the distant forest.

Mink haunt that part of the stream; herons are thicker there than anywhere that I know of within many miles. Where, when, how these fish spawn I do not know, although I have detected them on the trout's spawning-beds in October; and, on one occasion, I noticed a large Mohawk chub, which I took to be a female, apparently guarding a certain depression in the bottom-sand, which might have contained spawn. It would not be very difficult to find out what the spawning habits of this fish are, I imagine. And it has occurred to me that, as they themselves are not predatory fish, it might be well to experiment with them, and discover what effect they have on game fish.

One thing I have noticed is that trout taken in water inhabited by Mohawk chubs are always, within my experience, free from disease, fine, hardy, active, and in the very pink of wholesome plumpness. Does a diet of flies, worms, and water larvæ, varied by an occasional Mohawk chub, produce this desirable condition?



Drawn by Sydney Adamson

He fought continually, not doggedly and stubbornly resisting, but forcing the fighting

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How Shall I Educate My Daughter?

(Continued from page 762.)

facts a truth, and from a third truth to bring out a duty. The study of the sciences, in their manifold forms, of chemistry, biology, physics, geology, I would not let her neglect. For science represents that which seems to her more tangible, visible, audible, realistic than the study of mathematics or of economics. Those subjects teach her the inevitableness of physical law and proportion, as algebra teaches her the inevitableness of the laws of the human reason. Nor shall she neglect philosophy, the science of the sciences, the queen of all subjects, comprehensive of all truth, including first of all the truth and character of herself.

I know that in saying all this I have laid out a pretty stiff course for my daughter. One might say that it is, in many respects, the course which one lays out for his son. The remark has much truth. While I might ask my son to become a thinker in one department by devoting much strength to it alone, I ask my daughter to become a thinker by devoting much strength to several departments. For, if she can think, she is intellectually secure against all intellectual and most other assaults; if she cannot think, she is in peril of catastrophes of all sorts and conditions.

The power of thinking which I wish my daughter to embody is not of a base and barren character. I would not have her mind merely analytical, able to tear a truth into its constituent parts, or synthetical, able to constitute a truth of its elements. I would not have her mental constitution of merely mathematical type. I would have her thinking represent and be concerned with a fine and rich content of knowledge. It shall have the exactness of intellectual discrimination; it shall have the fulness of noble scholarship; it shall embody a culture which is at once emotional and æsthetic and ethical, as well as intellectual. Her thinking shall not be inanimate as things, but vital with life, delicate without being whimsical, vigorous without being boisterous, large without being visionary, noble without unworthy ambition, solid without stolidity, fresh without girlishness, and vital in obedience to law.

To create a thinker of such a sort is the primary purpose of the college for girls. I therefore believe that I cannot find a better use to make of the four years of my daughter's life following the age of seventeen or eighteen than to have her go to college. Of course she may have no inclination to pursuits at all intellectual. Of course she may prefer to spend these years in helping in the home. In this case I shall be filled at once with a sense of regret and a sense of parental obedience! Of course it is possible that she may prefer to go into society at the age of seventeen, but, on the whole, this choice is unthinkable. In case she did have such a preference, I should try to deal primarily with her father rather than with herself. Her origin and nurture have not been right.

But it may be asked will you have your daughter, while she is in college, undertake studies more directly contributory to the headship of a home than are the languages, mathematics, science, and philosophy? Will you have her taught "domestic science?" The answer is easy when the proper interpretation of the term is made. If, by domestic science one means a cooking-school or a school to teach the art of dusting, the answer should be a firm No! Cooking and dusting are arts which are very easily learned in the doing, if the pupil be at all apt. If the pupil be not apt the learning is hard. The method of getting the learning into the pupil is not by changing the learning, but by changing the pupil.

But if by domestic science is meant an interpretation of the home as the most important element in the social organism, and the family as the most important social institution, domestic science should be taught in the college. Society is composed of homes. The risings, declinings, and the fallings of society are the risings and declinings of the home. The progress of civ-

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ilization is most securely promoted through the family. The family is an historical, social, industrial, as well as domestic institution. It embodies most important elements. Into its bosom each of us is born, and from its portals each of us is borne forth to what is called the last home. The holiest interpretation to some spirits is the interpretation of heaven as a home. When, therefore, this institution, under the head of domestic science, is made to represent the largest, widest, highest, profoundest relations of humanity, it may well form a part of the academic curriculum.

If, furthermore, I have, in giving an education to my daughter as a thinker, succeeded, I have also succeeded, I hope, in doing for her a thing the importance of which cannot be overestimated—I have succeeded in making her a lady. Every one knows people who are ladies, but who were not thinkers, and also knows thinkers of the feminine gender who are not ladies. But the thinker constituted in the way I have suggested is thereby, under ordinary conditions, a lady. Without entering into any definition of the term, I do wish to say, even as a college man, that there are three things which my daughter should embody—she should walk well, she should talk well, she should dress well. What good walking and good talking and being dressed well are every man and woman knows, or thinks he knows. Her walking should represent good health, precision and freedom, firmness and flexibility. Her talk should be apt without frivolity, wise without pedantry, appealing to the best interests of those within hearing without conveying any intimation of presumptuous mastery, affluent and wholesome. It should also not be passed over that the tones of her voice should be sweet, tones that are a most pleasant thing in either woman or man. She should also dress well. Regarding the elements of this condition I have little knowledge, but regarding the results of it I am not without feeling. For dressing well I am told that a woman must spend either much time or much money. My daughter has not much money; she has the same time that other girls have. Upon these two elements she will have to make such a proportional levy as to secure the proper comprehensive result.

When my daughter has thus been educated I must leave her to herself. For richer or for poorer, for better or for worse, for sickness or for health, for life or for death, she becomes the minister and master of her own fortune. But I am sure that it cannot but be for better, for richer, for health, and for life, present and lasting, if only I, as her parent, have done well for her in the first score of years.

Radium and Blindness

RADIUM rays will not at present furnish a cure for blindness, reports Professor Greeff of Berlin in a published account of an official investigation of the optical properties of radium. This research was largely undertaken as the result of a paper by Professor London of St. Petersburg, in which he claimed that there was hope for the blind in radium. According to Professor Greeff the rays given off by a fluorescent surface excited by radium rays are simply those of ordinary light, and as such cannot affect a blind eye. The actual radium rays, however, are sent out in all directions, penetrating all structures, and the effect, a sort of sea-green radiance, is the same whether the radium is held in front of the eye or at the side of the head. It has been asserted that fluorescence actually occurs in the eye and that rays of ordinary light are accordingly emitted, but this view is opposed by Professor Greeff, and the fact is cited that the radium rays do not bleach the visual purple of the retina. He also states that when the function of the rods and cones which transmit visual concepts from the retina to the nerve centres is destroyed the eye is unable to provide for the sensation of sight. Furthermore, the radium rays are not refracted, consequently, even if they did stimulate the retina they could not be employed to furnish a visual picture.

An Anecdote of Richard Strauss

AN amusing story is told of Richard Strauss's early experience as a conductor in Germany. Strauss's favorite Wagner opera was "Tristan und Isolde," the score of which he knew intimately; but with the other Wagner works he was not so familiar, although he had already gained a considerable reputation in Germany as a "star" conductor. On a certain occasion he was called on unexpectedly to direct a performance of "Die Meistersinger," which he did with much apparent self-possession. Another eminent conductor who was in the audience noticed that in a certain passage in the third act the bass tuba, to which was allotted a very important phrase, did not make any effect with it at all. After the performance the visiting conductor, wondering if the orchestral player had been at fault, mentioned the circumstance to Strauss. The future composer of the "Symphonia Domestica" looked embarrassed.

"Why," he said, "to tell you the truth, I was so absorbed in bringing out the broader effects that I didn't notice that tuba part."

A Useful Feature

Two New York women went apartment-hunting not long ago, and were pleasantly surprised to find at the end of their first day's search an apartment which seemed to be exactly suited to their needs. It was new, desirably situated, and inexpensive—three rooms and bath, said the janitress, all with outside exposure. The prospective tenants walked through the rooms, examining every feature.

"But where is the bathroom?" they inquired.

The janitress pointed to an alcove which was furnished with gayly colored hangings and an awkward-looking divan covered with pillows.

"There it is," she explained; "my last tenants said it was in the way, so they made a cozy corner out of it. Of course, if you want to use it as a bathroom you can take the cover and pillows off the tub."

An Anecdote of John G. Saxe

WHEN the Hon. John W. Stewart was a young man he was associated with John G. Saxe, who was then a student in Middlebury College, Vermont. At one of the annual Commencement exercises they were sitting together in the gallery of the church when the poet of the occasion was reciting his poem. During the recital the poet declared,

"The world is full of change."

Immediately, without any hesitation, Mr. Saxe turned to Mr. Stewart, and extemporized:

"The world is full of change
The poet sings;
But if he had his vision cast
Into his vacant purse
(Than which no vacancy
On earth is worse)
He could have told us
In a minute
There was one place
With no change in it!"

What Causes Fires

THE annual losses by fire in the United States, which have averaged as high as $100,000,000 a year at certain periods, were attributed during a single year to the following causes, the number of fires from each cause being given: Incendiarism, 1,927; defective flues, 1309; sparks (not from locomotives), 715; matches, 636; explosions (of lamps, etc.), 430; stoves, 429; lightning, 369; spontaneous combustion, 326; prairie and forest fires, 280; lamp and lantern accidents (other than explosions), 238; locomotive sparks, 211; cigar stubs and pipes, 203; friction, 179; gas-jets, 176; engines and boilers, 150; furnaces, 135; and from firecrackers, 105.

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Music

Antonin Dvorák

ANTONIN DVORÁK, the Bohemian composer, by many ranked among the most important of modern music-makers, died at Prague on May 1. Dvorák, the son of an innkeeper, was born at Mülhausen, Bohemia, in 1841. Under the instruction of the village schoolmaster he learned something of violin playing and singing, afterwards supplementing these studies by a course in organ, piano, and theory with the organist at Zlonic. His father discouraged his musical aspirations, and tried to make a butcher of him; but young Dvorák persisted, and in 1857 his father consented to his attending the Prague Organ School. Five years later he was graduated from the school, and took a position as violinist in the National Theatre orchestra, and by 1865 he had written a string quintet and two symphonies. In 1873 his setting of a patriotic hymn by Halek, for male chorus and orchestra, was publicly performed, gaining him recognition as a composer of consequence, and securing him the position of organist in the church of St. Adelbert. Then followed several one-act operas, the F major Symphony, the "Stabat Mater," the Slavonic dances commissioned by the publisher Simrock, the "Husitska" overture, the opera "Dimitrije," and two choral works—"The Spectre's Bride" and "St. Ludmila," composed for the Birmingham and Leeds festivals, together with various instrumental works.

Dvorák came to America in 1892 as director of Mrs. Jeannette Thurber's National Conservatory of Music. His "Te Deum" and the E minor symphony—"From the New World"—were first performed in this country,—the latter, suggested by American negro melodies, being intended as a hint to native composers of the possibility of basing a national school of composition on negro and Indian folk themes.

Dvorák was a master of coloring and rhythmic invention, a composer of keen poetic sensibility and imagination. His bent was romantic, after the older manner of romanticism, although in such a work as the "New World" Symphony—his most beautiful production—the romanticism is admirably fresh and vital. He was not a composer of the first order, for he lacked in significance, in depth, and in seriousness of subject-matter. But he was, within his range, a musician of individuality and sincere feeling.

Elgar's "King Olaf"

Mr. Edward Elgar's secular cantata, "King Olaf," was given at Carnegie Hall, for the first time in America, on April 29. We had heard, earlier in the season, Mr. Elgar's latest work in oratorio form—his "Apostles"; and the preceding year we heard, for the first time, what seems now to be his best achievement: "The Dream of Gerontius." In reviewing Mr. Elgar's work, in the past, we have expressed our feeling that his talent is too often colored by the thoughts of other and greater men—notably by Wagner; and it has seemed that in the phases of his work which most definitely represent his own artistic personality, he has drawn upon a very meagre store of native inspiration. A hearing of "King Olaf" (his opus 30, composed in 1896 for the North Staffordshire Festival) has failed to yield more favorable impressions. The work is based upon "The Musician's Tale" in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and is appropriately Norwegian in impulse and characterization. Mr. Elgar's feeling for the dramatic, and for the more obvious phases of scenic appropriateness, find here an effective expression—effective, that is, if one were content with what, in creative music, passes for second-hand goods.

There is some vigorous and effective writing in this score; but it has no distinction, no beauty that is properly its own; and there is much that is obvious, banal, flatly sentimental. One must concede, of course, the unpromising nature of the subject-matter; but one cannot help feeling that, even with such uninspiring material, a master might have done better things. Unfortunately, though, Mr. Elgar has yet to prove himself a master—outside of England, that is, where he is regarded by some as the peer of Beethoven.

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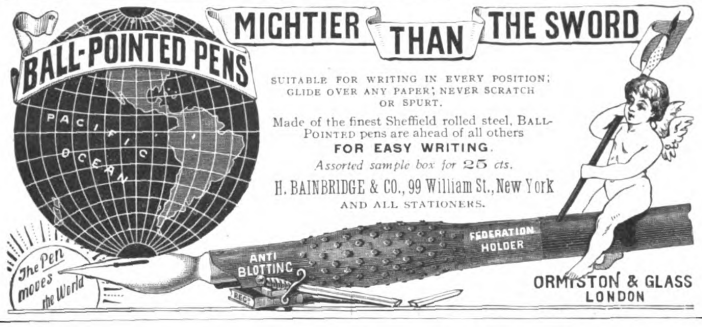
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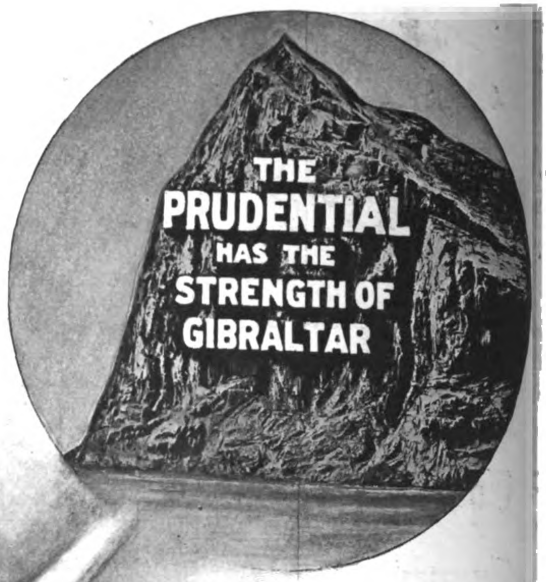
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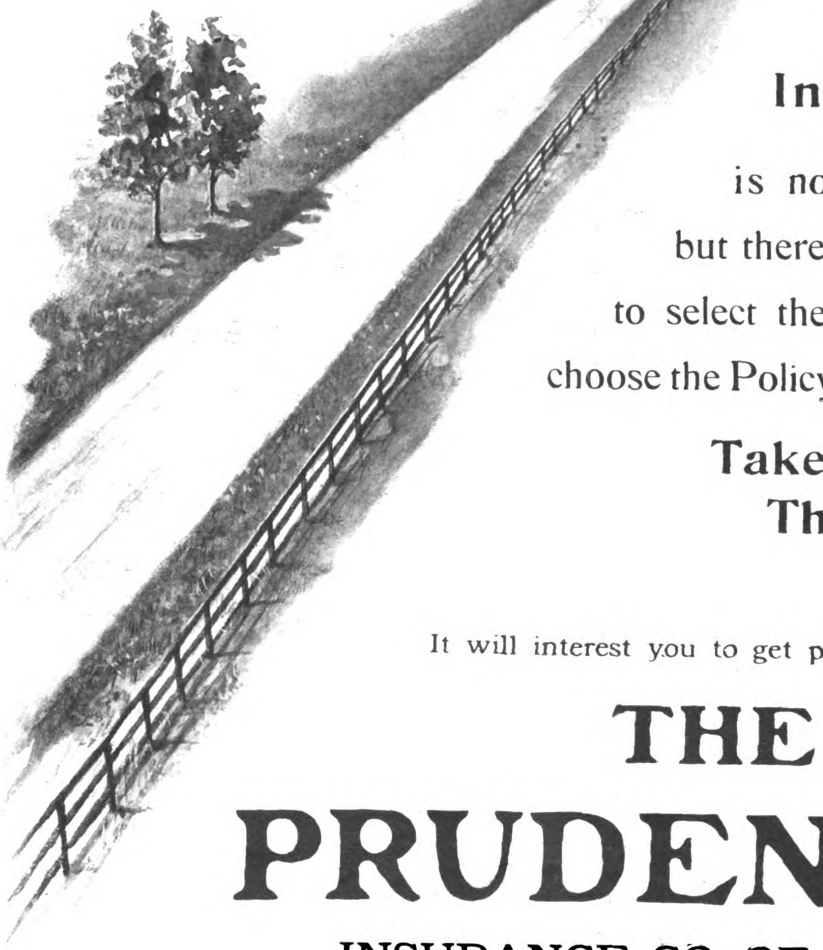
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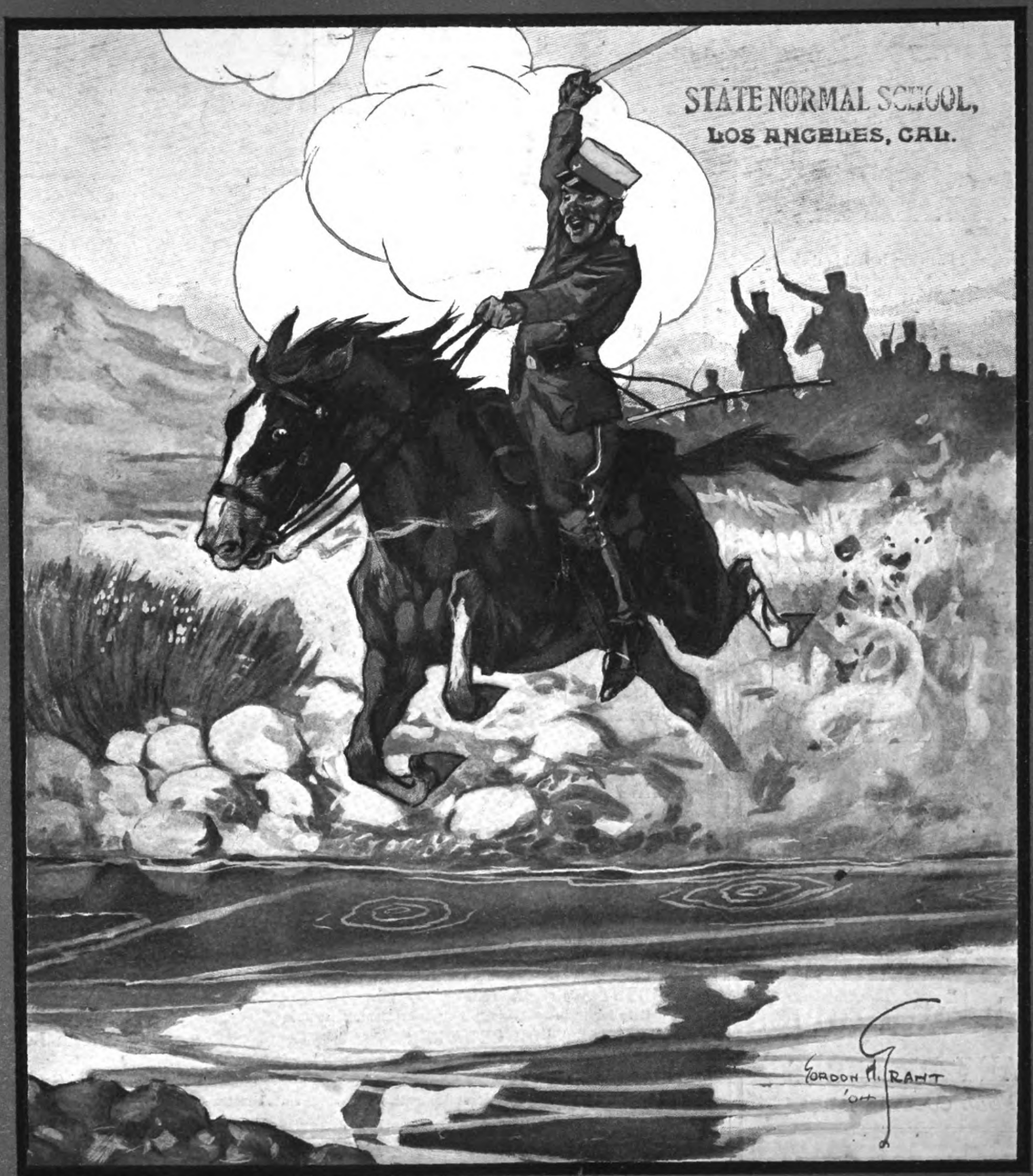
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by George Harvey



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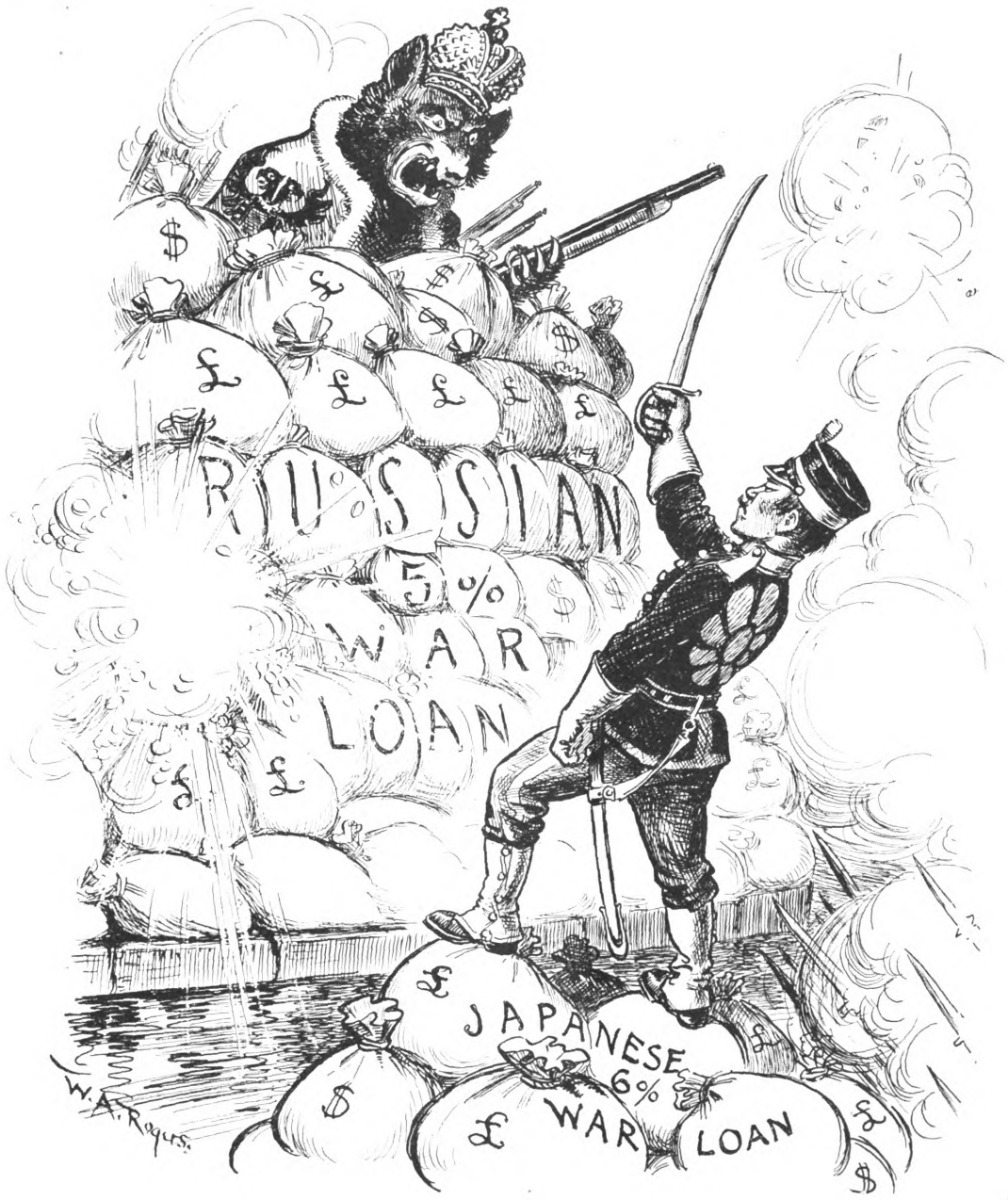
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLVIII. New York, Saturday, May 21, 1904 NO. 2474

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MODERN WAR

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COMMENT

THE name of William R. Hearst is about as well known as any in the United States; of the man William R. Hearst few people know anything beyond the fact that he is the son of admirable parents and the creator and exponent of so-called yellow journalism. He owns more newspapers than anybody else and he sells more of them. He has a seat in the House of Representatives, and has a barrel of money, most of which he inherited but some of which he has made himself. He is also at the moment a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Something like a hundred delegates are already pledged to vote for him, and others will doubtless fall in as the result, partly of liberal expenditure of money and partly of the vigorous support of the New York *Journal*, the Chicago *American*, the San Francisco *Examiner*, etc. It is the most audacious candidacy the country has ever beheld. Mr. Hearst has had no experience in public affairs, his service in Congress having been wholly perfunctory, and his knowledge of political history, political economy, and political everything seems to be as limited as his opinions surely are crude. Nevertheless, he will certainly control nearly a third of the votes in a great national convention, and it is well to know the manner of man he is as judged by his intimates. The personal sketch printed elsewhere, therefore, will interest, even though, as we suspect, it will fail to convince. It was written by one of the very brightest of the young men in Mr. Hearst's employ, and naturally presents his best side. To such a presentation any conspicuous and ambitious American has a fair claim.

But there is another and very dark side. Mr. Hearst has no particular desire to become the Democratic candidate; a Republican nomination would suit him quite as well. He wants to be the candidate of a class, and since classes have not hitherto been recognized as existing in this country, he has bent his energies and given his own talent and hired clever men of specious minds and spent freely of his money in an endeavor to create one. His newspapers are characterized by appeals to ignorance and prejudice, to hatred of the rich simply because they are rich, not because they are wrong, to socialism, discontent, and envy, to the basest of human passions. From the standpoint of a patriot, a lover of his country, the great and free, although still experimental republic, this is dastardly work. One shudders to contemplate the logical conclusion of its successful continuance.

That such a condition should give rise to apprehension in many minds is but natural. Indeed, if Judge Parker should be nominated, he will be able to trace the result directly to the prompt and resolute unification of thinking men in resistance of "the yellow peril." That it should be resisted goes without saying, but frankly and in the open, by appeal to reason, common sense, and patriotism, not by insidious, venomous personal assaults such as the *Evening Post* recently scandalized its readers with. The time has not yet and never will come when it is necessary to fight yellow journalism with its own weapons. Indeed, to tell the truth, we do not now experience the sense of alarm experienced by others. We do not believe that all of Mr. Hearst's papers combined exercise as much real influence as any one of a dozen journals we could name. Moreover, Mr. Hearst himself is only forty-one years old, of gentle and generous disposition and engaging personality; that he should fail to grow wiser as he grows older, ultimately perhaps even reaching a full appreciation of his true responsibility and duty, is little less than incredible. So let us cheer up!

There are some shrewd observers of the existing political situation who are inclined to believe that, whatever may be done at St. Louis, a bolt is unavoidable. The belief is based not so much on the surprising strength developed by Mr. Hearst in the contest for delegates to the Democratic national convention as on the fundamental reasons to which the unexpected strength is attributed. As was recently pointed out in a remarkable letter contributed to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, it matters not what one may think of Mr. Hearst personally, or of his political attitude; only blind prejudice can deny that he threatens to become—if he is not already—a weighty factor in the problem to be solved at St. Louis. The truth is that what the supporters of Mr. Hearst are demonstrating by their numbers and their energy is the widespread distribution and the unlooked-for power of the radical element in the Democracy. What we are witnessing, in fine, in the present contest for delegates to the St. Louis convention, is not so much a rivalry of men as a collision of antagonistic principles, an irrepressible conflict between conservatism and radicalism. It is because the difference between the radical and conservative elements of the Democracy are so deep-rooted as to seem irreconcilable that, as we have said, some close observers deem a bolt inevitable, no matter which side shall win at St. Louis.

It is true that some weeks ago the nomination of Mr. Fairbanks for the Vice-Presidency seemed to be fixed upon, but when interviewed in New York city, on May 7, he declined to say a word concerning his alleged candidacy. As we have formerly pointed out, it was the Senator's personal friends who prevented the Indiana Republican convention from instructing its delegates to present his name at Chicago on June 21. On the other hand, it may be said that Speaker Cannon has declared repeatedly that under no circumstances would he accept the nomination for the Vice-Presidency. It will be remembered that in 1900 Governor Roosevelt and his intimate friends made similar declarations. The truth, of course, is that, with the exception of Silas Wright, of New York, no man has ever refused a nomination for either of the great Federal offices after it was definitely made by a national convention. There are several reasons why shrewd Republicans feel more confident of carrying Indiana than of carrying Illinois. A great deal of bitterness has been generated in the former State between the supporters of Parker and the advocates of Hearst. In Democratic county conventions held on May 7, charges of attempted bribery were made against the Hearst managers. Mr. D. W. Sims averred that one of Hearst's agents offered him the nomination for Governor if he would take the lead of the Hearst forces in Indiana, and further agreed to deposit in the Indiana National Bank two hundred thousand dollars, subject to his check, for use in the campaign. The agent seductively added that no report would be asked for as to the use made of the money.

This week Mr. Bryan's bitterness is reserved for Chief-Judge Parker, whom he castigates in a letter nominally written to Judge McCabe of Indiana, but obviously meant for publication, and intended to influence, if possible, the State convention to be held on May 11 at Indianapolis. He pronounces it impossible to conceive of a Democratic campaign fought under the leadership of a muzzled candidate. The excuse offered for Chief-Judge Parker that his judicial position makes it improper for him to discuss public questions in advance of his acceptance of a nomination is rejected by Mr. Bryan with contumely. The Nebraskan points out that other judges have not been so hampered by a similar conception of judicial ethics, and he adds that Chief-Judge Parker by resigning his

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office on the bench can free himself from the restraint put forward to justify his lack of frankness. Mr. Bryan predicts that "the Judge's attack of lockjaw" will not save him. He goes on to remind his correspondent of the "simpleton who, when leaving home, was told by his mother that if he would not say anything, nobody would learn that he was foolish." When he returned home, however, he had a sad report to make. "It was no use, mother," he cried. "I was found out just the same. I met a man who asked me my name, but I did not say a word. Then he asked me where I lived, and I did not answer. Then he said, 'What's the matter with you—are you simple?' So, you see, it was all no use, mother; I couldn't hide it even when I tried." According to Mr. Bryan, a Democrat can no more ignore the right of the members of his own party to know his views before he receives a nomination than he can question the right of all the voters of the country to know his views when he goes forth as the nominee of his party. There is something to be said for this view of the question.

Mr. E. F. Ware, Commissioner of Pensions, discloses a curious confusion of thought in a letter addressed to the New York *Sun*. He evidently imagines that he has refuted that paper's criticism on the Executive order making the attainment of the age of sixty-two *prima facie* proof of the disability qualifying for a pension when he asks whether the *Sun* is not aware that Congress, after due consideration, voted the money to carry it out. Mr. Ware points out that the House of Representatives did thus by implication endorse the order, after Mr. Bourke Cockran had demonstrated that the ancient boundaries of legislative power had been encroached upon by the Executive. In other words, according to the Commissioner of Pensions, the fact that at the opening of a Presidential campaign the dominant party in both Houses of Congress deems it prudent to approve of an act performed by its candidate for President, the act is thereby irrevocably adjudged to be wise and legal. In what section of the Federal Constitution is Congress invested with the power of defining what acts are or are not constitutional on the part of the Executive? It is certain that the power of making such a definition is, in practice if not in theory, reserved to the United States Supreme Court. Nor have we any doubt that if a case could or should be made which would require that tribunal to say whether the Age Disability Pension order, known as No. 78, is constitutional, it would answer in the negative. Meanwhile the circumstance that partisan majorities were willing to appropriate the money to carry out the order proves nothing except that politicians will go to great lengths in an emergency. Not only Republicans but many Democrats cooperated in appropriating the money needed to pay the anthracite strike commission appointed by Mr. Roosevelt, although we do not believe there is in either party a constitutional lawyer who regards that performance of our Chief Magistrate as warranted by the Federal organic law.

In the course of the last quarter of a century we have felt constrained to comment with severity on certain incidents in the career of Senator Matthew Stanley Quay, of Pennsylvania, but we have never underrated his political capacity. There are indications that his career is now drawing to a close. He is known to be suffering from cirrhosis of the liver, and the malady, always serious, has thus far in his case proved intractable. Should the end be near, his exit will take place under dramatic circumstances, for never has he been so powerful as he is to-day, and but two steps, easily taken, are needed for him to reach the summit of his ambition. When we reflect that at one time he was tried for a breach of the law, and that had he been convicted of it he could not have escaped the penitentiary, we cannot but recognize in the suddenness and completeness of his political rehabilitation an astonishing phenomenon. From this point of view he may be compared with Edward Livingston, first of New York, then of Louisiana, and ultimately of Washington; and with Senator Mitchell of Oregon. As regards the conjunction of broad culture and accurate historical knowledge with extraordinary expertness in the art of political organization, he reminds one of Aaron Burr; but Burr never recovered from the odium of his duel with Hamilton and of his trial for treason; and from this point of view Mr. Quay has a marked advantage over the grandson of Jonathan Edwards. As regards the length of the period during which Mr. Quay has been the absolute master of a great commonwealth, his only counterpart is to be found in his predecessor, Simon Cameron. It may be remembered that Mr. Cameron rounded out his autocratic life by accepting a place in the cabinet of President Lincoln, and by transmitting his seat in the United States Senate to his son, who, in his turn, was to be a Secretary of War. It is no secret that Mr. Quay has contemplated a similar culmination of his own political career. He, too, is believed to have looked forward to a place in the cabinet of the Federal Chief Magistrate should Mr. Roosevelt be elected President, and in that event he designed to turn over his seat in the United States Senate to his son, Richard R. Quay, who has evinced ability and energy in business affairs, but who, as yet, has been by no means credited with his father's talent for politics. Should Matthew Stanley Quay live a twelvemonth, it is possible that both intentions will be fulfilled, and that a Quay dynasty may succeed a Cameron dynasty in Pennsylvania.

There seems to be no doubt that the property of the Panama Canal Company now belongs to the United States. On May 7 a cable despatch was received in New York from Paris announcing on the part of William Nelson Cromwell, one of the counsel for the company, that the delivery to the United States of all the plant and franchises of the new Panama Canal Company, as well as of 98 per cent. of the shares of the Panama Railroad Company, had been completed in all details. On the same day, Secretary Shaw signed a Treasury warrant for forty million dollars, which was to be delivered on May 9 to J. P. Morgan & Company, of New York, disbursing agents of the Federal government on account of the Panama Canal purchase. This warrant is much larger than any other issued by the Federal government. In 1899, the United States Treasury paid Spain, through the French ambassador, twenty million dollars for the Philippine Islands, but this sum was represented by four warrants of five million dollars each. The fifteen million dollars which constituted the purchase-money for the Louisiana territory was paid by the assumption of the claims of citizens of this country against France, amounting to $3,750,000, and by the issue to France of certificates of stock which, in the aggregate, were valued at $11,250,000. In 1868 a single government warrant for $7,200,000 was paid to Russia for Alaska. In 1876 the British government received a Treasury warrant for $5,500,000 on account of the Halifax award under the Treaty of Washington for infringements of fishery rights in Nova-Scotian waters. Of the ten million dollars payable under the treaty recently concluded to the Republic of Panama, a part has been paid, and six million dollars will presently be received by a special commission which has been appointed for the purpose, and which is to invest the sum in American securities.

The fifty million dollars thus far accounted for do not constitute the total of the preliminary outlay on the isthmus. Our government is still confronted with the question of reimbursing the new Panama Canal Company for the expenditure on additional construction work, and on protection and repairs, which have gone on since the date named in the estimate on which the offer to sell for forty million dollars was based. Mr. W. N. Cromwell has cabled from Paris that, on behalf of the company, he has offered to leave the disposition of this matter to Mr. Roosevelt, and that the proposal has been accepted by the President. The next disbursement will be for sanitation. Colonel Black of the United States Engineer Corps, who, for the present, will have charge of all sanitary regulations on the isthmus, and who has lately returned from an inspection of the canal zone, has reported to the President that the sanitary problems may easily be solved. He is convinced that no serious trouble need be apprehended from mosquitoes. He found that the swamps between Colon and Panama were not infested by those disease-carrying insects to the degree generally supposed, for the reason that the native animal life is so prolific that it destroys the larvæ. The efforts made by him last year to destroy mosquitoes in the railroad reservations were so successful as to lead to the belief that the whole of the canal zone can be freed from the pests without much difficulty. Admiral Walker, chairman of the Panama Canal Commission, has also made a report to

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the President, in which he recommends the employment of the negroes now on the isthmus—some fifteen thousand in number—because they are already acclimated. It seems that day-laborers on the isthmus now receive in wages some fifty cents a day, United States currency.

Have we made the costly blunder of placing the batteries of our coast forts too near together? That is a question to be answered by ordnance experts at the army proving-ground at Sandy Hook when they have completed certain tests to determine the extent of shock and concussion arising from the discharge of guns. It is found that the firings in one emplacement interfere with the gunners of the adjacent one to such an extent that the men find their work full of peril. The noise from the discharge of the guns is terrific, and it is a frequent result that the ears of those near at hand are injured and sometimes the hearing permanently impaired. The commonest means of protection is the stuffing of cotton in the ears, with the variation of standing on tiptoes and keeping the mouth open at the moment of firing, but this gymnastic and dental precaution becomes tedious when the firing is rapid or continuous. There is a rare opportunity for the inventive faculty of some genius who will furnish a substitute for these provisions of safety. Strange to say, the worst results from gun-firing are not produced from the fire of the biggest guns, but from the guns of three and five inch calibre, which have a "crack" in their detonation which is peculiarly penetrating and more disastrous to the ear than the heavier thunder of the largest ordnance. There is a suspicion on the part of some of the artillerists that the batteries are placed too near together, and that greater distance between them would enable the gunners to retain their positions without the artificial aids to comfort. It is quite out of the question to clog the ears on all occasions, especially in time of action, when it would be essential to preserve the hearing that men may understand orders given them. It would be a serious and expensive proceeding, too, to move emplacements now installed with all the enduring solidity of cement and metal. The question is consequently a vital as well as a perplexing one.

When Lieutenant-General Kuropatkin visited the Far East a year ago and passed some time in the empire of the Mikado, he formed a very high opinion of the fighting value of the Japanese army. He himself was very far from sharing the anti-Japanese feeling of Viceroy Alexeieff, and had almost as little sympathy with the whole policy of absorption and veiled annexation for which Alexeieff stood. General Kuropatkin heartily disliked this policy, and was against the war, sharing and supporting the view of Minister Witté, but unfortunately failing to persuade Nicholas II. to his view of the case. When the proposition was first raised that Kuropatkin should leave the War Ministry and take the field at the head of the Czar's forces in Manchuria, it is credibly reported that he consented with extreme reluctance; and that, in spite of the Czar's brave words that he expected Kuropatkin to return a field-marshal, the experienced War Minister himself expected to bury his reputation as a victorious warrior in the Manchurian wilds, clearly seeing the immensity of the task which had been forced upon the Russian army, and the small chance of carrying that task to a successful issue. We begin to realize the cause of General Kuropatkin's misgivings and reluctance, as the large unpreparedness of the Russian army at all points becomes more and more manifest. It had been known for months that the Yalu must be crossed by the Japanese army; yet the Russians were prepared neither to resist adequately nor to retreat without loss. By a mixture of obstinacy and profitless bravery, General Zassulitch turned what was to have been a retreat into a fiercely contested battle, in which the losses of Russia were immense, in men, in guns, and most of all in prestige. General Kuropatkin, who is acquainted with the localities involved, must have realized the hopelessness of the position then occupied by the Russian advance-guard, and the necessity of withdrawing and taking the appearance at least of defeat and disaster.

Immediately on the heels of General Kuroki's success came the occupation of the Liao-tung peninsula by General Oku, and the severance of connections between Port Arthur and Mukden. This also must have been foreseen, but nothing adequate was done to prevent it, presumably because nothing adequate could be done, Russia lacking either the transport, the commissariat arrangements, or the guns which would have been needed to make a successful stand against the landing parties on the Liao-tung coast. It is not very clear whether Port Arthur is really blocked, or only partially obstructed; but the difference is slight, for it is evident that the ships there are not in condition to make an effective attack on the Japanese fleet. The two battle-ships *Czarevitch* and *Retvisan* have taken no part in recent actions, though it is said that they are being repaired, and will soon be in condition to re-enter the fight. But since, so far, the Russian battle-ships have succeeded in inflicting no appreciable injury on Admiral Togo's squadron, it seems hardly worth while counting the possible damage they may still inflict, in case it be possible to repair all the ships which are now injured. Nor is it certain that the arrival of the Baltic fleet will put a very different complexion on affairs. To begin with, the journey to the Far East presents immense difficulties. Within a few weeks the June monsoon will break over the Indian Ocean, turning it into mountain ranges of rain-drenched waves, the passage through which for battle-ships and torpedo-boats will be enough to make even tough old salts hesitate. Coaling in the wild and whirling ocean will be a feat of extreme danger; and nothing awaits the fleet on its arrival in the East but a combination of hurricanes and Japanese torpedoes. It cannot be said that the prospect is one which would tempt any experienced and wise commander.

The evacuation of Newchwang is a like symptom. It means, once more, unpreparedness and inadequacy on the part of Russia, and the clear perception of that unpreparedness on the part of Kuropatkin. There is every reason to believe that Vladivostok will soon be cut off, as Port Arthur is, and the Russian army will tend to cluster more and more around Harbin, withdrawing, perhaps, even from Mukden. There is no reason why the Japanese should at present attempt to storm either Port Arthur or Vladivostok. They have the example of Plevna before them—an assault which disastrously failed, and an investment which brilliantly succeeded. The Russians now in Port Arthur about equal in numbers the army of Osman Pasha at Plevna, and in view of the many disillusionments which Russia's conduct of the war has already afforded, one cannot be certain that Port Arthur is any better provided with food and ammunition. It may, of course, hold out until relieved both by sea and by land, but revolutionary changes will have to come over the Russian conduct of affairs before this is thinkable.

The deadlock in the Hungarian Diet has been overcome by the tact and energy of Count Tisza, the Premier. The trouble was about the use of the Hungarian language in the army, the patriotic Magyars insisting that, since they form a separate kingdom, their tongue should be used in all Hungarian regiments, in the words of command. Kaiser Franz Josef has stood out obstinately against this, not only from a sense of Teutonic dominance and to assert the hegemony of the Hapsburgs, and the German tongue in which they have written their red history across eight centuries, but for the more practical reason that once the door is opened for local tongues in the Austrian army, the other idioms of the Dual Monarchy will clamor for admittance on equal terms. These languages are, in addition to German and Magyar, Polish, Moravian, Bohemian, Ruthenian, Slovenish, Italian, Slavic, Croatian, and, finally, Roumanian. The worse than Babel that would result from the attempt to give army orders in all these tongues at once may well make Franz Josef shudder.

Word comes from London, *viâ* the *Sun*, of a disposition among the most competent European observers to regard the battle of the Yalu as marking an epoch in modern history. While of no great intrinsic importance, it may suffice, the *Spectator* thinks, to modify for all time the relation of Europe and Asia. What the *Spectator* thinks on this subject will be conjectured to come from the mind of Mr. Meredith Townsend, one of its editors, whose book, *Asia and Europe*, is the product of thirty years of thinking on the subject that it treats of. The whole purpose of the book is to try to make the Asiatic a little more comprehensible to the European.

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The European, Mr. Townsend says, neither comprehends nor likes the Asiatic. The Asiatic understands but does not like the European. The European endures Asia while he has to live there, but never likes it. The Asiatic endures the European while he must, and is glad when he goes home, and wishes he would stay there. In an essay on the influence of Europe on Asia, Mr. Townsend reaches the conclusion that Europe has never had any permanent influence on Asia, and he doubts if it ever will have. He represents the Asiatic as fatigued and bored by Europeans and their ideas and ideals. He considers the toleration of British rule by the peoples of India as a daily miracle, and is at much pains to explain, in so far as he can, how it is that this miracle continues to be worked. He does not believe that it is a lasting arrangement, but is prepared for its termination at any time. The idea that runs all through this thoughtful and suggestive book is that the Asiatic is different from the European with a difference so deep-seated that it can never be overcome; that the European can never truly and permanently conquer, overrun, and Europeanize Asia, and that in the course of time Asia is sure to get in motion again and shake Europe off and out.

Somehow Asia sat down and ceased to progress. Until lately the only Asiatics to be modernized have been the Jews, who had wandered away from Asia, got in the current of progress, and gone along with it. But they lost their nationality, and do not count as a political force. But now come the Japanese, forty millions of them, alert, trained, cultivated, geographically Asiatic, and yet modernized; using the tools and the arms of Europeans, learning greedily the knowledge of Europeans, adopting apparently the ideas of Europeans, fighting Europeans on sea and land with their own weapons, and beating them, on the sea first, and now on the land. The battle on the Yalu broke a record that had lasted for three centuries. No wonder it has made thoughtful men speculate on its effects upon the mind of Asia. Are the Japanese true Asiatics? Are the thoughts that are at the back of their minds the thoughts that prevail in India and China? The Jews are Asiatics. Modernized and denationalized as they are, scattered, mixed up in the business and politics and daily life of the European peoples, the Jews merge very imperfectly with them. Not even here in America is the barrier between the European and the Asiatic Jew quite levelled. Does there exist between the Japanese and the European this same instinct of race repulsion, which is the instinct of race preservation? The Japanese have adopted European tools and methods, but have they adopted European ideas, and do they think the thoughts of Europe or of Asia?

These are the thoughts with which the minds of thinking Europeans are occupied; the thoughts that stir the *Spectator* to consider whether the battle on the Yalu may not have modified for all time the relation of Europe and Asia. The results that may come even in the course of twenty-five years as a result of Russia's expulsion from China by Japan embarrass the imagination to define. What results will come, if Japan's present successes continue, will depend, of course, on her ability and inclination to awaken in China and India the ideas and spirit which have lately actuated her. Further than that it will depend on whether India and China are capable of the sort of progress Japan has made. Finally, it will depend on whether Asiatics can adopt European methods and move ahead on European lines as Japan has done, and still continue to be Asiatic in temperament, feeling, and thought. It may be that the Japanese victories, which seem likely to rouse Asia against European aggression, may themselves be the unequalled means of introducing the European leaven into the Asiatic dough.

Some of the newspapers have reported at some length the informal discourse made by Mr. J. D. Rockefeller on Saturday, May 7, to members of his son's Bible class at the club-house of the class on Forty-sixth Street. It is amusing how large a proportion of the discourse made before that Bible class turns on the mammon of unrighteousness and the best ways of acquiring it; but that is neither here nor there, though the elder Mr. Rockefeller's thoughts drifted in that direction on the evening in question. He told the class about his early training, and what a remarkably good business training it was. It was peculiar, he said. He was taught to do things; to be self-reliant. At the age of seven he was taught to milk a cow, at eight to drive a horse, "and to drive him just as carefully as a man could drive him." At ten he was trained to do business; was sent over the hills, for example, to buy cord-wood for the family, with careful instruction as to the quality of body-maple and beech that he should buy. That certainly was rare training for a ten-year-old boy. When he was a little older his father said to him: "I want you to build a good brick house that will make us a home. Here is the money." The lad took the money, employed an architect, and built the house, having no trouble either with architect or contractor. "That," said the narrator, "gave me a great deal of confidence." The father went on providing business experiences for this apt pupil. Presently he began to allow the lad to loan money for him, and "meanwhile," says the son, "I was saving a little money from what I earned myself. I soon learned that I could get as much interest for $50 loaned at seven per cent.—the legal rate then—as I could earn by digging potatoes ten days. The impression was gaining ground with me that it was a good thing to let the money be my slave, and not to make myself a slave of money." He went on to tell his first formal start in business as helper to the bookkeeper in a commission-house, and how at the end of the second year, in default of the increase of salary he asked for, he set up for himself with a partner and did very well from the start.

We have quoted enough for our purpose, which is to point out that if Mr. Rockefeller chose to do it he could write an autobiography of extraordinary interest, which would be sure to be profitable as a published book, and might prove to be a piece of lasting literature. It is evident that his memory is remarkably tenacious of all the details of his early experience. It was so with the late C. P. Huntington, who used to tell the most entertaining stories of his early feats in commerce. There was one about a canal-boat cargo of butter that he bought, and how he sold it in New York, and he remembered every wile by which he beat the local dealers, and every boarding-house-keeper to whom he sold a chunk of it, and how much the chunk weighed, and what he got per pound for it. The late Calvin Brice used to tell similar tales about his beginnings, and if either of those men could have been persuaded to talk his early life off to a stenographer as he talked passages of it to his friends, there would have been a remarkable book as the result. Franklin wrote an autobiography that is a classic; General Grant wrote his war memoirs, and they constitute another great book. It is obvious from the odds and ends of his biography that Mr. Rockefeller lets fall from time to time that he, too, could do a great piece of book-making if he chose to do so. The reminiscences of an ordinary man are apt to be tiresome, partly because nothing out of common results from the early experiences of the ordinary man. But Franklin and Grant and Huntington were worth knowing about, and had the vigor of mind that qualified them to make good books. So is Mr. Rockefeller worth knowing about, and he, too, has the requisite vigor of mind—or whatever the faculty is—to make his stories vastly readable. These tales of his early training and of his father's labors with him are not common stories at all. If he will only make a book of them, and put in his early diaries and account-books, and show piety and thrift as yokefellows in pulling him out of the ruck of mankind, we shall get some remarkable reading, and will be the better able to sustain the lack, recently noted, of a competent American humorist. It was a great loss that Mr. Huntington did not put his memories on record. If Mr. Rockefeller can be induced to put down what he knows about himself, another serious, and perhaps greater, loss will be averted.

A record of the life of Sir Henry Morton Stanley is given in another column. It was a life packed full of romance and adventure; a rare life in these days which some observers hold to be prosaic. Stanley's progress from an English workhouse through the United States and its civil war, through Europe, and then back and forth through mid-Africa to fame and ease and Parliament, has seldom been matched in any generation in extremes of vicissitude and importance of accomplishment. He did great things which have had great results, and if he is to lie, as may be, in Westminster Abbey, he will have fairly earned that tribute.

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Ex-President Cleveland's Latest Utterances

BEYOND the charges that he has held the Presidency for two terms, non-consecutive, and that, deeming public office a trust, he has not permitted politicians to use him against the people's interests—not very damaging imputations—we have never heard Mr. Cleveland accused of anything except that in 1894 he employed Federal troops to enforce order in the teeth of a violent uprising of organized labor at Chicago, and that, also during his second administration, he issued in time of peace bonds to the amount of many scores of millions of dollars. Those are deeds which, as he has lately told his fellow countrymen, he is not ashamed of, but proud of. It was in a lecture which he delivered on May 2 at Princeton University that he discussed the action of the Federal government in the Chicago strike of 1894. He pointed out that the course pursued by him at that time was based on the assumption that a Federal court has the right to restrain by injunction any interference on the part of rioters with interstate commerce or with the carriage of the United States mails; and, further, that if the mandate of such a court be disobeyed it can and should be enforced by the military strength of the Federal government. He went on to show that the course taken by him on that occasion, when he sent troops to Chicago to make good the injunction of a Federal court, though it provoked strenuous remonstrance on the part of Governor Altgeld of Illinois, was subsequently adjudged legitimate and proper by the United States Supreme Court. That august tribunal declared that Mr. Cleveland acted strictly within the limits of his constitutional powers; that, in other words, he exercised a right and performed a duty.

No sharper contrast could be presented than that which is exhibited by President Cleveland's attitude at Chicago in 1894, on the one hand, and by President Roosevelt's interposition in the anthracite-coal strike on the other. The former act, as we have said, has been proclaimed constitutional by the highest authority, whereas there is not a constitutional lawyer in this country, whatever may be his political prepossessions, who does not regard the latter performance as a glaring violation of the Federal organic law. We know very well that Mr. Cleveland's course was and is offensive to many ostensible spokesmen of organized labor, and we know that Mr. Roosevelt's intervention, which practically, if not avowedly, was calculated to benefit the strikers, seemed, for a time, likely to make him the idol of walking delegates. Time clarifies and purges, however, the minds of even the representatives of class interests, and it is patent that with organized labor Mr. Roosevelt is much less of a favorite than he was fifteen months ago, while Mr. Cleveland is far less unpopular than he was a decade since. As regards, moreover, the great mass of the community, who were not themselves directly and personally concerned, either as employers or employed, in the Chicago strike, or in the anthracite-coal strike of Pennsylvania, there has ceased to be any doubt as to which of the two Chief Magistrates bore himself with the more clear-sighted and loyal regard to constitutional limitations and a sense of public duty.

It was in a Philadelphia newspaper, the *Saturday Evening Post* of May 7, that ex-President Cleveland set forth a history of the bond issues made by the Federal government in his second administration, for the purpose of replenishing the stock of gold in the public Treasury. He begins by pointing out that there had long been a deep-seated and seemingly irremovable belief throughout the American community that a reduction of the gold reserve in the Treasury to an amount less than $100,000,000 would in some way bring about a disastrous situation, and, perhaps, justify misgivings, at home and abroad, concerning our nation's financial soundness. Now it happened that from June, 1878, this reserve had never fallen as low as $100,000,000 until on January 17, 1894—owing to a legislative concession to a mischievous demand for an unlimited coinage of silver—the Federal government was confronted by a disquieting emergency. The gold reserve had fallen to less than seventy million dollars, against which slender fund gold demands amounting to not less than $450,000,000 in United States notes and Treasury notes were in actual circulation, while other notes, redeemable in gold, and amounting to about fifty million dollars more, were held temporarily in the Treasury, subject to reissue. Nowhere was there visible any promise of a cessation of the abnormal and exhausting drain of the yellow metal. Another perplexing and dangerous factor in the situation was the rapidly growing distrust of the wisdom and stability of our whole scheme of finance. As an outcome of all these conditions there loomed in sight the menace of the destruction of our gold reserve, the repudiation of our gold obligations, the humiliating fall of our nation's finances to a silver basis, and the degradation of our government's high standing in the respect of the civilized world.

Ex-President Cleveland goes on to say that, in order to avert the country's disgrace, his Secretary of the Treasury sold through New York bankers fifty million dollars' worth of bonds for $58,660,917 63 in gold, thus bringing the gold reserve on March 6, 1894, to $107,440,802. In less than three months, however, the gold reserve was again depleted, amounting on November 14, 1894, to $61,878,374. Thereupon a second fifty-million-dollar bond issue was made, but in January, 1895, the reserve had sunk so alarmingly that Mr. Cleveland sent to Congress a special message, which, however, was unavailing. Thus it came to pass that on February 8, 1895—that is to say, only two months after the proceeds of the second sale of bonds had been added to the fund—the gold reserve had dropped to the frightfully low sum of $41,340,181. Then it was that Mr. Cleveland and his Secretary of the Treasury entered upon negotiations with J. P. Morgan, August Belmont, and other New York bankers, with a view to see whether it was practicable to improve the condition of the Federal exchequer. After a careful consideration of the suggestions made, Mr. Cleveland, some months later, entered into an agreement with the bankers named and others that they should sell and deliver to the government 3,500,000 ounces of standard gold coin of the United States, to be paid for in bonds bearing the annual interest of four per cent. per annum, and payable at the pleasure of the government after thirty years from their date, such bonds to be issued and delivered from time to time, as the gold coin to be furnished was deposited by the said bankers in the subtreasury or other legal depositories of the United States. By the execution of the contract made in pursuance of this agreement, $65,116,244 62 was realized from the issue of $62,315,400 in bonds.

Now it is true that the bankers got these sixty-two odd millions in bonds at a lower price than was paid for the one-hundred-million dollar four-per-cent. bonds subsequently purchased by popular subscription. What is often overlooked, however, is the memorable service which those bankers privately covenanted to render, which, as a matter of fact, they did render, and for which they deserved to receive, as they did receive, a kind of bonus. What they agreed to do, and what at a critical conjuncture and for a considerable period they did manage to do, was to stop the incessant and threatening outflow of gold from the United States to Europe. The bankers concerned formed a syndicate for the purpose of applying an artificial check to the gold exports which were draining the Treasury's reserve, and it was really for this purpose that an indirect commission was allowed to them. By the banding together of the bankers engaged in transacting the business of exchange between this country and Europe, for the purpose of drawing on their European credits and for supplying remittances which otherwise would have required gold exports, the syndicate's object was attained during at least six months. The respite was important: it allayed the existing panic, and put the Treasury on its feet again. Whatever may or may not be said for the soundness or permanence of such an expedient from a banking point of view—it was, as the New York *Evening Post* has pointed out, an effort to dam up the natural flow of international exchange—there is no doubt that it well served its purpose as an emergency measure.

Summing up in a few sentences the history of the "crime" imputed to his second administration, the alleged crime of "issuing bonds of the Federal government in time of peace," Mr. Cleveland declares that, without shame and without repentance, he confesses his share of the guilt. He adds that, although Mr. Morgan and Mr. Belmont, and scores of other bankers and financiers, who were accessories in the transaction related, may, as it has been alleged, be stooped in destructive propensities, and may be continually busy in sinful schemes, he, Cleveland, will always recall with satisfaction and self-congratulation his collusion with them at a time when our country sorely needed their aid.

The Aims and Limitations of Germany

WE recently discussed the opinions of Dr. Emil Reich concerning the vital condition of the Latin nations. He has followed up his essay on that subject with one—in the April *Fortnightly Review*—on Germany. Rightly he observes that the problem of the future career of this country is one which excites the keenest interest among the great nations. Every one would like to know whether she is destined to become a power which will be able to impose its dictates upon the whole of Europe, or whether the bond of unity by which she is now held together will, when the master hand now directing her policy is relaxed, burst asunder, leaving the component states in their primitive disunion. These are problems of more than academic interest; they touch the man of business in the dealings of every-day life just as much as they absorb the student of history. Within a generation Germany has risen from a level of comparative unimportance to a position in which she makes her commercial, political, and intellectual competition felt the whole world over.

After giving an account of the social and intellectual forces at work in the country, Dr. Reich sketches the political ideals by which the future of Germany is being moulded, and estimates what chances those ideals have of being fulfilled. Imperialism, he says, which has become the watchword of the external policy of several great nations of to-day, has laid hold of the German mind with especial force. Now that the Germans have assured the stability of their internal union, they have begun to aspire to a wide ex-

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tension of their power. It is their ambition by the development of their naval strength, to carry their sphere of influence over the whole globe. For the last ten years they have been toiling unremittingly to attain to the rank of a first-class naval power. Their dockyards have been at work ceaselessly, building and equipping battle-ship upon battle-ship, cruiser upon cruiser, until to-day they have a very considerable fleet in commission, while their programme of naval construction during the next decade is upon grandiose lines. The drift of all this busy, unflagging preparation, Dr. Reich affirms, can hardly be doubtful. "For fifty years there was the same hum of an army making ready, the same keen attention to military affairs, the same drilling of soldiers and training of officers before Germany hurled herself irresistibly upon France, full of sanguine confidence in her success. In the same manner there can be no doubt that Germany is arming herself with patient, calculating, and laborious perseverance for the day when she shall at last feel ready to throw down the gauntlet of defiance in the face of England. Germany is of those that look, meditate, and prepare before they leap, in order that they need have to leap but once."

In order to realize her dream Germany would like to have direct access to the Adriatic. She could then put into execution the long-meditated plan of drawing a canal from the Elbe to Trieste, and she would thus sit astride of Europe, and could afford to make light of any Franco-Russian combination against her. By a trans-European canal, too, she would nullify the strategic value—to England and France—of the English Channel, and undermine the value of Gibraltar. Such a canal is the one remedy which will cure Germany's geographical deformity as a world power. The physical obstacles in the way of making it are great, but not sufficient to daunt the modern engineer; the political barrier is a harder matter to negotiate. Germany is cut off from the Adriatic by Austria, and the construction of the canal presupposes the downfall of that country. This may be brought about in two or three ways, but it is uncertain that any of them offers any considerable chance of success. If Germany did eventually gain access to the northern Adriatic she would be likely to get a warm reception from her Italian rivals, who are in a fair way to become arbiters of the Mediterranean.

Germany's over-sea policy is not the outcome of sheer ambition, a mere desire to participate in the game of grab. It is inspired by imperious necessity. Since 1870 her population has well-nigh doubled, the Fatherland is becoming overcrowded, and the energetic portion of the inhabitants is compelled to emigrate to America, where it ceases to contribute to the force of the home-country. It is of crucial importance to Germany that she should have fields of colonial expansion under her own imperial control. But where are such fields to be found? "In her distress her eyes have fallen upon the Nearer East. This is the explanation of her forbearance and solicitude for the Sublime Porte; it lies in no disinterested affection, but Germany would like to win a firm foothold in Asia Minor, already the scene of her brilliant railway schemes. And if eventually Germany should colonize the eastern end of the Mediterranean, she will have even more potent inducements for securing a naval base in the Adriatic." But if her designs on the Adriatic fail, her swiftly augmenting population must find an outlet, cost what it may. Almost her only other means of finding a dumping-ground for her surplus souls is in the defeat of England and in the seizure of her rival's colonies.

Dr. Reich discusses at some length the question of the possible absorption by Germany of Holland, and points out the different ways in which this might be accomplished and the effect it would have. In conclusion, he affirms that it is in the higher interests of humanity quite desirable that the type of civilization which the Germans have developed during the last four centuries should continue, and he gives reasons for his affirmation. On the other hand, he says, it is difficult to believe, judging from the past, that the Germans will ever be able to mature that ideal development of both man and woman which can alone be considered as the palm and prize of the highest form of civilization. The German woman, in spite of many a great national quality, has so far "not given proof or hopes justifying us in the assumption that she will in her proper sphere create the same charm of graceful idealism that so many German intellectual men have succeeded in creating in the sphere of intellectual idealism. More serious still is the deficiency of the Germans in that they have suffered their whole political life to be officialized and thus Byzantinized. Even within the last thirty years they have, outside Bismarck, produced not a single great political personality. We see a number of hard, steady, and honest workers; but not a single great personality. The over-bureaucratization of the whole of political life in Germany leaves, as a rule, little elbow-room for the growth of free, untrammelled, and elastic forces. Rome owed her greatness chiefly, as does England in our own time, to the great number of men who, unfettered by any bureaucratic routine, devoted all their strength to the great political and social problems of their country. Germany, therefore, runs the great danger of quickening but little the onward march of women towards the ideal, and of paralyzing the resources of her men by subjecting them to an excessive bureaucratism."

Is the Woman Worker a Frightful Failure?

THERE seems to be current some misunderstanding of the remarkable article, "The Truth About Women in Industry," contributed by Mrs. Flora McDonald Thompson to the May number of the *North American Review*. Nobody knows better than Mrs. Thompson, who herself is a successful journalist, that it would be absurd to describe every woman who undertakes to support herself by mental and physical work as a failure. No such term would be applicable to George Sand, Rosa Bonheur, or George Eliot. Neither would Mrs. Thompson dream of asserting that a woman who has neither a father, a husband, nor a brother to support her should be debarred from attempting to earn a livelihood in any field of industry. She is not writing, however, from a sympathetic or humanitarian view-point. She is constrained to eliminate exceptions, because she is endeavoring to formulate a general rule from the view-point of political economy. She is not the first feminine politico-economist, but it must be admitted that familiarity with the principles and methods of the "dismal science" is seldom exhibited by the agitators for the so-called "emancipation" of women.

The question mooted by Mrs. Thompson is this: What would be the effect on wages, salaries, and earnings if the movement for woman's "emancipation" were triumphant all along the line; that is to say, if every field of industry, intellectual and physical, were thrown open to her, and if the opportunities thus offered were turned to fullest account? Is it not evident that while the *demand* for labor in any given field of industry would remain constant—or increase very slowly with the increase of population—the *supply* of labor would be doubled by the influx of the gentler sex? It would inevitably follow that the price of labor would be cut down at least one-half, even if it were not driven lower through the stress of competition. At present the wages paid to a masculine toiler in any field of industry are practically calculated on the assumption that he will have to support himself, a wife, and at least two children. But, it may be said, though we admit that wages would be cut one-half by the entrance of women into the labor-market, yet, if the wages earned by a man and his wife were put together in a common fund, there would still be available about the same amount of money for the support of the family. Those who make this assertion overlook, as Mrs. Thompson points out, that, even if a man and his wife could between them earn as much as the husband now earns single-handed, their joint earnings would not go so far, for the reason that the cost of living would be increased. If a married woman had to work outside of her home from eight to ten hours a day during six days a week, it is obvious that some one would have to be hired to look after the children and the household. Some one would have to be paid to do the work performed by a wife and mother under existing conditions. There will thus be left from the joint wage fund a smaller fraction for nourishment, clothing, shelter, and the refinements of life. There is another point of view from which the husband practically suffers injustice through the entrance of his wife into the labor-market. Mrs. Thompson reminds us that while the wife's earnings might make good to the husband and the family a part at least of what the household loses by her want of application to household pursuits, yet whether her earnings shall be employed in this way is entirely *optional* with her; and it is a matter of common observation that, in general, she feels that what she earns is her own, to the exclusion of any right in it on the part of her husband. She does not perceive that, in equity, she is bound to yield her husband a right in her earnings equal to the cost of her support, and equal to the amount of the extra expense which the household undergoes through her engaging in outside business.

There seems to be conclusive evidence that the entrance of woman into the field of industry has not been an economical success; and that, for woman herself, it has had mischievous physiological consequences. A special committee appointed in New York to inquire into the condition of one hundred thousand families, each of which was dependent on a woman's earnings, reported that these earnings did not exceed, on an average, sixty cents a day. As for the effect of work outside of the home on woman's physical organism, the statistics collected by the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor indicate that her constitution is so ill adapted to men's work that her choice of occupation should be legally restricted. The reproductive organs in particular are injured by the strain of men's labor, and the human race deteriorates in consequence of woman's impaired physical ability to perform the maternal function. Indeed, the woman who aims to be a producer of wealth cannot logically be expected to bear children. This truth is clearly brought out by Mrs. Thompson. She recognizes that maternity would interrupt the woman worker's "career," while the demands of business are such that the chances would be against her making a success of her children. In the modern scheme of economics for women maternity is an error, almost a crime. Mrs. Thompson herself, for instance, as a journalist, is subject to business law. An editor will not wait for copy because a writer's child is sick. A newspaper must go to press in spite of the fact that one of its contributors has a baby in arms. It is not the demands of the

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family, but the demands of the editor and the paper, that a feminine journalist is bound to heed. If she neglects her work, there are others ready to seize it, and they will get it. The editor will not be touched by any exhibition of fine maternal solicitude that may be put forward as a pretext for neglect of business.

What, then, have been, and are likely to be, the consequences of the movement which aims to throw open all the fields of industry to women? They are summed up briefly by Mrs. Thompson. For instance: The practice of so-called economic independence has achieved for woman financial results indicated by the depressing fact that her average earnings are less than a dollar a day. The effect of the practice on the economic interests of the community is to lessen efficiency and to increase the cost of production. The effect upon the woman herself is to impair her physical fitness for the maternal function, and to subject her to a false system of education which mentally and morally unfits her for what should be her economic office in the family. Finally, the effect upon society is to promote pauperdom, both by increasing the expense of living and by robbing men of the responsibility which gives them force and success in their natural office of exclusive dispenser of wealth to the family.

Two Men of Peace

In January, 1894, Hungarians of all classes and factions united in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the commencement of Maurus Jókai's literary career. We turn back now to the records of that event and read such expressions as these: To him, more than to any other living patriot, Hungary owes her well-being; his books, and the spirit of the author manifested in them, made for a splendid national regeneration. And again it was written that the man who was the centre of a national demonstration was not rewarded because he had been a great soldier or an eminent statesman—although, to be sure, military and political campaigns formed part of his long and varied experience—but he was rewarded because his books had given artistic form to the sufferings and the aspirations of his people, crystallizing the national sentiments. During that half-century he had written 350 volumes: his energy was as prodigious as the influence he exerted was noble. And his lifework might well have been regarded as complete at that time. "In triumphs," Browning's "Patriot" reminds us, "people have dropped down dead." Jókai, however, continued to live for more than a decade, his death occurring on the 5th of this month, when he was seventy-nine years of age; and to the last he was a man whom Hungarians—all who read the Magyar language and many who could not read a word of it—delighted to honor, though it was not exactly "roses, roses, all the way," since a certain amount of reaction was observed, and was, indeed, inevitable, after that extraordinary outburst of popular favor in Pesth ten years ago.

On the same day, May 5, another man of almost boundless energy—who also cultivated an art of peace during more than half a century, and whose name is inseparably connected with the latest heroic period of his native land—died at Munich. We refer to Franz von Lenbach, the great German portrait-painter. It has been truly said by one of his biographers that Lenbach's characteristic talent—a positiveness in modelling and a quick and sure perception of that which is individual in any phenomenon, distinguishing it from all others of its class—was shown even in some of the portrajts that he made before he was fifteen. The development of this gift of nature into the perfect mastery belonging to his later years the world owes in large measure to the artist's power of physical endurance: his burden of hard work that would have seemed too heavy for ordinary shoulders was always carried so lightly that there was strength to spare for studies in new fields. His was, in point of fact, the strength of a sturdy Bavarian peasant, for he was born (December 13, 1836) in the market-town of Schrobenhausen. While it was not his mission to inspire great movements in Germany, he did more than any other German, or all others combined, to depict for the benefit of coming generations the chief persons in the history of his country during his lifetime. If (unlike Jókai in this) he did not in any sense make history, he at least made some of its best illustrations. And, like Jókai, Lenbach grew to be the pride of his own good city and country. For a long time his villa was a favorite place of meeting for people of distinction in Munich. In that part of the world his has been the impressive central figure in demonstrations of popular appreciation.

Oxford Transplanted to Chicago

It is announced that Chicago University, at an expense of $2,000,000, is to alter its type of institutional life and set up on the shores of Lake Michigan another Oxford. It reminds one of Leland Stanford's question to President Eliot after he had looked Harvard over, asking how many million dollars it would take to set up another Harvard in southern California. Nevertheless, the statement is not without its interest, as it points out clearly that President Harper and his colleagues are realizing, as President Prichett of the Institute of Technology has realized since he came to Boston, that there are certain moral and spiritual gains that come with a distinctly college life and the dormitory its common home atmosphere which no institution existing without them in a large city can have. If, therefore, in due time the many students of the institution which Mr. Rockefeller has made possible are to have a more secluded and intensified academic life in separate colleges within the university, it will be because it has been found that attending lectures, working in laboratories, and taking degrees does not make up the whole of a liberal education, and that there is need of those conditions of daily human intercourse between older and younger men, and men with common ideals which no system such as now obtains in most of our universities located in cities can provide.

The details of the new University of Chicago scheme are not disclosed yet, but it has been said that the differentiations between the several colleges which are to be set up are to be arbitrary. That is one group of students interested in art will live and work together, those interested in science will do likewise, and those interested in literature will inhabit another set of dormitories and make another nucleus. An arbitrary division like this is easy, but is it natural, and will it conduce to the broadest culture ideal? Not so have the differentiations between the colleges at the English universities come to pass.

This move at the University of Chicago coming so soon after the announcement of a not dissimilar pedagogical ideal held by Princeton's new president, and after the setting up of a new system of tests for scholarships and fellowships at Northwestern University, where the emphasis is to be laid on moral and physical qualifications as well as on intellectual attainments, seems to indicate a wave of reaction against the individualistic and predominating intellectual standards which have dominated our higher educational life under the positive influence of President Eliot and Harvard University. The new ideal, or rather, the renewed emphasis on an old ideal involves the finding of great humanists once more as leaders of youth, as men who can preside over the colleges within the university, and shape youth as Jowett did at Baliol by daily intercourse in the common living-room or in the quiet of the master's study. It will be comparatively easy for President Harper to find brick and stone for his new dormitories and men to carry the scheme out on its executive side. But it will not be so easy for him to find the men who can preside over the destinies of these colleges. Still longer must he wait for that atmosphere to gather around them which so insensibly yet so powerfully alters the lives of men who enter the classic shades of Oxford.

The Democratic Presidential Candidate

Who will be the Democratic Presidential nominee
Is the question that now agitates the soul
Of the part who, on the making
Of a slate, is cogitating
In the interest of the Democratic whole.

There is Gorman, bland of manner, deep of purpose, bold in deed:
The leader of a recusant cabal.
But his boom has gone to pieces—
He made one too many speeches
On the subject of the Panama Canal.

Now Hearst has in his bonnet the Presidential bee:
And he sets a most exhilarating pace;
But the color of his "Journal"
In *décolleté* diurnal,
Lends a "Yellow Peril" feature to the race.

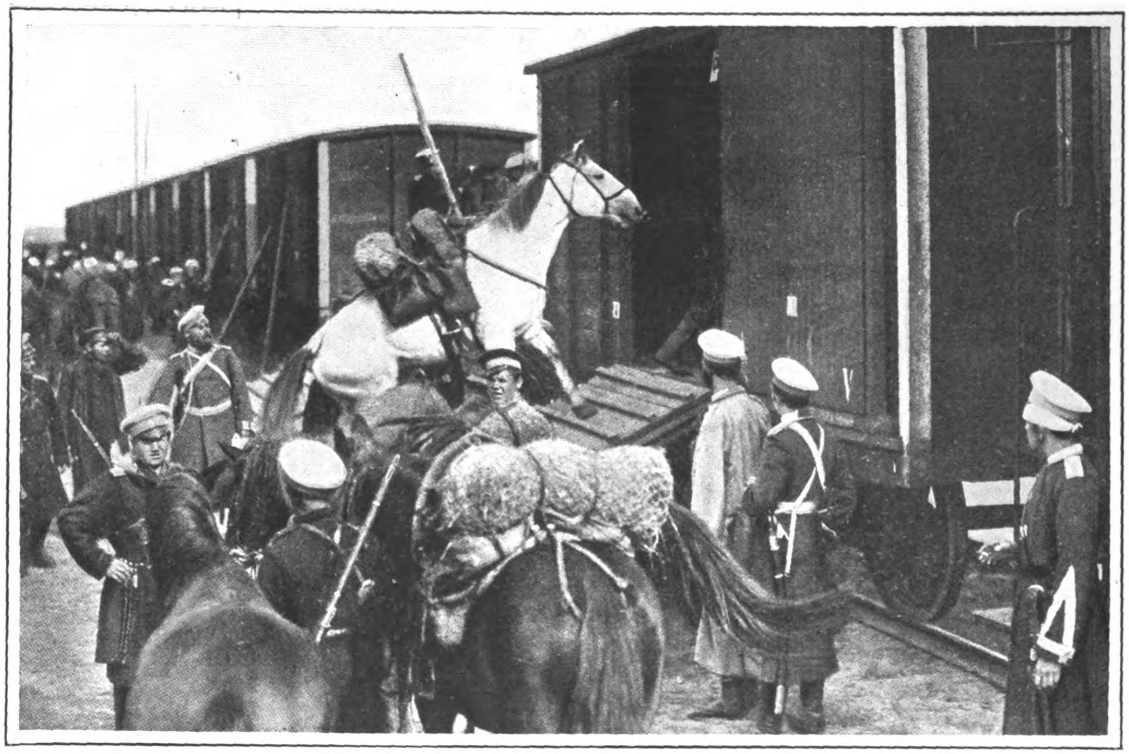
Bryan's usefulness is over, his friends are forced to say,
And the issue that he represents is dead:
Underneath the golden daisies
Let us bury him, and raise his
Cross of Gold—in retribution—at his head.

Now "the Judge" is wise and wary, large of thought and grave of mien,
He presents the endless silence of the Sphynx.
What he's said and done is history,
But the everlasting mystery
That worries all his friends is—what he thinks.

Then there's Harrison and Olney, Gray, McClellan, Williams, Folk:
Men of Presidential timber all and each;
But looking them all over,
Many think that good old Grover
Is the great and only pebble on the beach.

Norris Bull.

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Russian Troops starting for the Far East—Cossacks Entraining at Orenburg



A Battery of Russian Artillery preparing to start for the Front

RUSSIAN TROOPS ON THEIR WAY TO THE SCENE OF WAR—THE DEPARTURE OF REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE FRONT

With the defeat of the Russians on the Yalu and the reported isolation of Port Arthur by the Japanese, the need of sending continued reinforcements to the scene of action becomes imperative. The photographs show cavalry and artillery starting for the front

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JAPANESE TROOPS DISEMBARKING FROM TRANSPORTS AT CHEMULPO

After the first landing of the Japanese at Chemulpo, on February 9 and 10, the occupation of the town has been continuous. With the Mikado's war-ships in practically complete control of the Korean coast, the disembarkment of troops at Chemulpo and other Korean ports has been carried on without any attempt at interference by the Russians

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Japanese Cavalry starting on an Expedition



An Infantry Troop in Marching Order



Infantry in Position for Firing



A Detachment of Infantry in the Field

SNAP-SHOTS OF JAPANESE TROOPS AT THE FRONT

The photographs give some interesting views of the Mikado's troops at the front. With the advance of the Japanese on Russia's strongholds in Manchuria, interest centres in the land forces rather than in the navy. Recent reports of the advance of the Japanese army on Port Arthur estimate the number of men already landed on the Liao-tung Peninsula as over 20,000

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William Randolph Hearst

By Charles E. Russell, of the Chicago "American"

ABOUT two o'clock of the hottest night of the famous hot summer of 1896, when all New York sweltered and the breathless air dripped with a rank humidity, a young man ran at fierce speed down the middle of Park Row. The panting wayfarers about the Bridge entrance and the tired newspaper men homeward bound looked at the running figure with manifest discomposure; his hot haste and hard work seemed to raise the temperature. He was a good-looking young man, well dressed, and, except for his exertions in such an atmosphere, apparently sane. He carried a straw hat in one hand and an open newspaper in the other, and wholly oblivious of disparaging comment, he held his way to the *Tribune* Building, up the steps of which he bounded three at a time, and disappeared.

I had never seen him before, but I knew from certain descriptions that this was W. R. Hearst, the new proprietor of the New York *Journal*. The next day Park Row buzzed with the cause of his feat of unseasonable athletics. It was so simple that it made men laugh and stare; yet nothing could have been more characteristic. Reading his paper on his way home from the office he had found something he did not like. With him there had been no time to waste in waiting for street-cars or cabs. From almost Chatham Square he had run to his office to have the error corrected in the next edition.

The incident had the true character color in more than one way. It was typical of the man's utter absorption in the work in hand, in which he was conscious of neither labor nor physical discomfort, typical of the indomitable resolution that is not balked by obstacles, because it does not stop to weigh them, and mostly typical of the tireless energy that, with very unusual gifts and capacity, have put Mr. Hearst in a position of unique and brilliant journalistic success.

Whether we like or dislike the success or whatever we may think of the means by which it has been achieved, as a fact it has passed beyond dispute. To be, at the age of forty-one years, the proprietor of eight prosperous daily newspapers, reaching in a chain from Boston by New York, Chicago, and San Francisco to Los Angeles, to have created these properties, sometimes from nothing, sometimes from the most unpromising materials, to address every day millions of attentive readers scattered over practically every State in the Union, may fairly be looked upon as a commercial and intellectual achievement without a parallel. In an industrial and peaceful age it is something like the constructive successes of a Tamburlaine in an age of violence, and nothing even in the traditions of old-time empire-building or in our own records of great fortunes and great enterprises is more expressive of persistent and formidable force.

Even this, however, is not quite all the story. The Hearst innovations in newspaper-making may be said to have revolutionized the business. They have affected in some degree at least practically every newspaper in the United States, even the newspapers most conscientiously and bitterly opposed to "yellow journalism." They have invaded Europe and South America, and it is an odd reflection that the cliff-dweller in the high houses of Genoa and the clerk at Hongkong are now entertained by ideas whereof the seeds were sown twenty years ago by a shy and reserved American youth just out of college. The influence of the new methods can be seen in London, the citadel of conservatism, as certainly as in Chicago; in Naples and Honolulu as in Los Angeles. The successful newspaper of Milan is very "yellow," in Bucharest is a daily journal modelled upon Hearst's New York *American*. To have laid touch in this unerring fashion and alone on what is evidently a universal though unsuspected nerve of human interest, vibrating wherever men toil and read—could there be a more curious example of the precision and instinct of success?

What manner of man is this, then, that has compassed these astonishing achievements and affected in so many ways the superficial interests of so many diverse peoples? As different as you can imagine from any ideal of him discernible in his newspapers. His newspapers, indeed, seem always to be shouting or roaring about something, always to be in a state of ferment and tension. The man that makes them is so quiet and modest of manner, so low of voice, of such an impeccable calm and grave, deferential courtesy, that, fresh from the reading of a howling extra, the patent incongruity of maker and product is to most persons that see him for the first time not less than a shock.

If you were to go into his working-room in the *Journal* office any afternoon when he is not in Congress, you would see him bent over his desk intent on a bundle of proofs or a bunch of reports, and at the first glance he would seem to you too young and too inexperienced to have been the creator of enormous properties and the potential champion of new ideas. But presently, if your experience were like that of most other visitors, you would begin to have an odd sense of duality as you looked at him, an odd sense of observing two men in one, such a sense as you have when you study a composite photograph, for instance. The quiet manner, frank and genial glance, and mildly abstracted air are of one man; back of these, and apparently of no kin with them, you begin to notice the long, powerful jaw; the firm mouth, with lines that show how habitually it is clenched; the steady, cool blue eyes; the resolute expression, with its curious indications of old combats; the extraordinary distance from the point of the chin to the crown of the head, and the head itself well developed in the regions of reflection and firmness. All these are of the other man, whose essential characteristic is obviously power.

This impression of latent power is augmented when he rises to receive you, for it is expressed again in another way in his towering height, broad shoulders, deep chest, and great fist; a well-set-up man (in spite of the cartoonists, who habitually represent him as slight), both muscular and easy, as if he might have had much to do with parallel-bars and dumb-bells, wholesome of face, wide-eyed, brown-haired, clean-shaven. He is six feet and an inch in height; he weighs 200 pounds.

As you talk with him you will infallibly take note of his eyes, large, luminous, and with an expression both keen and kindly. You will not escape noticing them, because they will look straight at you all the time you are speaking to him and he is speaking to you, and they will give you a peculiar and rather satisfactory suggestion that their owner is giving his full attention to every word you say and expects you to pay heed no less to his own remarks. If he becomes very much interested in what you say he will manifest his absorption by slightly tipping his chair back and absent-mindedly drumming with his finger-tips on the chair rails. You will note that he has an admirable habit of brevity in his observations; indeed, otherwise he would scarcely get through with the business he transacts; that for all his gravity he has good store of clean, dry wit, and when he pleases a rather remarkable facility in epigrammatic expression. It will probably appear that he knows men, knows affairs, knows history, and on questions of national policy he has postive opinions that he does not hesitate to declare.

But to apprehend the real man and rightly to gauge (or guess) the secret of his success it is necessary to understand his career, some features of which must seem to the worldly intelligence sufficiently unreasonable. He was born, it should be remembered, to a very great fortune, and in the natural order of things he had nothing to do except enjoy his wealth, and no heavier burden to bear than the dignified ease of its management. He might have shone among the class in this country similarly situated and with similar employments, for his father was a United States Senator, his Virginia family is old and honorable. But from the first the ordinary avocations and amusements of the wealthy seemed to have nothing to attract him. He promptly sold the stable of horses he inherited, and has never taken the least interest in the turf or in any other sport. He does not care for yachting; for the diversions of society he has not shown the slightest inclination; he does not dance, he does not go to parties or balls; he does not go to Newport; for a multi-millionaire, he has few friends among the rich. He lives from choice in an unpretentious old house in an unfashionable quarter. His closest associates have been newspaper men. His manner of life is the simplest. He cares nothing about display, keeps no carriage, drives an automobile to get fresh air, goes to the theatre to study what interests and delights people, and seems to find some kind of unintelligible amusement in his daily labors. To work hard, to study out intricate problems of newspaper detail, to get circulation and keep it, and to be anxious about many matters seems to be his ideal of existence. He might have led a life of comfort and rational enjoyment; instead he deliberately chose to involve himself in the most arduous and exacting of all human activities, in the business whose alternate symbols of toil and rest are a treadmill and a nightmare.

For this unusual, not to say erratic, choice there were, doubtless enough, good reasons. We go customarily with much avidity to the task of analyzing a man's motives, but no work of human ingenuity is harder. In this case we know that from boyhood he had entertained rapt illusions about journalism. At Harvard he had crashed into it, editing the *Crimson*, and setting all its traditions at naught with some genial novelties still well remembered. Once out of college, he importuned his father to buy for him the San Francisco *Examiner*, a junk-heap relic of Pacific-coast journalism, moribund, but with boundless capacity for losing money. Senator Hearst took it, I think, as a kind of plaything. Immediately the young man began to turn the coast cities topsy-turvy with a new kind of journalism. He sprang at the task with an insatiable appetite for hard work, toiling as one that has his dinner to earn, learning the business in its small details, and soon from the rattling of the dry bones the youthful magician evolved the beginnings of a great circulation and great profits.

I am aware that in all this is no adequate reason for his obsessions. He did not need money. The *Examiner's* profits were nothing to him. The kind of a paper he was making could add no whit to a rich man's social prestige, and speedily brought forth a fine crop of enemies. It plunged him into a long, expensive, and often hazardous warfare with strong corporations, and entailed incessant labor and a load of cares most men would have gone far to escape. In the current phrase, what was there in it for him?

Nothing was so far from Hearst's mind in those days as that he should ever be the owner of a continental chain of newspapers except that he should ever be a candidate for public office. It was not ambition of either kind that spurred him on. No man ever does anything from one motive, though we are constantly assuming that he ought to be of one piece. Doubtless the excitement of contest was something, the naked joy of success was something, the sheer love of the business was something, the allurement of the hazard was something, the gratification naturally belonging to a hard-won achievement was something. I give full weight to all these, but mixed with all, and with contending weakness and strength as in all men, was something else more powerful than any

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of these, and to explain which it is necessary here to make a digression.

I once saw this even-poised, self-contained man thrash a Naples cabman for beating a horse, and once, with a dangerous glitter in his eyes, face down a crowd of Apulian peasants that he thought were maltreating an unfortunate man. Often I have seen him stop in the street and turn to watch out of sight a limping horse, a stray dog, or a man in trouble. These were the surface indications of a trait that will be clearly appreciable from a more conspicuous illustration.

The news of the great Galveston flood in 1900 reached us on one of the few nights when Mr. Hearst did not come to the office. I awakened him at his house with a telephone call about three o'clock and told of the appalling magnitude of the disaster. His first question was about relief measures, whereas our anxieties had been wholly centred on the problem of getting news from a town cut off from communication with the world. As he stood there talking into the telephone the idea of the relief trains to start that night seemed to come to him by inspiration. He sketched it out.

I said that the time was too short, that the public would not be aroused to the full extent of the disaster, that it would not be possible to get subscriptions started in less than forty-eight hours. He said:

"Why do you want to wait for the public? We will do it ourselves."

I objected that the cost would be enormous and the results from a newspaper point of view very small. He said:

"Never mind about the cost; never mind about the results. If we wait for organized relief those people will starve or die of their hurts. Wire the plan to the Chicago and San Francisco offices, and tell them to get to work on the same lines; wire Winifred Black at Denver to go; send men out to get the doctors and supplies and have everything rounded up at four o'clock this afternoon." He seemed to have the plan at his fingers' ends, the best men for each division of the work, what was to be done and how to do it, and, indeed, the points were so well covered in that ten minutes' conversation over the telephone that it was unnecessary to devise anything beyond. The several trains were prepared in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, and all left on time. In its way it was flawless generalship. To paraphrase a little, I might say that it was magnificent, but it was not journalism. It helped Galveston, but was never of the slightest advantage to the Hearst newspapers—though I have reason to believe that Mr. Hearst did not at any time consider that.



A New Photograph of William Randolph Hearst

Men that had been with him in San Francisco were reminded then of the night he came into the *Examiner* office and heard of a man that had been seen on a half-submerged rock in the bay, with the tide rising and certain to overwhelm him. In the office they were wondering how he got there.

"What difference does it make how he got there?" Mr. Hearst cut in. "Get him off first and find out afterward. Charter tugs, call for volunteers, and save his life—that's the main thing." They went out with the tugs (it was a wild night), and rescued the man just before the seas rose over the rock. The waves had whipped the clothes from his back. He was a poor fisherman whose boat had been lost in the storm.

From these incidents may be inferred that strong development of the sympathetic and sentimental side of this character that has been the first impelling force in his career. Rightly or wrongly, he was convinced that he had a mission to fight for the weak, to represent the unrepresented, to better conditions, to protect the unprotected, and to do something for the class that he continually designated in his editorials as "the less fortunate." He had and has a largely idealistic notion of the mission of journalism to be of use in the world, and this generous idealism (inherited, doubtless, from his mother, whom he closely resembles) is the one and only motive for his sympathetic attitude toward labor-unions and his persistent championship of the interests of toilers.

Late in 1895 he went to New York and bought the old New York *Journal*, an ill-favored rag of a newspaper, formerly devoted, as Mr. Bennett once said, to the delectation of love-sick chambermaids. All his wise friends attempted to dissuade him, for they assured him the task of rejuvenating such a property in such a field was hopeless.

"Why, that paper will cost you a million dollars a year," one of them concluded, solemnly.

"A million dollars a year, eh?" said Mr. Hearst in that quiet way of his. "Well, then, I can publish it for twenty years, can't I?"

Dismal prophecies resounded on all sides. I cannot now recall one voice that uttered anything but predictions of absolute failure. Indeed, the problem he faced was enough to daunt the most sanguine. The field seemed filled with well-established and extremely able newspapers, each adequately supplying its own constituency in its own way, so that the mind of man could not suggest a variety of taste not provided for. To compete with any one of these journals in its own specialty was merely to divide a constituency. It was because they knew these facts so well that all experienced newspaper men foretold disaster. But the young man had been thinking; he had planned his campaign as carefully and faultlessly as von Moltke had planned the invasion of France. Moreover, he had an idea, and ideas are success. His idea was that, comparing the census returns of population with the total circulation of all the newspapers in New York, there was a hiatus. That is to say, obviously a great many people in the metropolitan district did not read any newspaper. So his plan embraced making newspaper-readers of these.

Now, it must be admitted that, simple as this seems, no one had thought of it before, and the working out of the terms of the problem was the basis of the Hearst triumph. The manner of the appeal was the superstructure. Mr. Hearst had come to the conclusion that to try to reach these possible readers with any such newspaper as was then published in New York was plainly useless. Furthermore, nothing could be more certain than that with such a paper as the highly educated class would read with delight he would be, to the people he desired to reach, a lost voice in the wilderness. Hence he gradually evolved the whole system of typographical emphasis, and unusual methods that we vaguely call "yellow journalism," by which the enormous circulations of his newspapers have been achieved.

It is too late now to consider very seriously whether some of us like or dislike "yellow journalism." It is an accomplished fact in the world's history; it has come to stay; it is in newspaper publishing (and sociology) as certain a discovery as the cathode ray was in science. What was true of the New York district has been found substantially true of every other community from Hongkong to Budapest, from Winnipeg to Buenos Ayres. The new readers were found, they became enthusiastic supporters of the Hearst style of journalism, and day after day this man addresses such an audience as no other man has ever had to listen to him. And unless we adopt the theory that only the wealthy and the college-bred are to have a voice, the kind of journalism that he instituted is exactly as respectable and desirable as any other.

Reflective persons will not need to be told that without very unusual qualities of mind no man could achieve such a success in the

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face of such obstacles. The first of these mental attributes in the case of Mr. Hearst is his power of abstract concentration, in which he excels all men I have met and most men I have read of.

He can lose self, environment, and all things else in any subject he considers, and hang upon it with an attention that seems both unwavering and unwearying. It is not, I suppose, what would be called a trained mind, and yet I have never known of any proposition on any subject that it would not envelop, anacondalike, and presently squeeze out the essence of its principle. It can think in the roar and clatter of a newspaper office as readily as in absolute quiet, and I believe no man has known it to be flustered by any emergency, even (as happened once in San Francisco) when facing a homicidal maniac.

Patience and a tireless persistence that never turns aside and never admits any obstacle to be permanent, have stood him in good stead in the fights he has made. "Old Never Let Up," he has been called (not disagreeably) in some of his offices for his habit of unceasing purpose. Oddly enough in a man of such vigor and resolution, he has no personal resentments and (a fact that would redeem a multitude of faults) has never used the great power of his papers to gratify a personal spite.

He is greedy of labor and incapable of fatigue. His daily routine when he is in New York is something like this: He breakfasts at one o'clock, having previously devoured all the morning newspapers and made mental notes on their contents, for he has mastered the trick, so awe-inspiring to the uninitiated, of reading a column in three glances. At three o'clock he appears at his office and until seven he is in consultation with the officers of his ship.

These come, one after another, with reports and suggestions and to get his instructions. He listens and says little, but what he says is usually of the heart of the matter. He knows the business office as thoroughly as the editorial room; over the leased telegraph wires he directs his papers in Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles as minutely as in New York. He keeps his hand on all departments, and almost the only thing that ruffles his steady temper is to have any movement initiated anywhere without his consent.

The details of these employments are, of course, many and exacting, and I think even the men that have been with him longest never quite understand how he brings to each day a fresh interest in tiresome matters of rote. He wants to see the editorial section of the Sunday paper before it goes to press; he wants to see all the magazine pages; he considers the comic supplement; he wants to know what is being done about this story of news and that.

There is, I believe a general belief that his part in the enterprise consists in hiring talent, and that the talent makes the newspapers. This suggestion always causes the men of his staff to smile grimly. As a matter of fact, he makes the papers himself—with what particularity may be guessed from the fact that he personally selects every line of display and head-letter type that appears in them, personally designs the styles of heads on the news articles, and personally plans their policy of make-up as well as opinion and procedure. When he was learning the newspaper business he included in his course presses and presswork, photo-engraving, illustrating, stereotyping, reporting, copy-editing, and some other matters. For this reason an attempt to deceive him when anything goes wrong is likely to have features of unexpected and vivid interest.

In these early days in San Francisco he used to spread the day's papers on the carpet, stretch himself over them and, lead-pencil in hand, minutely compare article with article, item with item, meanwhile making copious notes. These subsequently enlivened the days and nights of the city editor. In a short time the "beats" recorded against the *Examiner* became rare. Even nowadays any head of a department is likely to get from him at any time a copy of the paper with concise comments and directions chalked upon it in blue pencil. Some of these are of an exceedingly spirited nature.

One of his marked papers, long preserved in the office archives, had the word "Dull!" in big blue capitals and crescendo emphasis printed all over it—with other remarks. But while he has iron-shod notions as to what the paper should be, the great strength and commanding skill of his generalship lie in encouraging, inventing, and inspiring, not in criticising, for he has small faith in what are known to newspaper men as "post-mortems."

About seven he goes to dinner; about eleven he returns. Invariably, just before the first edition of the morning paper goes to press he enters the composing-room, and at the sound of his well-known step on the stairs the night editor groans in spirit.

The New York *American* (as it is now called; it used to be the *Morning Journal*) is undoubtedly the hardest paper in the world to make up, partly because of its intricate scheme of typographical and illustrational display, and partly for other reasons not necessary to go into here, and the last fifteen minutes of the night in that composing-room are hot with haste and sickening with anxieties. The night editor boils up and down, his eyes roving between his slowly filling pages and the steadily advancing clock-hand.

The linotypes clatter, mallet and planer resound on the ready forms, galley-boys run to and fro with heads and proofs, the "make-ups" yell aloud for "B 9" and "X 24," the incomparable foreman with type in each hand hurls the first page together; the assistant night editors fish out galleys and incessantly urge haste, while the traditional and fathomless abysm of "missing the mails" slowly unfolds before them. And then calmly into this seething bedlam walks the imperturbable proprietor and stands abstractedly studying the pages while he plays a tatoo on the chase with his finger-tips and the clock-hand moves on.

The pages ready to go to press are ranged before him like the squares of a great checker-board, and presently in the quietest of voices he begins to make his plays thereon:

"Take that out of the first page and put it on the third page. Drop the first page-cut. Reset your seven-column line in 48-point Howland—it's *too* big. Please have that head rewritten: it tells nothing of the story. There are too many cuts on the *third page*; put one on the fifth. What is this about? Is it worth so much *space*? Have it cut down. Don't use any more of that 28-point Ivanhoe; use Jensen or De Vinne condensed," and so on.

"We'll miss the mails," says the night editor, full of despair.

"Oh no, you won't," says Mr. Hearst, reassuringly. "You won't miss the mails. You never miss the mails. Go ahead."

He stands for a few minutes watching the changes; then goes up-stairs to his office and waits until the first edition appears. On that he marks further improvements for the second edition. Then he studies the papers, city and out-of-town, very often writes an editorial, revises the editorials of other men, and between three and four o'clock he goes home.

For many years he has kept this up, year in and year out. Recently he has found it advisable to take a summer vacation abroad, but even there he is in daily cable communication with his lieutenants, and bales of newspapers follow him wherever he goes.

He has one abiding interest outside of the newspaper business and his schemes of philanthropy, and that, strange to say, is a passion for art. He has filled his house with a remarkable collection of infallibly chosen paintings, more than could be hung in a dwelling ten times as big. Among these are old masters and some of the finest specimens of modern schools. He has studied every famous painting in Europe, is an animated catalogue of the great galleries, and as the crowning fact of a complex character I may observe that no one really knows William Randolph Hearst that has not heard one of his illuminating discourses on the history or principles of art.

Machine-Guns

By Sir Hiram Maxim, C.E., M.E.

A MACHINE-GUN is an instrument of warfare which generally consists of a series of gun barrels placed in close proximity to each other, and provided with an apparatus which opens the breech, thrusts a loaded cartridge into position, closes the breech, fires the cartridge, and then extracts the empty case. They are generally operated by a lever or crank.

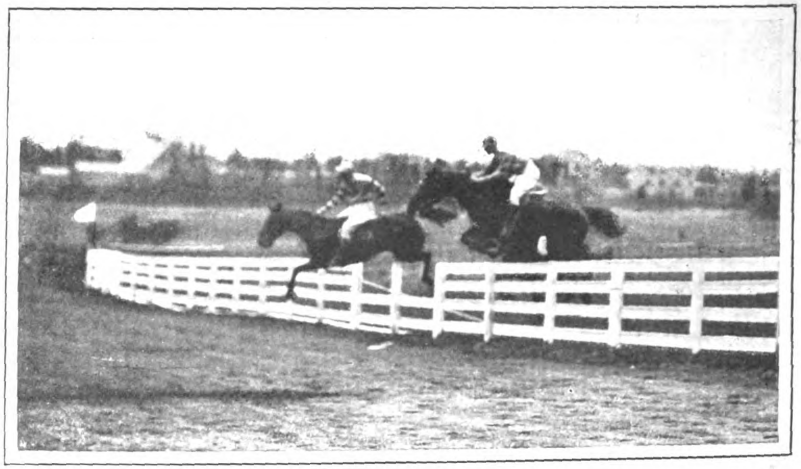
The first machine-gun of any note was the Gatling. The original Gatling had ten barrels placed in a circle, with a breech mechanism so arranged that by turning a crank these barrels were successively fired, the cartridges being placed in a small hopper situated on the top of the gun. The Hotchkiss was a similar gun, having a similar arrangement of barrels, but a totally different form of mechanism. The Hotchkiss system, however, was used for a larger type of ammunition than the Gatling. The French mitrailleuse had thirty barrels. They all were loaded at the same time and all fired simultaneously. The recoil was so great that it had to be mounted in the same manner as a field-piece, on a heavy carriage, requiring six horses. The apparatus was clumsy, difficult to operate, and had a comparatively slow rate of fire. The Nordenfeldt gun consists of a series of barrels arranged side by side, like organ-pipes. The Nordenfeldt gun generally has five barrels, and the mechanism is worked by a lever, the cartridges falling down from a hopper on the top of the arm into position, where the mechanism thrusts them into the barrel, fires them, and extracts the empty case. This gun is of great simplicity, and for a time went into extensive use. The Gardner gun is a similar gun, except that it is worked by a crank instead of by a hand lever, the rate of fire being about the same. The Pratt & Whitney gun is practically the same as the Gardner gun.

The hand-worked machine-gun, however, has given place to a totally different form of arm having but one barrel, and is known as the automatic gun, which was one of my own inventions.

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Mr. L. Trowbridge Martin winning the Race for the "Rockaway Cup"



Taking a Hurdle in the Steeplechase



Mr. F. Ambrose Clark taking the in-and-out Jump on "Copper King"

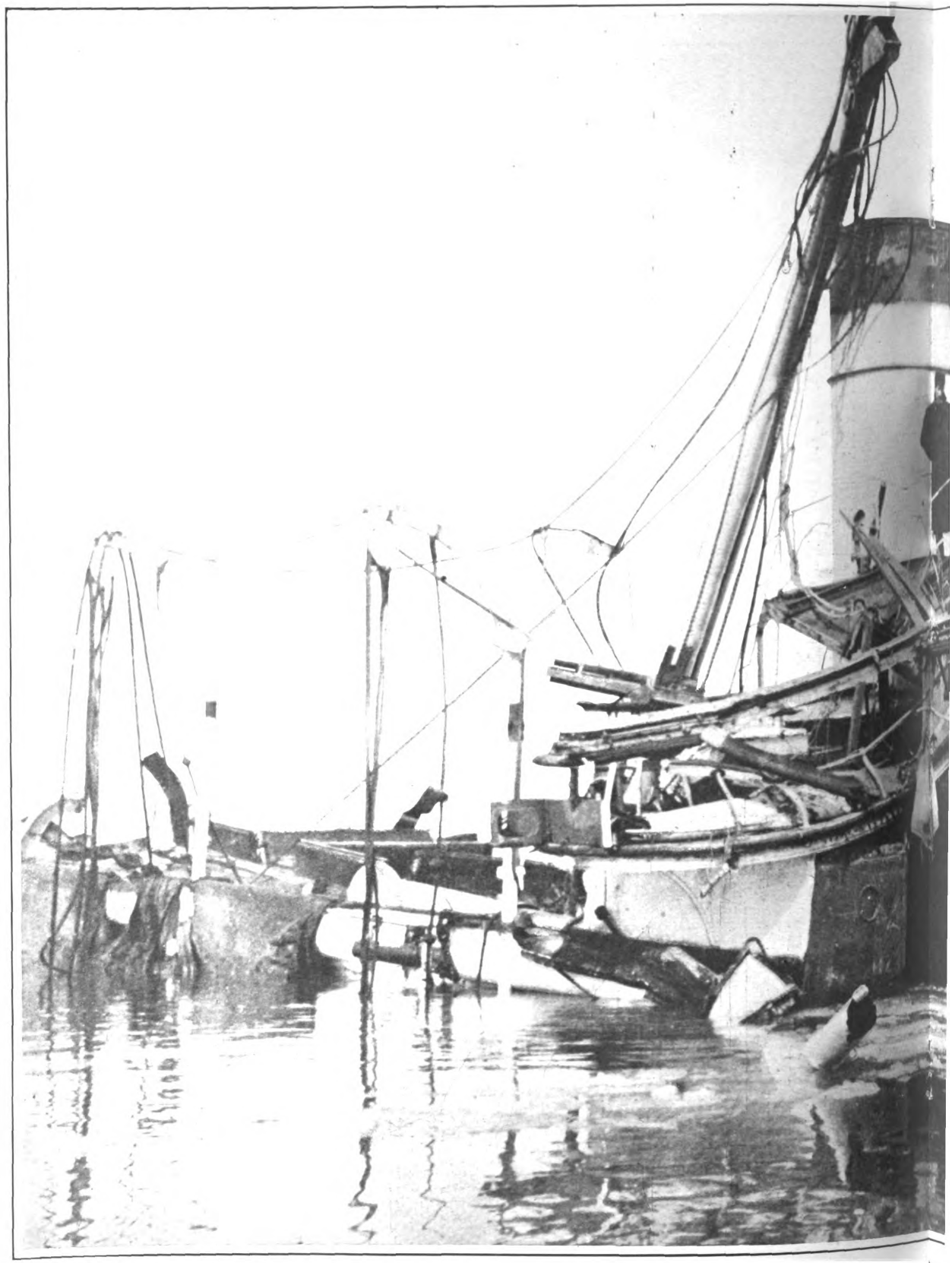


Messrs. L. Trowbridge Martin, Louis Haight, and Ambrose Clark on the Scales

SCENES AT THE STEEPLECHASE MEET OF THE ROCKAWAY HUNT CLUB AT CEDARHURST, LONG ISLAND

The photographs show scenes at the Steeplechase Meet of the Rockaway Hunt Club at Cedarhurst, Long Island, on April 30. Five races were held, each for a prize. The winners were "Black Bess" (Mr. S. Halloway up); "Ringlets" (Mr. L. T. Martin up); "Live Wire" (Mr. S. Halloway up); "Ben Walker" (Mr. W. C. Hayes up); and "Sir Hogany" (Mr. H. S. Page up)

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A NEW VIEW OF THE WRECK OF THE RUSSIAN

An interesting snap-shot of the wreck of the "Korietz," which was blown up by her comm "Weekly," together with a description of the events which led to her destruction. The a the present condition of the wreck. In spite of the attempts that have been made to

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THE RUSSIAN GUNBOAT "KORIETZ" IN CHEMULPO HARBOR

...mmander to avoid capture by the Japanese, was published in the May 7 issue of the ...e above photograph was taken recently at close range, and gives a graphic idea of ... float the gunboat, it is believed that she cannot be made fit for service again

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Women as Educators

By Florence Jackson

THE United States, which, more than any other nation in the world except Japan, owes its speedy intellectual development as much to the teaching of its women as to the statesmanship of its men, ought not to need reminders of the value of women as educators. Nor should the peril threatened any community that excludes feminine instructors (merely as such) from boys' schools require demonstration. That the question of the ability of women to teach boys and the suggestion to remove them from boys' schools should have been, of late, the subject of any discussion, implies more than a lack of appreciation of what has been accomplished by the educational work of women in this country during the past sixty years: it implies an *ignorance* of what has been done, an ignorance also of the testimony history furnishes of the economic as well as intellectual worth of the feminine mind acting for and with the mind of youth.

The presentation at Albany of the Lewis Educational Unification bill, suggested from the first a further reason for the movement to withdraw women from positions as teachers in boys' schools, a reason of which account might have been made in the promulgation of the bill: namely, an attempt to exclude from the schools those who could not serve directly as political constituents. This disability in women being one it is not expedient to name, the attack is made against their capabilities as educators, but to the initiated it is plain that this is but the offered excuse for advising their removal, for the vacancies thus made can be filled by those who have votes and may be induced to use them as directed.

It is not only in the schools that this sort of discrimination against women is constantly made. Some years ago it was made in a certain governmental department, where a woman who had, for seven years, discharged her duties without making a mistake, was displaced in favor of a man on the excuse that the work was too heavy for a woman. At the same time the salary for the man, who was assigned less than her duties, was increased by $500 a year. This is repeated in every line of work.

But it is not the purpose of this article to raise political questions. What women are doing as educators, what they have done to bring about the present condition of education, this, so far as it is possible to consider it in the space at command, is the theme.

It is an old belief, not wholly eradicated even in this age, that properly women should follow no callings that take them outside of their homes. Yet it is an older fact that, before there were homes, women worked as a matter of course as men did, outside of them, worked for the general or individual good, not for the family. A savage practice followed in a savage state before the needs of the family were recognized? True, but a practice and a state arising from necessity. The pendulum swings far before it swings back. Conditions have a way of recurring. So it is that in *this* twentieth century there are, in this country, 5,000,000 women whose homes cannot or do not give them a living and whose necessities must be met from the outside. How meet them? If this vast number of individuals is not to become a menace to the general good, is not to be pauperized or rendered immoral, *the means* for self-support must be granted to each, and each must do what she is best fitted to *do* in order to render the proper economic returns for what she must receive. Each must be allowed to choose her vocation, and no hindrance must be unjustly placed in her way while following it.

Of all callings teaching has been the most natural one for women to adopt. It is the most consistent occupation of the feminine nature. It therefore creates a warrant for its following. Not even is the care of the household so intuitively a womanly duty as is the care and instruction of the young. Teaching became, on this account, the first occupation women consciously practised. We see it exemplified to-day, in the way any young negro nurse-girl "minds" a baby as she gives it the first lessons in concentration while teaching it to beat a tattoo.

As gradually as men improved their weapons of warfare did women improve their methods of instructing the young. Instinct, heart, and mind led their way to their own and the world's development. Before systems of teaching had been dreamed of, instruction was imparted in ways that have borne results felt, but little appreciated, to-day.

It has been but a short time, comparatively, that teaching has been held to be a science. I remember well the first time I saw a book on "methods." It was abroad. It astonished me, for I had been taught in a New York college, and had been taught to teach without any "methods." No doubt this was because the peripatetic school was more favored when a classical course was preferred than any other, and what rambler wants to ramble methodically?

But though as a science teaching has rank only in these latter days, it has been a systemized profession longer than can be counted, although until these latter days it has been considered a calling any one could take up who had, in turn, been instructed, not, it is true, on how to instruct, but in what should be learned.

Max Müller says, "When a new science is to be created, the imagination of the poet is wanted even more than the accuracy of the scholar." Perhaps this is why, when teaching developed into a science, it invited, even more than it had done before, the enthusiasm of women who could throw into it an abundance of imagination, though they might have less scholarship to support it. And if, as in Japan, the imagination of the mothers and the intellect of the women in general had created the literary language of the country, there would be no denying the claim for a place in forwarding the growth of the science of teaching. And American women, if they did not create such a language have surely enriched the literature with their imaginative work.

Comprehensively to consider what has been done by women as educators history would have to be reviewed, it is plain, from the earliest times, for women, with the priests, were the guides and instructors in many primitive races. Even among those tribes where women, when not detained by young children, were warriors equally with men, certain of them shared in the governing, which, at that era, was all the instructing there was, of the people. Naturally, then, with the development of tribes, races, nations, women have continued to teach, though, for the most part, non-professionally. Such examples as classical and religious literature shows of renowned feminine teachers who supported schools of thought need no mention.

It has been reserved for our own age and our own country to increase the numbers of women who are to become educators by profession. And here the caviller will say that among all those who now swell the ranks of these teachers, no names stand out as shining lights such as were the women of old, because numbers must ever induce mediocrity. In proportion to the acquirement and development of the numbers—granted. But the whole grade of acquirement in a community being raised, all the workers therein become more nearly equal, and are consequently less marked, less renowned than are the few among lower general conditions. The general standard of education being higher than ever before, supreme excellence is harder to obtain, not often achieved, which is not to say that this mediocrity means a low grade for the middle value.

As to the charge made that women should not become teachers for the reason that they only regard the profession as a makeshift while awaiting settlement through marriage, much may be said. If teaching has been done by women as a "makeshift," it has been done as often by men for that same reason. This is proved by the life records of many prominent men, not to mention those not prominent who have done tutoring and odd jobs at teaching to "help along." The head of one of the large boys' schools in this State could be named as an example. Indeed, I think it is safe to say it is the exception when a man starts from his university with the intention of teaching continuously. As a matter of fact there are graduated as professional teachers yearly a greater proportion of women than of men. That many of these women expect to marry, and to give up teaching when they do, does not imply that they mean to marry merely to escape teaching. It means chiefly that, in looking to the natural and desirable complementing of their natures, they recognize that the duties, as well as joys of wife and mother, will confine their activities mainly within the home. Just because teaching is a calling that, unlike journalism or lecturing (with which former articles in these columns have dealt), cannot now be entered without training for it, those women who take it up are more *apt* than not to continue its pursuit, for even marriage does not always interfere with its prosecution.

Among the 5,000,000 women in the United States who, outside of domestic service, are self-supporting, are many married women. These continue their labors because their wage is needed in the support of their families; there are many widows who are left with the entire responsibility of families. This army of women is distributed in all the professions and numerous callings of lesser pretension. While untrained workers form the greater proportion of the number, of the trained workers the majority is composed of teachers. This, in spite of the fact that the trained teacher is a "modern convenience"—that places in which to pursue training have not been established two generations. It speaks well for the willingness of the sex to acquire "methods" that the training-schools have been so quickly received. This should surely remove one reproach: that of dislike to system in work—by the way, a most controvertible one if a housekeeper's proverbially scrupulous rules are considered. Another reproach to a woman attempting to teach, society removed when it acquiesced at last in the open following, by women, of callings necessary to insure their support. Nor is this so recent a concession as to be forgotten. One of my own teachers came to New York to follow the profession, because in her city—Philadelphia—she was socially declassed by becoming self-supporting, and this not two decades ago.

In spite, then, of these difficulties in pursuing the profession of educator, the numbers who enter it, the still greater numbers who prepare for it, show the esteem in which it is held by those who follow it. Also the time and expense (even with the free tuition) required to prepare for it and gain the first entrance into it go to prove that teaching is not adopted as a "makeshift" calling; which may likewise be refuted by the fact above stated, that outside of domestic service there are in this country 5,000,000 self-supporting women. In New York city alone there are, between Bleecker Street and the Battery, 10,000 self-supporting women. If there are five million this year what will there be in five, in ten, years? Is it not plain what this means?

It means that homes cannot be counted on as the shelter and support of this army of women; that there is just this number not in a position to be cared for; that each one of the five million must, in order to be of the greatest economic value to the country, seek for the calling she is best fitted to pursue; that, having found the calling and having fitted herself for it, the economic returns to the country are reduced if she is hindered in following

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that calling. The economic returns to the country for its expenditure on schools cannot be more direct than in the giving out of that which has been received, in the teaching of that which has been learned, especially if the receiver, the learner, has a particular aptitude for imparting knowledge.

To those who would say that women may teach best in their own homes and should be content with doing so, let me again point to the army of five million who have no homes unless they earn them. Deducting from the number a tenth (a large proportion) who labor less because they need support than because they wish increased incomes, and we have still a formidable array of compulsory workers. Deduct from this remainder a proportion for possibly late marriages, and there is left a number equal to the entire population of New York that will not marry, has no means of support but what it earns, and by nature and ability and obligation must choose some calling not menial in kind. It is certain that the first choice, if there is any ability at all for it, will be teaching, both because, as above said, it is natural to the feminine disposition to seek to instruct, and because the work of teaching is adapted to constitutions not able to endure great physical exertion.

Will it be judged, then, that women, more than men, are looking for a "snap" in the choice of work because the teachers' vacations are long and the school hours short? Is it forgotten that the pay is proportionally curtailed; that much classwork has to be done after hours; that the nervous strain of teaching is found, even by men, to demand long vacations? If physique and opportunity permitted, possibly many women would choose other callings, yet men who have the physique and may seek opportunity to do other things choose to teach. That men have not taken advantage of the opportunities the universities offer in fitting themselves for agricultural pursuits has lately aroused the ire of the Department of Agriculture at Washington. The University of California receives from the department $75,000 a year towards its support, yet in a class of 150 not one man had taken a course in agriculture. Such a lack of interest in out-of-door callings has been equally remarked in Eastern universities.

If the occupations that are of a clerkly or scholarly sort are so inviting to men, is it strange that they should be so to women? If men avoid callings that require hard physical labor, is it strange that women should do so? If the universities have fitted men students in specialties, is it strange that women working on the same lines should have been so fitted and be, as a consequence, able to use their knowledge helpfully? The division of schoolwork into specialties has been particularly liked by women. Long before it was generally adopted it was advocated by a woman who, though for forty-seven years an educator, was accustomed to teach all subjects nearly at once. Without following any system or resorting to "methods" she would make the most unpromising students into comprehending Latin scholars, good grammarians (grammar was not, to her, merely "English"), reflecting historians, intelligent appreciators of literature—in short, what the less elegant diction of to-day would call "all-round" students.

There are teachers, like poets, who are born, not made—this woman was one of them. Every woman who teaches has not her gift, but some approach it, and many are richly dowered with ability to instruct and to inspire the desire for knowledge. How unjust it would be, then, to limit the field of this activity or to deprive young persons of either sex of influences that would be helpful. That any effort to prevent women from being instructors in boys' schools should be opposed, no friend to advancement can doubt, nor that the majority of teachers are constantly giving forth in their work the best and highest their natures can express through their sympathies and their intellects.

Aspects of London Life

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *May 4, 1905.*

I ALWAYS pity an American in London for the first time. He doesn't like it and one cannot blame him. There are some cities like those comfortable people who are "always the same," whose charm never seems to stale or vary, who are always apparently glad to see you, and have the happy knack of taking up the thread of an intermittent acquaintanceship without any outward consciousness that there has been a break at all—cities you can return to again and again and never without a placid foreknowledge of what welcome is in waiting. The sensible man keeps the best of them to himself, part of the essence of one's enjoyment being a jealous secrecy of guardianship. Among them, though, on nearly every one's list, stands Paris, the supreme instance of perpetual and unchanging fascination. Vienna, too, even though the jerry-builder is getting to work on it, remains intensely satisfying, in some ways the most satisfying city in Europe. But Paris and Vienna are common property that no one can claim an exclusive right in. The places one hugs to oneself with a miserly air of proprietorship and never talks about are the quiet backwater villages and hamlets and unheard-of seaside townlets scattered about England, Brittany, Holland, and northern Italy. In these the visitor detects a sort of personal appeal, and treasures them up as resting-places where he need have no fear of an aftermath of disappointment or disillusion. There is, of course, another order of places that give out a precisely opposite effect—places that smite one instantaneously and for all time, but with repulsion instead of attraction—places one feels that if one lived to be a hundred and visited them every year one would only hate the more. Of these any one but a Chicagoan would give the palm to Chicago. One goes, one sees, one gathers the impression of immutable hideousness, of having looked upon some everlasting disfigurement of the earth's surface, and one retreats. And the oftener one goes the more quickly one retreats. Impregnable in its ugliness the unhappy city strikes one and all, whenever it is visited, with the same uncontrollable emotions. But here again, as with Paris and Vienna, the first immediate impression endures. There are no second thoughts and no revisions, much less reversals, of opinion. Two classes of towns still remain—the town that "improves on acquaintance" and the town that charms at first and gradually wearies. London is typical of the first; New York of the second.

To New-Yorkers it will sound heretical even to hint that their beloved city can possibly weary. And yet honesty forces me to admit that foreigners, Englishmen, I think, especially, do after a while tire of New York. Catch a foreigner at the end of his first three or four months on Manhattan Island, and you will find him a reckless enthusiast. Catch him again at the end of a year or eighteen months and you will find him fuller of anathemas than praise. At first everything finds approval, everything in particular that London lacks. The thousand and one mechanical conveniences become themes for lyrical congratulations. If you see an obvious Englishman on Broadway—before he has bought his fedora and creased his trousers and learned to leave his umbrella at home—and also see him fumbling with a pocketbook, you may be sure he is composing an ode to the Elevated railroad, or the numbered streets, or the telephone system, or the electric cars, or the "lifts," or something of that sort. "Here," he will be exclaiming, "is a city where everything that machinery can do to make life easy and comfortable is done, and done thoroughly." And then he takes to the exhilaration of the place. Its rush and swing act upon him as a sting and a challenge. He likes the contrast to the dreary drab and studied languor of London, and finds to his delight a half-Parisian touch in the New York atmosphere and a wholly American touch in its genial, bubbling hospitality. But—there comes a big "but" when the novelty has worn off, a sense of having sacrificed to false gods, a conviction that you can have too much of machinery, an anxiety to find out whether anything lies behind. And that is just where New York begins to fail. An Englishman after a while finds himself brought up against a stony lack of suggestiveness. He comes to think of New York as an endless counter, a universal bargaining store. The numbered streets that used to please him take on a deadening Euclidian precision. Their convenience is forgotten or accepted as a matter of course and only their prosiness and their air of being ruled off like an account-book remain. And then, too, an Englishman in New York gets to feeling himself singularly cut off from the rest of the world and living among echoes, half-lights, and pale reflections. He ends as often as not by describing New York as a city of splendid provincialism. He is bored by its incapacity to be bored. Mr. Howells in an immortal phrase called American hospitality "inexorable." After eighteen months of it Englishmen, less politely and less happily, are apt to speak of the social atmosphere of New York as "rather fussy."

I do not, of course, say that Englishmen are right in coming to these conclusions, but unquestionably a great many of them do. It is rather piquant that they should, if only for the reason that an American's experience in London runs on precisely opposite lines. No foreigner can really like London to start with unless he has undergone a probationary course in Chicago or Pittsburg; and even then he will miss many of the conveniences of life that Americans are used to. London has to be lived in for at least two years to be understood and appreciated. Even a provincial Englishman will hardly catch its note and feel himself really at home in less than a year. Like most other things in England it is the product of centuries and cannot be judged offhand. The casual tourist sees only the externals, and in the way of outside appearances London is about as dismal and dingy a city as could well be imagined. That is why so many Americans return home with memories only of dark streets and darker skies, slush underfoot and ink overhead, and a vague impression of overwhelming gloom. One has to shut one's eyes to much that is obvious and unpleasant and penetrate diligently below the surface of things to discover its real charms. Even the American who settles down with the determination to see the thing out takes six months or so to shake off the first vivid impression that for downright discomfort London is hard to beat. I doubt, indeed, whether he ever quite succeeds. It is the fate of London to repel almost as much as it fascinates. The Londoner born and bred hates the city in which he lives and works only one degree less than he loves it; and will raise no protest if you call it a mere stretch of dirty drab by the side of the dazzling joyousness of New York, Paris, or Vienna—sullen, oppressive, hopelessly disenchanting. But while an American may say and feel all this to begin with, it will not be long before he reaches the point of treating it as a side issue. If he once survives the first excruciating six weeks or six months, then London may safely count on enrolling another admirer in its train. The London fever is caught with an effort and matures slowly;

(Continued on page 808.)

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Marriages in Russia

By Wolf von Schierbrand, Ph.D.

Author of "The Kaiser's Speeches," "Russia: Her Strength and Her Weakness," etc.

"WHERE is your daughter, Piotr Ivanovitch?"

"Gone to the marriage-market in Salnykoi, your honor."

"Ah, I see. Well, Olga is a pretty girl, and I suppose she'll do fairly well."

"Yes, Sasha meant to marry her, but, you see, your honor, they quarreled, and, so to make matters short, she has gone to town. I expect she will return with the bridal crown. She has taken her finest things along, even the pretty silver chain."

"My congratulations, Piotr Ivanovitch."

"Respectful thanks, your honor."

That is a conversation between the owner of a Russian estate and an elderly peasant, head of a family, and *starost* (village president) in the neighboring village. The custom here referred to is a curious relic of the mediæval past. Once it held sway in all Slavic countries. The brides were picked at the annual show held in every market town. Now it has survived in only a few Russian (and also in several German) districts, and it is singular with what tenacity the people there still cling to it.

Perhaps the best known of these Russian marriage-markets is the one which takes place annually at Klui, near Moscow, and which has just been held with the usual success. It occurs during the week of Epiphany (Russian style), and all the young women who wish to get married in the course of the year are mustered in a long row in the principal street of that large and straggling country town. In order to make themselves attractive to the young men who come to see and admire them they wear nearly all their belongings on their backs. Their finery does not consist only of their best clothes, but it includes a lot of old family trinkets, sometimes valuable scarfs, cloaks and furs, heavy silver jewelry and necklaces, jackets showing rows of prettily ciselated or filigree silver buttons, and many of the girls bring even their linen and other domestic property along with them in gaudily painted chests and trunks, sitting on them like dragons watching a treasure.

After exposing themselves for hours to the close scrutiny of would-be benedicts, the girls march off in a procession to church, there to perform at the shrine of some saint particularly potent in procuring connubial bliss, such as St. Chrysostom and St. Niazanzen, worshipful prayers. On the way to church it is not only permissible but good form for the young men to follow and accost one or the other of the girls in the way of conversation.

It must not be supposed that this conversation is of the sentimental kind. No, it is strictly "business." The questions and answers turn exclusively on such data as name and age, residence, dowry and possessions of parents, number of sisters and brothers, and practical experience in domestic or other labor. The girls, on their part, confine their inquiries to similar points.

If any two of the young people think they suit one another, a formal visit is paid by the intended groom to the parents. But before the actual marriage is arranged, a number of interviews take place between the respective parents, every item of the trousseau being exacted beforehand and noted down as part of the bride's dowry.

It is said that at Klui annually a thousand brides or more are made. And this is but one of the Russian marriage-markets. The famous one in Little Russia, located at Salnykoi, near Kieff, and the one held every year near Vladikavkas are probably next in importance. The girls in Little Russia are known for their beauty, differing in that respect from those in central Russia, where the admixture of Mongolian blood betrays itself in the broad, flat faces and burly shapes. Girls from Little Russia, on the contrary, are slender and well built, often with pretty features and fine eyes. Their national costume, too, is far more picturesque. As brides they wear a bridal crown, which is usually an heirloom in the family of well-to-do peasants, and which often represents a value quite considerable. In other respects, however, the manners of the wooers show a striking resemblance to those of the far interior of Russia.

To a stranger in Russia, however, the ancient marriage-market conducted every year on St. John's day on the plains near Vladikavkas, a town of considerable importance on the northwestern slope of the Caucasus Range, and not far from the Dniepr, is by all odds of greatest interest. Vladikavkas stands in the centre of a region inhabited by a score of different races—Kirghiz, Tartar, Georgian, Lesghian, Armenian, Russian proper, Kalmuck, Abchasian, etc. The broad steppes stretching along the Dniepr and Dniestr are fertile, and enjoy a mild climate, immense herds of cattle are grazing under the supervision of steeple-hatted Kirghiz herdsmen, astride of fiery ponies, shaggy-coated but fleet, and armed with lances having dull points and intended for goads.

In this district of comparative plenty, agriculturally one of the richest in Russia, brides and grooms are likewise plentiful. And, as I said, the marriage-market near Vladikavkas does a thriving business. The Kirghiz are, above all, horsemen, every one of them, even the women and children, riding bareback or on saddles from the day they first begin to crawl. Thus, too, a Kirghiz bride's dowry consists, above all, of nimble-footed horses, and as the breed of them there is very fine, that section of the marriage-market reserved for the Kirghiz is calculated to enchant the eye of a lover of horseflesh. But these girls bring their future husbands also fine rugs of their own weaving, as well as clothes of choice texture. On a bargain being struck between the Kirghiz wooer and his future helpmeet, the chosen one at once is compelled by custom to don her bridal cap. This is a very curious-looking object, conical in shape and about two feet high, and from its top hangs down in loose folds her bridal veil. Seated on her horse such a bride presents a most picturesque appearance. Her bosom is usually covered with huge coins, silver and gold, and each suspended from a little metal loop.

The mode of choosing a bride alone does not differ materially from that in vogue in other parts of Russia. With the Kirghiz, too, "business" precedes sentiment, and love-lorn swains have often been known to meet with final rejection on the part of intended father-in-laws just for the sake of a trifling bit or two more of demanded dowry.

The Lesghians, too, are drivers of sharp matrimonial bargains. To see them, both men and women, in their handsome and striking garb, tall, slim, sinewy, and with fine dark hair and eyes, one would not think that in the matter of choosing a wife or a husband they were governed only by crass materialism. Yet such is the fact. Lesghian girls or widows (for the latter are not excluded from these privileges) present themselves most attractively on the plain near Vladikavkas, for they are usually loaded down with a choice lot of desirable property, both of apparel and household.

But once a bargain has been struck, the wedding is arranged on a most magnificent scale and a very lavish hospitality shown. A special feature of it is the Lesghian bridal dance, performed in the centre of the vast room where the wedding-feast is going on. Bride and groom go through this dance in the presence of all the guests and to the music of a small band performing on odd-looking instruments. The dance itself is slow and graceful, symbolically representing the wooing and winning of the bride.

The Abchasians, another Caucasus tribe, are physically not so well favored as are the Lesghians. Both men and women, as a rule, are hard-featured and wear a perennial scowl. They are just as commercially inclined in their matrimonial bargains at the marriage-market as are the others. But they do not care for music or the dance, and as they are Mohammedans, even the juice of the grape is forbidden them at their marriage-feast. Though not pretty to look at, the Abchasians are a tough, wiry lot.

It is a fact which will astonish many that marriage-markets such as those in Russia, spoken of above, exist even to this day in several districts of Germany. That is owing to these districts having been settled many centuries ago, not by Germans or people of other Teutonic stock, but by Slav races, with whom, of course, this ancient Slavic custom has survived.

The most noted of these marriage-markets in Germany is the one in Teltow, a rural town not many miles from Berlin. There every year, in midsummer, this peculiar market is held with an observance of almost the identical features as those obtaining in Russia. Though the girls and the young men that throng the market in Teltow now speak German, having abandoned the Slav idiom spoken by their ancestors, in costume, manners, and even looks they closely resemble their Russian prototypes near Moscow.

Thus it is seen that not only on the vast Sarmatian plain, more Asiatic than European, survives this ancient Slavic custom, but even in the very heart of modern Europe, scarcely a day's walk from the capital city where the Kaiser holds forth with waxed and pointed mustache.

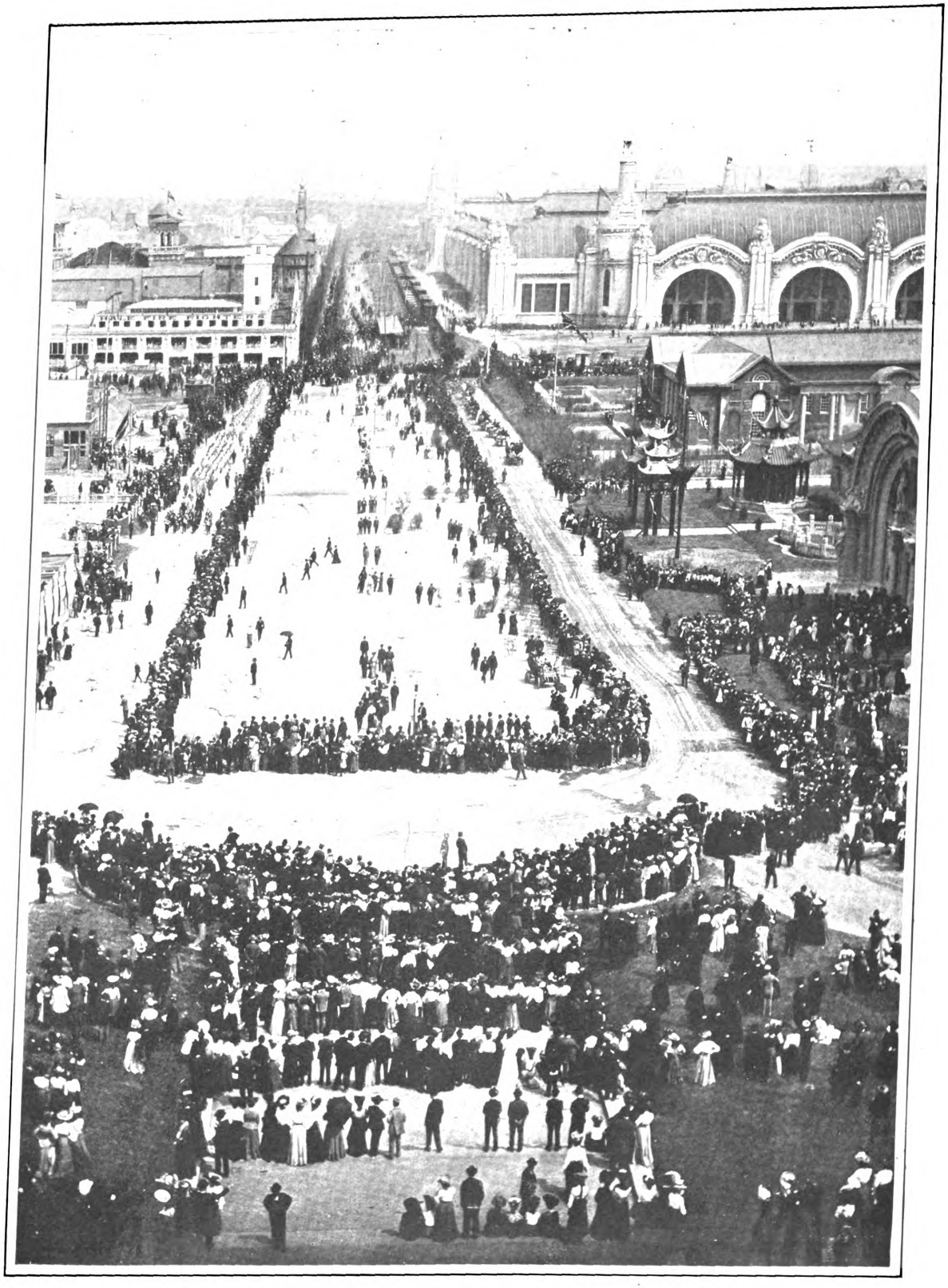
Life

By Francis Sterne Palmer

WITH dancing step the gay rhymes went
That told a boyish sentiment;
They moved along with step as free
As had the girls bewitching me.

To-day where is that easy art
So prompt to find a rhyme to "heart"?
If it came back, could it express
This older love's deep tenderness?

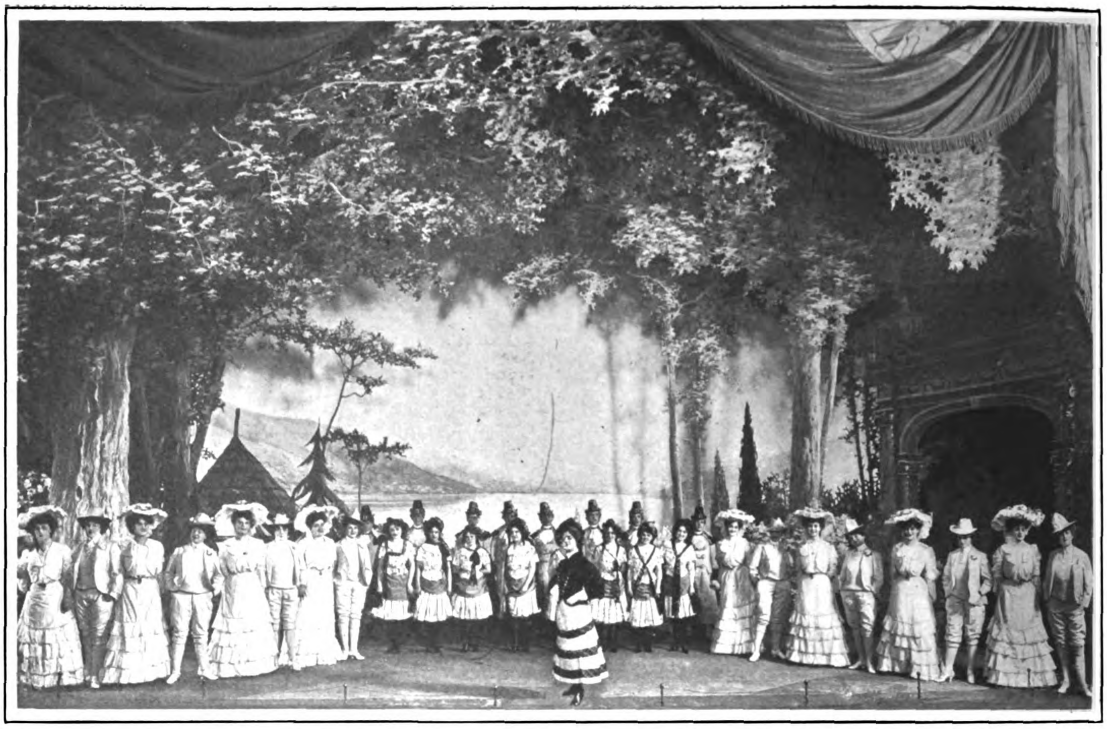
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AT THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR—A DAILY SCENE ON "THE PIKE"

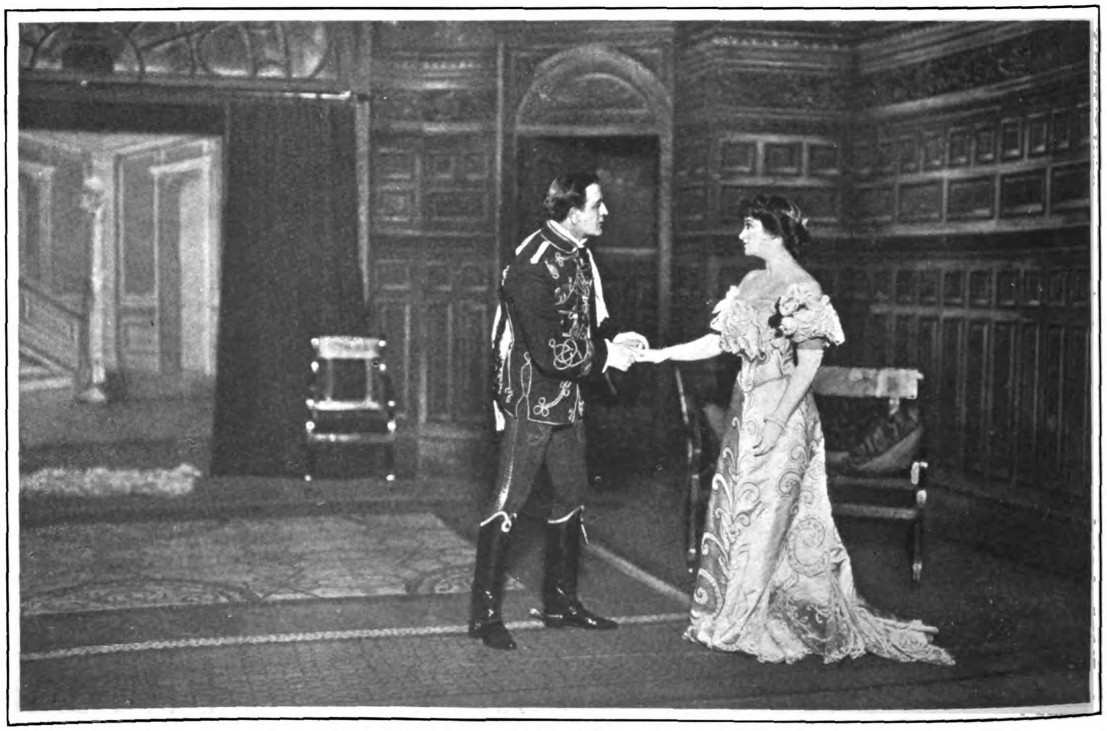
At the St. Louis World's Fair, which has been open to the public since April 30, one of the most popular features is "The Pike," which corresponds to the "Midway" at the Chicago Exposition. It is officially known as "the Street of Concessions," and is a mile in length. The view shows the Administration Plaza in the centre, with the Palace of Transportation on the right

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A Scene from "Piff, Paff, Pouf," at the Casino

"Piff, Paff, Pouf," a musical comedy by Stanislaus Stange, William Jerome, and Jean Schwartz, is playing at the Casino Theatre, with Eddie Foy, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, and Alice Fischer in the leading rôles. The slight plot of the piece concerns the efforts made by a rich widower to find acceptable husbands for his four daughters in order that he may be free to marry a certain attractive widow. His difficulties are caused by the fact that each of his daughters is exceedingly hard to suit in the matter of husbands—one requiring a man who has never been kissed; another the original of a portrait that has taken her fancy, etc. After complications of the usual comic opera sort, matters are satisfactorily settled, and the widower marries the lady of his choice



James K. Hackett and Charlotte Walker in "The Crown Prince"

Mr. Hackett and his company appeared at Daly's Theatre on April 30 in "The Crown Prince," a comedy by George H. Broadhurst. The play is intended as a satire on the popular romantic dramas of the day, and is humorously extravagant in action and sentiment. The Crown Prince of Morantia is engaged to marry the Queen of Rhodoland; but as they have never seen each other they are not comfortable over the prospect. "Robert," the Prince, conceives the plan of visiting Rhodoland incognito, and while there falls in love with a beautiful stranger, who is really the Queen. She, in her turn, does not know who her lover is, and from this situation come the humorous and dramatic elements of the plot. Mr. Hackett plays "Robert," and Miss Charlotte Walker the Queen

SCENES FROM TWO NEW PLAYS

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A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS IDA CONQUEST

Miss Conquest was last seen in New York during the engagement of Mr. Richard Mansfield, whose leading lady she is

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Correspondence

MR. JONES REMAINS UNCONVINCED

SAN FRANCISCO, *May 1, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The writer begs to make brief reply to his critics whose letters were printed in HARPER'S of recent issue. Neither of those correspondents refuted, by reasoning inductive or deductive, the specific reasons that were assigned by the writer why there is not unanimity of sentiment among Republicans in California favorable to Roosevelt as President, or as prospective nominee to succeed himself. Those correspondents, taking issue with the writer, contented themselves with simply their *ipse dixit*, that this correspondent is mistaken.

Against their averment may be quoted ex-Senator Thurston's pungent epigram, "Roosevelt is a man whom all Republicans are for, but whom nobody wants."

It is now conceded that, since death has removed Senator Marcus A. Hanna, the way to Mr. Roosevelt's nomination has been cleared, as there is no other man in the party who would contest with him for the nomination—at least, there is none in sight up to the present time. But as to Mr. Roosevelt's election—that's another story.

The Lincoln Republicanism of this correspondent has been impugned by one of his critics. Now let's see if the writer's claim that he is a Lincoln Republican is not established and vindicated, albeit he did not support the candidacy of the late William McKinley, either in 1896 or in 1900.

Lincoln declared, "This republic cannot endure, half slave and half free." He also said, "Those who deprive others of their liberty deserve not liberty for themselves." Further, he affirmed, "No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent." He likewise said, "The Republican party believes in the man and the dollar; but always the man before the dollar." And numerous other of his political doctrinal sayings might be quoted harmonizing with the foregoing.

Will any one maintain that the present policies of the Republican party—which are the policies of the McKinley administrations—are in harmony with these enunciated principles that we will call Lincolnisms?

The writer left the Republican party because that party abandoned the principles of Lincoln. I am, sir, JNO. AUBREY JONES.

ROOSEVELT OR CLEVELAND

DALLAS, TEXAS, *April 30, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Referring to the WEEKLY of April 2, 1904, and the letters from Michigan and Ohio, as to the advisability and possibility of the Democratic party nominating Grover Cleveland for the next President of this country, again brings to mind the weakest of all failings of that party—that is, it's failure to "*get together*" *at election times*. The lack of wisdom and magnanimity of factions, of different opinions and aspirations, to realize, at the proper time, the impossible and the necessity of giving up to the possible—not in the spirit of compromise of principle, but in the spirit of wisdom of general purpose—that of electing a Democratic and not a Republican President is too often the main cause of its failure.

Suppose the party grants that ex-President Cleveland is not, in the strictest sense, the man it would like to have, that he has done some things "out of line," it is none the less important for it to get back into authority, and if the nomination of Mr. Cleveland is the only way at present it can be done and if his election were only considered as an approach to a more desirable situation, would it not be better to take it than to "balk" or not approach at all.

There are, no doubt, many men just as able as the ex-President to fill the place, but they are not known, or at least sufficiently, to bring about a victory, and a victory or an approach in the right direction is what the party wants just now.

When it is almost the consensus of opinion that through him there would be *results*, why continue to help the Republican candidate by giving ear to division or placing in the field an impossibility. Mr. Cleveland is the one individual that the Republican party is trying to "side-track," being fully aware that if they accomplish it, either by division of party or by placing an unknown candidate in the field, its own victory (the Republican) is certain.

The question of this country is, Will you prefer Grover Cleveland or Theodore Roosevelt—the man with the chip on his shoulder—for one or the other will be the next President of these United States. I hope the Democratic party will have the wisdom to "get together." I am, sir, JAMES LLEURLIN.

ABOUT WOMEN

NEW YORK, *May 2, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Poor women! Here they are, at them again. Mrs. Flora McDonald Thompson seeks in the *North American Review* to demonstrate that women are a failure in "industrial life"; not long ago I read an attack upon them for filling so many positions as teachers and thus "femininizing" the boy scholars. In passing, pray let me characterize this last as supreme among the idiotic criticisms of women. Men must have mothers, I believe, as there has been no satisfactory substitute for them up to this time; and all the strong and great men of the world, as well as the weak, have been reared by women during avowedly the most susceptible periods of their lives, and still the distinctively masculine element remains in the world. Now comes your correspondent, H. C. Woodward, offering a curious theory to explain "why women have not written great music," the theory being that the greatest music has been inspired by men's admiration of a feminine ideal, and that women, having necessarily lacked that ideal, have therefore not written great music. This seems to me the veriest trumpery of causation. Has not the religious ideal shared with human love the inspiration of all the ages of art? And are not women the sex chiefly devoted to the religious ideal? Is it not, rather, that woman's countless generations of child-bearing and rearing—in the main the chief motive power and most absorbing joy of her life—have curtailed her development on other lines and prevented her equality with man in art? Her advancement in the past hundred years has been remarkable in many ways. Despite its opponents, this advancement is simply evolution and lies in the hands of the higher powers. But if, in its course, women never do create great music, it will not be because they lack a feminine ideal to worship such as men have, but because in the great plan it is not designed that they should do so.

I am, sir, MARGARET BUCKINGHAM.

CONTENTED

AMHERST, MASS., *May 3, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Were it not that the notion has currency everywhere your statement (p. 665) that "In this country no one class is more radically discontented than the soil tillers," would be an inexcusable misstatement of the actual conditions. I have been on terms of personal intimacy with large numbers of farmers, on both sides of the Mississippi River, and I speak from experience and deep conviction when I assert that there is no class of people in America more optimistic of their own calling than the soil tillers.

Many observations might be cited to prove my statement. Let two suffice. (1) Farmers everywhere praise their own calling, and urge other men to take it up. They discourage in the severest terms the departure of farmers' sons and daughters for the city. There is no other calling, save that of the ministry, the followers of which so continually strive to bring others into the same work. On the other hand, many trades-unions, for example, use drastic means to keep other men out of their lines of work. (2) The Grange, which represents more characteristically than anything else can the real spirit of the rural population, is filled everywhere with the spirit of contentment, of hope, and of optimism. Any one who knows the Grange in the least, even from the outside, knows that it does not express the spirit of discouragement or discontent.

Think of the rioting miners, of striking street-car men, of weavers on a lockout—all matters of every-day's news—and compare with these things any manifestation of discontent ever made by the soil tillers.

Your article speaks further of "the monotony of the labor" on the farm. Now farm labor is precisely the least monotonous of any in the world. Compare the man who in a day milks the cows, splits the wood, drives a young colt to harness, plants potatoes, mends a drain, sells three pigs, mixes a complicated chemical fertilizer after a recent scientific formula, doctors an ailing mare, prunes his plum-trees, and does twenty other odd jobs, with the man who sits all day on a stool and pastes red labels on packages of breakfast-food.

No, the farm life is good, and most of the men and women who practice it are, humanely speaking, satisfied with it.

I am, sir, F. A. WAUGH.

TAKING LIBERTIES WITH LANGUAGE

PHILADELPHIA, *May 3, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—New-Englanders and New-Yorkers in their conversation misplace the final "r" of words just as the English cockney misplaces the letter "h." Your New York or Boston man will genially speak of his "popper" or "mommer," his "par" or "mar," or his "brotha" or "sista" with the same assurance that the London cockney tells you of his "'appy 'ome in hold Hengland."

Now we Pennsylvanians and Western States people have always allowed this Yankee idiosyncrasy of speech to pass without much comment, as rather a harmless liberty with our language which would in time be laughed down and pass away. But instead of passing away it is, if anything, growing stronger, in New York city especially, and, worse than that, Boston writers are now actually criticising those who do pronounce the final "r." They, with their nasal cockney habit, speak amusedly of the "uncompromising" Western pronunciation of the letter "r." Now the fact is there is no half-way or compromise "r." You either pronounce it fully or you do not pronounce it at all. It is like "n," "p," or "t," or any other consonant. It is an active letter of the alphabet, not a dead letter.

And the Yankee can pronounce it, too, if he desires, as he adds it on glibly enough to his "pa" and "ma," takes it from "oyster," and sticks it on "raw," and all the time with a superior air as if he were doing quite the only proper thing.

How can we check him in his downward linguistical career? How can we shame him into keeping our dear old "r" in its proper place, and save it from becoming the Yankee pal of the cockney "h-"? I am, sir, A. M. NELSON.

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Progress of the War

FROM the beginning of the war, February 9, to May 3 fifteen Russian war-ships have been sunk or disabled — the *Petropavlovsk*, *Pobieda*, *Czarevitch*, *Retvisan*, *Poltava*, *Pallada*, *Novik*, *Askold*, *Diana*, *Variag*, *Boyarin*, *Korietz*, *Yencsei*, the torpedo-boat *Stereguschtchi*, and the destroyer *Bezstrashni*. Of these the battle-ship *Poltava* and the cruisers *Novik*, *Askold*, and *Diana* are known to have been repaired and are again in commission. Japan has lost one torpedo-boat, and several of her ships are believed to have been injured in the Port Arthur engagements; but definite knowledge of this is withheld. Port Arthur has been repeatedly bombarded, with damaging effect, by the Japanese, and Vladivostok was attacked by them on March 6, though without serious damage to the port. Admiral Togo has made two unsuccessful attempts to blockade the entrance to Port Arthur by sinking merchant steamers in the harbor. On May 1 the first great land battle of the war took place near the Yalu River, and resulted in a Japanese victory. The number of casualties on each side is not definitely known. The most trustworthy figures available are given below.

May 4.—The Russian forces under General Zassalitch are reported at Feng-Wang-Cheng. The Japanese have advanced to within eighteen miles of that place; 500 of the Russian wounded have arrived at the hospitals at Harbin and more are expected. According to St. Petersburg reports the prisoners taken by the Japanese number about 1000.

May 5.—Japanese transports have arrived at points on both sides of the Liao-Tung Peninsula north of Port Arthur. Five Japanese war-ships and a number of transports have been seen near Kin-chow Bay on the west coast of the peninsula; and Japanese transports have landed at Pitsewo, eighty miles northeast of Port Arthur. Viceroy Alexeieff has retired from Port Arthur to Liao-Yang.

May 6.—Major-General Pflug, chief of the Russian military staff, in a telegram to St. Petersburg states that on May 5 the Japanese landed troops at Pitsewo and at Cape Terminal (fifteen miles southwest of Pitsewo) under cover of an artillery fire. Japanese troops were landed simultaneously from about sixty transports. Their number is estimated at about 20,000. The Japanese also landed at Port Adams, on the west coast of the Liao-Tung Peninsula, about fifty miles from Port Arthur. It is believed that Port Arthur and Dalny are now isolated.

Russian troops are reported to have been sent to Feng-Wang-Cheng to reinforce the army at that place.

May 7.—According to reports from St. Petersburg the Russians have abandoned Feng-Wang-Cheng, and have decided to fall back to Mao-Tien Pass, sixty-five miles from Feng-Wang-Cheng and fifty miles from Liao-Yang. The Japanese troops which landed on the Liao-Tung Peninsula on May 5 have entrenched themselves, and have mounted rapid-fire guns. No news has been received at St. Petersburg from Port Arthur for more than twenty-four hours. The railroad and telegraph line are thought to have been cut near Port Adams.

Vice-Admiral Togo has informed the government at Tokyo that he has succeeded in blocking the entrance to the harbor at Port Arthur. Five Japanese blockading ships were jammed into the inner channel, and now prevent egress from the harbor to all craft excepting small boats.

May 8.—A telegram from Shan-hai-kwan states that the Japanese have landed 27,000 men on the Liao-Tung Peninsula at three different points.

Official despatches have been received at St. Petersburg giving the total number of killed, wounded, and missing among the troops under General Zassalitch, as a result of the recent fighting on the Yalu River, as 2394 officers and men. Of this total 1081 were left on the battle-field. The Japanese forces, under General Kuroki, to-day occupied Feng-Wang-Cheng.

May 9.—A report from St. Petersburg says that General Kuropatkin has ordered a general retreat. The garrison at Newchwang, consisting of 15,000 men, is retiring to Liao-Yang, and the complete evacuation of the city is in progress. The Russian gunboat *Sivouch*, which is in dock there, will, it is said, be destroyed.

The Japanese government has issued an official report of its losses in the battle of the Yalu on May 1. According to this report 5 officers and 180 men were killed and 25 officers and 690 men wounded.

The Czar has issued an order calling out 100,000 reserves to reinforce General Kuropatkin's army in Manchuria.

May 10.—To-day Viceroy Alexeieff telegraphed the Czar that communication with Port Arthur has been restored. The bridge which was blown up by the Japanese near Port Adams has been repaired, and the railroad is again in operation. The telegraph line has also been restored.

The Japanese army is said to be advancing in three divisions toward Liao-Yang. Japanese scouts have been seen within six miles of Newchwang. The United States cruiser *Raleigh* has been ordered to Chefoo to be in readiness to proceed to Newchwang to protect foreign residents there, if necessary.

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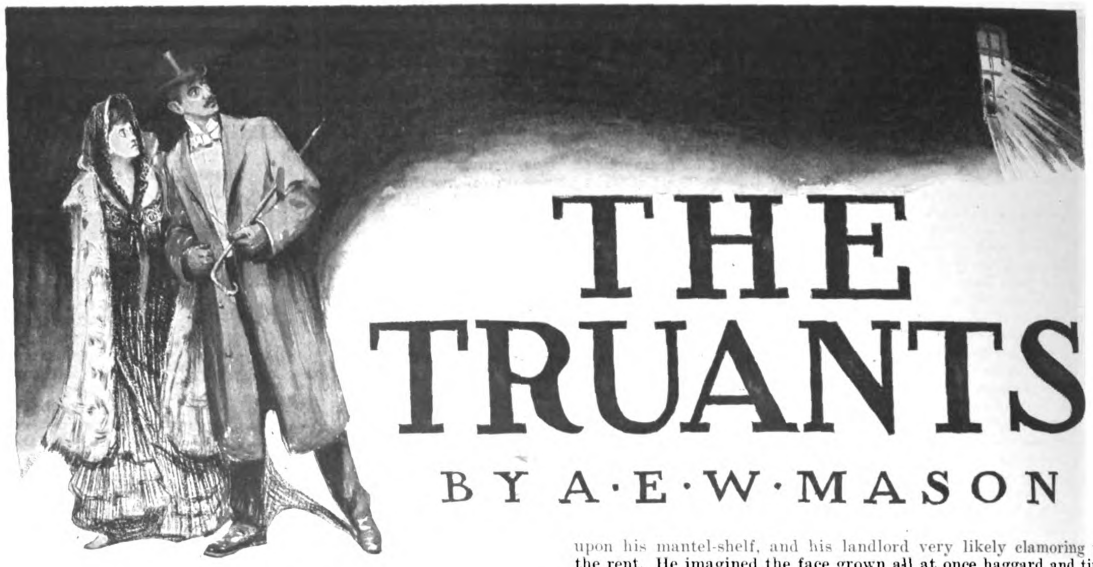
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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Mardale is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Into her early life has come a mysterious influence which dominates and directs her whole career. What this strange influence is only two of her friends suspect—a young schoolmaster who knew her as a child at Roquebrune, and Alan Warrisden, who is in love with her, and who, though his proposal of marriage is refused, determines to win her. Late one night at a ball, Pamela and Warrisden, while seated on a balcony, observe a young couple leaving the opposite house. They are Tony and Millicent Stretton, who live in a gloomy home presided over by the rich but unjust father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. This practice they keep up for a year, but finally both of them grow extremely weary of their monotonous life, and in a moment of exasperation Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune, while Millie is to be left behind and sent for as soon as her husband is able to establish a home. Tony has some misgivings about leaving Millie, for he has been warned by Pamela Mardale that she should never be left alone; but at last he departs, after Pamela has promised to be a stanch friend to his wife. Millie becomes infatuated with Lionel Callon, a gentlemanly adventurer. Pamela wishes to help her. She wires Warrisden to come by an early train, and asks him to find Tony and bring him home. Warrisden accepts the commission. Pamela has advised him to call on a Mr. Chase, head of a London mission, at whose suggestion Tony had chosen New York as a field of adventure. Warrisden learns from Mr. Chase that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a trawler. He starts out to find him, and finally reaches him far up in the North Sea. Warrisden uses every argument to prevail upon Tony to come back, but he refuses, and Warrisden is forced to return alone. He reports to Pamela the failure of his mission, but, to his surprise, she does not seem disappointed. He thinks it is because of the news which he hears from her—that Sir John Stretton has died, which will naturally bring Tony home. But that is not the whole explanation: for Pamela is overcoming her old indifference toward life, and in her life are being aroused new sympathies and emotions. Tony remains on the trawler until the term of his cruise is over, and then, after much perplexity and indecision, decides to return to London, feeling that he has seen a way out of his difficulties. On his arrival in London he calls on Mr. Chase, and tells him that he has decided not to return to Millie until he has succeeded in winning distinction in some field of work. He feels that he would deserve Millie's contempt if he returned at the moment when life had suddenly been made easy for them by his father's death. He has decided, he tells Chase, to enlist in the French Foreign Legion, as no other career seems to be open to him.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SAME EVENING IN BERKELEY SQUARE

WHILE Tony Stretton was thus stating the problem of his life to Mr. Chase in Stepney Green, Lady Millingham was entertaining her friends in Berkeley Square. She began the evening with a dinner-party at which Pamela Mardale and John Mudge were present, and she held a reception afterwards. Many people came, for Frances Millingham was popular. By half past ten the rooms were already overhot and overcrowded, and Lady Millingham was enjoying herself to her heart's content. Mr. Mudge, who stood by himself at the end of a big drawing-room close to one of the windows, saw the tall figure of Warrisden come in at the door and steadily push towards Pamela. A few moments later M. de Marnay, a youthful attaché of the French embassy, approached Mr. Mudge. M. de Marnay wiped his forehead and looked round the crowded room.

"A little is a good thing," said he, "but too much is enough," and he unlatched and pushed open the window. As he spoke Mr. Mudge saw Callon appear in the doorway.

"Yes," he answered with a laugh. "Too much is enough."

Mudge watched Callon's movements with his usual interest. He saw him pass, a supple creature of smiles and small-talk, from woman to woman. How long would he last in his ignoble career, Mudge wondered? Would he marry in the end—some rich and elderly widow? Or would the crash come and parties know Mr. Lionel Callon no more? Mudge never saw the man but he had a wish that he might get a glimpse of him alone in his own rooms, with the smile dropped from his face, and the unpaid bills piled upon his mantel-shelf, and his landlord very likely clamoring for the rent. He imagined the face grown all at once haggard and tired and afraid—afraid with a great fear of what must happen in a few years at the latest, when with middle-age heavy upon his shoulders, he should see his coevals prospering and himself bankrupt of his stock-in-trade of good looks and without one penny to rub against another. No presage of mind weighed upon Callon to-night, however, during his short stay in Frances Millingham's house. For his stay was short.

As the clock upon the mantelpiece struck eleven his eyes were at once lifted to the clock-face; and almost at once he moved from the lady to whom he was talking and made his way to the door. Mr. Mudge turned back to the window and pushed it still more open. It was a clear night of April, and April had brought with it the warmth of summer. Mr. Mudge stood at the open window facing the coolness and the quiet of the Square; and thus by the accident of an overcrowded room he became the witness of a little episode which might almost have figured in some bygone comedy of intrigue.

Callon passed through the line of carriages in the roadway beneath, and crossed the corner of the Square to the pavement on the right-hand side. When he reached the pavement he walked for twenty yards or so in the direction of Piccadilly until he came to a large and gloomy house. There a few shallow steps led from the pavement to the front door. Callon mounted the steps, rang the bell, and was admitted.

There were a few lights in the upper windows and on the ground-floor; but it was evident that there was no party at the house. Callon had run in to pay a visit. Mr. Mudge, who had watched this, as it were the first scene in the comedy, distinctly heard the door close, and the sound somehow suggested to him that the time had come for him to go home to bed. He looked at his watch. It was exactly a quarter past eleven—exactly, in a word, three-quarters of an hour since Tony Stretton, who "had something else to do," had taken his leave of his friend Chase in Stepney.

Mr. Mudge turned from the window to make his way to the door and came face to face with Pamela and Alan Warrisden. Pamela spoke to him. He had never yet met Warrisden, and he was now introduced. All three stood and talked together for a few minutes by the open window. Then Mudge, in that spirit of curiosity which Callon always provoked in him, asked, abruptly,

"By the way, Miss Mardale, do you happen to know who lives in that house?" and he pointed across the corner of the Square to the house into which Callon had disappeared.

Pamela and Warrisden looked quickly at one another. Then Pamela turned with great interest to Mr. Mudge.

"Yes, we both know," she answered. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I don't," said Mudge. "I think that I should like to know."

The glance which his two companions had exchanged and Pamela's rather eager question had quickened his curiosity. But he got no answer for a few moments. Both Pamela and Warrisden were looking out towards the house. They were standing side by side. Mr. Mudge had an intuition that the same thought was passing through both their minds.

"That is where the truants lived last July," said Warrisden, in a low voice. He spoke to Pamela, not to Mr. Mudge at all, whose existence seemed for the moment to have been clean forgotten.

"Yes," Pamela replied, softly. "The dark house. Where the truants lived and where"—she looked at Warrisden and smiled with great friendliness—"where the new road began. For it was there really. It's from the steps of the dark house, not from the three poplars, that the new road runs out."

"Yes, that is true," said Warrisden.

And again both were silent.

Mr. Mudge broke in upon the silence. "I have no doubt that the truants lived there and that the new road begins at the foot of the steps," he said, plaintively, "but neither statement adds materially to my knowledge."

Pamela and Warrisden turned to him and laughed.

(Continued on page 806.)

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Henry M. Stanley

By G. T. Ferris

HENRY MORTON STANLEY, who died in London on May 10, was born in 1840 of obscure Welsh stock. Stanley (whose family name was Rowlands) stood among the foremost of geographical explorers in virtue of his hardy and heroic qualities, the extent and importance of his discoveries, and their political consequences in complicating the colonial activities of the nations of Europe. The young immigrant was adopted by a New Orleans merchant, whose name he took, and at the outbreak of the civil war he joined the Confederate army, though he subsequently enlisted in the Federal navy on being taken prisoner. After the war he entered journalism, and after some experience on the Western plains he became attached to the New York *Herald*. In 1867 he was appointed special correspondent to accompany the English expedition under Lord Mapin against Abyssinia, and showed such executive capacity as to have given the earliest news to the world of the fall of Magdala and the death of King Theodore. This was his first brevet, and it made him a man of professional mark. In 1869 Stanley, then corresponding from the Carlist headquarters in Spain, was suddenly called to Paris, where he received from Mr. James Gordon Bennett the unique commission of searching for and relieving, if found, Dr. David Livingstone, who had been lost three years in the wilds of Africa.

Mr. Stanley spent six months in Oriental travel, and then fitted out an expedition at Zanzibar, with which he penetrated to Lake Tanganyika, finding Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji broken in health and utterly exhausted in supplies. In company with Livingstone he circumnavigated Lake Tanganyika, and determined that it had no connection with the sources of the Nile.

The joint expedition of the New York *Herald* and London *Telegraph* to solve some of the great questions of African geography gave Stanley his culminating opportunity. He organized a little army of 350 men at Zanzibar, and started on his great African journey November 13, 1874. In little more than three months he reached the Victoria Nyanza, made an accurate survey, rectifying the mistakes of Speke, and arrived at the capital of M'tesa, King of Uganda. Thence pursuing a southwesterly course, four months more brought him again to the shores of Lake Tanganyika. The speculations as to the Lualaba River and its possible identity with the headwaters of the Congo, which had agitated Livingstone, Cameron, and others, now occupied Stanley's attention. This river, running north through the Manguemman country, 200 miles west of Lake Tanganyika, was reached at Nyangwe under the guidance of Tippu Tib, the notorious Arab slave-trader, after a four months' journey through almost insuperable equatorial forest. Thenceforward the explorer's pathway was by water. Embarking his party in canoes he followed the Lualaba, established its confluence with the Congo, and in ten months from his first embarkation arrived at Boma, near the mouth of the river, with only one-third of his followers living, having crossed the continent at its widest diameter.

Under the auspices of the African International Association, of which King Leopold of Belgium was the head, Mr. Stanley began an exploration of the basin of the Congo in 1879. His object was to investigate its commercial resources and to establish trading-stations along the banks of the river, which he did for 1400 miles. He devoted his life to this mission till 1884, when the Congo basin, including 1,056,000 square miles and 27,000,000 inhabitants, was organized as a free state under international guarantees.

The last of Mr. Stanley's African exploits was his Emin Pasha relief expedition in 1887. He gave his record of this expedition to the world under the name of *In Darkest Africa, or the Quest, Record, and Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equatoria*. Oxford University gave him the degree of D.C.L., and Cambridge that of L.L.D. Mr. Stanley married Miss Dorothy Tennant in 1890, and in the winter of 1891-2 lectured in the United States. He was a member of Parliament for North Lambeth from 1895 to 1900.

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(Continued from page 804.)

of the starlit night in last July when from this balcony they had watched the truants slip down the steps and furtively call a cab, was busy in their thoughts. From that night their alliance had dated, although no suspicion of it had crossed their minds.

"Well, who lives there?" asked Mudge.

But even now he received no answer. For Warrisden suddenly exclaimed, in a low, startled voice,

"Look!" and with an instinctive movement he drew back into the room.

A man was standing in the road looking up at the windows of the dark house. His face could not be seen under the shadow of his hat. Pamela peered forward.

"Do you think it's he?" she asked, in a whisper.

"I am not sure," replied Warrisden.

"Oh, I hope so! I hope so!"

"I am not sure. Wait! Wait and look!" said Warrisden.

In a few moments the man moved. He crossed the road and stepped on to the pavement. Again he stopped, again he looked up to the house. Then he walked slowly on. But he walked northwards—that is, towards the watchers at the window.

"There's a lamp-post," said Warrisden. "He will come within the light of it. We shall know."

And the next moment the light fell white and clear upon Tony Stretton's face.

"He has come back," exclaimed Pamela, joyfully.

"Who?" asked Mr. Mudge. "Who has come back?"

This time he was answered.

"Why, Mr. Stretton, of course," said Pamela, impatiently. She was hardly aware of Mr. Mudge even while she answered him. She was too intent upon Tony Stretton in the Square below. She did not, therefore, notice that Mudge was startled by her reply. She did not remark the anxiety in his voice as he went on.

"And that is Stretton's house?"

"Yes."

"And his wife, Lady Stretton, is she in London? Is she there—now?"

Mr. Mudge spoke with an excitement of manner which at any other time must have caused surprise. It passed now unremarked. For Warrisden, too, had his preoccupation. He was neither overjoyed, like Pamela, nor troubled like Mr. Mudge. But as he looked down into the Square he was perplexed.

"Yes," replied Pamela, "Millie Stretton is at home. Could anything be more fortunate?"

To Mudge's way of thinking nothing could be more unfortunate. Pamela had come late to the play; Mr. Mudge, on the other hand, had seen the curtain rise, and had a clearer knowledge of the plot's development. The husband outside the house, quite unexpected, quite unsuspicious, and about to enter; the wife and the interloper within; here were the formulas of a comedy of intrigue. Only, Mr. Mudge doubtfully wondered, after the husband had entered and when the great scene took place, would the decorous account of the comedy be maintained. Nature was, after all, a violent dramatist with little care for the rules and methods. Of one thing, at all events, he was quite sure as he looked at Pamela. She would find no amusement in the climax. There was, however, to be an element of novelty, which Mr. Mudge had not foreseen.



Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence

"You must not say that, Mr. Callon," she said, rather sharply

"What puzzles me," said Warrisden, "is that Stretton does not go in."

Stretton walked up to the corner of the Square, turned, and retraced his steps. Again he approached the steps of the house. "Now," thought Mr. Mudge, with a good deal of suspense, "now he will ascend them." Pamela had the same conviction, but in her case hope inspired it. Tony, however, merely cast a glance upwards and walked on. They heard his footsteps for a little while upon the pavement. Then that sound ceased.

"He has gone!" cried Pamela, blankly. "He has gone away again."

Mr. Mudge turned to her very seriously.

"Believe me," said he, "nothing better could have happened."

Tony, in fact, had never had a thought of entering the house. Having this one night in London, he had yielded to a natural impulse to revisit again the spot where he and Millie had lived, where she still lived. The bad days of the quarrels and the indifference and the weariness were forgotten by him tonight. His thoughts went back to the early days when they played truant, and truancy was good fun. The escapes from the house, the little suppers at the Savoy, the stealthy homecomings, the stumbling up the stairs in the dark, laughing and hushing their laughter—upon these incidents his mind dwelt, wistfully, yet with a great pleasure and a great hopefulness. The days were gone, but in others to come all that was good in them might be repeated. The good humor, the intimacy, the sufficiency of the two, each to the other, might be recovered, if only he persisted.

To return now, to go in at the door and say, "I have come home"—that would be the mistake which there would be no retrieving. He was at the crossways, and if he took the wrong road life would not give him the time to retrace his steps. He

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walked away, dreaming of the good days to come.

Meanwhile, Lionel Callon was talking to Millie in that little sitting-room which had once been hers and Tony's.

Millie was surprised at the lateness of his visit, and when he was shown into the room she rose at once.

"Something has happened?" she said.

"No," Callon replied. "I was at Lady Millingham's party. I suddenly thought of you sitting here alone. I am tired, besides, and overworked. I knew it would be a rest for me if I could see you and talk to you for a few minutes. You see, I am selfish."

Millie smiled at him.

"No, kind," said she.

She asked him to sit down.

"You look tired," she added. "How does your election work go on?"

Callon related the progress of his campaign, and with an air of making particular confidences. He could speak without any reserve to her, he said. He conveyed the impression that he was making headway against almost insuperable obstacles. He flattered her, moreover, by a suggestion that she herself was a great factor in his successes. The mere knowledge that she wished him well, that perhaps, once or twice in the day, she gave him a spare thought, helped him much more than she could imagine. Millie was induced to believe that although she sat quietly in London, she was thus exercising power through Callon in his constituency.

"Of course, I am a poor man," said Callon. "Poverty hampers one."

"Oh, but you will win," cried Millie Stretton, with a delighted conviction. "Yes, you will win!"

She felt strong, confident—just, in a word, as she had felt when she had agreed with Tony that he must go away.

"With your help, yes," he answered; and the sound of his voice violated her like a caress. Millie rose from her chair.

At once Callon rose, too, and altered his tone.

"You have heard from Mr. Stretton?" he said. "Tell me of yourself."

"Yes, I have heard. He will not return yet."

There came a light into Callon's eyes. He raised his hand to his mouth to hide a smile.

"Few men," he said, with the utmost sympathy, "would have left you to bear these last weeks alone."

He was standing just behind her, speaking over her shoulder. He was very still, the house was very still. Millie was suddenly aware of danger.

"You must not say that, Mr. Callon," she said, rather sharply; and immediately he answered:

"I beg your pardon. I had no idea my sympathy would have seemed to you an insult."

He spoke with a sudden bitterness. Millicent turned round in surprise. She saw that his face was stern and cold.

"An insult?" she said, and her voice was troubled. "No, you and I are friends."

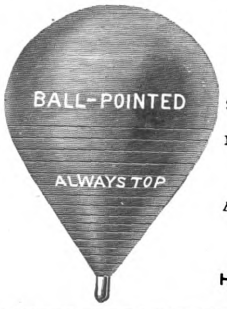
But Callon would have none of these excuses. He had come to the house deliberately to quarrel. He had great faith in the efficacy of quarrels, given the right type of woman. As Mudge had told Pamela, he knew the tactics of the particular kind of warfare which he waged. To cause a woman some pain, to make her think with regret that in him she had lost a friend, that would fix him in her thoughts. So Callon quarrelled. She could not say a word but he misinterpreted it.

"I will say good-by," he said.

Millie Stretton looked at him with troubled eyes.

"I am so sorry it should end like this," she said, piteously. "I don't know why it has."

Callon went out of the room and closed the door behind him. Then he let himself into the street. Millie Stretton would miss him, he felt sure. Her looks, her last words assured him of that. He would wait now without a movement towards a reconciliation. That must come from her; it would give him in her eyes a reputation for strength. He knew the value of that reputation. He had no doubt, besides, that she would suggest a reconciliation. Other women might not, but Millie! Yes. On the whole, Mr. Callon was very well content with his



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night's work. He had taken, in his way of thinking, a long step. The Square was empty except for the carriages outside Lady Millingham's door. Lionel Callon walked briskly home.

To be Continued.

Aspects of London Life

(Continued from page 797.)

but when it has once fairly got hold of a man it will leave its mark so long as he lives. I have known Americans who, after successfully weathering the period of acclimatization, have spoken of New York as New York speaks of Denver, calling it a village, a back-water, and declining even to mention it in the same breath with London. And is it not notorious that London is the only city outside of France where a Frenchman can be happy.

Where London wins its victories is, of course, in the social field. I do not by that mean to deny that its externals have nothing in them to attract. There are some fine views in London, and to one who knows something of its history a mere walk in almost any direction yields an abundance of interest. The inexhaustible variety of the streets is a big point in London's favor. A city of retail tradesmen, with all their goods in the shop windows, hr an immense spectacular pull over the city of department stores, and nowhere can one persuade oneself so easily as in London that a day spent in rummaging among old bookstores or in print-shops or old furniture and silver-work shops, is a day profitably spent. No one ever really knows London. There is always something left for the stranger to discover on his own account, and a plunge from the main thoroughfares into the labyrinth of winding alleys and narrow, silent, seedy looking streets may always be trusted to yield something to the investigator. I do not, therefore, deny that out-of-door London has its fascination, though its chief attractiveness, to my mind, must always be looked for in its social atmosphere and attributes. What are those attributes? I heard an American trying to sum them up the other day. First of all he thought that, as compared with New York, London contains a far greater number of interesting people, especially of people who have "done things"—have fought, explored, travelled and ruled in outlying parts of the earth. "For instance," he said, "I found in my club smoking-room yesterday one man who had just returned from a forty minutes' private talk with the Czar, another who was just back from Macedonia, two officers invalided home from Somaliland, an ex-Governor of the Malay States, one or two Anglo-Indian officials, and a man who has been in Lhasa. You might have gone over the United States with a rake without finding men with such a variety of interesting experiences. And then again I always feel when I am in London that I am at the centre of things, right at the heart of all that's happening. I don't suppose I could justify this feeling in any tangible way, but it's there just the same, and every American becomes conscious of it sooner or later. New York is a little world to itself, and neither quite American nor quite European; but London is the whole world itself squeezed into a few square miles. And, above all this, what I most like about London is the richness and the mellowness of its social tone, the way it never 'enthuses' or gets excited or asks questions, the way in which it blends all elements and takes everything for granted, its repose and tolerance, its cool and equable outlook, its easy-going immovability—those are the qualities in which London excels and which drag Americans like myself captive behind her. I like her superb callousness, her disdain for little things, and her indifference to the non-essentials of social intercourse. In short, she has the art of life." The American I have quoted is a travelled man and of great sensitiveness to impressions. It will be interesting to see how far Mr. Henry James confirms or rejects this eulogy after his long-promised and now approaching visit to America.

Progress of Science

Typhoid Fever and Sanitary Legislation

A comparative statement recently published in the Journal of the Massachusetts Association of Boards of Health showing the average typhoid-fever death-rate for 1898, 1899, 1900 in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, is of interest as indicating what intelligent legislation and scientific methods can accomplish. This table, which gives the number of deaths by typhoid per 100,000 of population, is as follows:

AVERAGE TYPHOID-FEVER DEATH-RATE, 1898, 1899, AND 1900.

PENNSYLVANIA. City.	Death-rate.	MASSACHUSETTS. City.	Death rate.
Pittsburg	108	Boston	30
Allegheny	86	New Bedford	30
Johnstown	83	Springfield	26
York	83	Lawrence	25
Chester	64	Taunton	25
Lancaster	59	Brockton	24
Philadelphia	54	Chelsea	24
McKeesport	53	Salem	23
Reading	50	Fitchburg	21
Allentown	59	Lowell	21
Harrisburg	41	Lynn	20
Altoona	33	Newton	20
Wilkesbarre	29	Cambridge	18
Erie	28	Worcester	18
Scranton	23	Fall River	15

While a certain part of this bad showing for the State of Pennsylvania may be explained by the inferior character of some elements of its population, nevertheless it is in the main due to lack of sanitary laws and adequate supervision of water-supplies. The vital statistics of Pennsylvania are said to be lacking in completeness, and there is apparently great need of intelligent legislation and public spirit to enforce necessary laws. Massachusetts, on the other hand, takes most scrupulous care of its water-supplies, and a State Board of Health is able to exercise a general supervision, and has ample authority, while the local boards of health are held to a strict performance of their duties. Furthermore, under the State board's direction most careful scientific experiments, chemical and bacteriological, are carried on, and expert investigators are constantly studying all matters relating to water-supply and contamination, and the results of the high standard maintained are seen in the absence of such epidemics as that recently occurring at Butler, Pennsylvania, and other cities.

The Spelling of Foreign Names

THE readers of war news from the Far East perplexed at the names of the various localities occupied by the Japanese and Russian military forces are doubtless unaware that these names are transliterated from their native sources according to a system adopted by most of the European nations, as well as by Canada and the United States. In this country questions of spelling are settled by the United States Board on Geographic Names, and the rules that they have adopted provide that the vowels shall have the same sounds as are given to the vowels of the languages of southern Europe. Thus *u* is used for the sound of *oo* in boot, and as a result the common form is Manchuria in preference to Manchooria, Chefu for Chefoo, Amur for Amoor, etc. The sound of *i* in ice is represented by *ai*, *oe* in how by *au*, while a modification of this latter sound such as is encountered in Mindadao and Nanao by *a o*. The *ei* of Beirut is the sound of the two Italian vowels, but is often modified by slurring, so that it closely resembles the *ey* in the English word they. As regards the consonants there is a similar set of rules. The hard *c* must be represented by *k*, and hence Korea is preferable to Corea, while *ch* is soft, as in the English word church. The *f* sound is represented by that letter and not by *ph*, *g* stands for the hard sound, *h* is always pronounced, and *j* and *k* enjoy the same sounds as in English. For the guttural sounds, which occur frequently in Oriental languages, *kh* and *gh* are used, while *ng* is used in different words for different sounds, such as in finger, where there are two sounds, and in singer, where there is but one. The sound corresponding to the English *qu* is not represented by *q*, but by *kw*, as in Kwangtung, while *y* is always a consonant as in English yard.

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Two Anecdotes of Sothern

"T. P." tells an amusing anecdote of the elder Sothern (the famous father of E. H. Sothern). Sothern was travelling on tour in northern England when, just as their train was leaving York, he removed the railroad ticket which a fellow actor had stuck in the band of his hat.

"They'll want our tickets here, Johnny," he said, casually, and his companion began an exhaustive search for the missing ticket. When he had searched his hat and his pockets ten times over, and looked on seat and floor again and again, in vain, he exclaimed, in despair: "By George! I've lost my ticket! They'll make me pay over again!"

"Pay over again! I'd see them hanged first," said Sothern. "You get under the seat and it'll be all right."

His friend crawled under the seat, and lay there, gasping with nervousness, as the ticket collector came to the carriage door.

"Tickets, please," he demanded.

Sothern handed the man two tickets.

"*Two* tickets, sir! Where's the other gentleman?"

"Oh," replied Sothern, nonchalantly, "the other gentleman prefers to travel under the seat. It's only his way."

Another anecdote of Sothern recalled by "T. P." concerns a practical joke which had more serious consequences. He had made an appointment to dine at a restaurant with an actor friend named Toole, and was exasperated at having to wait long, and hungry, for his fellow guest. Seeing at a neighboring table an old gentleman who was evidently even more cross and hungry than himself, Sothern went up behind him, and, hitting him a sounding smack on the back, greeted him familiarly, "Halloa, old boy!"

"What the devil do you mean, sir?" cried the old gentleman, starting to his feet purple with fury.

"I—I really beg your pardon, sir," stammered Sothern. "I took you for an old friend of mine. Pray forgive me."

The old gentleman resumed his seat, growling. Toole appeared at last, and Sothern, after abusing him for his unpunctuality, arranged with him for the dinner. While they were waiting for it to be served, Sothern said,

"I say, Toole, I'll bet you a sovereign you won't go up to that old boy, hit him on the back, and say, 'Halloa, old boy!'"

"Done!" cried Toole, heartily; and he went behind the old gentleman, gave him a sounding smack on the back, and shouted, familiarly, "Halloa, old boy!"—and was promptly knocked down.

A Flourishing Business

A PROMINENT actor tells this story about two brother players and their experiences in a Maine temperance town. Feeling in need of alcoholic refreshment they made application at the local drug-stores, but were told that stimulants were sold only in cases of snake bite. The actors had about decided to content themselves with such refreshment as the town provided, when they heard that a certain resident owned a rattlesnake which he kept as a pet. Securing his address they called on him, and offered to hire his snake for use in some scientific experiments.

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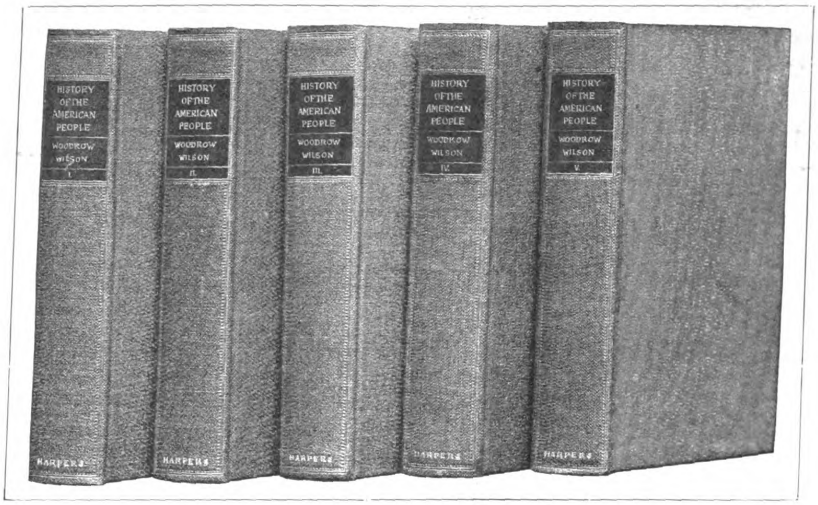
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by George Harvey



HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

May 28 1904

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

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COMMENT

THE important incident of the week ending May 14, so far as the Republicans are concerned, was the recommendation by the Illinois State convention of Representative Robert R. Hitt for the Republican nomination for the Vice-Presidency. Resolutions adopted by many district caucuses endorsing the candidacy of Senator Fairbanks for the Vice-Presidency had been presented to the committee on resolutions, but these were withdrawn when it was learned that a citizen of Illinois would accept the nomination for the office if it were tendered to him. It was high time that some conspicuous Republican should evince a willingness to take the second highest post in the Federal government—a post, moreover, which five times since 1840 has involved succession to the Chief-Magistracy. How strenuously a nomination for the Vice-Presidency was resisted by Governor Roosevelt and his friends in 1900 is still fresh in remembrance. It is well known that during the present canvass Senator Fairbanks would not countenance the efforts of his friends to promote his candidacy. Speaker Cannon, who is a man of his word, is understood to have declared that he would not accept the nomination, though this we can hardly bring ourselves to believe, for, as we have formerly pointed out, no man except Silas Wright, of New York, has ever declined a nomination for the Vice-Presidency when actually tendered by one of the great political parties. As Mr. Hitt's name was first put forward by Secretary Shaw, it is generally taken for granted that his candidacy will be endorsed by Iowa in her forthcoming State convention, and it is also presumable that the movement has the approval of President Roosevelt. It is easy to see why an Illinois man should be favored for the Republican nomination. The State has many more electoral votes than has Indiana, and, in the opinion of close observers, is even more doubtful than the Hoosier commonwealth, owing to the seeming impossibility of reconciling the Republican factions in Cook County, headed respectively by United States Representative William Lorimer and State's-Attorney Charles Deneen. It was the desperate struggle between these rival politicians that caused the prolonged deadlock over the nomination for Governor—a deadlock which was unbroken when the convention adjourned to May 16.

That Mr. Hitt is well qualified for the Vice-Presidency is certain; whether, beyond his appeal to State pride, he will add much strength to the Republican ticket in Illinois is, perhaps, open to question. He was for seven years Secretary of Legation at Paris; for about a year First Assistant Secretary of State; and he has been continuously a member of the House of Representatives ever since December, 1882. From the outset he became a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and for many years he has been its chairman. It is doubtful whether any man in Washington is better fitted to perform the functions of Secretary of State. His abilities and his character are held in the highest respect. On the other hand, he is no orator. He has not the gift of mingling easily and engagingly with strangers. He is a quiet, studious, retiring man, disposed to shrink from public notice. Though he has represented the Ninth Congress District of Illinois for some twenty-two years, he is said to be personally unknown to a large majority of his constituents. Then, again, he may be regarded as *too* old by those who acclaim President Roosevelt's executive order declaring the attainment of the age of sixty-two to be *prima facie* proof of physical and mental disability. Mr. Hitt is in his seventy-first year. As an expert stenographer he was employed in reporting the joint debate between Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln during the contest in which they engaged for the United States Senatorship some years before the outbreak of the civil war. He is one of many exceptions, however, to the rule that Mr. Roosevelt has laid down. His physical vigor is unimpaired; the tenacity of his memory, the breadth of his knowledge, and the excellence of his judgment are the envy of younger men. It should also be recognized that the sobriety, caution, and conservatism of his temper are calculated to commend him to some Republicans who look with uneasiness upon Mr. Roosevelt's impulsive nature. There are not a few, indeed, who think that if a bronco is to be trained to trot in harness, he should have for a mate a staid, well-broken, trustworthy animal. When all is said, however, it is scarcely open to dispute that, considered as a vote-getter, Uncle Joe Cannon should have had the nomination forced on him, if it were deemed indispensable by the Republican managers to pick a candidate from Illinois. A man may be thoroughly conservative in his political views, and yet endowed with personal magnetism to an extraordinary extent. Such a man was Abraham Lincoln. The type is exemplified also in Garret A. Hobart and in Speaker Cannon.

Democrats were most interested during the week ending May 14 in the action of the Indiana Democratic convention, which on May 12 instructed the thirty delegates from that State to the St. Louis convention to vote as a unit for Judge Parker. It was the most interesting convention held in the State since 1892, when Mr. Cleveland and Isaac P. Gray disputed the control of the Indiana delegation to the Democratic national convention of that year. The followers of Mr. Hearst were outnumbered about two to one, but they complain of unfair treatment in several districts, and purpose, it is said, to send to St. Louis contesting delegates therefrom. Indiana's endorsement of Judge Parker's candidacy, following the assumption of the same position by New York and Connecticut, is likely to exercise considerable influence on the Southern States. Georgia's twenty-six delegates and the thirty-six of Texas are now looked upon as almost assured to him. If he can also secure the twenty-two delegates of Alabama he will be fortunate, because Alabama, it will be remembered, is the first State on the roll, and is, therefore, peculiarly qualified to start a boom. The only Southern State, however, which will hold its convention in the week ending May 21 is South Carolina, and it is supposed to be doubtful whether Senator Tillman will favor the endorsement of New York's candidate. The Florida delegation will probably be half for Hearst and half uninstructed. California, Montana, and Wisconsin will hold their conventions during the week ending May 21. Mr. Hearst's friends will naturally strive to carry his native State, and will probably succeed. At the hour when we write, he seems less likely to secure the delegates from Montana, and those of Wisconsin have been instructed for a "favorite son."

It is known that the Maryland Democrats will either put forward Senator Gorman or go uninstructed to St. Louis. Whether the delegates of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, who are uninstructed, will vote for Judge Parker on the first ballot is at this hour uncertain. There is some reason to believe, however, that if Alabama is for him, Judge Parker will receive upwards of four hundred votes on the first ballot. What this means will be realized when we recall that Mr. Cleveland had but 392 votes on the first ballot in 1884, though on the second ballot he obtained upwards of two-thirds and secured the nomination. Many precedents point the other way. When the Democratic national convention of 1844 assembled, Martin Van Buren was known to have a majority of the delegates, and scarcely anybody thought of proposing James K. Polk. The Democratic national convention of 1852 balloted fruitlessly many times before the name of Franklin Pierce was

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mentioned. Many things may happen between to-day and the 6th of July; and it may be that the boom for Judge Parker that Alabama is relied upon to start will fail to acquire the hoped-for headway and quickly collapse. It is not incredible that the Alabama delegates might decide at the last moment to put forward Senator Gorman, in which event a large proportion of the Southern States and Pennsylvania would be not unlikely to follow suit. Neither is it impossible that the Parker boom might strike still other snags, especially as the Democratic leaders who control the National Committee seem to have made up their minds—to our thinking, unwisely—to maintain the two-thirds rule. Should Messrs. Bryan and Hearst be able to prevent Judge Parker from getting two-thirds of the delegates, and should a prolonged deadlock ensue, it is unquestionably on the cards that the convention might be stampeded for ex-President Cleveland, should the uninstructed New Jersey delegation present his name. There is yet another possibility. Suppose Messrs. Bryan and Hearst, after demonstrating their ability to control a little more than a third of the delegates, should suddenly bring forward through the lips of an eloquent speaker the name of State's-Attorney Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri. There is no doubt that Mr. Folk, who is to be the Democratic candidate for the Governorship of the State this year, has acquired a national reputation for ability, integrity, and courage, which Mr. Bryan, whether or no he should be credited with those qualities, did not possess when he was nominated for the Presidency in 1896.

A question which is beginning to provoke a good deal of animated discussion is this: Will the radical faction at St. Louis—the faction of which the controlling dynamic head will be William J. Bryan, although most of the voting strength seems likely to be furnished by W. R. Hearst—bolt the nominee and platform put forward at St. Louis, in case both are offensive to it? The Albany correspondent of the Brooklyn *Eagle* telegraphed his paper on May 13 that information believed to be absolutely authentic was in possession of Judge Parker's friends to the effect that the radicals were determined upon such a course in the contingency supposed. According to this correspondent, whose alleged information was wired all over the country, the plans already formulated by the rule-or-ruin section of the Democracy involved a concerted secession from the St. Louis convention—should the action of that body prove unacceptable—and the organization of a third party to be dominated by Messrs. Bryan and Hearst. It was asserted that a large majority, if not a majority, of the Democratic National Committee, which, when designated, was supposed to be overwhelmingly Bryanite, are committed to the project. Chairman Jones of Arkansas was said to view the design with sympathy. It was pointed out that his son is the manager of the Hearst boom in Oklahoma. According to the *Eagle's* correspondent, the first move of the Bryan faction would be to secure control of the St. Louis convention by means of contesting delegations. There is no doubt that Messrs. Dunlop and Walsh, the treasurer and secretary of the Democratic National Committee, are "sealed," as the Mormons say, to Mr. Bryan, and one thing at least they can do, and are said to have agreed to do: they can place the seating arrangements of the convention in the hands of W. A. De Ford, a Kansas man, who has been working actively for Mr. Hearst during the last twelvemonth. Of course if De Ford succeeds in stuffing the convention hall, the radical delegates will have all the outside howlers on their side. No man who was present at the Democratic national convention held at Chicago in 1896, or who elsewhere has witnessed the extraordinary pathological effect produced upon a crowd of delegates by a supposedly authentic demonstration of violent popular sentiment, will deny that the Bryanites will gain a point of some importance if they succeed in packing the convention hall. Nevertheless, we feel absolutely certain that the "cross of gold" convulsion will not be repeated at St. Louis, unless, indeed, Mr. Bryan himself, seconded by Senator Bailey of Texas, should whirlwind the convention with the name of Joseph W. Folk.

As at present advised, we assume that some candidate, deliberately or impulsively accepted by the preponderant conservative element, such a candidate as Chief-Judge Parker, Senator Gorman, Mr. Olney, or Mayor McClellan—or the one man certain to split the Republican vote, ex-President Cleveland—will ultimately be the nominee of the Democratic national convention. We also assume that the platform framed at St. Louis will not only ignore the platforms constructed at Chicago and Kansas City in 1896 and 1900, but will be one that ex-President Cleveland or Mr. Olney, if nominated, could afford to stand on. In that event, which, as we have said, we look upon as practically certain, would the friends of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst bolt and put forward a third ticket? As we have often pointed out, Mr. Bryan has studiously refrained from declaring what he would do. Mr. Hearst, on the other hand, authorized the Washington *Post* to announce on May 14 that he would support the nominee of the St. Louis Democratic convention, whoever he might be. He had been making his fight, he said, for the nomination for the Presidency, in the name, not of Populism, nor of Socialism, but of progressive Democracy. His fight had been within party lines, and would continue to be so. His appeal, he said, had been made to the Democratic masses, but if those masses should see fit to send a large majority of conservative Democrats to St. Louis, he would bow to their decision, reserving to himself the privilege of agitating within the party hereafter for the triumph of more progressive views. He added that he had supported Cleveland three times, as well as Bryan twice. This announcement seems to dispose of the danger of a bolt at St. Louis. Without the help of Mr. Hearst's newspapers, it would be suicidal for Mr. Bryan to attempt to organize a secession. We ourselves have never imputed to the Nebraskan any such intention. We have credited him with too much wisdom. We have also pointed out more than once that even should the Bryan-Hearst faction decide to bolt, it could not hope to poll so many votes—upwards of a million—as were given to General Weaver in 1892—provided the Democracy should recur to their candidate of that year, namely, Grover Cleveland. On the other hand, we have never been blind to the probability that if the St. Louis convention should put forward Judge Parker or Mr. Olney, a secession of the Bryan-Hearst element might damage seriously the regular Democratic nominee in such doubtful States as Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, West Virginia, and Indiana. So that we are glad to be told that there is to be no bolt.

A recent incident has been construed in some quarters as indicating that Mr. Roosevelt is just now a less stalwart champion of purity in office than he used to be. His former convictions were expressed in the book entitled *The Strenuous Life*, wherein he declared that "no man who condones corruption in others can possibly do his duty by the community"; and, again, "there must be no compromise under any circumstance with official corruption." There are those who think they detect a compromise in the escape of Cornelius Van Cott from the penalty of expulsion from his post, which seemed inevitable, in view of the outcome of the investigation of the New York Post-office, concluded some months ago by Messrs. Conrad and Bonaparte. Their report pointed out that Postmaster Van Cott had cooperated with Heath and Beavers in making illegal salary allowances. Among other charges, the report specifies that Van Cott paid Beavers four dollars a day, which was debited to New York "expenses"—a transaction which Messrs. Conrad and Bonaparte denounced as fraudulent. They declared it to be impossible to doubt that Van Cott, as well as Heath and Beavers, knew that the payment of this additional compensation was expressly forbidden by law, and that it was called "expenses" to evade the prohibition. It was also shown that the postmaster's son, Richard Van Cott, drew three hundred dollars while in Europe for seven weeks, although the law allowed him only fifteen days' vacation; and that the postmaster's brother, Whitfield Van Cott, drew eighteen hundred dollars as "Inspector of Mail-boxes," though he actually performed no services whatever. It is well known that Postmaster Van Cott was appointed at the request of the senior Senator from New York, and it turns out that Mr. Platt has stood by his favorite sturdily and successfully.

Assistant Attorney-General Robb, who was directed by the President to review the report of Messrs. Conrad and Bonaparte, has informed the Chief Magistrate that, for his part, he can see nothing in Van Cott's conduct that should be stigmatized as criminal, although the New York postmaster is declared to have been guilty of censurable slackness in several matters. The President has decided to make the son a scapegoat for his father. Richard Van Cott is summarily dis-

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missed from the postal service, but Postmaster Van Cott, while he is called upon to refund the eighteen hundred dollars illegally drawn by his brother Whitfield, and the three hundred dollars improperly paid to his son Richard, will be suffered to retain his office. Thus are the errors of the parent to be visited upon his child. It will be interesting to observe whether Postmaster Van Cott's escapade will be looked upon correctly as a precedent by other employees in the postal service who have been in the habit of regarding public office as a private "snap." On May 14, Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden, when asked whether he intended to resign, in view of the charges made against him, which are now under investigation by Assistant Attorney-General Robb, made it tolerably plain that he would not get out of the Post-office Department until he should be forced out. The fact is recalled that Madden, when he was an applicant of the office he now holds, was strongly backed by a powerful representative of organized labor, the late Chief Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; and the inference is drawn by some cynical onlookers that President Roosevelt will not find it necessary to take any drastic action against Madden before the next general election. There seems, however, to be no doubt that the supplemental investigation of the Post-office Department which the Chief Magistrate has ordered, but upon which Postmaster-General Payne, when he returned to Washington from the South, was disposed to throw cold water, is to be forthwith carried out. It will scarcely be denied by any fair-minded men that the institution of such an inquiry should, so far as it goes, be accepted as evidence of sincerity on the President's part.

There seems to be some misunderstanding current concerning the scope and nature of the species of revolution that has taken place in the American branch of the Red Cross Society. There is no doubt that Miss Clara Barton has resigned the presidency, and that, under the constitution of the society, Mrs. John A. Logan, vice-president, has succeeded, *ex officio*, to the functions of the higher post. The change does not necessarily mean that the influential members of the society who for some time have protested vehemently against Miss Barton's retention of the presidency, and have demanded a rigorous auditing of her accounts, including an exhibition of vouchers for all expenditures, will be satisfied with the acceptance of the late president's resignation, and will consent to a suspension of the investigation which has been going on before Senator Proctor's committee. Some of Miss Barton's critics assert that the resignation was not voluntary, but was rendered inevitable by the publication of the testimony given before the committee by one John Morlan, Miss Barton's confidential agent. It is alleged that when this sensational evidence was disclosed, Miss Barton's friends urged her to retire forthwith and accept any kind of arrangement that would close the investigation. By way of compromise a proposal was made that President Roosevelt should nominate a new president of the society and four of the twelve trustees, another four being nominated by the remonstrants, and the remaining four by Miss Barton's friends. To carry out the plan it was needful to secure the promise of each member of the executive committee that he would elect the trustees nominated and then resign. One of the committee, however, General Nelson A. Miles, declared that he would not resign under fire, and also asserted that the committee had no authority to elect a board of trustees, but that a meeting of the society would be requisite for the purpose. Miss Barton finally determined to resign, and her temporary successor, Mrs. John A. Logan, is said to have suggested that a meeting be called for September 6. Under the circumstances, it is by no means certain that the Proctor investigation will be allowed to drop. That such a controversy should have arisen is, of course, from some points of view, a matter for profound regret, but it could not well have been avoided, if it be true, as Morlan's evidence seems to show, that the funds contributed by philanthropists to the exemplary objects of the Red Cross Society have been improperly used.

For several reasons the conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church which has been held at Los Angeles, California, has been watched with unusual interest. In the first place, the census of 1900 attributed upwards of 2,762,000 communicants to this religious body, to say nothing of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and other Methodist organizations, which, if they were counted in the enumeration, would bring the total number of communicants up to almost exactly six millions. Secondly, it has been for some time understood that the Methodist Episcopal Church has been tending towards liberalism in the matter of theology. In the third place, it is known that for some time past there has been a good deal of dissatisfaction among the younger members of the organization with the ascendency exercised in the control of Church affairs by men who have long passed the age limit asserted by President Roosevelt, in Executive Order No. 78, to be *prima facie* proof of unfitness for further usefulness.

At the hour when we write the charges of heresy brought against the Garrett Biblical Institute and the Boston School of Theology seem unlikely to be sustained by the committee on education to which they were referred. On the other hand, the conference adopted, with a close approach to unanimity, a report relieving a "superannuated" general superintendent from the obligation of travelling through the Methodist connection at large, and went on to provide that he should not be assigned to the presidency of annual conferences, or be permitted to make appointments. The pill was sugared with a declaration that, if requested by a bishop presiding, a "superannuated" general superintendent might take the chair temporarily in a general or annual conference; and, at the request of the bishop presiding at such conference, might even ordain candidates previously elected to orders. At the hour when we write the conference had not acted on the report of the subcommittee of the committee on state of the Church, of which Judge H. Sibley is chairman. That report urged a radical change in the Church rule on the subject of amusements, substituting a recommendation for the existing mandatory prohibition. Under the rule which has hitherto obtained, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church who attends a dance or a theatre is guilty of a grave infraction of the convictions consecrated in the usages of the Church, and may be punished by expulsion. If the change now proposed is adopted, the infliction of such a penalty will be entirely optional with the local Church authorities. It is well known that in this country the Society of Friends has been gradually depleted and brought almost within eye-shot of extinction by a too rigorous exclusion of its younger members from participation in recreations deemed entirely innocent by a large part of the American community.

It is a curious coincidence that the first success of the Russian fleet, in torpedoing a Japanese cruiser at Dalny, should coincide with the arrival of Admiral Skrydloff in the Far East, though Skrydloff has not taken charge of the Port Arthur squadron, nor is he likely to in the immediate future. For it was precisely by such an exploit that Skrydloff first gained a reputation in the Russo-Turkish war. Russia had then no Black Sea fleet at all, while Turkey had a number of fine ironclads, under a renegade Englishman, Hobart Pasha, and for the most part officered by Englishmen or Americans. The Russian army had to walk all the way to Turkey, and in doing so had to cross the Danube. But the Danube was intersected by Turkish war-ships, and it became the question of the hour how to get them out of the way. Skrydloff on the Danube and Makaroff on the Black Sea attacked the problem. They fitted out launches as torpedo-boats, and, armed with spar torpedoes, went against the Turkish ironclads. Makaroff scored the first attempt, while Skrydloff scored the first success. They who live by the sword, it is written, shall perish with the sword; and it is noteworthy that Makaroff, who was the first master of pioneer warfare, was destined to lose his life through a torpedo attack, delivered almost exactly as he himself had delivered so many against the Turks. Towards the close of the war Whitehead torpedoes began to be used by the Russians, who by that time had gained great skill in the use of the new weapon, which had appeared only sporadically in the American civil war. By reverting to the tactics which were so successful twenty-six years ago Russia has broken the long score of successes made by Japan, which has now to lament the loss of two cruisers, one torpedoed, and the other blown up by a Russian mine in Dalny Harbor. A Japanese torpedo-boat was lost a few days before, and it is certain that the Japanese previously lost two or three torpedo-boats and perhaps a destroyer in the attacks on Port Arthur, besides a

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transport and two or three other vessels, sunk by the Vladivostok fleet.

Some of our rich men are pretty rich. Wealth has accumulated preposterously in this country in the last thirty years, and the figures which express our estimates of the fortunes of some of our contemporaries are so big that we are apt to think there never was such wealth before. We think Mr. Rockefeller has documents and other valuables that represent about a billion dollars, and we gasp at such an accumulation. Monte Cristo's fortune, which was a standard of large means thirty years ago, seems very small potatoes compared with the fortunes of half a hundred Americans that could easily be named. But, after all, civilization is pretty old, and there were strong-boxes in very old times. A writer in the Jewish magazine, the *Menorah*, has been looking into the Agadic history of the Talmud, and believes that there were richer men before the Christian era than there are now. We know that Crœsus was rich, and that there were huge Roman fortunes in the times of the Empire. The Talmud stories go back further still. The great corner in corn that Joseph managed was fabulously profitable. Tradition says that Joseph, acting for Pharaoh, got his hands on pretty much all the ready money there was in his day, and buried three enormous treasures, one of which was found by Korah, whose fortune, estimated according to the modern standards of value, is rated by the *Menorah* at three billion dollars. Solomon's stable, with its horses, chariots, and horsemen, is said to have represented a sum the modern equivalent of which would be three or four hundred millions, and he spent two hundred and fifty millions on his temple. Herod's temple cost more still. In Jerusalem in Roman times there were three Jews who between them felt able to face an expenditure of a hundred millions a year for twenty-one years. They offered to feed the million inhabitants of Jerusalem for that length of time rather than surrender the city. One of these Jews, Nikodemon, gave his daughter a dowry of $425,000,000. There were other Jews of whose enormous wealth the Agadic history makes record.

Of course, this turning of the shekels, talents, sheep, corn, slaves, merchandise, and buildings of two or three thousand years ago into modern money involves calculations which are largely guesswork. It is doubtless true, though, that immense fortunes were controlled for a time by individuals at various periods of the world's history. Where our modern rich men have an advantage of their early rivals is in the superior security and availability of property in our time. We imagine that Mr. Rockefeller can handle his money to much better advantage than Joseph or Nikodemon could. Joseph, it seems, had to bury his hoards. What good could buried money do him? Nikodemon is said to have stepped on silks from his house to the Beth-Hamidrash daily, and left the silks to be picked up by the poor. That only illustrates how hard put to it he was to find attractive objects for disbursement. An old-time rich man could build, and in some cases could maintain armies, but he had practically to live at home. Travel was so slow that he was debarred from the privilege of occupying half a dozen houses hundreds or even thousands of miles apart. Solomon maintained an enormous family—much larger than modern Western sentiment would condone—but there is no record that his extended domestic privileges were a comfort to him. Besides, Solomon was a government, and so was Joseph, and their wealth is not fairly comparable with that of an individual.

Vast accumulations of money always were, and always will be, interesting, but it is obviously difficult for the accumulating individual to make more than a moderate fortune minister to his personal happiness. A very big fortune determines what his occupations shall be, and on what he shall put his mind, but it has not much to do with determining how much satisfaction he shall get out of life. The great office of accumulated wealth is to promote civilization and give mankind a better chance to realize new possibilities of development. When wealth can buy new knowledge for mankind; when it can help a lower race to rise a little, a higher race to rise still more, it is doing about the only thing it can hope to do which is highly important. The more thoughtful of our very rich men seem to realize this. They give money most readily for the spread of knowledge and the discovery of new knowledge. For the relief of suffering they are less solicitous. As is natural, considering their training, they want to do things that will pay; that seem to be scientifically useful. The proportion of their incomes that our richest men spend for their own pleasure is a mere bagatelle. What they don't spend at all immediately becomes productive capital, and a large part of what they give away promotes the spread of knowledge. We certainly get more out of them than earlier societies seem to have got out of their Nikodemons.

Our new reciprocity treaty with Cuba has already had a highly stimulating effect on our trade with that island. According to figures gathered by the Department of Commerce and Labor, our imports from Cuba during the first three months of the present year were nearly double those for the same period of 1903, and our exports increased nearly twenty-five per cent. During the first quarter of 1903 our imports were $11,948,597, and our exports $5,211,063. During the first quarter of the present year our imports were $23,217,180, and our exports $6,495,149. This makes an increase in total trade of nearly seventy per cent. Our chief import is sugar. Our chief export is wheat flour; other important exports being lumber, furniture, cotton cloths, refined oil, locomotives, sewing-machines, and leather. A modest but grateful amelioration of the price of Cuban cigars is one of the immediate results of the new treaty. Several manufacturers have put out new brands of "Reciprocity" cigars, which are supposed to demonstrate what the new treaty has done for the consumer of tobacco.

Dr. Emil Reich's consideration of the American people, which is set forth and discussed at some length on the next page, includes two highly interesting views. He says that every nation in Europe owes its progress to the imperative necessity of resisting the aggressions of its immediate neighbors, and he fears that the Americans, having no immediate neighbors whose aggressions can be troublesome, will presently lose their snap, and cease to go ahead. That is one anxiety he entertains about us. The other concerns the American woman. Dr. Reich fears that she has utterly broken out of bounds, and demolished, so far as concerns herself, the normal attitude of woman to man. She is aggressively ambitious; she cannot stand being stationary; she wearies of family life. It even seemed to Dr. Reich that the contempt felt by the gentry in England for the middle class is in America felt by woman for man. And the man accepts it passively, loving his woman as the Briton loves his lord, and showing no spirit of revolt. Dr. Reich's prescription for us is that we abolish the Monroe Doctrine and get in some strong neighbors who will scrap with us in a good, lively fashion, and keep us from stagnating. He seems not at all to see, wise and thoughtful man though he is, that our case, as he diagnoses it, contains in itself all the elements of cure. What need have we of neighbors to fight with, when the American man has always close at hand an imperious, aggressive, and contemptuous rival, striving every moment to outdo him and keep him in subjection? If the American woman is such as Dr. Reich conceives her to be, the American man has certainly got his hands full if he proposes to continue in the ring. He needs the Monroe Doctrine to keep out foreign foes while he maintains a desperate struggle for equal rights under his own roof. If being involved in a life-and-death struggle makes men great, the American man, as Dr. Reich sees him, ought to be the most progressive creature on earth.

A new girl has landed in New York. She comes from England. Her name is Lady Kitty Bristol, and she appears for the first time in public in the June number of *Harper's Magazine*. She is introduced to the Americans by Mrs. Humphry Ward—a lady to whom some millions of us lately thought we owed a debt of entertainment because of the pleasure we found in knowing Lady Rose's Daughter. Lady Kitty's portrait by Mr. Sterner shows a delightful person, and is likely to seem a good likeness to readers of the first instalment of "The Marriage of William Ashe." For Lady Kitty is certainly charming, and will capture the interest of her new acquaintances from the start, and doubtless their affections later. We think she will not lack attentions even in a Presidential, World's-Fair year.

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A German View of the United States

It is proverbially useful to see ourselves as others see us, provided, of course, the eyes of the onlooker have had adequate opportunities of observation, and provided, also, of course, he has sufficient intellect to turn the opportunities to account. Some of the conditions are satisfied in an article contributed to a British periodical by a learned and intelligent German, Dr. Emil Reich, LL.D. The impressions which he derived from five unbroken years of sojourn in the United States are worth noting, because, while discriminating, incisive, and sometimes unflattering, they are by no means always unsympathetic. He recognizes frankly that America has realized ideals, moral and social, which European nations have in vain endeavored to attain. Dr. Reich lived here long enough to see that many of the popular myths which in Europe are substituted for an accurate knowledge of American character are hopelessly incorrect. He picks out as the most characteristic and the most ill founded of the current legends attaching to the fictitious American type the legend of the almighty dollar. He willingly testifies that nothing could be further from the truth than the supposition accepted in Europe that in the American the five senses are concentrated in a sense for dollar-grabbing. Years of residence on this side of the Atlantic have convinced him, he says, that while America is no doubt the country where most money is earned by the individual, it is probably the country where the least value is really attributed to money. He did not fail to observe that in the United States wealth raises up no spiked railings of social distinction, while generosity is, perhaps, more general than in any other country upon earth. He recalls with pleasure that there is an atmosphere of urbanity and hospitality pervading the American community which is delightful to the stranger freshly landed from Europe; an atmosphere of kindliness far more genuine than anything of the kind to be found in the Old World. To what is the phenomenon ascribed? To this, that the social palisades within which most European households are doubly and triply intrenched are in America non-existent; there is no pride of caste which fences about the access to a house, and a stranger, provided he makes himself liked, may be asked anywhere. This, our German visitor thinks, is the rosy side of American democracy. He adds that the freedom of the American woman supplies another undoubted charm to American life, although, in his opinion, as we shall see presently, the charm is purchased at a heavy price.

Before proceeding to indicate some of the differences which, in the eyes of Dr. Reich, mark the American people, as a nation apart, we should note the emphasis with which he points out that these differences are by no means the peculiarities of a supposed Anglo-Saxon race, but rather the outcome of the peculiar, if not absolutely unique, circumstances under which the American nation and American civilization have been developed. He insists that the foreign student of the United States must, at the outset, abjure the theory of race with which all, or almost all, modern popular works on history are indissolubly blended. The truth is, he thinks, that, in many respects, the Americans are more antipathetic to England than they are to the rest of Europe. He contends that, in point of fact, America owes infinitely more to the constant influx of foreigners from Ireland or from the European mainland than to any supposititious strain of semi-Teutonic blood among its original settlers. The absence of individuality is pronounced to be due, not to the unoriginal character of the Anglo-Saxon race—for, certainly, England cannot be said to be deficient in strong personalities—but to the complete isolation in which America has found herself walled off geographically from all hostile foreign intercourse. In Dr. Reich's judgment, it would be easier for America to establish a filial relation with any other European nation than to maintain her cousinship with England. He holds, indeed, the heterodox opinion that, save for the chance identity of language, no two peoples are more absolutely and irreconcilably dissimilar than are the Americans and the English.

Has our geographical isolation been a good thing for the American people? To this question, which, usually, we answer offhand in the affirmative, Dr. Reich replies in the negative. He argues that if there is one conclusion which follows with indubitable and irresistible clearness from a survey of European history, it is that every nation in modern Europe was made what it is to-day infinitely less by its own spontaneous efforts than by the imperative necessity of resisting the hostility and aggression, military or other, of its own immediate neighbor. He avers it to be an incontrovertible postulate that every European nation has been built up by struggle and fight, and that the great countries of Europe have attained their greatness, not owing to some hypothetical racial excellence, but exclusively as the outcome of the desperate struggle for existence imposed upon them by their geopolitical position. Compose a scale, he says, of European grandeur, and see if you do not convince yourself that those peoples which have had the least fighting to do to maintain themselves stand lowest and have made least progress. We are reminded that each square rood of European soil has cost thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, of European lives; the sweat and tears of generations have fertilized every square inch of European territory. The American Union, on the other hand, has been placed, since the War for Independence, in an entirely different position. The geopolitical necessity of fighting foreigners for every rood of land during centuries has never existed in the United States. Territories such as in Europe would have taken untold years to conquer and annex were acquired by the Union in a few months. In a word, the Union is neighborless; no enemy threatens it on the north, east, west, or south. From our German observer's view-point, this cardinal circumstance differentiates American history completely from European history; therefore the utmost caution must be used in attempting to draw any analogy from European to American, or from American to European, history. But, it may be rejoined, would not our age-long exemption from hostile neighbors, if it had any effect at all, have tended to relax our national energy: and is it not precisely for energy that we are especially conspicuous? To the inquiry, whence comes the undeniable energy characteristic of the people of the United States, Dr. Reich replies that it comes from the emigrants, their children, and their grandchildren, who, together, constitute a majority of the nation. If we leave out the negroes, he says, the majority of white men in America are unable to trace their family beyond the grandfather as coming from American stock. Such people in Europe would rank, collectively, as foreigners, and it is in this sense that Dr. Reich describes the majority of Americans as essentially foreigners, and as participating naturally in the energy and vitality characteristic of the immigrant.

We turn, lastly, to what this keen-sighted and candid student of things American has to say about the American woman. He first reminds us that in Europe, despite numerous attempts at "feminism"—a movement which, he thinks, would be more aptly termed defeminization—the woman has still kept, with more or less success and grace, her traditional position as a mother, ruler of the household, and wife. In her attitude towards man she recognizes that, from certain view-points of social economy and social ethics, he is her master; and the influence which, in turn, she wants to exercise over him she seeks to win, not by superior masterfulness, but by greater grace and womanliness. The fact is recalled that the greatest of European poets have typified her in the poetical forms of Penelope, Marguerite, Ophelia, and a few other types that attach man, physically and mentally, with an unslakable passion, by means of the most naïve and intense femininity. Dr. Reich suggests that had Homer made Ulysses permanently fall a victim to the charms of Calypso, or had Goethe made the beloved of Faust a haughty, hypereducated princess, both would have spoiled their masterpieces. Now, in the United States, our German visitor found that the normal attitude of woman to man had been essentially altered. The American woman, especially in the course of the last fifty years, has assumed, he thinks, an outward tone and an internal attitude diametrically opposed to what it is customary to admire and esteem as feminine in Europe. To her the Old World *naïveté* of Europe appears quite out of date; to her, the retiring dignity, the self-restraint, the self-effacement, of the European woman are repugnant. Her ambition is to win recognition for her bright intelligence; she likes to pass for a person of nerve and energy, ready at a moment's notice for action of every description. The excessive craving for movement has taken hold of her even more strongly than of the American man. She cannot stand being stationary. The assertion often heard by Dr. Reich when he was on this side of the Atlantic, that the Americans are attached to family life, he was entirely unable to reconcile with the multitudes of boarding-houses wherewith all American cities are infested. He came to the conclusion that it might be said, without much exaggeration, that the latent contempt felt by the gentry in England for the middle class, is, in America, felt by woman for man. In both cases may be observed the same passive acceptance, the same absence of all spirit of revolt. The brighter the American wife, the more overwhelming her conversation, the greater her anxiety to augment her knowledge, the more complacent, nay, joyous, is her submerged spouse. He is proud of her superiority, and submits thereto unquestioningly, not to say with satisfaction. Dr. Reich points out that one outcome of the overmentalization of the American woman, and of the hypergalvanization of her energy, is the breakdown of American maternity, which he regards as one of the most serious phenomena which cloud the future of the United States. He avoids a discussion of the painful problem, but directs attention to the statistics which reveal that the United States can in no wise depend hereafter for progress and prosperity upon the offspring of native American women, the girl children of immigrants being, of course, excluded from the application of that term. It is, indeed, well known that America relies for the increase of its population on a continuous inflow of alien immigration, without which the population would have become already stationary, and would, in the future, assuredly decline. It is pronounced hopeless to offer any solution of this immense and threatening problem. The reverse of comfort is suggested by the thought that, in the past, many a flourishing state has been brought to ruin by its women. This, unquestionably, was the case with the Roman Re-

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public. Dr. Reich recalls that the Spartan married woman, a typical example of defeminization in the worst sense, contributed at least as much, or more, to the downfall of her country as the hetæræ to the collapse of Athens.

The therapeutic proposed by this German inspector of American symptoms is as heterodox as is his diagnosis. The only remedy that he can discern for the arrests or deflections of development incidental to our geographical position is the abjuration of the Monroe Doctrine. Reminding us once more that Europe has been made what it is by incessant conflicts, military, intellectual, religious, and economic, between neighboring states, he warns us that of such bracing and illuminating conflicts Americans, so long as they observe the Monroe Doctrine, can know next to nothing. He would persuade us, in fine, that for the United States the Monroe Doctrine plays the part that has been played for China by the Great Wall: it condemns us to isolation and stagnation. Should that wall be removed, and should we, in consequence, enter upon age-long conflicts with Europe, then and then alone, Dr. Reich assures us, would we be able, in case of success, to become a power of the first rank, or, perhaps, eventually, of unique greatness. Could paradox be carried any further?

Will Our King Cotton ever be Dethroned?

A QUESTION of tremendous economical importance to the American people is this: Will they continue to be throughout the twentieth century, what they were in the nineteenth, the principal purveyors of the world's cotton-supply? Much needed light is thrown on this question in the current number of the *North American Review* by Mr. J. Arthur Hutton, vice-chairman of the executive council of the British Cotton-Growing Association. He begins with pointing out that during recent years the production of the staple has not kept pace with the increase of consumption. It has been computed that the normal addition to the world's consumption of cotton is 400,000 bales a year. The annual output from the United States is by no means augmented in a corresponding proportion. Five years ago, from 23,000,000 acres, we produced 11,250,000 bales, yet, although the acreage last season was 25 per cent. larger, the latest government report has shown that the crop was smaller by about a million bales. Mr. Hutton, like Mr. Sully, whose article on the same subject appeared in an earlier number of the review named, believes that, for want of labor and other reasons, there is little likelihood that we shall witness in the immediate future any large increase in the bulk of our yearly product. From these data the deduction seems unavoidable that if the world's demand for cotton cloths is to go on expanding, new cotton-fields will have to be opened, outside of the United States. It is because almost all European manufacturers have accepted this deduction that, of late, earnest efforts have been made by England, Germany, France, and other countries to extend the growth of cotton in their tropical possessions. Is it probable that the experiments will be commercially successful?

Of all the movements in this direction, Mr. Hutton seems to regard with most confidence that undertaken by Great Britain. Of the fields within the British Empire which are available for the culture of the staple, the British Cotton-Growing Association, organized in 1902, seems to look with especial hope on India. There appears to be no doubt that the existing production—about three million bales of five hundred pounds each—could be largely increased. From a manufacturer's view-point, however, the quality of Indian cotton leaves at present much to be desired; for it is shorter in staple than is its American competitor, and, therefore, is of relatively little use to the Lancashire workers, who are engaged principally in spinning the finer yarns. Nevertheless, an increase in the output of even the shortest staple is desirable, provided it can be used at all; for, obviously, if it be salable to the Continental manufacturers it will relieve to just that extent the demand for higher grades. It is equally manifest that if the supply of the best Sea Island staple could be augmented the spinners who desire the same would not be forced on to the market for the next lower grade. Now experiments have led to the belief that, not only may the quantity of cotton grown in India be expanded, but the quality also might be improved by careful selection of seed and by paying more attention to the methods of cultivation. To that end the British Cotton-Growing Association has memorialized the Calcutta government—we are told that the petition has been favorably received—to establish model farms in the midst of the districts adapted to the culture of the staple, as object-lessons for the education of the Indian ryot in the most modern processes of cotton culture. Of late, also, the attention of British manufacturers has been turned once more to the West Indies, whence, more than a century ago, some 40,000 bales, or about half the total of England's requirements at that time, were annually obtained. In 1902, on the other hand, the aggregate imports into England from this source of supply had shrunk to less than a thousand bales. Now, however, large quantities of the best Sea Island seed has been distributed among the planters, and cash advances have been made to some of them, so that it is looked upon as probable that two or three years hence the West Indies and British Guiana will produce annually at least fifty thousand bales of the Sea Island staple. In Egypt proper, where Britain's protectorate seems likely to be permanent, the cotton crop is already most remunerative, while both the Khedival government and the Egyptian people are alive to the advisability of expanding the area of cotton culture. Even now the Egyptian output of the staple is about one million bales of five hundred pounds each, and it is calculated that the Nile dam at Assouan, just completed, will make it possible to put under cultivation an additional acreage of fifteen per cent. Moreover, the investigations instituted by the British Cotton-Growing Association have shown that there are very great possibilities in the Sudan; in the valley of the Middle Nile new land is being put under cotton every day; and when the projected railway from Berber to Suakim has been opened it will be practicable to cultivate cotton at a profit even so far up the river as Khartoum. We are told that quite recently a new field has been discovered at Tokar, on the Red Sea, where the land available is credited with the capacity of raising a crop as large as the present yield of all Egypt proper.

Mr. Hutton sees, therefore, every reason to hope that, within the next five years, the output from Egypt, including the Sudan, may be distended by from one million to one million five hundred thousand bales. In East Africa, south of the Sudan, the work done by cotton cultivators has passed the experimental stage, and from Nyassaland alone three thousand bales will be shipped this season. Mr. Hutton deems it not impossible that in Nyassaland no fewer than fifty thousand bales may be produced next year, and he holds it to be extremely probable that after a few years East Africa may deliver at least a million bales of first-class cotton annually. On the west coast of the Dark Continent, the spokesman of the British Cotton-Growers' Association believes that he discerns an immense field for the cultivation of the staple. He can see no reason why, before the close of the twentieth century, the whole of West Africa should not produce twenty million bales of cotton a year. In that event, it might well happen that American spinners would have to look to West Africa for a part of their raw material. It seems, at all events, to be well-nigh certain that ultimately the British Empire will be able to produce an amount of cotton of high quality, answerable to the needs of Lancashire. Does it follow that the outlook for American producers of the staple is dark, because the day may not be very distant when they will cease to be relied upon by British manufacturers? Not at all. Before that epoch shall have arrived our domestic consumption will, in all likelihood, have outrun the domestic sources of supply.

The Meaning of the Acré Dispute

A REGION in South America about ten times the size of the State of New York is being added, piece by piece, to the enormous bulk of Brazil. The process (Brazil's method of acquisition) is not without interest, and the results, so far as they can be foreseen, promise to be of greater importance to the world at large than most things that happen below the Isthmus of Panama.

Roughly defined, the region in question extends from a point very little south of the geographical centre of Colombia to a point somewhat north of the centre of Bolivia; includes the eastern portions of Ecuador and Peru; stretches from the Andes eastward along the courses of the numerous rivers that flow southeast and northeast toward the Amazon. The mountainous strip along the great Andean wall is rich in minerals, and the lowlands, with their hot-house climate, are passing rich in vegetable products. Brazil's recent movement of expansion began in the southwestern corner of this region, in the district which takes its name—Acré—from the Acré River, a tributary of the Purus. On some maps the Acré, or Aquiry, may be seen; indeed, it could not be more boldly drawn if it were as well known as the Ohio. The truth is, its sources have not yet been precisely located, but are probably on the eastern Andean slopes, near the eleventh degree of south latitude. From the point at which it becomes navigable for small steamers its course is generally northeast to its confluence with the Purus, and the latter empties into the Amazon west of the city of Manáos. Together, the Amazon, Purus, and Acré give access to a rubber-forest district the value of which depends entirely upon the use of those waterways, since its products cannot be carried profitably over the mountain barriers of the Bolivian or Peruvian sierras to the Pacific. Bolivia and Peru, as well as Brazil, laid claim to the Acré district; and in 1902 Bolivia sought to draw some profit from it by granting a concession for its exploitation to an Anglo-American syndicate. Then the real character of Brazil's designs—her policy touching all parts of the disputed hinterland—began to appear. Bolivia was not allowed to live up to her agreement with the syndicate, though she had troops and a military governor on the ground. Before a year had passed the Bolivians were expelled.

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The Brazilian government, first taking possession, proceeded to negotiate, in effect dictating the terms that Bolivia could not reject without ruining one-half of her departments.

The boundary treaty between Bolivia and Brazil, signed November 17, 1903, provides for the relinquishment by the former country of all that part of the vast Acré district lying north of the Abunan, in latitude 10° 20′ S., and a line following watercourses in a southwesterly direction from that point to latitude 11° S., where, as we have said, the sources of the Acré River will probably be found. Brazil agrees to pay "an indemnity of £2,000,000 sterling, which the Republic of Bolivia accepts with the intention of using the same mainly in the construction of railways or other works tending to improve the communications and develop commerce between the two countries." Moreover, Brazil "binds herself to build on Brazilian territory . . . . a railway to extend from Santo Antonio on the Madeira River to Guajará-Mirim, on the Mamoré, with a branch road running through Villa-Murtinho . . . to Villa Bella, at the confluence of the Beni and Mamoré"—the object being to furnish an outlet to the Madeira and Amazon for Bolivian products. The surrender and the price of it could not be more explicitly stated.

Peru's turn came next—and quickly. In the treaty just mentioned Brazil "declares that she will negotiate directly with the Republic of Peru the boundary dispute about the territory comprised between the source of the Javary [about 7° south latitude] and parallel 11°, and will endeavor to reach a friendly solution of the litigation." Now, Peru and Bolivia agreed in the treaty of November 21, 1901, to submit to arbitration all controversies pending between them, and their long-standing boundary disputes are actually at the present time referred to the President of the Argentine Republic as arbitrator. But until the beginning of May, 1904, there still remained as a menace to the peace of South America the conflicting claims of Peru and Brazil to that portion of the great Amazon basin extending (between latitude 7° S. and latitude 11° S) from the eastern cordillera of the Andes to the heart of the continent; watered by the Juruá River, as well as by the Acré; a country imperial in size and of incalculable undeveloped resources, yet all of it so situated as to be absolutely dependent upon Brazil. All the lands claimed by Peru beyond the Andes are valueless unless Brazil keeps open the only outlets for their produce—the waterways through Brazilian territory to the Atlantic Ocean. Peru could not, therefore, reasonably hope to gain anything in this contention by force of arms if Brazil should prove to be unwilling to yield. Furthermore, a speedy resort to arbitration was indicated clearly enough as the proper course to be adopted by a sister republic, instructed by Bolivia's experience last year. Nevertheless, when Brazil demanded the evacuation of posts in the disputed territory held by Peru, as a condition precedent to arbitration, Peru refused compliance, saying, through her legation at Washington, that she, for her part, proposed arbitration without demanding previous conditions which should be regarded as unnecessary by governments really wishing to reach a just and pacific settlement of their differences. While diplomatic notes were being exchanged, Brazilian troops from Manãos defeated the small army of occupation maintained by Peru. Thus the Acré-Purus-Juruá district passed under Brazilian control. As for the remaining portion of the district in question, the lands between latitude 7° S. and latitude 3° N., it is evident that Ecuador and Colombia can be forced in turn to surrender their claims to the equatorial rim of the Amazonian basin. To those weaker states also the Brazilian government appears to be ready to say: "Of what use to you, or to foreigners who secure concessions from you, are the forests of rubber and cacao trees, the fine woods and medicinal plants, if we do not make it convenient for you to take them to market? To our enemy, even the gold, silver, and copper would be worth no more than sand."

These events, then, mark an important epoch in South-American history. Brazil virtually admits that it is her intention to be supreme in all the lands drained by the Amazon and its tributaries, though conceding rights of way to the inland provinces of the Pacific coast states.

The Claims of the Individual

In a forthcoming book by M. Victor Basch, entitled *Anarchistic Individualism*, the author makes a wide distinction between the ethical value of liberal individualism and anarchical individualism. The anarchical doctrine, he says, is fairly stated thus:

"Normal life does not consist in subordinating our real nature to some superior nature—some chimera invented by dreamers,—but in realizing our entire desire of life and desire of joy and exploiting our ego, with all its powers and all its possibilities, without regard for others, without preoccupation with any religious dogma, moral, civil, or penal laws. For any individual, worthy the name, there is no other law than that of revealing himself such as he is, such as he feels himself, such as he desires to be at every turn in the road of life."

M. Basch takes Nietzsche as representative of this phase of anarchical individualism; but surely Nietzsche's place in the history of modern thought can only be rightly judged when it is viewed as a definite reaction against the modern doctrine of gregariousness, the modern tendency to organization, and the death of the individual by the despotism of convention. Though superficially Nietzsche's doctrine might seem to contradict the fundamental law of all religions, that a man must lose his life to find it, in the depths, the demands he makes upon the Uebermensch are as exigent as those of the sternest religious code. The main difference is that he lays stress upon the state of achievement, rather than upon the process. No one has exacted more uncompromisingly than Nietzsche that a man should be in complete control of himself, should always deny what Plato calls the choices of the *partial* self, the momentary desires and personal gratifications. No one has exacted more uncompromisingly that every act and every thought should be a slow building up of the *whole* self, the ultimate, perfected man, strongly and joyfully one with creation.

Kropotkine, whom M. Basch places at the head of the liberal individualists, practically arrives at like conclusions, though his process is simpler and more direct. Man acts, he argues, from a principle of solidarity. In as far as he is endowed with conscience and intelligence he submits voluntarily to law. A race has a chance to live, to emerge triumphant from the struggle with inimical conditions, in as far as it obeys this instinct of solidarity. This instinct one might still formulate in the counsel: *do unto others as you would they should do unto you*. There will doubtless come a time, Kropotkine thinks, when action in reference to others, in reference to the best good of the race, will be natural to each man, and the golden rule the inevitable practice of all. When the babe creeps on all-fours we do not despair of his walking. We simply wait, and when his muscles strengthen and his imitative faculties awaken, he stands upright and walks. Even so, Kropotkine predicts a time when such feelings as envy, malice, vengeance, vanity, will be the marks of infancy and stunted growth. Once granted that all reformers aim at the same end, namely, a society made up of disinterested individuals, we come back to the differences in the means recommended to such end. That greatest of all modern historic institutions, the Roman Catholic Church, has aimed at gaining the end by reducing men to a state of unreasoning obedience to, and belief in, an institution—a hierarchical government. Protestantism placed Hebrew literature at the head in the place of Pope and Church authority. When the question of the right of personal interpretation arose, Protestantism split into innumerable schisms and sects.

Individualism, anarchical or liberal, is at heart but a much-needed protest against the doctrines of fear inculcated by certain religious teachings. As the beginning of intellectual greatness is the casting off of all fear and the bold trust in the sacredness of the individual inspiration, so the basis of all moral greatness is a casting off of fear, the untrammelled choice of virtue for virtue's sake. That action gains compelling force which is prompted by loyalty to an ideal, and the best action is weakened if it is prompted by an avoidance of danger. Only in so far as a man develops to the utmost his own ego, can he serve society. Otherwise he does what M. Macterlinck calls "giving away the oil of your lamp instead of its light." In the striving for solidarity the important fact to realize is, that no society can be nobler than the individuals that compose it. Concerted and harmonious action of many ignoble people is the worst of evils; concerted action of *all* noble people would be the millennium.

To realize one's self is the ethical doctrine of the individualists. How to accomplish such realization has been variously answered. "By the destruction of all forms and institutions," cry the anarchists. "By the supremacy of the Church and the thraldom of men's consciences," says the Catholic Church. "By modelling human life upon the life in the New Testament," says Protestantism. "By culture," reply the humanists. "By philanthropic effort," add the humanitarians. In the hue and cry of the struggle about means, half the world loses sight of the end—the foundation of a noble society of noble individuals.

Religions and philosophies fall into desuetude when their followers put their trust in easy accomplishment, when a few negative rules obeyed, and a few rites conformed to, leave a man free to relax for the rest of his time. It is the essence of the joy of living that in this war there is no discharge. The great menaces to modern society are not the candid criminals who come under the penalties of the law, but rather those who put their faith in small things, in petty conformities, hidden sloth, and wasted vigils.

It is one of the confusing elements of modern society that anarchism, socialism, science, and free thought are producing heroes and martyrs to set beside those of the definitely religious sects. There is apparently no school of thought or ethics with a monopoly of holiness. Somewhere in the mean of all these conflicting theories lies the germ of truth fitted for mortal understanding, but meantime individualism is unquestionably safe in its assertion that no society, no organization, no consolidation whatsoever is nobler than the individuals that compose it, and that the development of the individual, not by the stunting processes of fear, but by the strengthening processes of freedom, is the first duty of man.

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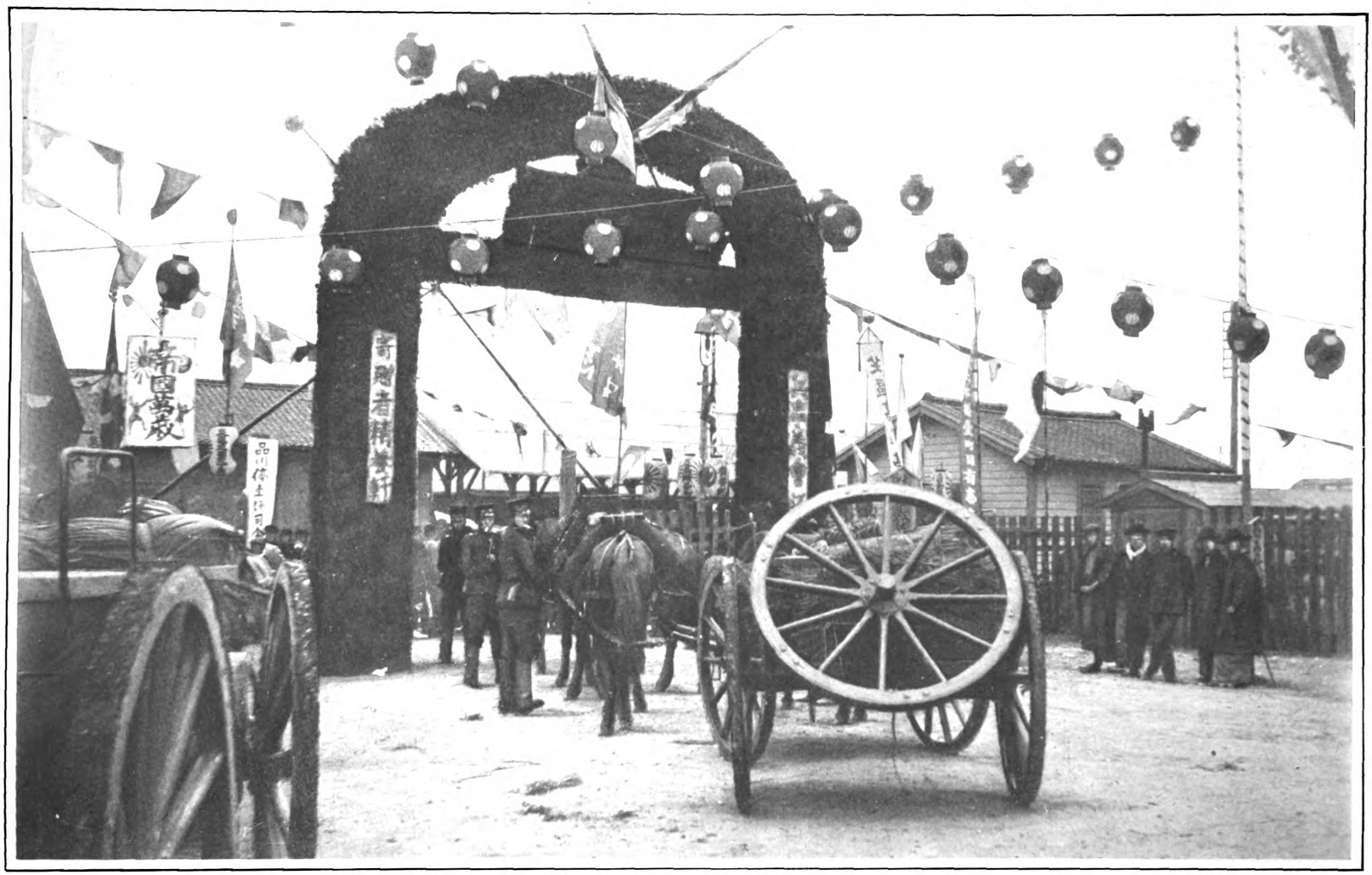
RUSSIAN WOUNDED IN A JAPANESE RED CROSS HOSPITAL AT CHEMULPO, KOREA

The photograph shows the interior of the Japanese Red Cross Hospital at Chemulpo. The patients are some of the Russian sailors who were wounded in the first naval engagements of the war in Chemulpo Harbor. The Russians who come under the care of the Japanese Red Cross are treated with as much care as the wounded men of their own nationality

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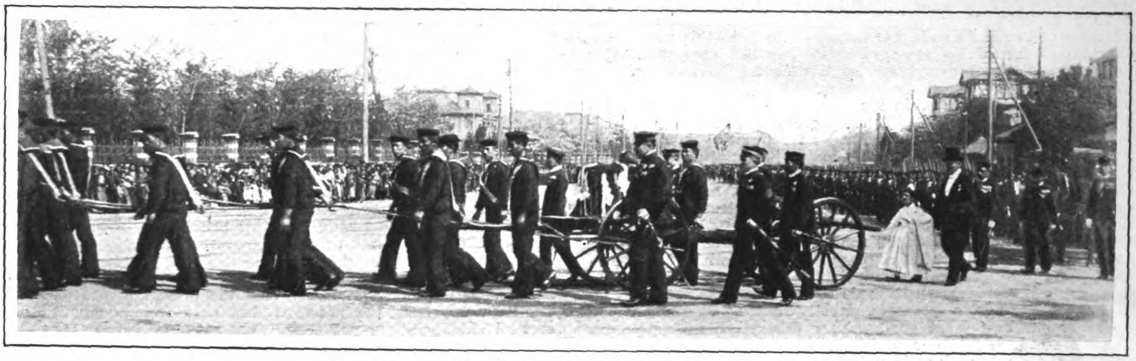
JAPANESE ARTILLERY LEAVING THE SHINAGAWA STATION, JAPAN, FOR THE FRONT

The photograph illustrates the departure of Japanese artillery from the Shinagawa Railway station, about four miles from Tokyo. The arch shown in the centre was erected by the people of Shinagawa. A recent estimate of the Japanese force now advancing on Liao-Yang places the number of men at 100,000, with 50,000 horses, and 270 guns

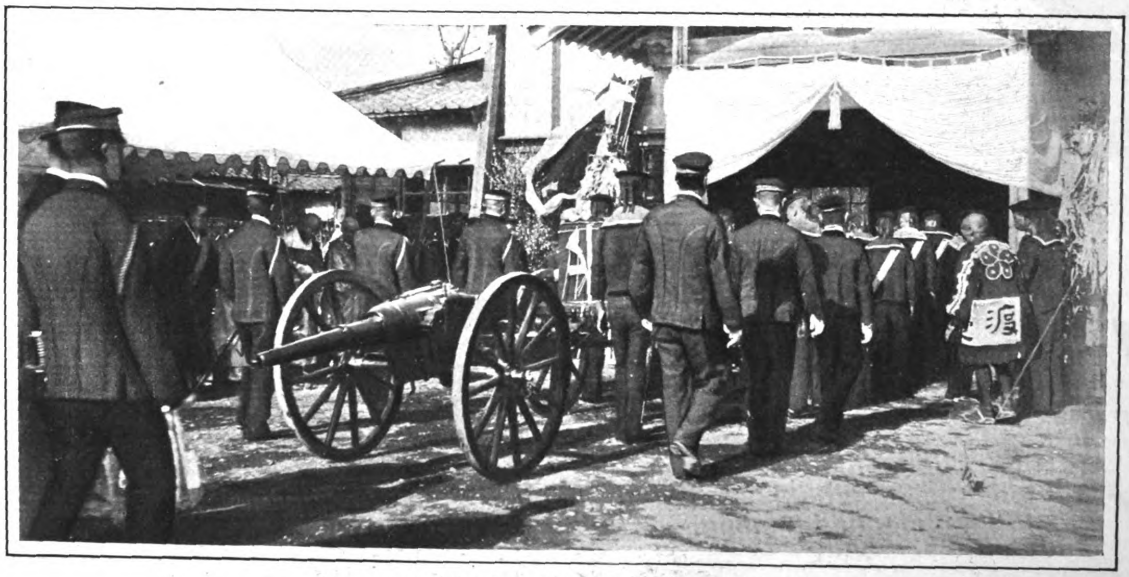
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Priests Meeting the Procession at the Entrance to Aoyama Temple



The Coffin on a Gun-carriage drawn by Japanese Bluejackets



Carrying the Coffin from the Gun-carriage into the Temple

HONORING A JAPANESE NAVAL OFFICER, LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER HIROSE, WHO WAS KILLED AT PORT ARTHUR

The photographs are snap-shots taken at Tokyo on April 13 during the funeral of Lieutenant-Commander Hirose, of the Japanese navy, who was killed on March 27 during the second attempt of the Japanese to block the channel at Port Arthur. Every honor was paid to the dead officer, His Majesty the Emperor sending a Chamberlain as his Imperial representative

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A Russian View of American Sympathy

By Prince Esper Oukhtomsky

Editor of the "St. Peterburgskya Wiedomosti"

OUR people in Russia cannot understand the reported pro-Japanese sympathy of Americans. In the first place, it seems incredible why the Japanese attack upon the Russian Empire should be considered as something heroic. The comparison has been made, and is still being made, of the collision of a brutal giant with a comparatively weak adversary. In fact we see the contrary. We see a powerful realm on the Pacific Ocean, with forty-five millions of energetic men, attack an opponent who cannot immediately meet them with the same arms and the same power. Thousands of miles separate the seat of war from European Russia. Obviously this fact alone makes the situation decidedly more dangerous, more fatal to Russia than to Japan, who is sending her troops over a narrow sea. They fight at home, and are able to concentrate their forces. Russia, for the present, can employ only the very smallest part of her slumbering, gigantic power. In fact, her position, as compared with that of her bold and strong adversary, is uncommonly weak and unfavorable. The question arises, Is Japan, with her glowing patriotism, at the moment fighting for her highest aims and interests, defending her proper right in Eastern Asia? The fact is that neither Manchuria nor Korea ever derived any benefit from Japanese civilization. Korea has always been laid under contribution by Japan, who waged wars against her, brought her into misfortune, to such an extent that, from high culture and abundant wealth, she has been degraded to a completely miserable country. The Chinese coast from the mediæval ages has always been attacked and terrorized by Japanese pirates. Never have they brought anything positive, or useful, to the Asiatic nations, their neighbors and tribe-related elements. Whether they will do so in the future—even if in this war Japan should be crowned by great victories—whether they will bring welfare and a real awakening to continental Eastern Asia is, at any rate, a question.

The unfortunate Ainos, in northern Japan, where a great industrious population could perform a great deal of labor, are witnesses to the fact that Japan's hunger for territory is *not* conditioned, or motived, by the unfortunate, inconsistent economical situation of that realm. The island Formosa, snatched away from China by the Japanese, is also a rich country, and only thinly populated. In spite of these facts, Japan's talent for colonization—fully unknown as yet—could not have been displayed there. What can be expected of Japan's influence on Korea and northern China *in the near future*? *Judging of* Russia's *politics in Eastern* Asia, from the American standpoint, one must frankly confess that only one reproach can be made to the Russians: We were, up to a few years ago, a lethargic, flabbily working element, hardly aware of our own great goal. Every other civilized nation, in Russia's stead, and in our position, would long ago have ripped up China, with her gigantic natural wealth, Manchuria abounding in gold, and Korea, and would have conquered Japan regardless of politics: *Manu Militari*. Had that happened, our policy in Eastern Asia would have received the applause of America—the country of developed energy. Then one could only have considered things as they were, and pro-Japanese sympathy could not have appeared—at least not more than the sympathy of a sentimental European for the natives of the Philippines. We have always been too slow, taking in hand too late the opening up of Eastern Asia, with comparatively small means, in the same patriarchal manner as at the time of the first Cossack expeditions in Western Siberia, and then turning rather unconsciously towards the Pacific Ocean. Now, the past is taking revenge upon us. Americans, the energetic elements of the Occident, the personification of the full power of the Westerner, should thoroughly appreciate the fact that a realm like Russia's of 150,000,000 population, with a rather undeveloped civilization, but rudimentarily very strong, must certainly have an exit to the open sea, irrespective of whether Japan likes or dislikes the aspect of a strategical position on our part in southern Manchuria.

To be frank, China and Korea may now attract the sympathy of the Westerner, who is carefully observing the opening up of civilization in Eastern Asia. But Japan, the rapacious and violent Japan, is not in the same position. The enthusiastic sympathy for this nation, at the present moment, appears to me to be based on a misapprehension. The West will never derive anything from an eventual victory of Japan. The so-called "open door" under Japanese management would very quickly change into a strongly fenced wall, such as the Russians never intended. America, more than many others, has profited by the building of the Manchurian railway. How is it that in this country the events are looked on so mischievously, and that the one essential thing is forgotten?—that this war, in every respect, will be a curse not only for the Japanese themselves, but also for all those entertaining relations or coming into contact with the land of the Mikado. A vanquished Japan would readily turn into a state of perfect anarchy, and fall to the lowest economical corruption, which, in the first place, would create deep hatred of the national elements there against the resident Westerner, against the missionaries, and against all business men.

Vice versa, the momentarily triumphant Japan would at once elevate herself to a still bolder and perfectly inconsistent chauvinism, as she did after her victories over China.

What good can these results bring to the West?

The powers would have been compelled, at any rate, to teach the Japanese a lesson, in due course of time. If the war could have been avoided, by the powers telling and demonstrating to the Japanese beforehand, that such a war shall not and should not be tolerated, the bloody pages of latest history might not have been turned so rapidly before our eyes.

Russia is a land of the future, full of entirely unexplored powers. That nobody denies her. She is, so to speak, the pendant of America in the Old World.

We can understand the inimical feelings of England, the feelings of Germany (whose situation in central Europe is entirely too confined) towards Russia. In this instance, in a certain antipathic sentiment against us, we find causes and motives based on historical traditions.

But why a sound population like that of the States of North America should seriously view the present events in Eastern Asia not from the practical, but only from a highly theoretical standpoint, is not clear. When the Americans are discussing the dark sides of the social life in Russia and criticise sharply, we Russians, who do not close our eyes to many of the cancerous affections of our own country, know better than a Westerner may be able to judge how correctly such a criticism very often sounds; on the other hand, we Europeans might at times point out very strongly negative sides in the public life of America. Such a criticism of respective conditions is harmless, and does not carry any political weight. But if all of a sudden, without any consideration of the real value of conditions in Eastern Asia, pro-Japanese sympathy inimical to Russia is brought to light, that can only serve to loosen the bond of good relations between the two countries. Instead of learning how to know and appreciate one another, and instead of marching hand in hand toward the attainment of certain goals of both gigantic powers, in due course of time we shall arrive at the end, of speaking a language equally unintelligible to both.

Cui prodest?

The Fate of a Spy in Korea

By Robert Dunn

CHEMULPO, KOREA, *April 12, 1904.*

THE first spy caught by Japan in this war met his death on March 23 at Pyeng-Yang, on the plain just outside the north gate of the city, below the verandas of the missionaries' houses. Pyeng-Yang is the ancient Korean capital. Now it is Japan's "secondary base" in the advance to the Yalu—a vast warren of mud hovels, thatched roofs, sickening ditches, and tall beardless men wearing white robes and long impotent faces. Kim Sachong, the spy, was a young Korean. Before the war he built skids in the snows of the Yalu forests, in a lumber camp ceded to Russia by the Korean Emperor just after his mother was soaked in kerosene and burned by the Japs at Seoul in 1895, and H. I. M. was bundled out of the palace at night and hidden in the Czar's legation. That lumber camp, with its Cossack guard, was one of the straws that broke the back of Japanese patience. Maybe the death of Kim helped to even the score.

Kim's home was in Wonsan, on the east coast of the peninsula. I should like to say that he had a wife and child there, and that he thought of their poverty when the captain of the Cossack guard, hearing of the humiliation at Chemulpo, quartered his men in the sawmill, shipped the Chinese foreman to Liao-Yang, on the Manchurian Railway, the Koreans to their homes, and pressed two paper rubles into Kim's left hand. But I know he thought of nothing but the idleness the rubles would buy, added to the larger bribe promised when he should return from Anju in the Jap's country to the south with news of how many troops were there and where these troops were going.

Kim was fitted for this spy's work, thought the Cossacks. They could understand him. Two summers' fishing in Possiet Bay, south of Vladivostok, had taught him Russian. But, as it turned out, Kim was misjudged, though the paper rubles, which were enough pay to Kim for eternity, immediately caused his undoing.

Rank after rank of the little yellow fighters of the second division trudging north on the Anju road for five days faced the spy hurrying south. They didn't suspect him. His horse-hair cylinder hat ribboned under his chin, the oval Korean features, which are stolid in the face of shame or destruction, the small chin covered with black fuzz, made him seem to the Japs only one of the many farmers plundered and enslaved by their com-

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rades ahead, hurrying blindly for mercy to the prefect, who had often robbed him too. Bent under back packs of heavy boots and scarlet blankets, beating their lean ponies, they crowded him from the road. He had to slosh through the snow melting on the rice-fields.

Thus he crossed the Chung Chun River, and entered Anju city, awed and tumultuous with soldiers of "the accursed nation," as the Koreans say. He found a native inn. Boiling on a brazier in the courtyard was a flayed dog's head, and two gaunt bullocks carrying pine-brush. Under the four-sided toy porch squatted a fellow countryman, eating. Kim spoke with him, complaining of the Jap's marauding, and a girl child in soiled green silk hooked the dog's head from the pot to pour him soup. The stranger's accent seemed queer to Kim. At Wonsan people spoke more softly, and at Wiju they did not clip their final vowels so. Surely the stranger was from the south, thought Kim.

At last he asked how many troops had landed at Chinampo. He asked the names of their leaders. The stranger answered willingly in figures and tongue-twisting Japanese names.

"Is your home in Fusan?" said Kim.

"No; but coming here I pass through Fusan," he smiled, reaching for the oil-cloth purse under his tunic. "I go to Wiju tonight, and must pay." The wizened old innkeeper was standing by them.

"Let me pay all," bowed Kim, who had risen; and he drew one of the Cossack's rubles from his pocket.

The old man made a sound in his throat. The stranger for a time eyed the bullocks, who had sunk to their knees.

"My home is in Fusan, I should say—" at length said the stranger, quickly, and paused.

"So deska!" said Kim (meaning, in Japan, "Indeed!"), in earnest of his Japanese knowledge and sympathies. "And how near is the new railroad from Fusan now to Seoul?" he asked, wisely.

"Not very far," said the stranger, vaguely. Before, he had been communicative.

"Are the troops advancing fast or slowly toward Anju?" Kim persisted.

"By what roads? How many are there in a body?"

"As many troops as you please to think," said the stranger, amiably, untying the hatband under his chin. "Perhaps more than you could imagine camped under here," and raising a hand to his head, he removed his topknot, as you take the cover from a teabowl—such a large, neat knot, Kim had thought before, looking through the transparent hat-crown!

Underneath was the clipped, bulletlike Jap head.

"I, too, am a spy," said the stranger, his shoulders trembling in the manner of a Jap under excitement, "but I am no traitor to my race!"

He seized Kim by both arms. He picked an ox-bone from the courtyard filth, and he beat Kim. Kim seemed rather to have expected it. But he did not even whimper. He only cowered, bent into an oval white heap. The old man had fled in the darkness, leaving the ruble.

What Kim said that night when haled before General Sasaki I do not know. The general would not tell—probably he thinks that if printed in America it might gratify the Cossack captain. That is the Oriental way in this war. But the old innkeeper tells his story well.

At any rate, two days later Kim reached Ping-Yang between two Jap soldiers. He slept that night at headquarters, which are in the former Korean prefect's office near the ruined palace—there in the compound with the stone fish-posts before it. Toward ten o'clock the next day you could have heard the bullock drivers around the north gate saying quietly as they met, "The Korean spy will be shot at noon."

Hardly forty loiterers followed the half-company of soldiers, led by a thin little Jap in a major's regimentals, with Kim Sachong, his hands chained behind him, but still in white and his cylinder hat, in their midst.

They passed through the wooden portals of the tiled gate, which have rotted through their studded covering of sheet-iron, and halted by the old pine in the open, half way to the house of Mr. Moffat, the missionary. The two soldiers who led Kim kept straight on when the company cleared a circle about the tree, and deftly bound him to it, face outwards, with a long grass rope wound twice across the chest, three times about the legs above the knees.

A man in mourning—that is, in yellow grass cloth, and holding before him a little white banner to hide his face—stepped out into the open space before the tree. Close to, a blue-robed Chinaman pushed his way smiling through the soldiery. A tall man in foreign clothes jumped off the veranda of Mr. Moffat's house, and approached the execution.

The Korean in mourning stepped on a little mound to the right, perhaps a forgotten grave, and carefully removing his huge basket hat, which he laid on the ground before him, began what seemed to be a passionless oration for mercy. The Chinaman kept on smiling. Soon he said the orator was pointing out how wicked Kim had been in trying to betray the secrets of Japan, since it was the duty of all Koreans to support their conquerors. The Chinaman added that the Japanese major had asked the mourning gentleman to make the speech, promising pay for it.

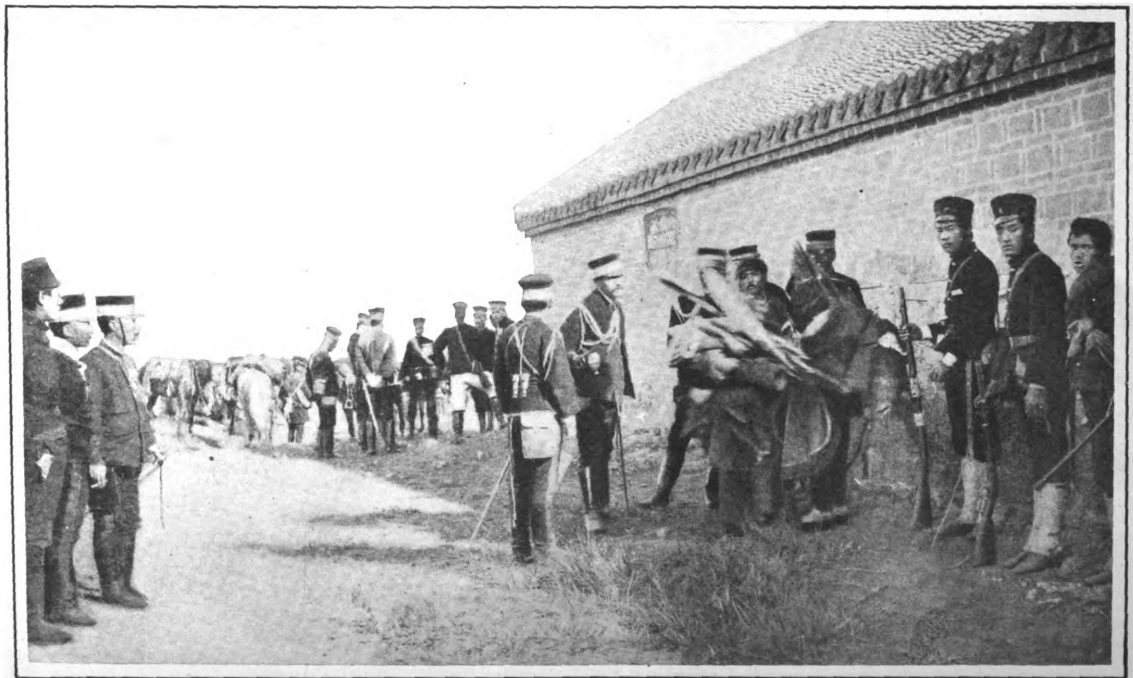
Then the little major stepped out on the mound, the orator having retired. He spoke very low and briefly, but facing Kim. The Chinaman said, quite seriously, that the officer was making a statement of the spy's offence. The major ended, paused, waited a moment, gave a staccato order, and followed the grass-cloth mourner into the crowd.

Four soldiers stepped out from it, and two more from another part of the circle advanced and blindfolded Kim with a coarse cotton cloth. As far as any one of the three were concerned in that, Kim's face might have been made of putty.

The major, without showing himself, gave another order. Without looking at the others, the tallest of the group of four soldiers stepped forward from his companions and raised his rifle, aiming at the bandage.

At the third order he shot from about fifteen yards.

Nothing would have been unpleasant had it not been for the white, watching Koreans. They had pushed forward to form a circle within the soldiers. When Kim was blindfolded, all squatted at once, expectantly, and lit their long pipes. At the shot they half-raised themselves on their haunches, opening their mouths wide. When Kim's head fell to one side, all of them smiled broadly and a few laughed outright.



A Spy Captured by Japanese Troops in Korea

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"Punch"

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *May 11, 1904.*

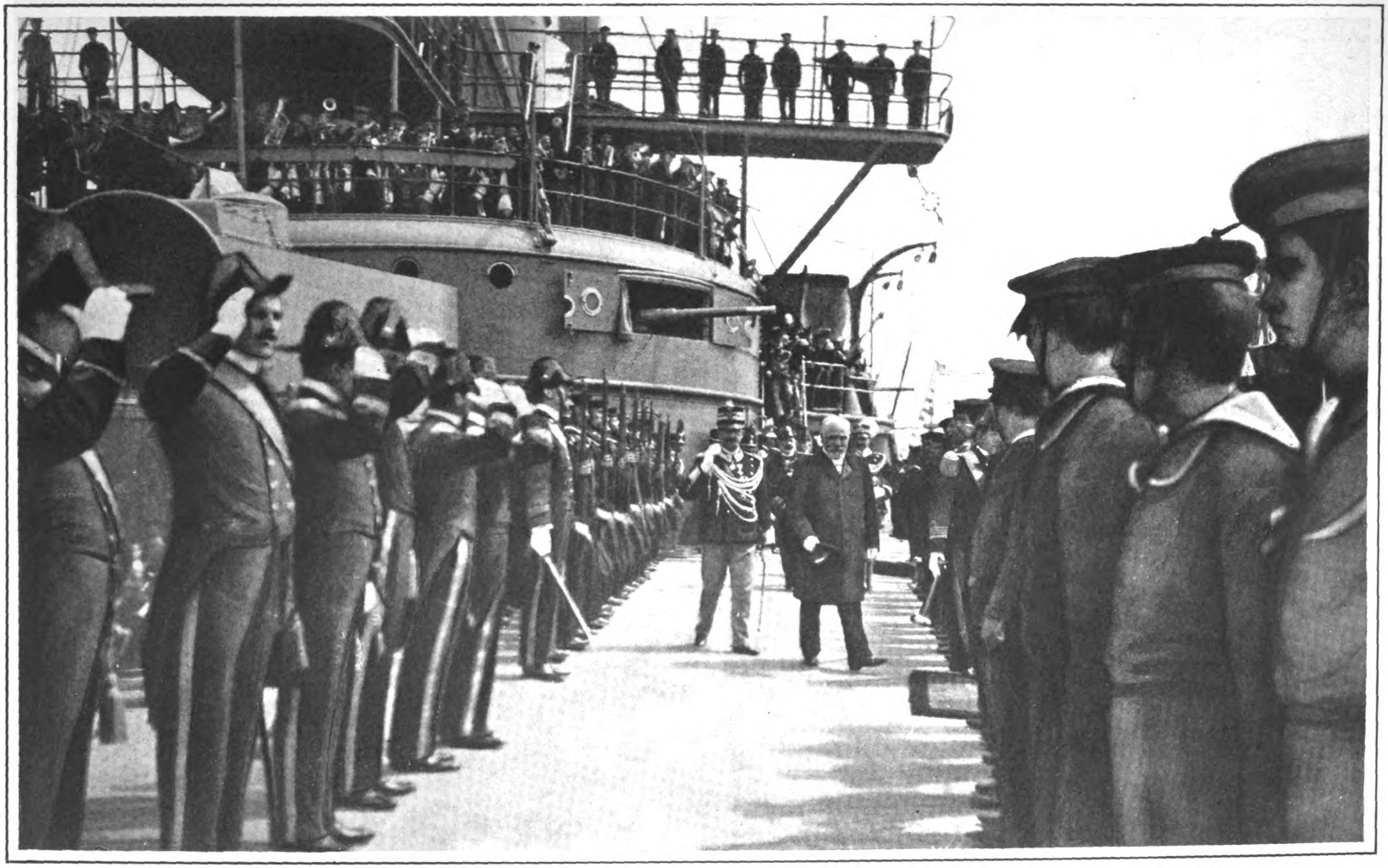
TO say a good word for *Punch*, and in an American journal, almost passes the permission of boldness. Ever since there was a *Punch* Americans have certainly laughed—but at it, not with it. *Punch* is quite one of the oldest and cruellest jests that America has against England. I can as easily imagine a movement for bringing the United States once more under the British Crown as I can conceive a company of Americans regularly subscribing to, reading, and enjoying *Punch*. Nothing makes an Englishman in America more indignant than to hear the way in which his great comic journal is spoken of. Talk about the King in a free and easy republican fashion and he will merely smile. Let him know what every right-minded American thinks about cricket, and the British accent, and Mr. Brodrick, and General Buller, and the House of Lords, and he may marvel, but he will not grow angry. But attack *Punch* and he at once springs full-armed to its defence, with the air of a priest protecting his altar from the hands of sacrilege. The fact that it rouses such pugnacious enthusiasm shows, at any rate, that it suits England. The extent of its entire harmony with the national taste and temperament can, indeed, hardly be realized unless you know England well. From the middle classes up to the summit of the social mountain every one reads *Punch*. Go into an average household and you will be surprised if it does not contain at least half a dozen bound volumes of *Punch*. The reading of *Punch* on Wednesday is as much a part of the discipline of English life as church-going. Boys and girls, asking on rainy days what they shall do-o-o, find the back numbers of *Punch* thrust into their hands. To come across an urchin of twelve who knows every picture in *Punch* from the beginning and can repeat, without in the least understanding, the letter-press beneath it, is nothing out of common. *Punch* has a place in every well-organized system of domestic education in England. From its pages juvenile patriots glean the history of latter-day England, much as Marlborough confessed that he owed what little knowledge of the past he had to Shakespeare. And the habit lasts. An Englishman going on a railroad journey instinctively buys *Punch* at the bookstall for his travelling companion. The greatest club nuisance in the United Kingdom is the man who goes to sleep clutching the latest issue of *Punch*. If you are waiting for a shave, ten to one it is *Punch* that the barber offers you to fill up the interval. A septuagenarian wishing to refresh some early memories turns at once to *Punch*. You will hear *Punch* quoted as an authority on manners and fashions. For the provinces it serves in some sort the purpose of an illustrated guide to London social life. To be on the staff of *Punch* is to be invested with an almost embarrassing attractiveness and interest. When a *Punch* man asks for the mustard the table roars. There is no other journal in England for which people feel so intimate and peculiar an affection. It is a national institution in far more senses than is the *Times*. When Du Maurier in *Trilby* spoke of *Punch* as lying on the table in a lady's drawing-room, Americans possibly thought he was going out of his way to advertise the journal he served so brilliantly. Not at all. That is precisely where *Punch* would be; and to mention it was but to throw in a perfectly natural touch of "local color." It was not a tribute to *Punch*, but for English readers, at any rate, it helped to mark the character of the house that Du Maurier was describing. It was just as symptomatic in its way as if he had said that a Blue-book was on the drawing-room table.

What sort of a hold *Punch* has on England was shown a year or two ago when, on the retirement of Sir John Tenniel, the Prime Minister of England, the American ambassador, the president of the Royal Academy, the leading lawyers, politicians, artists, journalists, actors, and authors of the country, to the number of over two hundred, came together to give him a farewell dinner. I question whether such a company ever before assembled to do honor to a political cartoonist or ever will again. It was, of course, much more for his work on *Punch* than even for his masterly illustrations to *Alice in Wonderland* and *Alice Through the Looking-Glass* that Tenniel was acclaimed. For thirty-six years hardly an issue of *Punch* had appeared in which Tenniel's familiar signature was not to be found at the left-hand corner of the cartoon of the week. That was an immense record of hard work if of nothing else. In Sir John Tenniel's case it was also a record of good work. There are in New York alone several cartoonists who constantly reach a higher point in humor, power, and draughtsmanship than Tenniel ever attained. But looking over the seventy-two half-yearly volumes which contain Tenniel's work one finds that his standard, if he rarely rose above it and sometimes fell calamitously below it, was of a high character and wonderfully maintained. He had his obvious, his unmistakable, faults. His composition was not infrequently poor; his style, somewhat statuesque at the best, was on occasion nothing less than wooden; and there were men, like Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, whose features he never could catch. His humor, like his pathos and his meaning, was large and unshaded. His whole case was got up in good plain black and white. So much was evident on the surface, and on the casual reader of *Punch* might have acted merely as a deterrent. But to the student—and every one who wants to understand England should be a student of *Punch*—Tenniel's work took on a charm that even its manifest defects could not destroy. It was, for one thing, always pointed and apt. Sir John always contrived to produce something that hit the nail precisely on the head and gave expression to what the average Englishman was thinking at the moment. Also it was work of unfailing dignity. Tenniel, as Mr. Balfour said, was "a great artist and a great gentleman." He hit hard, but never malignantly, and he never overstepped the line that separates caricature from travesty. Rancor was just as absent from his cartoons as indecisiveness. What he had to say he said boldly and clearly, but with a scrupulous regard for the decencies of combat. I think one may find in the quality of his work a clue to the secret of *Punch's* political success. *Punch* has never gone in for extremes. It has always preserved and enforced the common-sense view of public events that partisanship distorts. It has opinions and a policy, and while it never hides them, it never antagonizes by pressing them too heatedly. Ruskin long ago declared that of all the papers in England *Punch* best represented the average opinion of the country. It still does so, and it is precisely because it does so that it possesses a real historical value. Turn over the back numbers of *Punch* and look at the weekly cartoon, and you will have a picture of the sane, second thoughts of the nation on the leading event of the moment. It is a calm, good-humored, pointed pictorial summary of the world's history.

The mental agility that goes to the making of a cartoonist is not an English quality, nor have cartoons ever had anything like their proper political influence in England. It is really only since the fiscal question came up that the London daily papers—or some of them, at any rate—have taken to publishing cartoons as a regular feature. The experiment has not so far proved a happy one, and has really only served to make clear the dearth of talent. Outside of *Punch* there is only one political draughtsman of the very first rank, and he is "F. C. G.," the unsurpassable caricaturist for the *Westminster Gazette*, and perhaps the greatest asset that the Liberal party and the free-trade cause possess. The proprietor of the most widely read protectionist journal in the kingdom was assuring me the other day that he had searched the entire country to discover, if possible, a cartoonist who might in some measure counteract "F. C. G."—and without success. The day of the brush and pencil in English journalism is still to come. *Punch* is practically the only paper that provides them with an opening, and every black-and-white man who has the knack of caricature aspires in consequence to a post on *Punch*. One ought, therefore, to remember, in trying to account for *Punch's* unchallenged supremacy in England, that it has practically a monopoly of what little gift for political cartoons exists in the kingdom, and that its age and fame and the impossibility—proved a score of times over—of competing with it make its monopoly an assured thing. If Mr. W. A. Rogers ever tires of America, comes over here, joins the staff of *Punch*, and turns out a weekly cartoon for the next thirty years or so, he may be sure of an ample reward—a knighthood, at the very least, and a dinner, presided over by the Prime Minister, when he retires. I don't know whether the prospect will tempt him, but it is certain that it tempts a good many Englishmen.

And then, again, outside the realm of political and Parliamentary cartoons and caricatures, *Punch* makes a very successful appeal by its entire wholesomeness and its sense of balance. I said just now that Sir John Tenniel always showed a scrupulous regard for the decencies of combat. That has been the *Punch* attitude toward everything right along, and its inflexible maintenance of it more than offsets (for Englishmen) its deficiencies in wit and liveliness. Pick up a single issue of *Life* and a single issue of *Punch*, and you will probably prefer the former—it will at least make you laugh. But compare half a dozen issues of the two journals and you will find your inclination veering towards *Punch*. And when it comes to whole volumes, inclination, in nine cases out of ten, will be definitely fixed on the side of the English production. After all, *Punch* is the one professedly humorous paper in the world, the bound volumes of which can be looked into not only without weariness, but with positive pleasure. To say that is to say a good deal. The great fault of the American comic papers is that they are not serious enough. They are always making jokes. You laugh yourself into a fit of profound depression while reading them. They are too much in the air, too trivial, too grotesque, too local, and they rarely know when to leave off. *Punch* evades these mistakes because it is really not a humorous, but a critical journal, and its criticism is the easy, armchair, equable criticism of a man of the world on human nature and the politics, fashions, fads, and events of the day, mixed up with a not too irritating strain of benevolent optimism. The American comic paper is like the professional funny man at a party. You listen and laugh for a while and then you want to murder him. The man you are content to sit at the feet of for hours at a stretch is that quiet, shrewd-looking old gentleman with the gray hair, who has common sense and experience, and never cuts capers or tries to force the pace, but keeps you placidly chuckling as he holds forth—in other words, our old friend *Punch*. When you come to think of it, no journal anywhere has ever been able to boast of such names on its staff—Thackeray, Hood, Jerrold, à Beckett, Owen Seaman, Leech, Keane, Burnand, Phil May, Du Maurier, Tenniel, Furniss, Anstey; it is an incomparable list, and I, for one, am ready to back it against the world.

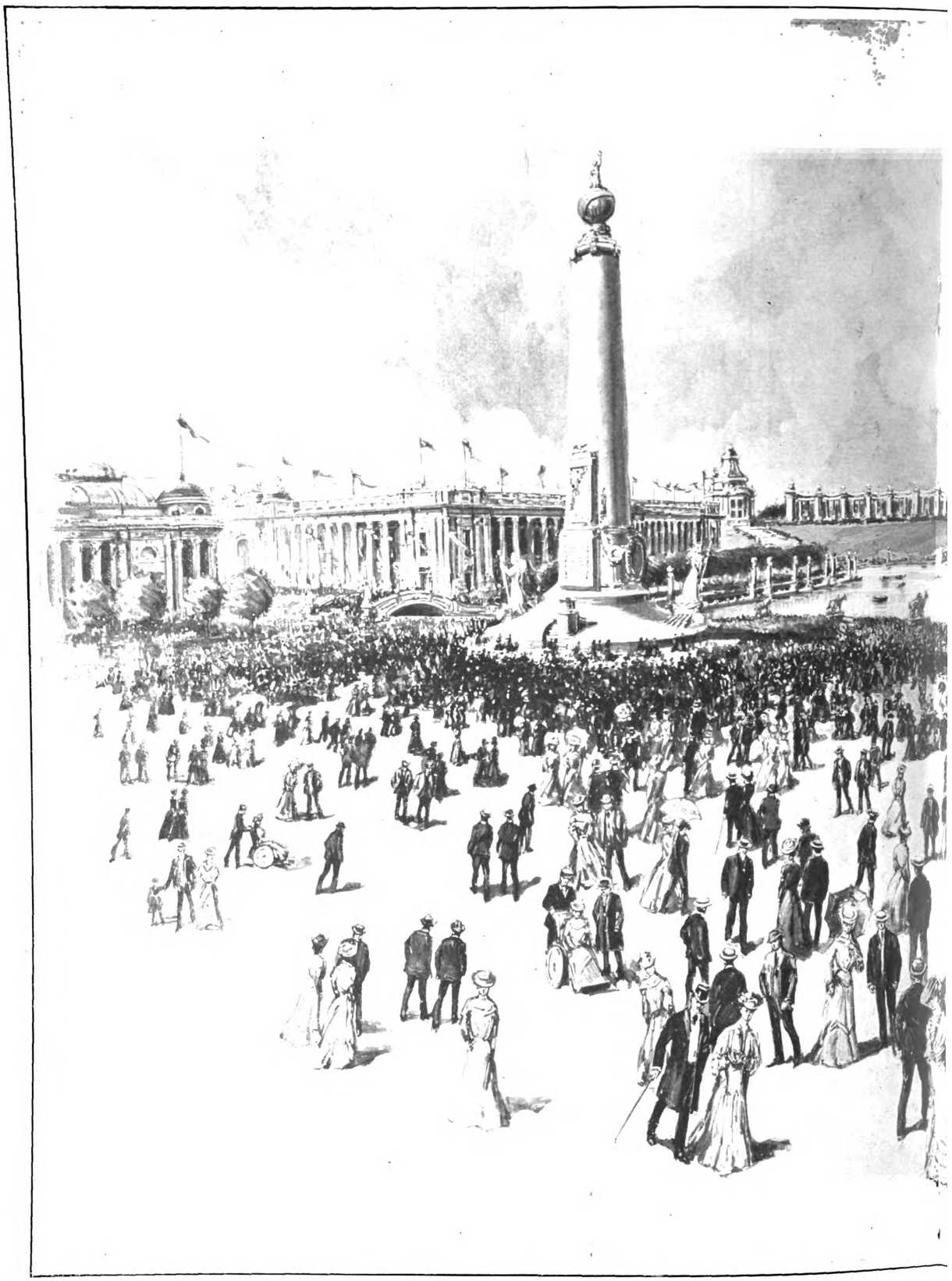
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PRESIDENT LOUBET'S VISIT TO ITALY—ON BOARD THE "REGINA MARGHERITA" WITH KING VICTOR EMANUEL DURING THE REVIEW AT NAPLES

President Loubet's recent visit to the King of Italy aroused wide attention in diplomatic circles. The municipality of Rome gave him a reception, which was attended by the King and Queen, and there was a gala performance at the Argentino Theatre. The photograph shows President Loubet and the King of Italy on board the "Regina Margherita" during a review at Naples

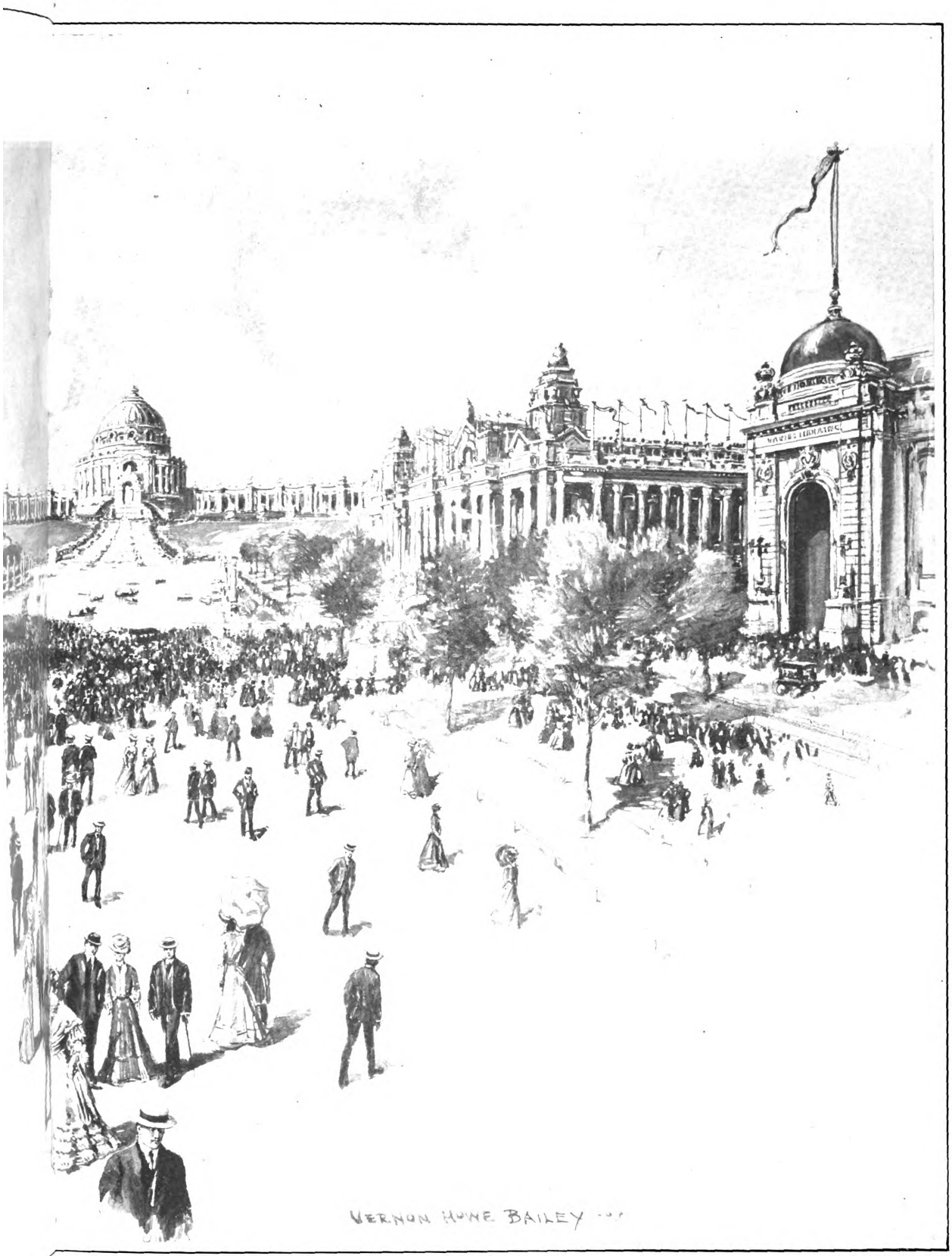
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A DAILY SCENE AT THE WORLD'S FA
FROM THE G

The drawing shows the Grand Court, the Louisiana Purchase Monument, and the Grand Basin, with Fes
and Varied Industries; to the left, the Palaces of Manufactures and Education. The attendance at the
number of visitors in attendance during the opening day as 187,793, which exceeds the record for the first d

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Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

IR—SKETCH MADE ON THE GROUNDS RAND COURT

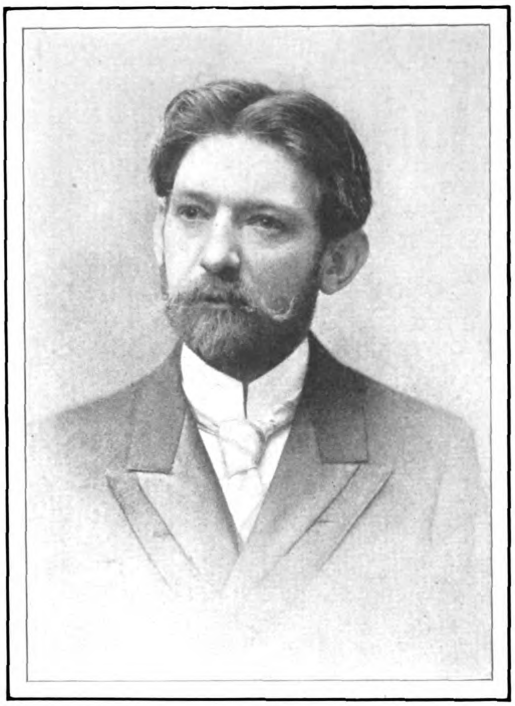
stival Hall, the Colonnade of States, and the Cascades beyond. To the right are the Palaces of Electricity Exposition is reported to have averaged 70,000 a day during the first week. Official estimates give the day at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition by 1,100, and that for the Chicago Exposition by over 40,000

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Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

THERE is a picture you will often meet with on the nursery walls that is deeply significant and symbolic of the eternal child. A little round-faced cherub, with eyes that know no fear, is gently leading an incongruous company of animals up out of the wilderness, his fair hair brushing the mane of a lion and a lamb gambolling at his feet. The picture is an allegory of universal childhood, but it serves our present purpose in pointing the moral—if, indeed, the author had any moral in view—of *Bruvver Jim's Baby*. The story goes deeper than any moral, and is instinct with a truth that is fundamental and rooted in human nature. "A little child shall lead them." When Bruvver Jim's Baby was carried into the rough mining-camp of Borealis, "with her threescore men and one decent woman," a huddled village lying pitifully insignificant in one of the beautiful valleys of the vast State of Nevada, it was an advent that worked like a miracle and touched the lives of men who had forgotten God and civilization with a sense of the smile, the care, the yearning of the ever All-Pitiful. Long lanky Jim—"old If-only Jim"—went out from Borealis to fetch home a pup, and, as Saul went forth to find his father's asses and returned with a kingdom, so Jim not only came back with the dog, but freighted also with a little foundling that began a new and eventful reign in the future history of meagre, unknown, unimportant Borealis. "I'll have to take you straight down to the boys!" said Jim next morning. The little fellow looked up appealingly, and the words uttered in baby accents were the first he had spoken. "No—body—wants—me. No—body—wants—*me*—anywhere." It was the first stroke. "What's that?" said the miner, staring at the quaint little pilgrim in awe. "Nobody wants you, little boy? What's the matter with me and the pup?" And taking the tiny chap up in his arms he held him snugly to his rough, old heart and rocked back and forth in a tumult of feeling. "Little pard, you bet me and Tintoretto want you, right here." That was how Bruvver Jim's Baby came to camp in Borealis.



Philip Verrill Mighels
Author of "Bruvver Jim's Baby"

The story of *Bruvver Jim's Baby* as it unfolds itself with the utmost simplicity, with evident sincerity and freshness of feeling, told for the most part in the quaint, racy, biting speech of the miners, riotously picturesque in its rude native imagery, uproariously funny, yet with an undercurrent of deep feeling, all the more searching for its reserve, that touches the tears of things, makes no bid for novelty; there is nothing bizarre, nothing forced about it; it is an old story appealing to the "funderments of motherhood" that are old as the Mother Earth that has borne us. But as a well-known critic said to me the other day, there are no such things as hackneyed plots; the last story will be as fresh and fraught with human interest as the first as long as there are men and women and children to play anew with the elements of life and to discover the world for themselves. Every generation becomes a pioneer in turn and makes a fresh trial of life. It is this truth that illumines the genius of the poet and artist; what Carlyle called the sense of wonder with which a child opens its eyes on the world. This it is which distinguishes *Bruvver Jim's Baby*, and makes an old story appear as if told for the first time. Mr. Mighels has raised *Bruvver Jim's Baby* on its native soil; he has spoken of what he has seen and heard with the true vision of the realist, with sympathy and imagination, and the proof that he is an artist and a poet lies in the fact that we forget the author in the story, and become wholly absorbed in the drama of its incidents. He has written straight from the heart; little wonder, therefore, that his story goes straight to the heart.

So far I have spoken of the simple and certain appeal of *Bruvver Jim's Baby* to human sympathy. But strong and sure as is the author's power of pathos, I believe that it is through his fresh and spontaneous humor that his book is going to win its way with the greatest number. A book that will make you laugh and cry in the same sentence is rich in humanity, and, in the long run, it is the laughter that counts, for without its sunlight no rainbow would shine through the tears. A writer's individuality is most strikingly expressed through his humorous point of view, and the quality of humor is about the rarest thing to be met with in literature. Mr. Mighels is a genuine humorist. It is not only the humorous things his people say, the fresh, quaint utterance of their language, the rude gift of an original wit and byplay of words; his humor colors his view of life and pervades the atmosphere in which his characters breathe. There is a large patience and charity in his handling of human nature wherever it shows the kindling spark of loving kindness or innate goodness. And akin to this humor is the deep insight and intimate sympathy which accompany it. Old Jim is an apt illustration of this when after routing Miss Doc Dennihan from his cabin he drawled, "It does take some people an awful long time to learn not to meddle with the divine order of things." The humor and insight of this remark are significant of Mr. Mighels's general attitude toward life. Since Bret Harte we have had no humorist who has captured for us the humor of the rough Western miner with such native force and vigor. But there is something more than the crude saliency of Bret Harte's humor and the spaciousness of the great out of doors about Mr. Mighels; one is reminded oftentimes of the good Jean Paul Richter—a chastened and Americanized Jean Paul, to be sure. Other readers will, no doubt, fasten on the quaint, uncouth, epigrammatic sayings that are scattered through the pages of *Bruvver Jim's Baby*, and which crystallize in a pithy sentence the piercing humor and insight that flash a new picture full of fresh meaning on the white screen of life. These sayings are as pungent and original as any to be found in *David Harum* or *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, and as racy of the soil. I can imagine that such sayings as these will soon be passing from mouth to mouth, and in time becoming general property: "All dogs look alike to a flea"; "It's an awful dirty cloth that you can't put a little more blackness on"; "Watches that don't keep perfect time are scarcer than wimmin who tell their age on the square"; "It's a poor shirt that won't work both ways"; "Angel's visits are comin' fewer and fewer in a box every day"; and there is old "If-only" Jim's motto, "Hurry is an awful waste of time that a feller could go easy in." But, to my mind, Mr. Mighels's humor is at its best when it is simply the medium through which his imagination plays with character, and out of the grotesque and awry circumstances of life weaves a plan that is in tune with the Infinite and moves toward some divine event.

I have indicated that *Bruvver Jim's Baby* is in its way a parable of the picture in which a little child is seen leading a motley procession of animals, and making the wilderness about him blossom as the rose. The way in which Bruvver Jim's Baby tames the wild beasts in Borealis and transforms the haunts of gamblers and outlaws into a law-abiding, peace-loving community is simply and naturally developed, and shows that Providence does not always perform its most effectual work in supernatural ways. One gets at the secret of it when Keno declares, "I 'ain't heard a baby cry fer six or seven years." The funniest chapters in the book are perhaps those in which the camp meets in the blacksmith's shop on Sunday to celebrate Little Skeezucks's arrival, as the most pathetic are those in which the poor little mite's illness balks the well-laid plans of the miners to give him a Santa Claus surprise. The same exuberant fancy that led Jim to call his dog "Tintoretto," had inspired him to name the baby "Aborigineezer," but the endearing epithet "Little Skeezucks" stuck to him, when he wasn't referred to as "Bruvver Jim's Baby." Dear, rough old "If-only" Jim, with the tenderness of a mother in his care of the quaint little "shaver!" The blacksmith had suggested a Sunday-school programme in their quandary as to how they should go about having "church," which is "just mostly catechism," Jim imparted sagely—"that is, where you ask a lot of questions that only the children can answer." "I know," responded the blacksmith. "Little Skeezucks, who made you? Who is it makes everything? Who makes all the lovely things in the world?" Shyly the tiny man leaned back on the arm he felt he knew, and gravely, to the utter astonishment of the big, rough men, in his sweet baby utterance, he said,

"Bruv-ver—Jim."

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THE CLUB OF QUEER TRADES

The Awful Reason of the Vicar's Visit

by

G·K·CHESTERTON

Part I.



THE revolt of Matter against Man (which I believe to exist) has now been reduced to a singular condition. It is the small things rather than the large things which make war against us, and, I may add, beat us. The bones of the last mammoth have long ago decayed, a mighty wreck; the tempests no longer devour our navies, nor the mountains with hearts of fire heap ruin over our cities. But we are engaged in a bitter and eternal war with small things; chiefly with microbes and with studs. The stud with which I was engaged (on fierce and equal terms) as I made the above reflections was one which I was trying to introduce into my shirt collar when a loud knock came at the door.

My first thought was as to whether Basil Grycc had called to fetch me. He and I were to turn up at the same dinner-party (for which I was in the act of dressing), and it might be that he had taken it into his head to come my way, though we had arranged to go separately. It was a small and confidential affair at the table of a good but unconventional political lady, an old friend of his. She had asked us both to meet a third guest, a Captain Grant, who had made something of a name and was an authority on chimpanzees. As Basil was an old friend of the hostess and I had never seen her, I felt that it was quite possible that he (with his unusual social sagacity) might have decided to take me along in order to break the ice. The theory, like all my theories, was complete; but as a fact it was not Basil.

I was handed a visiting-card inscribed, "Rev. Ellis Shorter," and underneath was written in pencil, but in a hand in which even hurry could not conceal a depressing and gentlemanly excellence, "Asking the favor of a few moments' conversation on a most urgent matter."

I had already subdued the stud, and throwing on my dress-coat and waistcoat, hurried into the drawing-room. He rose at my entrance, flapping like a seal; I can use no other description. He flapped a plaid shawl over his left arm; he flapped a pair of pathetic black gloves; he flapped his clothes; I may say, without exaggeration, that he flapped his eyelids as he rose. He was a bald-browed, white-haired, white-whiskered old clergyman, of a flappy and floppy type. He said:

"I am so sorry. I am so very sorry. I am so extremely sorry. I come—I can only say—I can only say in my defence, that I come—upon an important matter. Pray forgive me."

I told him I forgave perfectly and waited.

"What I have to say," he said, brokenly, "is so dreadful . . . it is so dreadful—I have lived a quiet life."

I was burning to get away, for it was already doubtful if I should be in time for dinner. But there was something about the old man's honest air of bitterness that seemed to open to me the possibilities of life larger and more tragic than my own.

I said gently, "Pray go on."

Nevertheless, the old gentleman, being a gentleman as well as old, noticed my secret impatience, and seemed still more unmanned.

"I'm so sorry," he said, weakly. "I wouldn't have come—but for—your friend Major Brown recommended me to come here."

"Major Brown!" I said, with some interest.

"Yes," said the Rev. Mr. Shorter, feverishly flapping his plaid shawl about. "He told me you helped him in a great difficulty—and my difficulty! Oh, my dear sir, it's a matter of life and death."

I rose abruptly, in an acute perplexity. "Will it take long, Mr. Shorter?" I asked. "I have to go out to dinner almost at once."

He rose also, trembling from head to foot, and yet somehow, with all his moral palsy, he rose to the dignity of his age and his office.

"I have no right, Mr. Swinburne—I have no right at all," he said. "If you have to go out to dinner, you have, of course—a perfect right—of course, a perfect right. But when you come back—a man will be dead."

And he sat down, quaking like a jelly.

The triviality of the dinner had been in those two minutes dwarfed and drowned in my mind. I did not want to go and see a political widow and a captain who collected apes; I wanted to hear what had brought this dear doddering old vicar into relation with immediate perils.

"Will you have a cigar?" I said.

"No, thank you," he said, with indescribable embarrassment, as if not smoking cigars was a social disgrace.

"A glass of wine?" I said.

"No, thank you; no, thank you; not just now," he repeated with that hysterical eagerness with which people who do not drink at all often try to convey that on any other night of the week they would sit up all night drinking rum-punch. "Not just now, thank you."

"Nothing else I can get for you?" I said, feeling genuinely sorry for the well-mannered old donkey. "A cup of tea—"

"I saw a struggle in his eye and I conquered. When the cup of tea came he drank it like a dipsomaniac gulping brandy. Then he fell back and said:

"I have had such a time, Mr. Swinburne. I am not used to these excitements. As vicar of Chuntsey, in Essex," he threw this in with an indescribable airiness of vanity, "I have never known such things happen."

"What things happen?" I asked.

He straightened himself with sudden dignity.

"As vicar of Chuntsey, in Essex," he said, "I have never been forcibly dressed up as an old woman and made to take part in a crime in the character of an old woman. Never once. My experience may be small. It may be insufficient. But it has never occurred to me before."

"I have never heard of it," I said, "as among the duties of a clergyman. But I am not well up in church matters. Excuse me if perhaps I failed to follow you correctly. Dressed up—as what?"

"As an old woman," said the vicar, solemnly, "as an old woman."

I thought in my heart that it required no great transformation to make an old woman of him, but the thing was evidently more tragic than comic, and I said, respectfully,

"May I ask how it occurred?"

"I will begin at the beginning," said Mr. Shorter, "and I will tell my story with the utmost possible precision. At seventeen minutes past eleven this morning I left the vicarage to keep certain appointments and pay certain visits in the village. My first visit was to Mr. Jervis, the treasurer of our League of Christian Amusements, with whom I concluded some business touching the claim made by Parkes the gardener in the matter of the rolling of our tennis lawn. I then visited Mrs. Arnett, a very earnest church woman, but permanently bedridden. She is the author of several small works of devotion, and of a book of verse entitled (unless my memory misleads me) 'Eglantine!'"

He uttered all this not only with deliberation, but with something that can only be called, by a contradictory phrase, eager deliberation. He had, I think, a vague memory in his head of the detectives in the detective stories who always sternly require that nothing should be kept back.

"I then proceeded," he went on with the same maddening conscientiousness of manner, "to Mr. Carr (not Mr. James Carr, of course. Mr. Robert Carr), who is temporarily assisting our organist, and having consulted with him (on the subject of a choir-boy who is accused, I cannot as yet say whether justly or not, of cutting holes in the organ-pipes) I finally dropped in upon a Dorcas meeting at the house of Miss Brett. The Dorcas meetings are usually held at the vicarage, but my wife being unwell, Miss Brett, a new-comer in our village, but very active in church work, had very kindly consented to hold them. The Dorcas society is entirely under my wife's managament, as a rule, and except for Miss Brett, who, as I say, is very active, I scarcely know any

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members of it. I had, however, promised to drop in on them, and I did so.

"When I arrived there were only four other maiden ladies with Miss Brett, but they were sewing very busily. It is very difficult, of course, for any person, however strongly impressed with the necessity in these matters of full and exact exposition of the facts, to remember and repeat the actual details of a conversation, particularly a conversation which (though inspired with a most worthy and admirable zeal for good work) was one which did not greatly impress the hearer's mind at the time, and was, in fact—er—mostly about socks. I can, however, remember distinctly that one of the spinster ladies (she was a thin person with a woollen shawl, who appeared to feel the cold, and I am almost sure she was introduced to me as Miss James) remarked that the weather was very changeable. Miss Brett then offered me a cup of tea, which I accepted, I cannot recall in what words. Miss Brett is a short and stout lady with white hair, and really bears a remarkable resemblance (I trust I say it with all reverence) to the late great and good Victoria, our queen. The only other figure in the group that caught my attention was a Miss Mowbray, a small and neat lady of aristocratic manners, silver hair, and a high voice and color. She was the most emphatic member of the party; and her views on the subject of pinafores, though expressed with a natural deference to myself, were in themselves strong and advanced. Besides her (although all five ladies were dressed simply in black) it could not be denied that the others looked in some way what you men of the world would call dowdy.

"After about ten minutes' conversation I rose to go, and as I did so I heard something which—I cannot describe it—something which seemed to—but I really cannot describe it."

"What did you hear?" I asked, with some impatience.

"I heard," said the vicar, solemnly, "I heard Miss Mowbray (the lady with the silver hair) say to Miss James (the lady with the woollen shawl) the following extraordinary words. I committed them to memory on the spot, and as soon as circumstances set me free to do so, I noted them down on a piece of paper. I believe I have it here." He fumbled in his breast pocket, bringing out mild things—note-books, circulars, and programmes of village concerts. "I heard Miss Mowbray say to Miss James, the following words, 'Now's your time, Bill.'"

He gazed at me for a few moments after making this announcement, gravely and unflinchingly, as if conscious that here he was unshaken about his facts. Then he resumed, turning his bald head more towards the fire.

"This appeared to me remarkable. I could not by any means understand it. It seemed to me first of all peculiar that one maiden lady should address another maiden lady as 'Bill.' My experience, as I have said, may be incomplete; maiden ladies may have among themselves and in exclusively spinster circles wilder customs than I am aware of. But it seemed to me odd; and I could almost have sworn (if you will not misunderstand the phrase) I should have been strongly impelled to maintain at the time that the words, 'Now's your time, Bill,' were by no means pronounced with that upper-class intonation which, as I have already said, had up to now characterized Miss Mowbray's conversation. In fact, the words, 'Now's your time, Bill,' would have been, I fancy, unsuitable if pronounced with that upper-class intonation.

"I was surprised, I repeat, then, at the remark. But I was still more surprised, when looking round me in bewilderment, my hat and umbrella in my hand, I saw the lean lady with the woollen shawl leaning upright against the door out of which I was just about to make my exit. She was still knitting, and I supposed that this erect posture against the door was only an eccentricity of spinsterhood and an oblivion of my intended departure.

"I said genially: 'I am so sorry to disturb you, Miss James, but I must really be going. I have—er.' I stopped here, for the words she had uttered in reply, though singularly brief and in tone extremely businesslike, were such as to render that arrest of my remarks, I think, natural and excusable. I have these words also noted down. I have not the least idea of their meaning, so I have only been able to render them phonetically. But she said," and Mr. Shorter peered short-sightedly at his papers, "she said, 'Chuck it, Fat Ed,' and she added something that sounded like 'It's a Kop,' or (possibly) 'a Kopt.' And then the last cord, either of my sanity or the sanity of the universe, snapped suddenly. My esteemed friend and helper, Miss Brett, standing by the mantelpiece, with her resemblance to our late great and good Victoria positively accentuated by her upright and dignified posture, said: 'Put 'is old 'ed in a bag, Sam, and tie 'im up before you start jawin'. You'll be kopt yourselves some o' these days with this way of doin' things har lar theatre.'

"My head went round and round. Was it really true, as I had suddenly fancied a moment before, that unmarried ladies had some dreadful riotous society of their own from which all others were excluded? I remember dimly in my classical days (I was a scholar in a small way once, but now, alas! rusty) I remembered the mysteries of the Bona Dea and their strange female freemasonry. I remembered the witches' Sabbaths. I was just, in my absurd light-headedness, trying to remember a line of verse about Diana's nymphs, when Miss Mowbray threw her arm round me from behind. The moment it held me I knew it was not a woman's arm.

"Miss Brett—or what I had called Miss Brett—was standing in front of me with a big revolver in her hand and a broad grin on her face—a broad grin very different from the customary expression of our late great and good queen (as I have seen it in her pictures), but which still did not quite suffice to efface the remarkable resemblance. Miss James was still leaning against the door, but had fallen into an attitude so totally new, and so totally unfeminine, that it gave one a shock. She was kicking her heels, with hands in her pockets and her cap on one side. She was a man. I mean he was a wo—no—that is, I saw that instead of being a woman she—he, I mean—that is, it was a man."

Mr. Shorter became indescribably flurried and flapping in endeavoring to arrange these genders and his plaid shawl at the same time. He resumed with a higher fever of nervousness:

"As for Miss Mowbray, she—he, held me in a ring of iron. He had her arm—that is, she had his arm—round her neck—my neck, I mean—and I could not cry out. Miss Brett—that is, Mr. Brett, at least Mr. Something who was not Miss Brett—had the revolver pointed at me. The other two ladies—or, er—gentlemen, were rummaging in some bag in the background. It was all clear at last: they were criminals dressed up as women, to kidnap me? To kidnap the vicar of Chuntsey, in Essex. But why? Was it to be non-conformists?

"The brute leaning against the door called out carelessly: 'Urry up, 'Arry. Show the old bloke what the game is and let's get off.'

"'Blast 'is eyes,' said Queen Victoria—I mean the man with the revolver—' why should we show 'im the game?'

"'If you take my advice you bloomin' well will,' said the man at the door, whom they called Bill. 'A man wot knows wot 'e's doin' is worth ten wot don't, even if 'e's a potty old parson.'

"'Bill's right enough,' said the coarse voice of the man who held me (it had been Miss Mowbray's). 'Bring out the picture, 'Arry.'

"The man with the revolver walked across the room to where the other two women—I mean men—were turning over baggage and asked them for something which they gave him. He came back with it across the room and held it out in front of me. And, compared to the surprise of that display, all the previous surprises of this awful day shrank suddenly.

"It was a portrait of myself. That such a picture should be in the hands of these scoundrels might in any case have caused a mild surprise; but no more. It was no mild surprise that I felt. The likeness was an extremely good one, worked up with all the accessories of the conventional photographic studio. I was leaning my head on my hand and was relieved against a painted landscape of woodland. It was obvious that it was no snap-shot; it was clear that I had sat for this photograph. And the truth was that I had never sat for such a photograph. It was a photograph that I had never had taken.

"I stared at it again and again. It seemed to me to be touched up a great deal; it was glazed as well as framed, and the glass blurred some of the details. But there unmistakably was my face, my eyes, my nose and mouth, my head and hand, posed for a professional photographer. And I had never posed so for a photographer.

"'Be'old the bloomin' miracle,' said the man like Queen Victoria, with ill-timed facetiousness. 'Parson, prepare to meet your God.' And with this he slid the glass out of the frame. As the glass moved, I saw that part of the picture was painted on it in Chinese white, notably a pair of white whiskers and a clerical collar. And underneath was a portrait of an old lady in a quite black dress, leaning her head on her hand against the woodland landscape. The old lady was as like me as one pin is like another. It had required only the whiskers and the collar to make it me in every hair.

"'Entertainin', ain't it?' said the man described as 'Arry, as he shot the glass back again. 'Remarkable resemblance, parson. Gratifyin' to the lady. Gratifyin' to you. And hi may hadd, particlery gratifyin' to us, as bein' the probable source of a very tolerable haul. You know Colonel Hawker, the man who's come to live in these parts, don't you?'

"I nodded.

"'Well,' said the man 'Arry, pointing to the picture, 'that's 'is mother. 'O ran to catch 'im when 'e fell? She did,' and he flung his fingers in a general gesture towards the photograph of the old lady who was exactly like me.

"'Tell the old gent wot 'e's got to do and be done with it,' broke out Bill from the door. 'Look 'ere, Reverend Shorter—we ain't goin' to do you no 'arm. We'll give you a sov for your trouble if you like. And as for the old woman's clothes—why, you'll look lovely in 'em.'

"'You ain't much of a 'and at a description, Bill,' said the man behind me. 'Mr. Shorter, it's like this. We've got to see this man Hawker to-night. Maybe he'll kiss us all and 'ave up the champagne when 'e sees us. Maybe, on the other 'and—'e won't. Maybe 'e'll be dead when we goes away. Maybe not. But we've got to see 'im. Now, as you know, 'e shuts 'isself up and never opens the door to a soul; only you don't know why and we does. The only one as can ever git at 'im is 'is mother. Well, it's a damned funny coincidence,' he said, accenting the penultimate, 'it's a very unusual piece of good luck, but you're 'is mother.'

"'When first I saw 'er picter,' said the man Bill, shaking his head in a ruminant manner, 'when I first saw it I said—old Shorter. Those were my exact words. Old Shorter.'

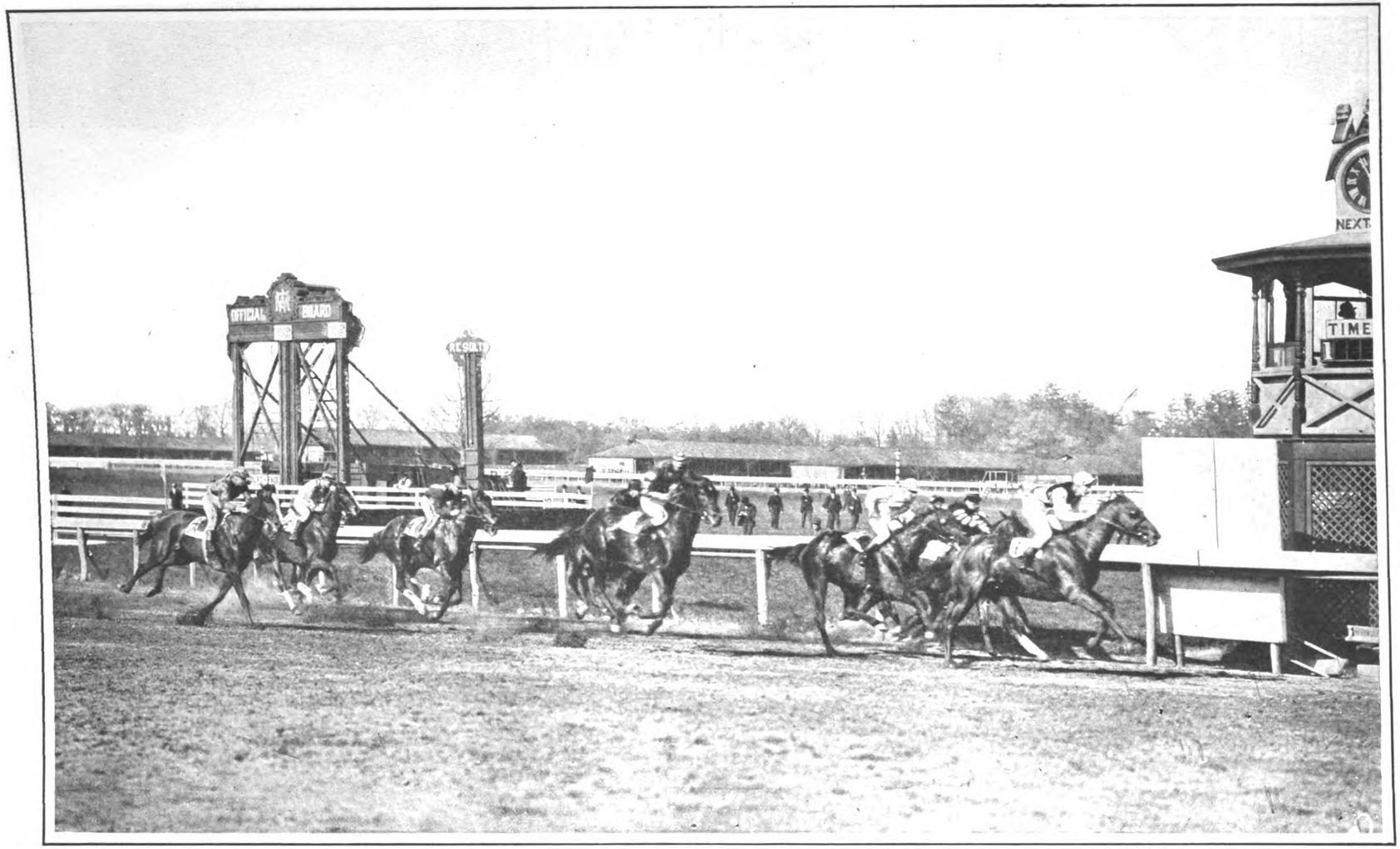
"What do you mean, you wild creatures?" I gasped. "What am I to do?"

"'That's easy said, your 'oliness,' said the man with the revolver, good-humoredly, 'you've got to put on those clothes,' and he pointed to a poke-bonnet and a heap of female clothes in the corner of the room.

"I will not dwell, Mr. Swinburne, upon the details of what followed. I had no choice. I could not fight five men, to say nothing of a loaded pistol. In five minutes, sir, the vicar of Chuntsey was dressed as an old woman—as somebody else's mother, if you please, and was dragged out of the house to take part in a crime."

To be Concluded

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CLOSE OF THE FIRST MEETING AT MORRIS PARK—FINISH OF THE "TOBOGGAN HANDICAP"

The racing season at Morris Park, which was the first of the New York tracks to open, comes to an end this week. One of the most notable races of the meet was the "Toboggan Handicap," run on May 7. It was won by Mr. James R. Keene's "Hurst Park," with "Kohinoor" and "Gayboy" second and third. The time, over the Eclipse course, was 1.14

Photograph by Pictorial News Co.

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A Scene from "The Other Girl"

Augustus Thomas's comedy of New York life, "The Other Girl," has been one of the most successful productions of the season just closing, and is to be played on tour during the coming year. The plot, described in the February 29 issue of "Harper's Weekly," deals with the adventures of "Kid Garvey," a champion pugilist in the employ of an athletic minister as physical instructor, who almost succeeds in eloping with an aristocratic girl



Miss Julia Marlowe as "Parthenia" in "Ingomar"

Miss Marlowe revived the play of "Ingomar," in which she made her first success as a star, on May 16 at the Empire Theatre, with Tyrone Power in the title rôle of "Ingomar." The play tells the story of "Parthenia" (Miss Marlowe), a beautiful Greek maiden, who offers herself as a ransom to "Ingomar," the chief of a warrior tribe, for her father, who has been captured by the band. In the end she subjugates him, and he becomes a Grecian for her sake



The Revival of "When Knighthood Was in Flower"

Miss Julia Marlowe appeared at the Empire Theatre on May 9 in a revival of "When Knighthood was in Flower." This engagement marks the close of Miss Marlowe's career as an independent star. Next season it is announced that she will appear jointly with Mr. E. H. Sothern in various productions, among which some elaborate Shakespearean revivals are promised

THE CLOSE OF THE DRAMATIC SEASON IN NEW YORK

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Copyright, 1904, by M. M. Hurst

MISS MINOLA MADA HURST

Miss Minola Mada Hurst, who is a daughter of the late Hal Hurst, the Philadelphia journalist and magazine writer, is a member of the "Piff, Paff, Pouf" company now at the Casino Theatre, New York. Her first engagement was with the "A Chinese Honeymoon" at the Casino. A description of "Piff, Paff, Pouf" was published in last week's issue of the "Weekly"

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The Story of America's Gibraltar

By Herbert S. Houston

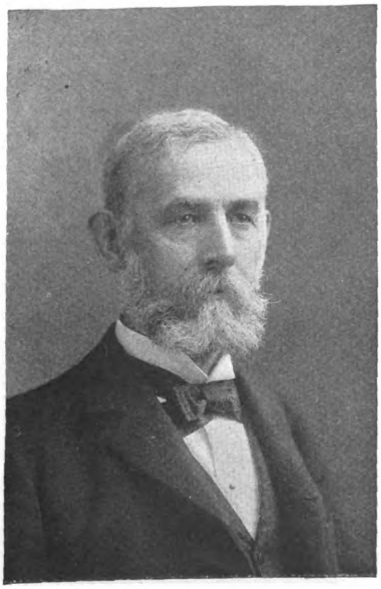
(Photographically Illustrated by Arthur Hewitt)



ANTONIO and the other merchants of Venice would surely wonder if they could see Gibraltar turned into a business force as tangible as one of their ships. They knew the great rock as Calpe, one of the Pillars of Hercules, but it had no definite commercial value on the Rialto. So far is medieval Italy from modern America. But out from the former went a young Genoese to Spain and, later, on into the unknown west to find a new continent, and there, in time, grew up a republic full of an abounding life. In it was freedom of opportunity, a real democracy of worth. It became a country of big things, of enterprises that amazed the world. One of these, desiring an impressive symbol of strength, reached across the Atlantic and grasped Gibraltar, one of the Pillars of Hercules.

Before millions of people that great symbol has been presented in the leading magazines and newspapers until Gibraltar has come to be almost a synonym for the Prudential. And the Prudential has grown steadily in strength and greatness up to its symbol. The Venetian merchants, or those from the Genoa of Columbus, would not wonder, if they could read this record of growth, why Gibraltar and Prudential have come to be interchangeable terms. In fact, that record is one of such achievement that even twentieth-century Americans, wonder-proof as they are, get a genuine thrill of surprise in hearing it. Let it be told in as dry a chronicle as that of the venerable Bede, and still it will command attention.

Ten years after the close of the civil war—a period so recent that its history has scarcely been written—the Prudential was established in Newark. As if foreknowing the great rock to which it would grow, it began its foundation in a basement office. It was like the beginning of the New York *Herald* by Bennett the elder, in a basement on Ann Street. But it would be an idle play with words to make a basement office the real foundation of the Prudential. It was something much deeper down than that—nothing else than the bedrock American principle of democracy. The Prudential applied the democratic principle to life insurance. As Senator Dryden of New Jersey, the founder of the company, has said, "Life insurance is of the most value when most widely distributed. The Prudential and the companies like it are cultivating broadly and soundly among the masses the idea of life-insurance protection. To them is being carried the gospel of self-help, protection, and a higher life."



U. S. Senator John F. Dryden
President Prudential Insurance Co.

And what has been the result of the democratic American principle worked out in life insurance? In 1875 the first policy was written in the Prudential. At the end of 1903 there were 5,447,307 policies in force on the books of the company, representing nearly a billion dollars. The assets in 1876 were $2232, while twenty-seven years later, in 1903, they were more than 30,000 times greater, or $72,712,435 44, the liabilities at the same time being $62,578,410 81.

This is a record of growth that is without precedent in insurance and that is hard to match in the whole range of industry. The rise of the Prudential to greatness reads like a romance in big figures, but, in fact, it is a record of business expansion that has been as natural as the growth of an oak. The corn crop of the country seems too big for comprehension until one sees the vast fields of the Middle West, and then it appears as simple as the growth of a single stalk. So with the Prudential. To say that, in ten years, the company's income grew from something more than $9,000,000 a year to more than $39,000,000 last year is amazing as a general statement, but when made in relation to the broad principles on which that growth has been based, it becomes as much a matter of course as the corn crop. There is no mystery about it; but there is in it, from the day when the principles were planted in Newark until these great harvest days, the genuine American spirit of achievement, strong, hopeful, and expansive.



Stairway to Main Offices

The Prudential Insurance Company of America is a national institution. It was founded to provide insurance for the American people on the broadest possible basis, consistent with strength and safety. It does not write insurance abroad. In the fullest sense it has worked out the democratic idea of safe insurance for the great masses of the American people. It has adjusted its policies to American conditions; it has based its dividends on the earning power of American investments; it has placed its premium rates on the American tables of vital statistics; in a word, it was intended to be and it has become an insurance company for the American people. And they have met the Prudential's broad American principles with a broad American support, and, as a result, the company's marvellous growth has come as naturally as the full ear on the stalk. But, as the full ear is always on a stalk that has been cultivated, so, too, the growth from the Prudential's principles has come through their spread

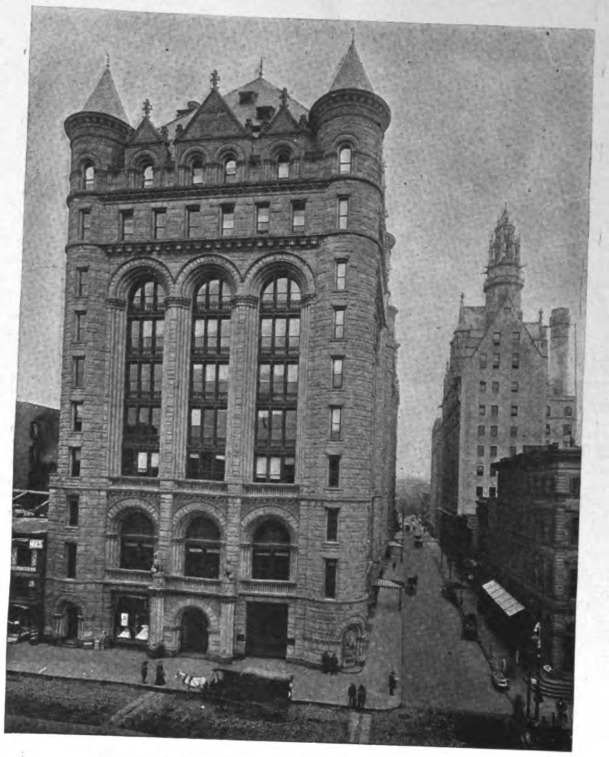


Section of Main Office

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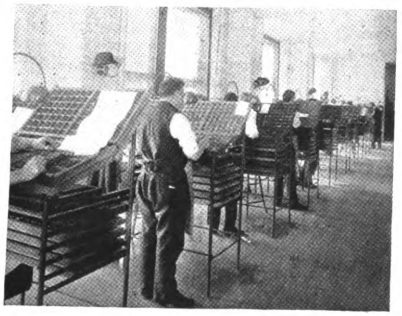
by an organization that is a marvel of efficiency.

And right here is the most stirring chapter of the Prudential's rise to greatness. Just as Grant and Lee organized their armies, or as Kouropatkin and Yamagata plan their campaigns in Asia, so does the Prudential work out its national insurance propaganda. The company's organization is essentially military. It is a wonderful combination of big grasp and outlook with the most painstaking thoroughness and system in details. And, as is always the case in every organization that throbs throughout with intelligent energy, there is a man at the centre of it. This man has a constructive imagination lighting up a New England brain. To business prudence there is added the large vision which sweeps the horizon for opportunity. Naturally, to such a vision the application of the democratic idea to insurance was an opportunity of the first magnitude. When seen, it was grasped and developed. The Prudential was founded. In the most careful way its idea was tested, just as the Secretary of Agriculture tests seeds at the government's experiment farms. Here was where prudence kept the large vision in proper focus. Gradually the idea took root and grew. Year after year the Prudential added to its number of policy-holders. And all the time the company was working out a more liberal basis for its democratic idea. But each time a more liberal policy was offered, it was fully tested. "Progress with strength" is the way President Dryden describes the company's principle of growth—the results, clearly, of vision and prudence. At the end of ten years of this method of growth, the company reached the point where, it was believed, insurance could be safely offered for any amount with premiums payable on any plan, either in weekly instalments or at longer periods. Within the five years 1886 to 1890 inclusive the company's assets increased nearly fivefold, from $1,040,816 to $5,084,895, and the amount of insurance in force from $40,266,445 to $139,163,654.



Group of Main Office Buildings, the Prudential Insurance Co., Newark, N. J.

The Prudential had found itself. The idea of democratic insurance had been fully tested and adjusted to the needs and conditions of the American people. Then, with a boldness which only large vision could have quickened, the plan was formed to make the Prudential's idea known in every section of the country. Gibraltar was chosen as the symbol of the company's strength, and advertising—the telling of the Prudential idea to the people—was begun. At that time insurance advertising was a sea as unknown as the Atlantic when Columbus set sail from Palos. But, with a map of the United States for chart and a live idea for compass, the Prudential took passage in nearly every important magazine in the country, and thus safely made port in millions of homes. As the insurance idea was carried broadcast, in this wide publicity, it was followed up by the well-drilled army of Prudential agents.

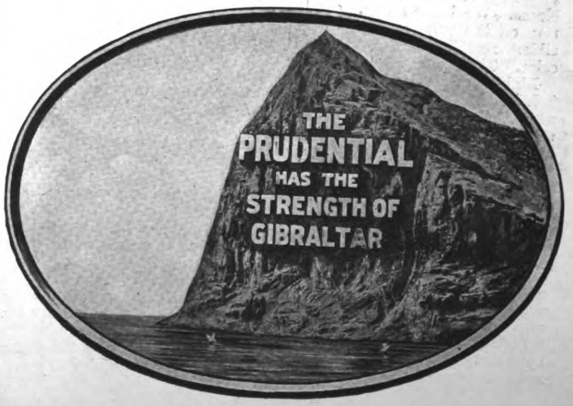


Section of Composing-Room

Again it was vision and prudence, and again the result was "Progress with strength." The Prudential grew into a place of foremost importance, known in every part of the world. The printed announcement—always attractive and suggestive—had never gone ahead of men bearing the insurance message until sent by the Prudential, and this conjunction marked the epoch in business in which advertising and personal endeavor should be used as complementary forces.

The Prudential publicity is accompanied by wise promotion from a field force of over 12,000, some of whom have been with the company for over a quarter-century, working in almost every State of the Union. They have the zeal of Crusaders, and it is kept at ardent pitch through an organization that could not fail to produce a wonderful *esprit de corps*. Wise direction and constant encouragement come from the home office; and then the company's agents are grouped in districts, under superintendents and assistant superintendents, managers, general agents and special agents, and in each district a strong spirit of emulation is developed by human contact and cooperation. Weekly meetings are held, and the problems of wisely presenting insurance are discussed. Comparative records of the men are kept in many districts, and prizes are offered for those writing the largest volume of business, for those making the greatest individual increase, and for many other contests. This wholesome rivalry produces an alertness and industry which are to the company an invaluable asset in human efficiency. A few weeks after this publication appears, probably 2000 agents of the Prudential — those who have made the best records for the year — will be brought to Newark from all parts of the country. They will, of course, visit the home offices and come in contact with the directing centre of their wonderful organization.

And, after all, there is no place where one feels the greatness of the Prudential quite so much as in the vast granite piles which have been raised for the company's home buildings. They rise above the Jersey meadows as Gibraltar does above the sea, a convincing witness, surely, to the growth and to the strength of the Prudential. But they are not a cold, gray rock, but a living organism throbbing from vital contact with millions of policy-holders. There are now four of these great buildings, all occupied by the company. In one of them is the Prudential's publishing plant, which, in equipment, surprising as this may seem, is equal to that of almost any publishing house in the country. Millions of booklets, two publications for the company — one, "The Prudential," with a circulation of more than two millions — and the policies are all printed here, besides no end of commercial printing for the home office and for the district agencies. The big composing-room, the press-room with its eighteen presses, the bindery with its folding, cutting, sewing, and numbering machines, are models of cleanliness and light. But, for that matter, all the buildings are as spick-and-span as a man-o'-war. There are subways, well lighted, under the streets, connecting the different buildings. In every way there has been, in the arrangements, a conservation of energy and time to produce economy and efficiency in carrying on the company's vast business. As indicating how vast that is, the mail coming to and going from the Prudential is nearly as large as for all the rest of Newark, a city with more than 250,000 population and of great industrial importance. The mailing department is really a big city post-office. And in all the departments one gets the feeling of size that comes in the enormous government buildings at Washington. And it is as a national institution that the Prudential always fixes itself on the mind—its fundamental idea of democracy in insurance, its nation-wide organization for spreading the idea, its essentially American spirit throughout, all make the company worthy of its name—the Prudential Insurance Company of America.



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Correspondence

TRADE WITH EAST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA

April 6, 1904.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Numerous articles have been written, and will probably continue to be written, on the commercial advantages which the nations will derive through the opening of a Panama canal. I have seen many charts illustrating the shortening of the distances between given points in Europe and the United States and cities on the west coast of South America, but I have been greatly interested—I was going to say entertained—in the reading of certain articles which have sought to show how the use of the canal will enable the United States to capture an enormous trade in Chile, Peru, etc.

One might be tempted to believe that the United States had already received its proper share of trade in the available markets, and only required easy access into new countries to accomplish what it had in others. I have read that ten years will be required to finish the Panama Canal. Of course it is wise to make plans and provisions for the future, but in the mean time—What? I only desire in this letter to comment on the situation, and will not burden you with an array of figures, which, at any time, are easily available to the interested investigator; so I merely say to the manufacturers and exporting merchants of the United States, to capitalistic promoters—Why are you shutting your eyes to the east coast of South America? There is no barrier of nature shutting you out from this coast. There are no hundreds of millions of dollars to be expended in opening the way. Look in any geography, and see how many more millions of consuming population there are on the east coast as compared with the west. Read your daily papers, and you will quickly learn that the proportion of people who want and can buy the good things to eat and wear, and who are accustomed to having them, is infinitely greater on the east coast than on the west. There are millions *more* on this coast of the kind of people you want for customers. What have you done and what are you doing to capture this trade? You are talking about the lines of steamers you will establish to capture the trade of the west coast when the canal is opened. Give the names of American lines operating between United States ports and those of Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic. How many miles of railroad are there in Chile, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Colombia, and how many in the Argentine Republic, Uruguay, and Brazil? Railroads tell a story to the commercial world. Look on your map and try to figure out how many more miles of rich and undeveloped country lie in the republics of the east coast as compared with those of the west. What share of the trade of the Atlantic republics of South America have you and what share do you propose to take in the future? Will you allow another ten years to pass by, neglecting your opportunities?

I have as briefly as possible, Mr. Editor, expressed somewhat the feeling which is experienced by many Americans visiting or living in these countries, who perceive that the "bird in the hand" is but loosely held.

I am, sir, FRANCIS B. PURDIE.

THE NEGRO'S QUALITIES

CHUCKY CITY, TENN., *April 4, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It is amusing to read what Mr. Hooper Alexander, of Atlanta, Georgia, has to say in HARPER'S WEEKLY of March 19, 1904, on "The Negro and the Fourteenth Amendment." He reminds one of the teacher who, upon being asked by one of his students if it was any harm to kiss a girl, replied, "Not if you are doing the kissing yourself, but if the other fellow is doing it the sin is great." The application is easily made.

The truth is not departed from in this article from the able pen of Mr. Alexander, but it is concealed. While making the statement that the Republican machine relies upon the negro vote to give it representation in national conventions, he forgets the fact that the Southern States rely upon the same vote to give it representation in the national Congress. Let us "tote" fair, brethren. Invariably the negro votes with the white man, else in some of the Southern States negro domination would prevail, and of course that will never be. If he votes and uses his citizenship in a corrupt manner his white "boss"—machine boss—is to blame. We believe there ought to be some educational qualification on the privilege of franchise—a sort of civil service, if possible. But it ought to apply to all alike, regardless of race or color. There ought to be no intimidation.

Right here let the writer state that his father's people were slaveholders, but he himself came into existence more than a decade after the close of the civil war, therefore he has no recollection of things prior to and immediately following that necessary unpleasantness. He tries to form unbiased and meritorious opinions on this question—a question which perhaps will settle itself best by being discussed least.

It is true that the negro and the white man can be governed alike, as is proven in many, many localities in the South and elsewhere.

Had Mr. Alexander inspected closely the Negro Building at the Atlanta Exposition, and with unbiased mind, or even studied carefully the speech of Mr. Booker T. Washington at that same exposition, he would have seen that it is not true that "the negro is a low type of mankind, proven by his entire history to be incapable of growing in industry, intelligence, or virtue by any inherent capacity of his own." The statement that some were helped by slavery is, in a limited sense, true. I do not see why the statement is repeatedly made as to the slaves being treated so kindly, when the best authorities tell us that that was the exception rather than the rule. Of course no one ever said that they had their own slaves treated unkindly. Often have I heard my father tell of his neighbors who sometimes beat their slaves until the flesh was lacerated, then sprinkle salt on the places worn bare. They were also subjected to other mistreatments which are not printable. However, my father always held to the idea of slavery and that the negro is a brute, in the same sense as does Mr. Alexander.

If the negro is capable of fidelity to his master in a marvellous sense, as Mr. Alexander says, is he not capable of something good and high and noble? We think so.

It is the writer's personal observation, as one interested in the subject, that the more mixed the negro is in his lineage the meaner and lower he becomes as a human being. It will not do to mix the blood.

It is not true that "if he is hungry he steals; if he is angry he fights; and if he is lustful, he falls upon the first unprotected woman he meets." He shows himself as capable of control, in a sense, as his white brother. This most heinous of all crimes has not, in a single instance known to the writer, and he has made some investigation, been committed by an educated negro or by any save of the lowest class. The same awful and hellish crime is committed by white men. In this county, less than ten years ago, a white man of average education and intellect was convicted of that crime, and confessed his guilt. Another case is recalled also in which a white man was the offender.

"The Fourteenth Amendment" is all right. It is our own personal feelings that want fixing. We have the negro with us, and will always have him. Why teach our children that he is mean—the meanest and lowest of all created beings, and then trust our children with him day after day in the house and field? Is it not better to recognize the good, and cultivate it, thus helping him? Can we afford to fight that which we can turn to good advantage for ourselves and for our servants, if we insist that the negro be such, and he is quite willing to be.

Again we insist that the negro is no more prone to low crimes than his low white brother—or high white brother, either, for that matter—under the same conditions of training and servitude. Give him the opportunity, and you will see him take his place in the doing of good in the world. But he is helpless in many places in the South, and needs all the assistance he can get. As the writer stated in the columns of this paper some weeks ago he does not always get the educational money due him in proportion to the white people, who are, comparatively speaking, as poor as he is in this world's goods. Give him an equal chance, and this much-discussed question will settle itself. Justice and equality to all serve as the best of civilizers.

I am, sir, S. H. THOMPSON,
Principal Wesleyan Academy.

THE COMING RACE

MISSISSIPPI, *May 7, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—"Who will inherit the United States?" Why, the negro, of course. He indulges in no "race suicide," and follows very literally the Scriptural injunction to multiply and replenish the earth. There are no celibates in the race, at least in a broad sense, for while some do not take the trouble to conform to the law of marriage, and are not even exclusive in their relations, all are parents—and usually very much so.

The "Americans" of several generations' inheritance are retrograding, we are told, and have one or less children to the couple—a matter of less than one-half child to the parent; the Germans who have settled amongst us have followed in our footsteps, and have lost their chance for the inheritance; the Irish have lost their supreme indifference to the material world, have begun to wear corsets, keep pug-dogs, and relegate the old-time family of fifteen or twenty to the background or oblivion.

It may be, as one writer suggested, that the first generation or two of Italians, French Canadians, and Russian Jews will withstand us, that they will not be influenced by our example, but the desire to be "stylish" will affect them, as it has the Italians of some years' residence, as I am able to certify, and as it has the more intelligent class of Jews, who now are contracting their families as fast as time and education will permit.

But the negro is not affected by any of the considerations that influence the whites of whatever nationality; he knows that he is debarred from the "smart set," that he can only appear at the Waldorf-Astoria in a white apron in the cuisine or in full dress behind our chairs, or with a whisk-broom in his hands; his women can never hope to enter the "Four Hundred," except in cap and apron, and so they give themselves up to the joy of rearing voters and votresses and swelling the census reports.

"Multiply and replenish the earth," is the text oftenest preached in their pulpits, the precept oftenest taught in the heart-to-heart talks of pastor and flock, and the one admonition in the Bible that is strictly adhered to, and so when we Old World, wornout races are mouldering in the dust the negroes will have settled the inheritance and the negro question together, and will reign in uninterrupted bliss, undisturbed by any question of white supremacy, and will look down with utmost contempt upon that shadow of ours left, the fast fading mulatto, who will doubtless paint his skin and kink his hair, to hide his shame; the blood of the vanished, the hated, and, finally, fabled Caucasian race.

I am sir, A MISSISSIPPIAN.

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Progress of the War

FROM the beginning of the war, February 9, to May 10 fifteen Russian war-ships have been sunk or disabled — the *Petropavlovsk*, *Pobieda*, *Czarevitch*, *Retvisan*, *Poltava*, *Pallada*, *Novik*, *Askold*, *Diana*, *Variag*, *Boyarin*, *Korietz*, *Yencsei*, the torpedo-boat *Stereguschtchi*, and the destroyer *Bezstrashni*. Of these the battle-ship *Poltava* and the cruisers *Novik*, *Askold*, and *Diana* are known to have been repaired and are again in commission. Japan has lost one torpedo-boat, and several of her ships are believed to have been injured in the Port Arthur engagements; but definite knowledge of this is withheld. Port Arthur has been repeatedly bombarded, with damaging effect, by the Japanese, and Vladivostok was attacked by them on March 6, though without serious damage to the port. After two unsuccessful attempts to blockade the entrance to Port Arthur by sinking merchant steamers in the harbor, Admiral Togo on May 7 notified his government that his third attempt was successful. On May 1 the first great land battle of the war took place near the Yalu River, and resulted in a Japanese victory. The number of casualties on both sides was very heavy. The Japanese have landed troops on both sides of the Liao-Tung Peninsula back of Port Arthur. On May 9 the Russians began the evacuation of Newchwang.

May 11.—General Kuropatkin to-day telegraphed the Czar that a train loaded with war material from Liao-Yang arrived at Port Arthur.

A telegram from Tokyo says that on May 10 two hundred Cossacks attacked the Japanese garrison at Antung, on the west bank of the Yalu. The Japanese resisted the attack and the Russians retreated.

The Japanese forces, under General Kuroki, have been moving from Feng-Wang-Cheng toward Hai-Cheng. Another division of General Kuroki's army is advancing towards Liao-Yang.

May 12.—It is reported in St. Petersburg that Admiral Alexeieff has informed the Czar that the Russians have blown up the docks and piers at Dalny, the Russian port twenty-five miles northeast of Port Arthur on Talienwan Bay. According to Russian official despatches, there have been a number of skirmishes between Russian and Japanese forces on the Liao-Tung Peninsula back of Port Arthur.

May 13.—The advance-guard of the first Japanese army to-day appeared six miles below Lien-Chen-Kuan, forty miles northwest of Feng-Wang-Cheng and forty-five miles from Liao-Yang. At this point the Japanese encamped and began erecting fortifications.

A despatch from Mukden states that the Japanese have again occupied Polandien, near Port Adams, on the Liao-Tung Peninsula, and communication with Port Arthur is cut off.

May 14.—It was reported to-day that the Japanese have attacked Dalny. A fleet of Japanese war-ships cleared the channel of mines and entered the harbor this morning. Later in the day troops were landed.

The landing of the Japanese second army at Pitsewo is said to have been completed, and it is estimated that there are now 50,000 troops on the Liao-Tung Peninsula. General Kuroki's army continues to advance divisions toward Liao-Yang. The St. Petersburg *Novoe Vremya* estimates the Japanese forces approaching Liao-Yang at 100,000 men, with 50,000 horses, and 270 guns.

According to a Russian despatch received to-day, a small naphtha-launch, carrying three torpedoes and a machine-gun, left the harbor at Port Arthur on the night of May 10, and approaching the Japanese squadron lying outside Dalny successfully torpedoed a Japanese cruiser.

It is reported from Seoul that a force of 2000 Russians has been seen in the northern part of Korea marching southward. 700 Cossacks have also been seen several times in villages northeast of Anju, where they have seized horses and supplies.

May 15.—Admiral Alexeieff has telegraphed the Czar that he has received a report of the state of affairs at Port Arthur from May 6 to 12. He says that the Japanese squadron continues to blockade the port, undertaking no active operations. The Russians are making preparations to protect the rear of Port Arthur from a Japanese attack.

May 16.—An unconfirmed report was received to-day from Chefoo of a combined land and sea attack on Port Arthur. The Japanese have destroyed fifty miles of the railroad between Liao-Yang and Port Arthur.

A telegram from Tokyo says that the Japanese despatch-boat *Miyako*, while clearing the Russian mines from Kerr Bay, northeast of Dalny, struck one of the mines and was destroyed. There were twenty-four casualties.

May 17.—It was reported to-day from Newchwang that a fleet of Japanese war-ships appeared at Kai-Chow yesterday and began a bombardment of the shore defences, which were effectually silenced. The Japanese troops then landed and are endeavoring to outflank the Russians at Newchwang. The last of the Russian troops are said to have left Newchwang on May 16, and preparations are being hurried for the destruction of the Russian gunboat *Sivoutch* in the harbor at that place.

The Japanese army under General Kuroki is reported to be still advancing in two divisions—one toward Hai-Cheng (a few miles southeast of Newchwang) and the other toward Liao-Yang Numerous small engagements have been fought but no decisive action has taken place The Japanese are said to be almost within striking distance of the Russians.

It was announced to-night in St. Petersburg that Lieutenant-General Zassalitch, who was in command of the Russian forces which were defeated in the battle of the Yalu, has been relieved of his command. Lieutenant-General Count Keller has been appointed to succeed him.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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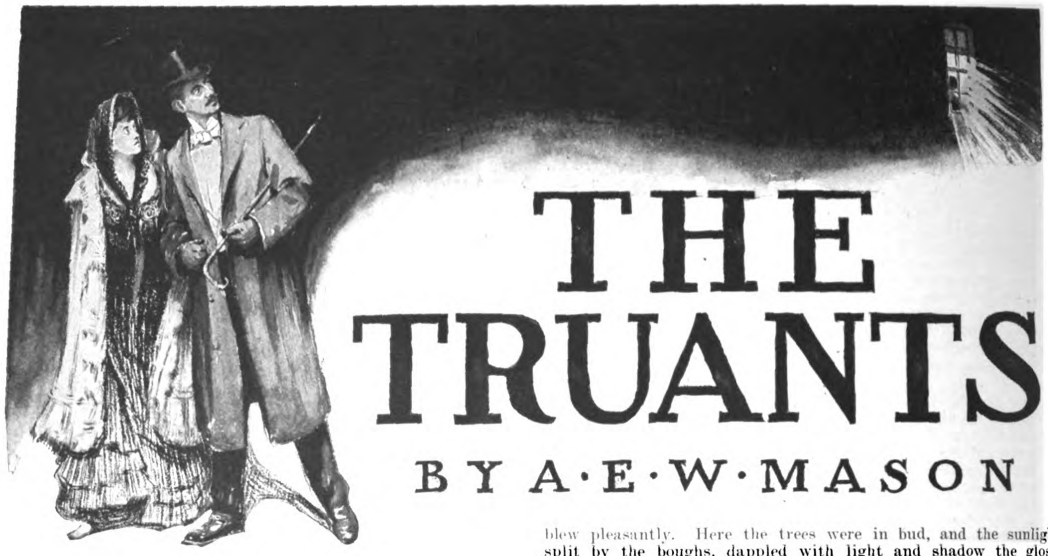
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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Mardale is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Into her early life has come a mysterious influence which dominates and directs her whole career. What this strange influence is only two of her friends suspect—a young schoolmaster who knew her as a child at Roquebrune, and Alan Warrisden, who is in love with her, and who, though his proposal of marriage is refused, determines to win her. Late one night at a ball, Pamela and Warrisden, while seated on a balcony, observe a young couple leaving the opposite house. They are Tony and Millicent Stretton, who live in a gloomy home presided over by the rich but unjust father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. This practice they keep up for a year, but finally both of them grow extremely weary of their monotonous life, and in a moment of exasperation Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune, while Millie is to be left behind and sent for as soon as her husband is able to establish a home. Tony has some misgivings about leaving Millie, for he has been warned by Pamela Mardale that she should never be left alone; but at last he departs, after Pamela has promised to be a stanch friend to his wife. Millie becomes infatuated with Lionel Callon, a gentlemanly adventurer. Pamela wishes to help her. She wires Warrisden to come by an early train, and asks him to find Tony and bring him home. Warrisden accepts the commission. Pamela has advised him to call on a Mr. Chase, head of a London mission, at whose suggestion Tony had chosen New York as a field of adventure. Warrisden learns from Mr. Chase that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a trawler. He starts out to find him, and finally reaches him far up in the North Sea. Warrisden uses every argument to prevail upon Tony to come back, but he refuses, and Warrisden is forced to return alone. He reports to Pamela the failure of his mission, but, to his surprise, she does not seem disappointed. He thinks it is because of the news which he hears from her—that Sir John Stretton has died, which will naturally bring Tony home. But that is not the whole explanation: for Pamela is overcoming her old indifference toward life, and in her life are being aroused new sympathies and emotions. Tony remains on the trawler until the term of his cruise is over, and then, after much perplexity and indecision, decides to return to London, feeling that he has seen a way out of his difficulties. On his arrival in London he calls on Mr. Chase, and tells him that he has decided not to return to Millie until he has succeeded in winning distinction in some field of work. He feels that he would deserve Millie's contempt if he returned at the moment when life had suddenly been made easy for them by his father's death. He has decided, he tells Chase, to enlist in the French Foreign Legion, as no other career seems open to him. The same evening John Mudge, a friend of Pamela's, while at a reception given by Lady Millingham sees Lionel Callon enter the Stretton's house, where Millie is living. Soon after, as Mudge, Pamela, and Warrisden are standing at the window, they see Tony Stretton approach his house, but to their surprise he merely walks up and down in front of it and does not go in. Meanwhile, Lionel Callon has contrived, for purposes of his own, to quarrel with Millie.

CHAPTER XV

MR. MUDGE COMES TO THE RESCUE

LIONEL CALLON'S visit to Millie Stretton bore, however, consequences which had not at all entered into his calculations. He was unaware of the watchers at Lady Millingham's window; he had no knowledge of Pamela's promise to Tony Stretton; no suspicion, therefore, that she was now passionately resolved to keep it in the spirit and the letter. He was even without a thought that his advances towards Millie had at all been remarked upon or their motive discovered. Ignorance lulled him into security. But within ten days a counterplot was set in train.

The occasion was the first spring meeting on Newmarket Heath. Pamela Mardale seldom missed a race-meeting at Newmarket during the spring and summer. There were the horses in the first place; she met her friends besides; the Heath itself, with its broad expanse and its downs, had for her eyes a beauty of its own; and, in addition, the private enclosure was separated by the width of the course from the crowd and the clamor of the ring. She attended this particular meeting, and after the second race was over she happened to be standing amidst a group of friends within the grove of trees at the back of the paddock. Outside upon the heath the air was clear and bright; a light wind blew pleasantly. Here the trees were in bud, and the sunlight, split by the boughs, dappled with light and shadow the glossy coats of the horses as they were led in and out amongst the boles. A mare was led past Pamela, and one of her friends said:

"Semiramis. I think she will win this race."

Pamela looked towards the mare, and saw just beyond her Mr. Mudge. He was alone, as he usually was, and though he stopped in his walk now here, now there, to exchange a word with some acquaintance, he moved on again invariably alone. Gradually he drew nearer to the group in which Pamela was standing and his face brightened. He quickened his step. Pamela, on her side, advanced rather quickly towards him.

"You are here?" she said, with a smile. "I am glad, though I did not think to meet you."

Mr. Mudge, to tell the truth, though he carried a race-card in his hand, and glasses slung across his shoulder, had the disconsolate air of a man conscious that he was out of place. He answered Pamela, indeed, almost apologetically.

"It is better, after all, to be here than in London on a day of spring," he said, and he added, with a shrewd glance at her: "You have something to say to me. A question to ask."

Pamela looked up at him in surprise.

"Yes, I have. Let us go out."

They walked into the paddock and thence through the gate into the enclosure. The enclosure was at this moment rather empty. Pamela led the way to the rails alongside the course, and chose a place where they were out of the hearing of any bystander.

"You remember the evening at Frances Millingham's?" she asked.

Mr. Mudge replied immediately.

"Yes. Sir Anthony Stretton," and the name struck so oddly upon Pamela's ears that, serious as at this moment she was, she laughed, "Sir Anthony Stretton turned away from the steps of his house. You were distressed, Miss Mardale. I, on the contrary, said that nothing better could have happened. You wish to ask me why I said that?"

"Yes," said Pamela. "I am very anxious to know. Millie is my friend. I am in a sort of way, too, responsible for her," and as Mr. Mudge looked surprised, she repeated the word. "Yes, responsible. And I am rather troubled." She spoke with a little hesitation. There was a frown upon her forehead, a look of perplexity in her dark eyes. She was reluctant to admit that her friend was in any danger or needed any protection from her own weakness. The freemasonry of her sex impelled her to silence. On the other hand, she was at her wit's end what to do. And she had confidence in her companion's discretion. She determined to speak frankly.

"It is not only your remark which troubles me," she said. "But I called on Millie the next afternoon."

"Oh, you did!" exclaimed Mr. Mudge.

"Yes. I asked after Tony. Millie had not seen him, and did not expect him. She showed me letters from his solicitors empowering her to do what she liked with the house and income, and a short letter from Tony himself written on the *Perseverance* to the same effect."

She did not explain to Mr. Mudge what the *Perseverance* was and he asked no questions.

"I told Millie," she continued, "that Tony had returned, but she refused to believe it. I told her when and where I had seen him."

"You did that?" said Mr. Mudge. "Wait a moment!" He saw and understood Pamela's reluctance to speak. He determined to help her out. "Let me describe to you what followed. She stared blankly at you and asked you to repeat what you had said?"

"Yes," replied Pamela, in surprise. "That is just what she did."

"And when you had repeated it, she turned a little pale perhaps, was disconcerted, perhaps a little—afraid."

"Yes, it is that which troubles me," Pamela cried, in a low voice. "She was afraid! I would have given much to have

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doubted it. I could not. Her eyes betrayed it, her face, her whole attitude. She was afraid!"

Mr. Mudge nodded his head and went quietly on.

"And when she had recovered a little from her fear she questioned you closely, as to the time when you first saw Stretton outside the house and the time when he went away."

He spoke with so much certitude that he might have been present at the interview.

"I told her that it was some little time after eleven when he came, and that he only stayed a few minutes," answered Pamela.

"And at that," rejoined Mr. Mudge, "Lady Stretton's anxiety diminished."

"Yes, that is true, too," Pamela admitted, and she turned her face to him with its troubled appeal. "Why was she afraid? For since you have guessed that she was, you must know the reason which she had for fear. Why was it so fortunate that Tony Stretton did not mount the steps of the house and ring the bell?"

Mr. Mudge answered her immediately: "Because Lionel Callon was in the house."

A great sympathy made his voice gentle—sympathy for Pamela. None the less the words hurt her cruelly. She turned away from him so that he might not see her face, and stood gazing down the course through a mist. Bitter disappointment was hers at that moment. She was by nature a partisan. The thing which she did crept closer to her heart by the mere act of doing it. She knew it, and it was just her knowledge which had so long kept her to inaction. Now her thoughts were passionately set on saving Millie, and here came news to her which brought her to the brink of despair. She blamed Tony. "Why did he ever go away?" she cried. "Why, when he had come back, did he not stay?" And at once she saw the futility of her outcry. Tony, Millie, Lionel Callon—what was the use of blaming them? They acted as their characters impelled them. She had to do her best to remedy the evil which the clash of these three characters had produced. "What can be done?" she asked of herself. There was one course open certainly. She could summon Warrisden again, send him out a second time in search of Tony Stretton, and make him the bearer not of an excuse, but of the whole truth. Only she dreaded the outcome; she shrank from telling Tony the truth, afraid that he would exaggerate it. "Can nothing be done?" she asked again in despair, and this time she asked the question aloud, and turned to Mr. Mudge.

Mudge had been quietly waiting for it.

"Yes," he answered. "Something can be done. I should not have told you, Miss Mardale, what I knew unless I had already hit upon a means to avert the peril. For I am aware how much my news must grieve you."

Pamela looked at Mr. Mudge in surprise. It had not occurred to her at all that he could have solved the problem.

"What can I do?" she asked.

"You can leave the whole trouble in my hands for a few days."

Pamela was silent for a little while. Then she answered, doubtfully:

"It is kind of you to offer me your help."

Mr. Mudge shook his head at Pamela with a certain sadness.

"There's no kindness in it at all," he said. "But I quite understand your hesitation, Miss Mardale. You were surprised that I should offer you help just as you were surprised to see me here. Although I move in your world I am not of it. Its traditions, its instincts, even its methods of thought—to all of these I am a stranger. I am just a passing visitor who for the time of his stay is made an honorary member of your club. He meets with every civility, every kindness, but he is not inside, so that when he suddenly comes forward and offers you help in a matter where other members of your club are concerned, you naturally pause." Pamela made a gesture of dissent, but Mr. Mudge gently insisted:

"Let me finish. I want you to understand equally well why I offer you help which may likely seem to you an impertinence."

"No indeed," said Pamela. "On the contrary, I am very grateful."

Others were approaching the spot where



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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

June, 1904

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they stood. They turned and walked slowly over the grass away from the paddock.

"There is no need that you should be," Mudge continued. "You will see that if you listen." And in a few words he told her at last something of his own career. "I sprang from a Deptford gutter with one thought—to get on and get on and get on. I moved from Deptford to Peckham. There I married. I moved from Peckham to a residential suburb in the southwest. There my wife died. Looking back now, I am afraid that in my haste to get on I rather neglected my wife's happiness. You see, I am frank with you. From the residential suburb I moved into the Cromwell Road, from the Cromwell Road to Grosvenor Square. I do not think that I was just a snob. But I wanted to have the very best of what was going. There is a difference. A few years ago I found myself at the point which I had aimed to reach, and as I have told you, it is a position of many acquaintances and much loneliness. You might say that I could give it up and retire into the country. But I have too many undertakings on my hands. Besides, I am too tired to start again. So I remain. But I think you will understand that it will be a real pleasure to me to help you. I have not so many friends that I can afford to lose the opportunity of doing one of them a service."

Pamela heard him to the end without any interruption. But when he had finished she said, with a smile:

"You are quite wrong about the reason for my hesitation. I asked a friend of mine a few weeks ago to help me, and he gave me the best of help at once. Even the best of help fails at times, and my friend did. I was wondering merely whether it would not be a little disloyal to him if I now accepted yours. For I know he would be grieved if I went to any one but him."

"I see," said Mr. Mudge. "But I think I can give you help which no one else can."

It was clear from his quiet persistence that he had a definite plan. Pamela stopped and faced him.

"Very well," she said. "I leave the whole matter for a little while in your hands."

"Thank you," said Mr. Mudge, and he looked up towards the course. "There are the horses going down."

A sudden thought occurred to Pamela. She opened the purse she carried on her wrist and took out a couple of pounds.

"Put this on Semiramis for me, please," she said, with a laugh. "Be quick if you will and come back."

Though she laughed she was still most urgent he should go. Mr. Mudge hurried across the course, made the bet, and returned. Pamela watched the race with an eagerness which astonished Mr. Mudge. So completely did she seem to have forgotten all that had troubled her a minute ago. But he did not understand Pamela. She was, after her custom, seeking for a sign, and when Semiramis galloped in a winner by a neck she turned with a hopeful smile to her companion.

"We shall win too."

"I think so," Mudge replied, and he laughed. "Do you know what I think of Lionel Callon, Miss Mardale? The words are not mine, but the sentiment is unexceptionable. A little may be a good thing, but too much is enough."

To be Continued.

A Dangerous Trade

THE dangers of work in a white-lead factory are interestingly described by a medical authority in a discussion of the causes and effects of lead-poisoning. Most of the cases occur among the workers in the department where the preparation of the carbonate of lead is carried on by what is called the "Dutch process"—in which the lead, in sheets, is placed on the top of pots filled with acetic acid, and converted, first, into the subacetate, and finally decomposed by carbon dioxide emitted by tar. In moving the carbonate, clouds of white-lead dust are easily caused by careless handling on the part of the workmen; and in spite of the respirators worn by them much of the poison is taken into the system.

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How Gladstone met Verlaine

SOME interesting reminiscences of Gladstone and William Morris are told by Mr. Chris Healy in his *Confessions of a Journalist*. It was Gladstone's habit when in Paris to visit the Latin Quarter, where he haunted the second-hand bookshops. One day as he entered a shop near the Odéon he found the bookseller talking with an odd-looking person who held in his hands an old edition of Villon's poems. His dress was ragged and dirty, his face matted with hair, and he had "the eyes of an archangel and the mouth and jaw of a baboon." The respectful attitude of the bookseller showed, though, that the man was a personality. Gladstone entered into conversation with him about Villon, and for an hour they discussed early French poetry; then the stranger shuffled out of the shop.

"Who is that gentleman?" inquired the G. O. M. with interest. "He has an extraordinary knowledge of French poetry." "Monsieur, he himself is our greatest poet. C'est Paul Verlaine!"

His View of the Suburbs

Mr. Healy recalls also some entertaining glimpses of William Morris's personality. Sometimes when walking through the slums of London he would get on a stool at a street corner and, in his rough, eloquent way, forecast the life of the people in that glad day when the slums and the villas would be swept away, and the employer and workmen merged into the free citizens of the commonwealth. For Morris hated the suburbs and villadom. Mr. Healy tells of having often heard him remark that "God made the country, man made the town, and the devil made the suburbs."

An Important Difference

NOT long after a series of losses at sea on a certain steamship-line, two travellers were discussing transatlantic liners. One of the men preferred the C—— line, the other the T—— line,—the one on which the repeated wrecks had occurred.

"There's one important difference," said the first, "that you don't seem to have considered, but which weighs strongly with me."

"What is that?"

"Why, the C—— line guarantees to take you across, but the T—— line guarantees to take you only as far as they go."

They Knew Him

A WELL-KNOWN literary man who has been spending several weeks at his old home in Vermont tells of a conversation which he overheard between two visitors on the porch of the village store. An acquaintance of theirs had just passed in the street, and the following comment was heard by the visitor:

"Thar goes Si Perkins." Then a meditative pause. . . . "Si ain't the man he used to be."

"Naw—an' he never was."

What Royalty Costs

IT is not generally realized what an expensive thing it is for an important nation to support its royal family. England, for example, pays out almost $3,000,000 a year for the maintenance of its King, Queen, princes, princesses, and other royal dignitaries. The King and Queen alone receive $2,350,000 annually; the Prince of Wales receives $100,000, and the Princess of Wales $50,000 (what the United States pays its President). The Princesses Christian, Louise, and Beatrice, and the Duchess of Albany, receive $30,000; the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz receives $15,000; the Duke of Connaught, $125,000, and the Duke of Cambridge $60,000. Out of the income allotted to the King and Queen must be paid the cost of the royal household; this includes the salaries and incidental expenses of almost 1000 officers and functionaries. The King and the Prince of Wales receive, in addition to their incomes, large revenues from several sources.

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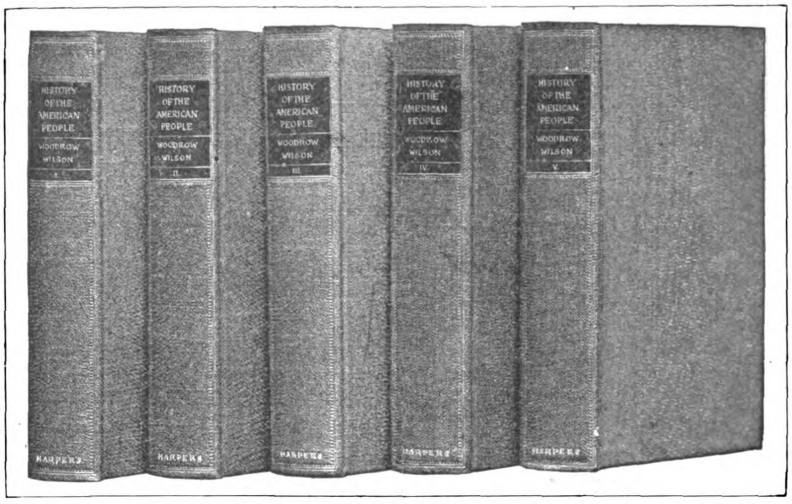
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had been effected, and contesting delegations opposed to Governor La Follette had been admitted, was able to muster 567 delegates. These stalwarts are headed by United States Senator John C. Spooner and United States Senator J. V. Quarles, who were nominated as two of the delegates-at-large to the national convention. Both of the conventions put forward the same list of Presidential electors, and it is, consequently, argued that the split in the Republican party of Wisconsin will not affect Mr. Roosevelt's prospects of success.

This may prove true if the Democracy puts forward a weak candidate for the Presidency, and if, on the other hand, the Republican national convention shall admit the La Follette delegation. Senator Spooner's friends, or, in other words, the "stand-patters," are unlikely, under any circumstances, to bolt a Republican nomination for the Presidency, although, if rebuffed at Chicago, they may not support it with fanatical ardor. If, on the other hand, the La Follette delegation, which unquestionably had, on the face of the returns, a majority of the regular Republican convention before that body was rent apart, should be repelled at Chicago, or even admitted with only half a vote, most of them may return home in a soured and rebellious temper, with which the managers of the Roosevelt canvass might find it hard to deal. Under such conditions, it might not prove difficult—especially if the Democracy should put forward a strong candidate—to secure the votes of a good many Republican revisionists for Democratic Presidential electors, in return for a promise to support the La Follette State ticket. What would be the effect on Iowa and Illinois of the foreknowledge that Mr. Roosevelt was destined to lose Wisconsin, which has more electoral votes than New Jersey, and which McKinley carried four years ago by upwards of 106,000 votes?

The Republican canvass for delegates is naturally more advanced than is the Democratic, because the Chicago convention is to assemble on June 21, or fifteen days earlier than the St. Louis convention will come together. Nevertheless, the Democracy made considerable progress in the way of choosing delegations during the week ending May 21. Delegates to St. Louis were named in Ohio, Minnesota, South Carolina, Wisconsin, Montana, and California. In Ohio and Minnesota, however, State conventions have not yet been held, and only some district delegates have been elected. The two delegates from the Fourteenth District of Ohio, who were designated on May 17, were uninstructed, but are known to be friendly to Judge Parker. On May 21 the Johnson and anti-Johnson Democratic factions in Cleveland nominated separate candidates for Congress, and separate delegates to the St. Louis convention. The anti-Johnson delegates are for Parker. Mayor Johnson declines to say whom he, if admitted, would vote for, but he took occasion in an interview to boom Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri. Minnesota's convention for the selection of delegates-at-large will not convene until June 22, but the Fourth Congress District held its convention on May 19 and named two delegates, who, although uninstructed, were directed to do everything in their power to block Mr. Hearst's candidacy. In South Carolina the delegates were ordered to vote as a unit, but the attempt to commit them to Judge Parker was defeated by a large majority. Subsequently, however, when Senator Tillman and other delegates were interviewed, they expressed no personal opposition to Judge Parker, and few, if any, avowed themselves favorable to Mr. Hearst.

Wisconsin instructed its twenty-six delegates to vote for a favorite son, Mr. E. C. Wall, who, at the hour when we write, seems to have but little chance of securing any support outside of his own State. Although Montana is a silver State, the Hearst-Bryan element failed to control it, the Democratic convention being controlled by Senator Clark and Senator Gibson, who prevented instructions. It has been for some time understood that if Mr. W. R. Hearst failed to carry his native State, his boom would forthwith be fractured, and it would be futile to present his name in the St. Louis convention. For that reason the contest for ascendency in the California State convention was desperate and bitter. Mr. Hearst ultimately won by a very narrow majority, and there is, of course, much talk on the part of his defeated opponents about "corrupt bargains."

A ticket which lately has been suggested by some friends of Tammany Hall bears the name of Mayor McClellan of New York city for President, and that of ex-Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania for Vice-President. There is no doubt that McClellan's name was cheered in the Indiana Democratic convention, and it has been truthfully said that Democratic voters in the small towns and rural districts of Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa do not have to be stood up against the fence and told who the son of General McClellan is. Perhaps it is just as well for a great political party to put forward a nominee for the Presidency whom the voters have at least heard of. That, with the sole exception of Grover Cleveland, McClellan would run better in New Jersey than any other Democrat that has been mentioned can hardly be disputed. As to the nomination of ex-Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania for the Vice-Presidency, that, plainly, would be a waste of ammunition, and the Democracy have none to waste. Should the Republicans nominate Mr. Robert R. Hitt for Vice-President, the Democrats should follow suit and select their own nominee for the same office from the same State; or else from Indiana or Wisconsin, both of which must now be regarded as doubtful. To sum up, we may say that, when we write, the prospects of the Democracy have been improved in the Middle West, but, unhappily for them, the improvement has been counterbalanced to a certain extent by an envenoming of the factional dissension within the New York Democracy between Tammany Hall and the Hill-McCarren combination, which has lately gained a useful recruit in Comptroller Grout. If ex-Governor Hill, who, through his control of the Democratic State Committee, is expected to dominate the next Democratic State convention, should, in pursuance of an agreement which is said to exist, nominate Mr. Grout for the Governorship, the latter could hardly hope to poll the full vote of Tammany Hall, and would, therefore, be threatened with defeat. Under such conditions, the Democratic Presidential electors might also be beaten, unless the nominee for the Presidency chosen at St. Louis should be a man whom Mr. C. F. Murphy, the Tammany leader, earnestly desires to see elected.

Mr. Ion Perdicaris, the American citizen who, with his stepson, a British subject, was kidnapped the other day by Moorish bandits from his country-place near Tangier, was not born, as has been asserted, at Trenton, New Jersey, but at Athens, where at the time (1840) his father, Gregory Perdicaris, who had been naturalized in this country, and who had once been an instructor in Greek at Harvard College, was the United States consul-general. In the application for a passport, made in 1903, to the consulate-general of the United States at Tangier, Mr. Ion Perdicaris averred that, although he was living temporarily at Tangier, the place of his permanent residence was Trenton, New Jersey, and that he intended to return to the United States within two years. It seems that Ion Perdicaris entered Harvard College in the class of 1860, but at the end of his Sophomore year went to Europe, where he studied for some time. Subsequently he lived for a number of years in Trenton with his father, who had married a member of a well-known South Carolina family. In 1868, Ion Perdicaris contributed a number of articles to the *Galaxy* magazine, and two years afterward went to England, where he became interested in the study of electricity. In 1879 he returned to this country, and produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre a play in verse, which was unsuccessful. A little earlier, at the Centennial Exposition (1876), he had come before the public as a painter, exhibiting at Philadelphia a picture called "Tent Life," which attracted a great deal of attention. It was twenty-seven years ago that Ion Perdicaris built a house on the side of a mountain three miles from Tangier, in which he has permanently resided since 1884, and from which he has just been abducted. Here he entertained lavishly American and English friends. He thoroughly earned the popularity which he enjoys in Tangier by organizing, and in large part maintaining, the sanitary commission which has transformed the city from a pest-hole into a healthy town. Our State Department has done well to take prompt and impressive measures for his relief. Not merely a single war-ship, but the whole South Atlantic squadron under Rear-Admiral Chadwick, has been ordered to Tangier, and should even a greater show of force be needed, the European squadron under Rear-Admiral Jewell will be directed to report at the same place. There is

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no doubt that such a demonstration will cause the Shereefian government to make most strenuous efforts for the rescue of Mr. Perdicaris, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the efforts will not result, as has sometimes been the case, in provoking the bandits to put their prisoner to death.

According to a report which has been widely circulated, and which, if it has not been positively confirmed, at least has not been contradicted at the White House, the next chairman of the Republican National Committee is to be Mr. George B. Cortelyou, formerly secretary to the President, and now head of the new Department of Commerce and Labor. It is said that at the time of Mr. McKinley's second election to the Presidency, Mr. Cortelyou was desirous of renouncing his post at the White House, and of going into private business, but, at Mr. McKinley's request, continued to discharge the functions of confidential secretary, on the understanding that he should be made a member of the cabinet should a Department of Commerce and Labor be organized. There is a supplemental rumor, which we deem incredible, that but for Mr. McKinley's promise, which his successor deemed it a duty to fulfil, Lucius N. Littauer, of gauntlet-contract notoriety, would have been appointed the first Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and that, although he has narrowly escaped conviction for the violation of an act of Congress, he has even now the best chance of succeeding to the place at present occupied by Mr. Cortelyou. Such an act would be such a brazen defiance of public sentiment that we not for a moment believe that Mr. Roosevelt is capable of committing it.

It was an interesting coincidence that soon after the placing of the Cuban loan for $35,000,000 on favorable terms in the American market, the second anniversary of the birth of the Republic of Cuba should have been celebrated in New York city. In a letter which was read at the banquet, President Roosevelt said that it should ever be a source of joy and gratitude to American citizens to recall the self-denying part which they played towards the Pearl of the Antilles. He acclaimed, he said, what had been done by us in Cuba not merely for its own sake, but because it exemplified the attitude and purpose of the United States towards all nations south of it. The Latin-American peoples will mark with pleasure Mr. Roosevelt's emphatic denial that the United States have any land-hunger, or entertain any but disinterested and sympathetic projects with regard to all other republics on this continent. All that we desire, Mr. Roosevelt said, is to see the neighboring commonwealths stable, orderly, and prosperous. Any country whose inhabitants conduct themselves well can count upon our hearty friendliness. Ex-Secretary Root, whose speech was the principal feature of the banquet, rebuked indirectly the carping spirit in which some Americans are wont to speak of the Cubans and declared that he should be false to his duty if he did not bear personal testimony to the admirable conduct of the Cuban people, to their respect for their law, to their love of country, and to their subordination of their personal interests to the larger welfare of their native land. Subsequently, Senator Platt of Connecticut, the author of the "Platt Amendment" to the Cuban Constitution, justly said that reconstructed Cuba owes more to Elihu Root than to any other man. If, to the sorrow of his fellow citizens, Mr. Root's career were to end to-morrow, of him it would be written: He was Secretary of War, and incidentally Secretary of the Colonies, when liberated Cuba was transformed into an independent republic, forever to be shielded against foreign aggression by the ægis of the United States, and when the Philippines were pacified and conscientiously endowed with a large measure of self-government.

General Kuropatkin seems to be gradually getting his loosely organized army in hand, and its movements become more intelligible and connected. He has evidently been able to check the advance of the main Japanese army under General Kuroki, who is now, it seems, waiting for reinforcements. It should be borne in mind that with every added man the Japanese commissariat problem becomes more serious. It is reported that the Japanese troops are already suffering severely from the poor diet with which they are supplied, and Japan will be taxed to the utmost to procure and pay for the vast quantities of food needed by her army of invasion. Her commissariat problem is even more difficult than that of Russia, which has been somewhat exaggerated in the popular view. It should be kept in mind that there were tens of thousands of Russian colonists in Manchuria for two or three years before the war broke out; that they had planted and garnered immense quantities of wheat, and had gathered vast herds of cattle. These supplies are available for the army, and they are of the quality to keep the troops in health. They can also be supplemented by supplies drawn from Siberia, also a great wheat country, and European Russia, which is one of the granaries of the world. The reiterated reports of the Russian evacuation of Newchwang are probably due to the fact that General Kuropatkin found it possible to draw on the garrison of that town for troops to resist the more imminent danger from General Kuroki's advance. When the advance is checked, and when the disposition of the troops is accurately known, the garrison can be sent back to Port Arthur to prepare for a possible landing there. The weakening of the Japanese fleet makes that landing less probable, and in any case it is only a few hours by rail from Mukden to Newchwang; so that a rapid reinforcement of the garrison there is possible at any time. General Stoessel's reported victory at Port Arthur is probably true. That gallant officer showed his prowess at Tientsin, when he and his Russian troops rescued the European settlement from the Boxer army in June, 1900. The English officers were moved to admiration by Stoessel's bravery, and sent home special reports declaring that but for the Russians not a European would have come out alive from Tientsin.

We commented in a recent number of this paper on a remarkable article entitled "The Truth About Women in Industry," contributed by Mrs. Flora McDonald Thompson, a well-known journalist, to the May number of the *North American Review*. It may be remembered that Mrs. Thompson, speaking from a politico-economical view-point, and also from her personal experience, deprecated the intrusion of her sex into the fields of labor formerly monopolized by men. Mrs. Thompson proceeded on the assumption that, while, of course, there would always be a few exceptions, voluntary or involuntary, yet, as a rule, all women could and would marry, but for the so-called emancipation movement, which has impelled many of them to compete with men for work outside of the home. Such outside work, Mrs. Thompson contended, is practically incompatible with the duties of child-bearing and child-rearing. A very different position was taken by Miss M. Carey Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr College, who at St. Louis, on May 20, delivered an address before the General Federation of Women's Clubs on "Educated Women in the Twentieth Century." She disputed Mrs. Thompson's fundamental premise. The fact is, Miss Thomas averred, there are only two classes in American society, wherein, as a rule, all women marry, to wit, first, the working class, in which the woman, far from being a source of expense, contributes her full share to the support of the family, either by household labor at home, or by paid work outside of it; and, secondly, the opulent class, wherein either the women bring inherited wealth to their husbands, or else the men are themselves so rich that they do not need to look for money with their wives. Miss Thomas relied upon statistics to show that, of the vast intermediate class—not only in the United States, but in other highly civilized countries—the class wherein the wife is usually an ill-to-be-afforded luxury, and unable, from the circumstances of her husband's social position, to conduct her household without the aid of servants, or herself to earn part of the family income, only fifty per cent. marry. The other fifty per cent. must needs be self-supporting, or else eke out existence on what their male relatives can spare.

Miss Thomas next examined the notion, undoubtedly current, that if young women receive the liberal or technical education which qualifies them to do men's work, they are apt to be unfitted, or, at all events, disinclined, to enter into the marriage relation. She adduces statistics, collected in both England and the United States, to show that a girl's going to college, or to a scientific or technical school, no more affects her prospects of marriage than does a young man's going to similar institutions affect the likelihood of his assuming matrimonial responsibilities. It is true that only about fifty per cent. of feminine graduates marry. That, however, is not because they have received a college education, but because

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they come from the intermediate social class, only fifty per cent. of the women in which ever do marry, whether they go to college or not. Two other interesting facts are deducible from the statistics produced at St. Louis, namely, first, that feminine graduates have a great power of selection, inasmuch as they marry two-thirds more men that themselves were college graduates than do their non-collegiate sisters; and, secondly, that the average yearly income of their husbands is much higher than is the income of the husbands whom their non-collegiate sisters have captured. Lastly, Miss Thomas, after pointing out that at present women graduates are drawn almost exclusively from the great intermediate class, went on to warn women of the richer class that unless they go to college more generally, the leadership in all things affecting their sex—a leadership which they hitherto have exercised—will pass during the twentieth century into the hands of the middle-class women who have a college education.

Where now does Miss Thomas bring us? If our girls *can* go to college—if they come from the class from which the college girls are recruited—they have only half a chance of being married, anyway. If they *do* go to college, this half-chance is no whit impaired, and they are better equipped for self-support in case they don't marry. "The ordinary college course," Miss Thomas says, "prepares women for the one profession, teaching, which is peculiarly their own." So she demonstrates to her own satisfaction that the college girl is an absolute gainer from going to college, and her demonstration must be satisfactory to us also unless we dispute her statistics. The WEEKLY is not prepared to dispute them, and yet they are surprising. She says that, as a rule, all the women of the "working-class" marry. All the shop-girls? All the cooks and housemaids? We are glad to be relieved from the supposition that domestic service keeps from marriage a good many valuable women who ought to be raising children. And is it really true that in this country *half* the girls born in families that are not rich but fairly prosperous don't marry? Miss Thomas says so, and doubtless she speaks advisedly, but the thought is somewhat appalling. She says that nowadays when it is a question in an American family—except the wealthiest families—whether a boy or a girl shall go to college, the girl goes. Has it really come to that? "Only thus can we explain the steady increase of women over men in colleges." We don't believe this is a permanent condition. There cannot be a general rivalry of sex even in America. If at present the girls go to college rather than the boys, it is the doing of the American fathers. The college-bred mothers of sons and daughters will not favor their daughters to the prejudice of their sons. That is not characteristic of mothers. The more that is done in the way of education for the girls of one generation, the more education the boys of the next generation will get. That is human nature, and that is what will save us, if necessary, from woman-domination.

Various German doctors—Dr. Emil Reich, Professor Munsterberg, and others—and also some members of the Moseley Commission, think that our women are learning too much, and getting too ambitious, and that therein lies a source of grave peril to the American race. Miss Thomas holds—and, we think, rightly—that one important reason for our industrial success is that we educate our girls at least as well as our boys. American intelligence and energy are at the bottom of American success, and of course the intelligence of any people must be raised by educating its girls. The idea, to which the minds of learned Germans are at present so hospitable, that we are tending, hag-ridden, to extinction because we educate our girls too well is one of the most amusing bugaboos that learning ever disclosed. Yet everything may be overdone, and college education for American girls may be now somewhat overdone. By no means all thoughtful people are as sure as Miss Thomas is that a college education is the best possible thing for all girls who can have it. The impression that it impairs femininity does exist, whether it is reasonable or not.

Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall thinks that the moral standard of the American people is degenerating. Dr. Hall is president of the Union Theological Seminary in New York. In the course of an address on May 18 before the Religious Educational Association in Chicago he spoke of the "relatively good state of the common morality of the American people," but a deeper examination of the social side of our American life reveals, he thinks, a situation that causes anything but satisfaction. Our activity has astonished the world, "but morally we are rapidly going astern—so rapidly that one is dumbfounded at the contrast after a visit to some of the countries of Europe." Religion, he finds, has very little part in our civilization to-day; our home life might be better, and our people are generally apathetic about their spiritual interests. To much the same intent but more specific are the conclusions of Dr. Coyle of Denver as disclosed by him on May 19 at the opening of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Buffalo. He noted the drift of the people away from lofty ideals and from organized Christianity. It meant something, he thought, when conservative observers called our time "the age of graft." He quoted a distinguished Roman Catholic prelate as declaring that the most pronounced of our sins was dishonesty. He spoke of our vanishing sense of sin, which had brought it to pass that there are no sinners any longer, especially in the high places of respectability. Our ideals of the home have been lowered; we suffer from the social scourge of easy divorce; childless firesides are taking the place of family circles. "It is the ring of the telephone we hear nowadays," says Dr. Coyle, "and not the cry of the baby." He thinks a restoration of ethical ideals is imperatively needed.

It is evident that these two reverend and distinguished gentlemen have received practically the same impression of contemporary conditions. Neither of them is a croaker. "I am an optimist through and through," says Dr. Hall, "but I am not a stone-blind optimist." Dr. Coyle says democracy is compelling attention everywhere, and finds the unrest of the masses a thing to be thankful for, serious as it is. But the apparent unsettlement of morals impresses them both, and many other observers besides. Dr. Coyle expresses a common feeling when he says we are losing our sense of sin. Things that used to be wrong are not wrong any longer. Things that are still wrong do not greatly matter unless the district attorney is able to secure a conviction. There is a confusion of ideals, an uncertainty as to what is wrong enough to be inexpedient, and what is merely wrong enough to be "sporty." In older times the example of exemplary persons was respected even when it was not followed. In these days its profitableness is questioned, and the situation is further confused for our generation because it has seen in some exceedingly potent and conspicuous instances sundry beliefs, professions, and details of conduct which used to be part of the outfit of persons who used to be thought exemplary, mixed up with actions and details of behavior which even our accommodating consciences condemn as utterly wrong. We have come to know so much about contemporary success and the price of it, have seen so many gnats strained out and camels gulped down, have seen in politics so many first principles nullified, and early convictions upset, that the best of us wobbles in his moral gait, and wishes some competent hand would chalk again the middle line of the straight and narrow path. But every truly wise man wants to be good. There is hope in that. The American people are intelligent, and they undoubtedly want to be good. If it is true that just now they are less successful than usual in realizing their best aspirations, we must believe that that is only a passing condition born of vast changes, and that presently they will get their bearings again and steer a better course. The warnings of the Presbyterian lookouts constitute one of the natural preliminaries to improvement, even though the improvement when it comes may not take precisely the form that the Presbyterian brethren might now desire.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* suggests filling in the East River between Manhattan and Brooklyn. He would build two dams, one extending from East Seventeenth Street in Manhattan to the opposite shore, the other from the Battery to Governors Island, and thence to a convenient point in Brooklyn. Between these dams he would fill in, and thus create a substantial tie between the two most valuable islands in America. There is a fine audacity about the proposition, but it is not timely. American engineering energy and capital will be busy for some years to come in making an island of North America.

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Porto Rico

It is well known that, for the Greater and the Lesser Antilles —with the exception of Cuba, which, as the principal purveyor of cane-sugar to the United States, and as the favored beneficiary of Spain's protectionist policy, occupied an exceptional position —the nineteenth century was a period of decadence, ending with a close approach to collapse. These fertile sub-tropical islands, which in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had played so conspicuous a part, economically and politically, in the history of Europe's maritime nations, had lost by 1898 almost all of their industrial and commercial, if not also their strategic importance. It is well known that the preference given to Cuba by a reciprocity treaty—though by no means all that the Cubans desired—has already imparted a marked stimulus to the production of cane-sugar, the island's chief export staple. It is also patent that the certainty of the early completion of the Panama Canal has enhanced materially the value of almost all of the Antilles, from a strategic view-point, considered as possible stations for coaling and repair. Does it follow that the inhabitants of these islands may look forward to the enjoyment of comparative prosperity during the twentieth century? Scarcely would such a forecast be justified by the experience of Porto Rico in the last few years, during which she has been relieved from the oppression of the Spanish *régime*—if such oppression ever existed—and during which her products have been able to enter, duty free, the ports of the United States. To enter our ports free of duty is a boon that Cuban sugar-planters would purchase at almost any price, short of the surrender of their political independence. Yet it cannot be said truthfully that Porto Rico is better off economically than she was under Spanish rule. Her exports of cane-sugar to the United States are admitted duty free, whereas the same commodity, shipped from Cuba, still has to pay a considerable duty. Very limited, however, is the quantity of cane-sugar producible in Porto Rico. The island's principal product—the export staple which it is best qualified to deliver in great volume and of admirable quality—is not cane-sugar, but coffee. Nearly the whole of Porto Rico's coffee crop used to be consumed in Spain, but from the peninsula's market it is now cut off by a duty virtually prohibitive. Why, then, is not the commodity sent to the United States? Because here the delicate berry of Porto Rico finds the market monopolized by the coarse, rank Brazilian product, to which the American palate has become accustomed, and which is procurable at a price with which the Porto-Rican cultivators of a coffee almost comparable for flavor with Mocha or with Java find it impossible to compete. Brazilian coffees, it should be remembered, unlike Cuban and all other *sugars*, except those of Hawaii, enter our ports free of duty. In other words, Porto Rico is unfortunate in that, although an integral part of the United States, her chief export staple is subjected, in our home market, to a ferocious competition, from which she would be instantly relieved if only a small quantity of coffee were grown on the soil of any of our States or Territories. It is Porto Rico's misfortune that, to this extent, she is treated as a stepdaughter. Congress will not protect her coffee, as it protects her sugar, because, in the United States, there are no domestic coffee-growers, whereas there is a multitude of producers of beet-root sugar.

Such being the economical disabilities of the island, what is the present condition of Porto Rico from a political, social, and industrial point of view? An attempt to answer the question is made by Dr. L. S. Rowe, in a book called *The United States and Porto Rico*, which lately was published by the Longmans. Dr. Rowe, who is professor of political science in the University of Pennsylvania, may be deemed peculiarly qualified to discuss the subject of his volume, because he was a member of the commission to compile and revise the laws of Porto Rico, and was subsequently made chairman of the Porto-Rican Code Commission. His book is brought down to July, 1903. He repels the notion, which, indeed, was never entertained by well-informed persons, that a majority of the island's inhabitants are colored. As a matter of fact, colored persons form only about 38 per cent. of Porto Rico's population, whereas they contribute more than 58 per cent. to that of Mississippi or South Carolina. Noteworthy, also, is the fact that, in the colored element of the Porto-Rican people, the percentage of pure negroes is small. More than 83 per cent. of the colored element are mixed, whereas in the United States less than 15 per cent. of the same element have any white blood. Interesting, also, is Dr. Rowe's *explanation* of the relatively small number of colored inhabitants. He attributes their comparative paucity to the narrowness of the sugar-producing area. We are told that in heaven there is no marrying or giving in marriage. There seems to be an approximation to the beatific state of things in Porto Rico. Of the total population, fewer than 17 per cent. are legally married. Of the colored women, precisely as many are living in irregular connections as in wedlock. Steps have been taken by the new insular government to redress this lapse from rectitude. In the first place, legal responsibility for the support of his illegitimate children was imposed upon the father, and, in the next place, consensual unions were legalized whenever there was issue. We learn that in 1898-9 the enforcement of an educational qualification for the franchise would have excluded 76 per cent. of the men of voting age. Now, on the other hand, there is no doubt that the facilities for public education have been signally improved. Twenty-eight per cent. of the total income from taxation is devoted to the purpose.

For obvious reasons the revision of the laws in Porto Rico presented a difficult problem. The Spanish and the American systems may be looked upon as the two extremes of administrative organization. Of especially doubtful expediency was the introduction of trial by jury. The Spanish government had persistently refused to extend trial by jury to its colonies, on the ground that the experiments made with this method of procedure in the mother country had proved extremely unsatisfactory. It seems that trial by jury took root very slowly in Porto Rico. Jurors were reluctant to pronounce for the conviction of the accused, not only on account of their clannish feeling, but because there was known to be a danger of reprisals upon any members of a jury who should concur in a conviction. The timidity of the insular population made a free expression of opinion among jurors almost unattainable. As a matter of fact, the Act of Congress did not make trial by jury compulsory in Porto Rico, and during the first seven months after the statute became operative not a single jury trial was held. Gradually, however, the institution is gaining the confidence of the islanders, and in a single month near the end of 1902, there were thirty jury trials in one district court. Dr. Rowe expresses the optimistic conviction that Porto Rico will undergo a remarkable industrial development during the next ten years, but he fails to explain to our satisfaction how the coffee problem will be solved. Porto Rico will scarcely again be as prosperous as once she was until she finds a market for her coffee; but that market she cannot hope for in the United States so long as we admit the competitive Brazilian commodity duty free.

The Vatican in Politics

The ecclesiastical drama which is now taking place between Rome and Paris is of the most profound interest and importance. Its historic foundations go back four centuries, and its present influence more or less affects every country in Europe. The immediate pretext of the struggle between the Vatican and the French Republic is, of course, the visit of President Loubet to Italy. That the head of a Catholic state, and one for centuries affectionately called the eldest daughter of the Church, should go so far as to pay homage and give friendly recognition to the secular head of Italy, who represents the confiscation of the papal states in 1870, is something intolerable to the Vatican, and by no means to be borne. The formal protest of the Vatican against this visit might have been foreseen, and was, in fact, foreseen. The withdrawal of France's ambassador to the court of the Vatican was equally inevitable.

We are thus already taken back to the great struggle for Italian liberty and Italian unity; to the days of Garibaldi and "United Italy"; and it is just this ideal of united Italy which consolidates and confirms the resistance of the Quirinal to the Vatican. To restore the temporal power of the papal states would be once more to disunite Italy, a thing not to be thought of from the standpoint of Italian national politics and ideals. Therefore the Quirinal persists in its national policy, which means the political disfranchisement of the Vatican; and the Vatican persists in laying a ban on the Quirinal, and consistently refuses the pension provided by the Italian government in 1871, the arrears of this pension now amounting to $20,000,000. The conduct of the French government in thus endorsing the secular Italian state, and consequently the disfranchisement of the Vatican, is therefore not to be pardoned by the latter, and President Loubet and his government have come under the ban pronounced against the Quirinal.

The results in France itself are likely to be momentous. It will be remembered that one of the most startling and dramatic acts of the French Revolution was to legally abolish the Deity, setting up instead the Goddess of Reason, who had found, for the moment, somewhat questionable vehicles of incarnation. This was in line with Voltaire's exhortation to "Crush the Infamous One," and with the philosophic and destructive rationalism of Rousseau. When Napoleon came to power he found it politic to reestablish the Deity, and once more to erect French Catholicism into a state Church. This was done in 1801, and the Church has had an official existence in France ever since. The instrument by which this reestablishment of the Church in France was brought about was called the concordat, and, as a practical result of this policy, the French government annually pays the Catholic Church some forty million francs—that is, about $8,000,000.

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This sum is used to preserve and repair the splendid French cathedrals and churches, and also to pay the salaries of the regular parish priests, with their ecclesiastical hierarchy, who are thus, in a sense, French officials.

The campaign of M. Waldeck-Rousseau against the religious orders in France was in no sense directed against the concordat or the established Church in France. It was levelled against the monastic orders, who form, to some degree, an *imperium in imperio* within the Catholic Church itself, and who have on many occasions been found in an attitude of resistance, or at least marked independence, towards the Supreme Pontiff. The civil attacks on the religious orders take us back to the Middle Ages. They had undoubtedly their origin in a policy sanctioned in England by the great Archbishop Lanfranc, who, in the reign of William the Conqueror, succeeded in making the clergy independent of the common law, an immunity which was extended to the religious houses. The results were most harmful to the religious houses themselves, for outlaws and criminals began to find in them an asylum from civil justice, which, in those days, generally meant hanging. Doubtless in many cases the adoption of a religious life indicated a genuine repentance and desire to make reparation; in many cases, however, it became a mere means of escape from temporal punishment. The old instincts once more came to the surface, and the thousand abuses grew up which are satirized by Chaucer and Boccaccio.

The accumulation of similar abuses, springing from like causes, was the real motive of Martin Luther's first protest, which lit the fire of the Reformation. Devout Catholics are the first to say that there was great need of a reformation in discipline, and that had Luther not tried to supplement this by a revolution in doctrine he would have been recognized in time as one of the greatest sons of the Catholic Church. There can be no doubt that Catholicism was quickened and purified by the struggle of the Reformation, while the extreme type of Calvinism is gradually becoming a thing of the past. Those to whom the opening words of "Holy Willie's Prayer" represent a genuine belief, genuinely held, must now be few in number, and avowedly out of sympathy with the great mass of religious people of whatever form of faith.

Another side of the monastic communities had to do with bequests of the dying who expected to gain benefits for their souls by leaving their property to the religious orders. Sir Henry Maine well shows that the principle of testamentary bequest, as against the old tribal inheritance, has been largely developed by ecclesiastical influence; by religious orders gradually moulding the law, so that they could become beneficiaries under the wills of their adherents. The modern view of personal property, against undivided family wealth, is largely the result of the same pressure, since freedom to bequeath implies separate personal property as a condition precedent.

In Spain, at the suppression of the religious orders in the middle of the nineteenth century, it was asserted that the revenue from property in possession of the religious orders was greater than the revenue of the state. This represents the extreme result of the system of testamentary bequests to these orders; as their possessions were for the most part free from taxation all over Europe, this also represented so much restriction of the field from which the civil revenues could be drawn.

Finally, certain purely secular and political questions enter into the relation of the Church to various countries. In Italy, it happens that the Church is violently opposed to the reigning house, as representing the confiscation of the Papal States. In France, on the contrary, the Church is strongly monarchical and aristocratic in tendency, and this is at the bottom of the struggle waged against the religious orders by successive republican governments. It is believed by the majority of republicans that, while receiving salaries from the state, many representatives of the Church in France use their position and influence in favor of royalist ideas and claimants, and this is what sharpens the animosity of M. Waldeck-Rousseau and M. Combès. The Socialists are Anticlerical, because they are for the most part atheists and materialists, to whom religion is an absurd superstition; and the intolerance and bigotry of unbelief shown by some of these Frenchmen are well exemplified in the order to remove all crucifixes from the courts of justice.

It will be remembered that the representatives of Austria and Germany intervened to veto the election of Cardinal Rampolla to succeed Pope Leo XIII. He was *persona ingrata* to these two courts. We may infer that Pius X. is *persona grata* to the same courts, which will make more intelligible the fact that he finds himself in a position of antagonism to France. The choice of a Spaniard as papal secretary of state is another symptom of Austrian influence, and, as such, is not likely to promote better relations with France.

One can hardly fail to come to the conclusion that the implication of the Church in politics, in virtue of its position, whether in Italy, France, or Germany, can hardly fail to prove detrimental to the best and highest interests of religion; nor can one fail to see that the brightest record in the Catholic Church was held, during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, by the Catholics of Ireland, who were proscribed and persecuted for a great part of that period, gaining full rights and immunities only in 1869. Persecution was a great preservative of genuine piety, and the moral purity and especially the sex purity of the Irish race are the finest element in Catholicism to-day. The Catholic Church in America is another example of the success which follows the total separation of Church and state, and one is persuaded that the same thing would be true in France and Italy. This is a matter which will shortly be open to demonstration, since it seems certain that the French concordat will soon be denounced.

The German Element in the United States

THE current number of an interesting quarterly publication of the German-American Historical Society of Illinois, entitled *Deutsch-Amerikanische Geschichtsblätter*, contains an article by Mr. Ernst Bruncken in which the assertion is made that "the German element [of our population] at the present time produces only about one-third as many prominent men as it ought to, in view of its numbers"; and the author of the article, writing in German and addressing chiefly people who read that language more easily than any other, refers to his conclusion as though it were a thing not to be doubted—"a somewhat shameful or humiliating *fact*," and again "a lamentable result."

We shall consider this "fact" briefly in connection with a new book, also written in German by an American citizen, *The German Spirit in the United States of America*, by Dr. Julius Goebel, professor of German philology and literature at Stanford University. With an enthusiasm that makes his book exceedingly readable, Professor Goebel calls upon all German-Americans to be united *as Germans*. In the preface he says that the greater part of the real work of colonization in North America was done by Germans, explaining this statement and supporting it by an extensive historical survey which shows "that the opening of the vast western part of America was begun by the Germans of Pennsylvania and continued and completed by the masses of German immigrants eagerly following in their footsteps. True, the people of other nations—English, French, and especially Irish and Scotch—also participated in this pioneer work, but the lion's share in the quiet colonizing which laid the foundations of America's wealth is probably to be ascribed to Germans." His contention is substantially that a race which rendered such great service in the childhood of America should make its influence felt greatly in the nation now arrived at man's estate. He thinks that the Germans should act as a mighty unit in the endeavor to preserve in the new nation the German conception of life—"the best of our German nationality"—and, above all, should "keep the sacred source from which these possessions have flowed to us, the mother tongue."

A reply to Mr. Bruncken and Professor Goebel, if it is to be quietly convincing, and not merely rhetorical, must be sought in a study of the records of the settlements, and subsequent growth of population in the various parts of our country. The records will aid us to form a clear idea in regard to the ancestry of those Americans from whom Mr. Bruncken and Professor Goebel seek to distinguish the German-Americans. Fortunately a scholarly presentation of the results of such studies lies before us, in the form of a series of articles contributed to the *Deutsch-Amerikanische Geschichtsblätter* during 1903 by Mr. Emil Mannhardt; and for our present purpose we adopt Mr. Mannhardt's conclusions, not only because they command respect, but also because that homœopathic course seems uncommonly appropriate.

Mr. Mannhardt says that in the year 1790 German blood ran in the veins of about one-fifth of the population of the United States. In 1830 the Anglo-Saxon-Puritan element numbered 2,964,717; the German element, 2,695,167; and the American population, in which the several European strains had already become so thoroughly blended as to be no longer easily distinguishable, 4,852,717. At the century's end he finds in the United States 25,477,583 Germans, as compared with 12,713,036 descendants of the "American" inhabitants in 1830, and 12,118,640 Anglo-Saxons. The Teutonic element (Germans, Scandinavians, Dutch, and Belgians) is given as 43 per cent. of the total white population; but very little reflection upon the foregoing figures will be required to convince our readers that in the course of a century a large part of the German element—which was important even at first, and has been increasing so rapidly that it now holds the first position numerically, and is indeed twice as strong as the Anglo-Saxon in that sense—must have become by intermarriage thoroughly amalgamated with the descendants of British colonists and the nineteenth-century immigrants from Great Britain. It is a fair presumption that the influence of German blood—the inheritance of "the best of the German nationality"—may be traced in the more or less useful careers of very many of the prominent Americans whose names give no certain indication of their German origin, or of German blood derived through some ancestress. Therefore Mr. Bruncken's method, which consists in searching American biographical dictionaries for German names, will presumably yield results of very

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questionable scientific value; and an analysis of Mr. Mannhardt's figures shows that Professor Goebel's appeal to German-Americans to unite *as Germans* is addressed to 12,046,949 descendants of persons who were citizens of the United States before 1830. Even if one could discover just who are still *German*-Americans, the time has long passed in which it would have been possible to induce them to unite except as they are doing—except as *Americans*.

Population of the World

In a scholarly German work, the first copies of which have just reached this country, we find tables showing the total area, number of inhabitants, and density of the population of each of the principal divisions of the world's land surface. It is issued as Supplement No. 146 to "Petermann's Mittheilungen" (Gotha: March 31, 1904), and the author, Alexander Supan, has placed in order upon his pages such battalions of figures that even the most securely intrenched doubt could scarcely withstand their assault. The present volume brings to an end the series of careful and remarkably exhaustive studies devoted to this subject, and entitled "Die Bevölkerung der Erde," the initial volume of which was published in 1899. As shown in this most recent computation, the grand total of the earth's population is 1,503,300,000; the total area of the seven groups or divisions in which Dr. Supan includes all of its continents and islands is 144,110,600 square kilometers; and the average density of population is, accordingly, about ten persons to one square kilometer. The distribution is as follows: In Europe, 9,723,600 square kilometers and 392,264,000 people, or forty inhabitants for each square kilometer; in Asia, 44,179,400 square kilometers and 819,556,000 inhabitants—eighteen to a square kilometer; in Africa, 29,820,200 square kilometers and 140,700,000 inhabitants—five to a square kilometer; in Australia and Polynesia, 8,951,800 square kilometers and 6,483,000 persons, or much less than one inhabitant to the square kilometer; in North America (to which division Dr. Supan somewhat arbitrarily assigns the West Indies, Mexico, Central America, and Panama, as well as the United States and Canada, but not Greenland), 20,817,700 square kilometers and 105,714,000 inhabitants—five to one square kilometer; in South America, 17,744,900 square kilometers and 38,482,000 inhabitants—two for each square kilometer; in the polar regions (both Arctic and Antarctic), about 12,873,000 square kilometers and 91,000 inhabitants. Of the division last mentioned, 9,013,000 square kilometers are attributed, not very confidently, of course, to the Antartic islands and mainland. The wide extension which the author gives to "North America," exemplifies a tendency of German thought which appears also in Professor Münsterberg's *Die Amerikaner*—a tendency to emphasize geography in America and to slur over ethnology and history. The number of the inhabitants of South America has been stated above; but the total population of Latin America, if we include in that designation all countries and islands directly south and southeast of the United States, excepting parts of the British and Dutch possessions, should be given as approximately 63,000,000.

Ghosts

At a recent symposium following a Shakespeare lecture some one in the audience raised the question as to whether Shakespeare believed in his own ghosts. The lecturer, with all the weight of the man in the seat of authority, squelched the question by saying, "No intelligent person need ever question whether Shakespeare believed in ghosts." It is customary to attribute to Shakespeare all knowledge, even an easy familiarity with the eighteenth-century French rationalism and the physical science of the mid-Victorian age. Such is the human reverence for genius, that when we bow to our greatest we admit that he looked before and after with all the perspicacity of a Hebrew prophet.

Now doubtless as man grows in consciousness his ghosts grow too, and Shakespeare unquestionably gave to his supernatural world that touch of psychological truth which a universal genius invariably does give. If his men are more truly human than those of Webster and Dekkar, his ghosts and his witches are more truly inhuman than those of Middleton and Tourneur. If Shakespeare uses the intervention of supernatural agencies to project the drama, his supernatural agencies always stand in an entirely real and conceivable relation to his people. They serve to accentuate and complete what is already present in the mind of the creature! The witches appear to *Macbeth* alone, to *Macbeth* and *Banquo* together, and their objective reality is still further emphasized by a scene in which they appear alone and in which they are shown having various activities and interests of their own, unrelated in any way to *Macbeth* and his concerns. Their power over *Macbeth* is merely to hasten and complete what he has already conceived and planned. If *Hamlet* had not been of a questioning, pitiful, analytic frame of mind, even "unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd," would not have set him on the track of investigation. So that Shakespeare, even if his whole ghostcraft is not purely psychological, does reverence to the truth that like turns to like, and that no supernatural agency can lead us to action or to thought unrelated to our own destiny—or character. Our angels choose us for our likeness to them.

There is a charming little Catholic tale of an orphan girl who lived alone on a hill, uncompanioned and unprotected. Despite sobriety and industry, she finally caused a scandal in the village because her cottage was seen to shine by night and figures moved up and down before the door. The village priest was sent to question the girl, and having received satisfactory replies as to the whole course of her day, he asked her if she prayed. She hung her head and said she repeated the only prayer she had ever been taught:

> God bless my hut from thatch to floor,
> The twelve Apostles guard my door.
> Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
> Guard the bed I lie upon.

Finally the priest himself, going up at night to investigate, found, indeed, habitants marching back and forth in front of the door, but they were not in the garb of this world, and the light through the shutters was blinding with heavenly radiance, and the rustle was the surge of angels' wings.

Witches astride of cats and sheet-and-broomstick ghosts seem, indeed, to have evaporated sometime in the eighteenth century, and there was that in the scientific spirit of the middle nineteenth century, a kind of loyal attachment to the concrete, which made their resuscitation difficult.

But will men ever be content to live without ghosts? We have only to look about the world to realize that so long as there are men, so long will there be ghosts. Never can life be reduced to the poverty of the five senses. From the very ranks of the scientists comes Clifford assuring us that the whole universe is mind stuff, and have we not Mr. James with his enlarging hypothesis that consciousness may as likely as not exist independently outside of us, and that possibly only a very thin stream of it filters through that meagre and faulty organism, the brain, and therefore only the very smallest part of life would be known of man? It is a most enlarging and joyous sensation to think, as we look at the stars, that not only are we in a vague and indistinct way conscious of them, but that very likely, in a much larger and more profound way, they are conscious of us.

Let no man grieve, then, that we are sweeping the earth clear of the supernatural and making life uninterestingly tidy and comprehensible, for even as the realm of the knowable expands, alongside of it the realm of the *un*knowable stretches. For every new discovery there will still be a desert of the unexplored, and when men have reached the north pole there will still be the great question of the relation of the north pole to the polar star.

If the old-fashioned ghost,

> My father, in his habit as he lived,

is not so apt to appear nowadays, we fill the void with subconscious selves, double and manifold personality, mediums, and theosophists who lead most adventurous lives in astral bodies.

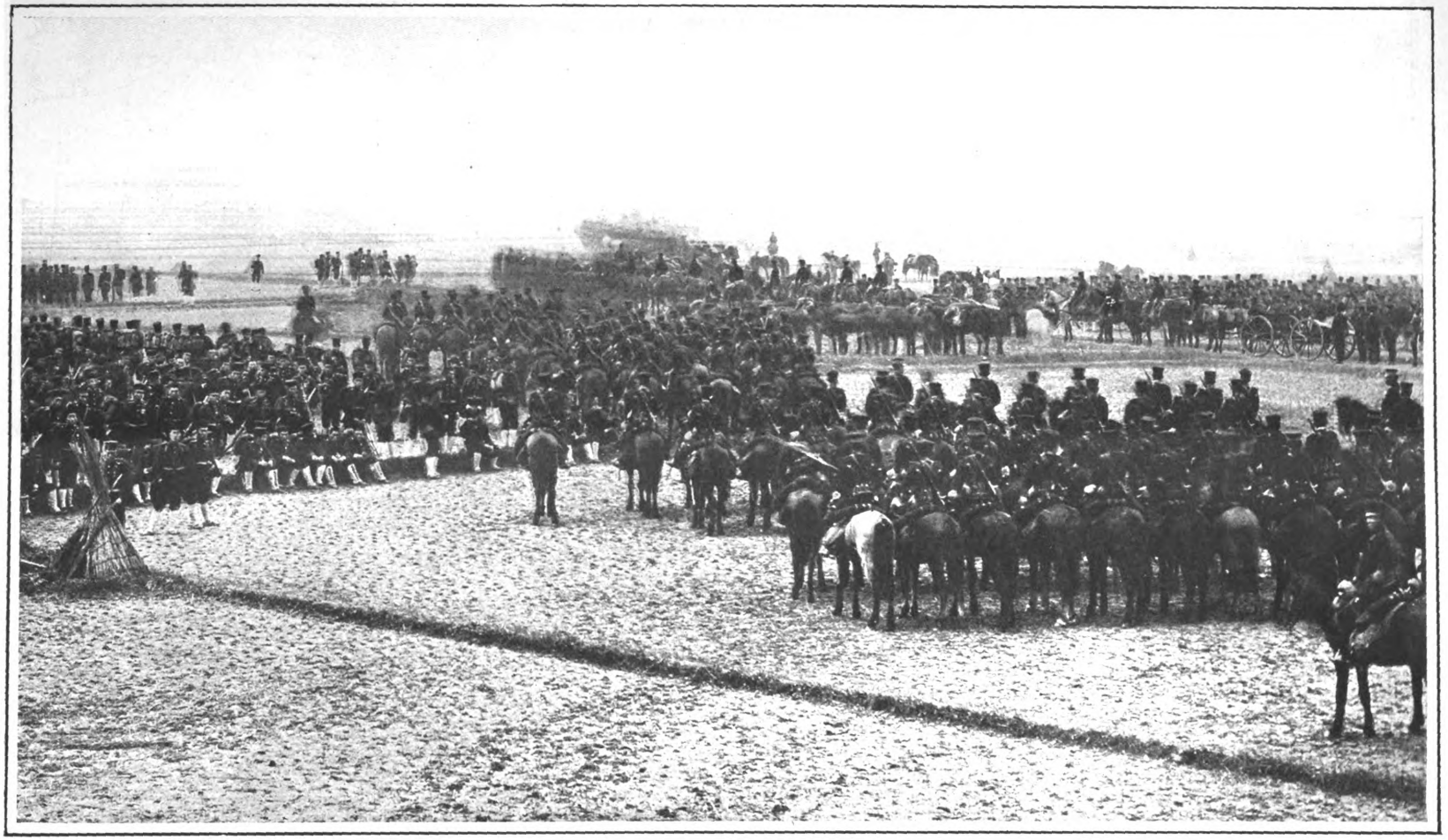
Literature is still full of ghost-seers, though perhaps the most eminent one, Blake, died before the reformation of ghosts. When asked if he had ever seen a ghost, Blake replied, "Only once, and then I took to my heels"; but as a child he reported seeing angels walking among the haymakers, seeing a tree full of shining angels, and when his brother Robert died he saw his soul mount upward clapping its hands for joy, and his spiritual converse with this brother was never interrupted. While poor, obscure, and unappreciated, Blake took solid comfort in the assurance that his works were "the delight of archangels." He enjoyed his cottage in the country because "voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard and their forms more distinctly seen, and the cottage is also a shadow of their houses."

It is possible, of course, to dismiss Blake as a visionary, and stay one's questioning with a name. But we have the wholesome, concretely inclined Mr. Kipling writing *The Greatest Story in the World*, in which a commonplace young counter-jumper under given physical conditions remembers all the experiences of a Viking and a galley slave. And *At the End of the Passage*, a ghost story in which

> The gates of hell are open and riven,
> And the winds of hell are loosened and driven,
> And the dust flies up in the face of Heaven.

There is Stevenson, a man much at home upon earth, and always cheerfully and comfortably allied to the body, giving us Dr. Jekyll's ghost, a hideous, haunting, bloodthirsty capacity for evil, dogging the steps of a respectable, upright, benevolent gentleman. There is Balzac's Seraphita, a strange creature, part seraph and part human, and Peter Ibbetson, who lived his life and loved his love, all in a dream. In the face of all this modern testimony, shall we cease to believe in ghosts? Rather let us perceive that our ghosts become more rational and more helpful as our own sense-perceptions strengthen and refine themselves.

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THE JAPANESE ADVANCE IN KOREA—TROOPS LEAVING CAMP

The photograph was taken by one of our special correspondents in Korea, Edwin Emerson, Jr., and shows a body of Japanese cavalry preparing to leave camp in marching order. The Japanese advance, it is reported, is northwestward from the region of the Yalu to Feng-Wang-Cheng, where the northern and westward movement of the troops is temporarily checked

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A DETACHMENT OF JAPANESE ENGINEERS LAYING A MILITARY ROAD IN KOREA

The photograph shows a detachment of the engineer corps of the Japanese army constructing a military railroad in Korea for the transportation of supplies and ammunition, as an auxiliary to the system of wagon transportation. The rapid breaking up of the winter season in Korea has facilitated the advance of the Japanese into northern Korea and Manchuria

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JAPANESE READING WAR BULLETINS IN YOKOHAMA

The intense interest felt among all classes of Japanese in the progress of the war is illustrated by the scene shown in the photograph, which is a snap-shot taken in front of an announcement-board giving the news of the war in Japanese. Another means used to keep the public informed of the progress of events at the front is the "Gogai-ya," or carrier of war bulletins. These men, each with a bell fastened to his belt to announce his approach, run through the streets distributing free war bulletins

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Experiences of a War Correspondent

By William Dinwiddie

Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

PING-YANG, KOREA, *April 15, 1904.*

PASSES from Chinampo to Ping-Yang—stamped with the ever-essential vermilion seal of the Japanese commanding officer at the first-named place—had been handed out to the dozen or more hungry war correspondents.

Orders were to proceed to Ping-Yang, where it would be determined whether or not we might go on to the front. This doling out of small, piecemeal concessions had created a belief, in the minds of the foreign correspondents, that it was not the intention of the Japanese government to permit them to see the war at all—a mental condition just relieved, on our arrival in Ping-Yang, by the prompt issuance of passes to the fighting front.

The Japanese mess contractor and transport agent (employed by the newsmen upon representations that food was scarce at the front and horses and coolies practically impossible to secure) was promptly besieged, upon his tardy arrival in the harbor of Chinampo with his 400-ton coasting boat, with a view to finding out how soon he could move us forward. Though he was still landing provisions, he agreed to start the next morning, April 12, at eleven o'clock.

A few impatient spirits could not wait. One noted English correspondent, part of whose religion is a bath and a shave every morning, astonished everybody by digging out up the road on his horse the same day, with only a few cans of meat and vegetables, while five others, with the secrecy of the proverbial sand-hidden ostrich, booked passage separately on a tiny boat bound up the Ping-Yang River at midnight.

The sky had been slightly overcast, yet hardly warranted the sudden closing down to the storm footing it assumed at four in the afternoon. Slowly the rain poured down, harder and harder, and the moderate temperature chilled and became raw in a cutting breeze.

Storm and darkness drew down into what one correspondent mildly called "the devil's own night." The filthy, clayey, unlighted streets of Chinampo became a sticky mass of mud and water.

The men attempting to elope by boat found it extremely difficult, in a Japanese inn, with paper partitions and diaphanous sliding-doors, to keep their movements secret, and soon the place buzzed with the question whether to go or stay. Five men started, to their regret, and the rest stayed behind, to their greater regret.

Not knowing the peculiarities of the Korean coolie, who has a horror of cleansing rain and a dread of darkness, night was allowed to come on before putting the baggage aboard the vessel. The Japanese interpreters implored and cajoled and even captured Korean pack-carriers, who speedily ran away again. A two-wheeled cart was finally loaned by the Japanese commissary, and a famine price paid for laborers to push and pull it, and away it went with the effects of at least two of the men, splashing into mud-holes and ruts not illumined by the swinging oiled-paper lanterns the men carried.

It is a good three-quarters of a mile from the inn to the military wharf, and two-thirds of this distance must be traversed on a dirt causeway raised fifteen feet above the reeking tidal flats. Among the buildings of the town there was some protection from the slanting, wind-driven rain, and the flickering light from the boxlike stores shot across the muddy roadway, lighting it dimly, but over the high bank road to the water-front, with its sheer drop into the tide-covered ooze and slime, pitch darkness and wind and pelting rain held full sway.

The belated writer, with shortness of time demanding sprinting, made the trip alone, and, after a few plunges, acutely realized the difficulty of walking in a straight line with no guiding points ahead. There were a thousand-odd depressions filled with six inches of water and as many intervening humps of doughy mud a foot deep. The sprint turned into a sliding sprawl, right left, left right. Fortunately the route was bordered on one side by long sections of covered artillery and on the other by a small-truck railway track—on the one hand, if you did not go through the perilous open spaces you could only run into the guns broadside, while on the other it was just possible to fall full-length without being precipitated over the embankment. As you slid and fell, and splashed along, unseen sentries guarding the artillery grunted unintelligible words in your startled ears, until, in desperation, you tried to whistle unconcernedly, with dry lips and wind-blown lungs.

Apparently, not a sampan man was to be had for love or money; in fact, there were none at the wharf, and none answered the strident calls of the Japanese or the roaring bellow of a big-chested Scotch correspondent, who kept shouting: "Sampan! Sampan! Sampan! Ten yen for a sampan!" into the distressing darkness of the wild water, just dotted here and there with the misty sparks which indicated the berths of anchored ships.

After an hour of ineffectual howling, a sampan man glided out of the Stygian blackness, and, whirling down on an out-racing tide, came alongside the little pontoon wharf, already quivering in the rushing waters and threatening to break loose from its kedge anchors, without the added force of a blow from the clumsy scow.

The boatman was promptly offered ten yen, but not understanding numerical English higher than the figure four, he insisted upon receiving "Four yen, four yen," and his offer was instantly taken up. The small river steamboat lay only a hundred yards up-stream, but it took two husky Korean scullers a full half-hour to stem the swift current and reach the ship's ladder. The Koreans flatly refused to try it again, though half the party, with their baggage, were still on the wharf. The display of the original tender of ten yen in one-yen bills finally tempted them, and again the somewhat perilous journey was accomplished, the up-trip being made more difficult by the increased run of the ebb tide.

It was after midnight when all were on board. The two cabins were six feet long, four feet wide, and seven feet high, and the doors opened directly out into the wind and rain, so that they had to be kept closed to prevent the flood from entering. It was somewhat of a trick, with an indescribable resultant confusion of belongings, for white men in raincoats, heavy overcoats, and muddy boots, to disrobe in the eighteen-inch space left between the door and the edge of the bunk, and, once in the berth, the suffocating odor which arose from dirty blankets left it questionable whether the rain and wind outside would not have been preferable.

At the last moment, one of the five correspondents, whose despatch boat had been seized and its crew arrested by the Russians at Newchwang a week before, received advices that she had been released and had reached Chemulpo. It was important that he remain behind, but at first it looked as if he would be separated from his baggage; however, by desperate financial inducements, the sampan men were persuaded to put him and his belongings ashore. Noticing among his rescued baggage the two days' rations allowed by the contractor (two loaves of bread and two tins of meat, price thirty yen!), with his up-turned face streaming with rain, he attempted to throw them into the outstretched hands of his partner in crime. The two tins and one loaf went overboard, and the man at the rail stood clutching one small loaf of bread, feeling that he had been given, not a stone, but a gold brick costing just $15!

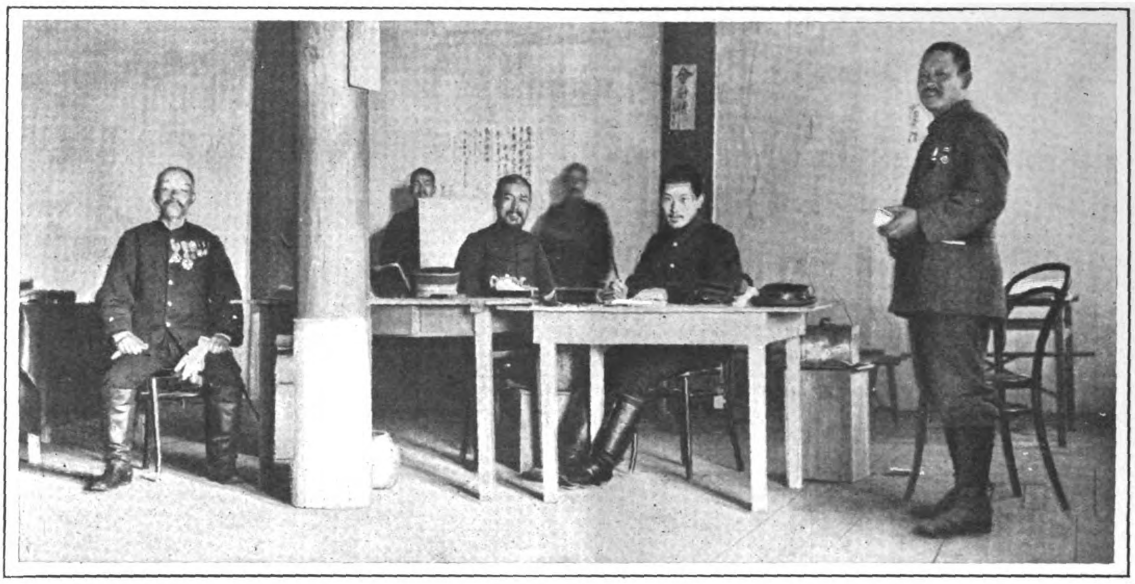


Korean Coolies carrying Japanese Military Supplies on a Road near Ping-Yang



Correspondents making a Landing on the Ta-Long River, four Miles below Ping-Yang

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Japanese Commissary Officers transacting Business in a Korean Temple at Ping-Yang

On account of the darkness and a strong down current, which had been greatly increased by the wind, the captain did not weigh anchor until five o'clock in the morning, or just as the dawn disclosed sullen, wind-reft clouds scurrying low overhead.

Ban-kei-dan, a Korean village now submerged in military supplies, was reached at ten o'clock, and here we transferred ourselves and our luggage to a tub of a sampan, with rounded, bulging sides and flattened bow and stern which, owing to its shape, rode the water as unsteadily as a huge tin washbasin. One lone Korean, with a bent sculling-oar fifteen feet long, undertook the task of propelling up the river four correspondents, six Japanese interpreters, and at least two tons of baggage. The issue seemed doubtful, but he struggled valiantly, with the great oar grasped by the short crosspiece above his head, and swung rhythmically to and fro, standing on his feet and crooning a weird song of half a dozen notes.

Two miles an hour with the tide at flood was the initial speed, decreasing progressively as the tide turned and began to ebb, until he could just stem it. At the end of the first mile we were informed that we should have to wait for the next tide! Cheerful prospect this, in a drizzling rain, with a cold rain coming in ever-strengthening gusts!

Our boatman, however, after special inducements were offered, proved himself equal to the emergency by shoving in shore and casting a tow-line about his shoulder, when he trudged manfully forward along the bank, dragging the boat behind him at a very fair rate of speed. The trip to Ping-Yang would have been accomplished in style had it not been for the idiocy of two of the interpreters, who landed and struck out, at a rapid gait, along the shore path. They disappeared in a short time up the beach, and when, half an hour later, it became necessary to cross the river, as Ping-Yang lay on the other bank, the pedestrians were out of reach. It so happened that the land on which they elected to stretch their legs was an island five miles in circumference, and the rest of the party must, perforce, sit themselves down and wait till they returned, or perhaps made the circuit of the island. They went round in exactly two hours, and arriving at a log which they recognized three hundred yards below us, they stood and gazed in stupid astonishment into the river for a moment, and hurriedly took the back track.

Want of time and general ill humor caused by the delay prevented us from permitting them again to circumscribe the land, and a courier was sent hotfoot to bring them in.

A near-by junk was utilized for two more Koreans to assist our boatman in the strenuous task of crossing the river. They were loath to come, but a little Jap, linguistically athletic in Korean, prevailed upon them to join our forces by lifting them bodily from their boat, with a firm grip on their padded pantaloons.

The boat shot diagonally over the waters, flowing seaward at a rate of six knots an hour, losing half a mile in the sweep down stream, and landed on a pebbly, shallow bar. It now became perfectly evident that the boat must await the turning of the tide. Two correspondents and their interpreters went on a relief expedition to Ping-Yang, leaving to the others the task of guarding the baggage and moving the boat when tide and water permitted.

Some one made the foolish statement that it was two miles to the city. It is four on a dry day and eight in wet weather, owing to the back lash of one's feet in the slippery mud.

Through the massive stone arched gateway we pass, splashing in the water and mud pouring out of it like an open drain, and see, for the first time, some indication of Japanese military activity in the stores of rice piled high in the open, partially protected from the weather by straw mats. There are also several temporary cavalry stables and warehouses with matting walls, but no such permanent structures as we saw at Chinampo.

After passing the second, or inner, gate the fearful condition of the streets beggars description. The main avenue of traffic is ten feet wide, with a continuous line of tiny shops of a single story, dwarfed, if possible, by the big black tiles of their roofs. The street actually runs filth and sewage, through which a congested population crushes, spattering and splashing one another with the muck as they pass and repass. At intervals the river of stench becomes so deep that the pedestrians take to broken rocky ledges twelve inches wide, on either side, and squirm and twist and balance past open swinging doors. It is actually necessary to assist each other in passing, to keep from falling off into the slough, by clinging to each other and balancing together.

The street winds in curves, so that it can be seen only a few yards ahead, and it seems to be an endless succession of stores, where foodstuffs, clothes, trinkets, and tobacco are displayed, awaiting a purchaser, in the doorways, and contaminated by the mire which is flung upon them.

It seems absolutely inconceivable that human beings can go on living for centuries in an atmosphere far worse than the filthiest pig-sty imaginable. One season should kill off every man, woman, and child with some pestilential disease, yet—while the mortality is, no doubt, very large—children, almost literally born in the wallows and certainly bred in them, actually reach the full stature of manhood. The entire city within the walls is such a continuous mass of loathsome nastiness that one must apologize for having even attempted to picture it and drop the subject.

The jolting, muddy people of the streets are all dressed alike, so far as clothing goes, in white, baggy trousers and long coats corded about the waist, but the footwear and headgear offer a wide variety of styles and fashions. Among the shoes are found a straw sandal with strings, a plaited straw slipper with corded uppers, varnished paper and leather slippers with decorated tops, and generally, on rainy days, a "wooden shoon" curved upward at the toe like a junk under full sail, and furnished with two broad heavy cleats beneath, two inches high. This shoe is carved from a solid block of wood, cleats and all, and is often elaborately decorated in colored lacquer patterns.

The woven horsehair and split bamboo fly-screen headpieces worn by Koreans seemingly take on an endless variety of forms, from the shape of an inverted paper bag to those with brims two feet in diameter and straight-sided chimney cones nine inches high rising above them. The real protection to the head is a tight skull-cap with strings under the chin, and anything else is worn purely for adornment.

On a rainy day one may see a tall Korean of position arrayed in a skull-cap, a fillet or black band of horsehair fitting tightly down to the middle of his forehead, which holds his hair in position, a straight-brimmed, high-crowned hat of bamboo splints suggestive of Dutch or Quaker colonial days, and, topping and covering all, a little yellow oiled-paper, half-closed parachute or umbrella, tied from the ends of four ribs with strings under his chin. In fact, all strings of these cranium-protecting devices pass beneath the chin of the victim, and add a questionable dignity by keeping the face tilted upward and straight to the front.

Headquarters of the commissary department, where correspondents report their arrival and have their passes visèd and telegrams and letters censored, is in a Chinese temple, whose huge roof-beams and rafters, supporting the double-decked and fluted tile roof, are gaudily painted in red, green, and yellow designs. The Japanese officials receive us with great courtesy, and, to our real surprise and pleasure, say that we may start next morning for Wiju, on the Yalu, and join the fighting front.

Large quantities of army rations and ammunition are constantly

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moving northward over the main road to Wiju. Thousands of Korean coolies are engaged in this heavy task, and all day long they stream through the northern gates of the city wall, bent double with a back-pack of over a hundred pounds. Their chief diet is the small red bean of the country, so they are no drain upon the Japanese army commissariat, and it is said they can plod steadily forward twenty miles a day under this crushing weight, though for quick marches eighty pounds is the usual load.

The army has bought up vast numbers of small Korean ponies, which can carry a man and a heavy pack at the same time, at the rate of thirty miles a day. They are only a few sizes larger than the Shetland pony, but tough as a whipcord, and they keep healthy and fat on the same bean soup used by their masters and by browsing on the scant dry grass left through the winter.

The selling price of these animals has doubled under the great demand, and a Korean will, with a placid face, assure a prospective purchaser that this is the only beast he has with which to win his daily bread, and that the entire family loves him so dearly they do not care to part with him at all, but, as a personal favor and at a sacrifice to himself, he will sell it for two thousand yong, or over a hundred dollars gold. If one has time to dicker the price will be found to be fictitious, but much time and haggling is required to effect a sale at a fair price.

One Korean confidentially assured the American missionary, who talks the language and had kindly offered to act as a go-between for the writer, that he had discovered that I was no Christian, and that, of course, the price he asked was very high and not the real one. His acumen regarding the species known as war correspondent did him great credit, and my estimation of the perspicacity of the whole Korean race rose accordingly.

The bargain for one horse was made for a very fair price by the writer, by paying part down awaiting delivery, but was followed by a very amusing episode. The next day the old father of the boy who made the sale came lamenting that his son, in his absence, had sold his horse that he would part with under no circumstances whatever. He tragically exclaimed, "How could this ill-doing boy of mine possibly sell my horse for a less price than I paid for it?" It turned out that another correspondent bidding for horses had offered more money for it, and the disappointed father took this means of reselling his horse at the higher figure, by returning the money paid down by the original purchaser. A threat to report him to the Japanese authorities promptly produced the horse. Though the old man had a very wicked son, according to his own say so, they went off arm in arm, laughing at their failure to work the foreign devil.

The American missionary colony here is more or less exercised over the fact that a general massacre of all Christians has been prophesied for the end of this month. With success to Japanese arms, they say that no uprising of Koreans will take place, but in the event of a big defeat, it is possible that the natives of the north, who are organized under the society name of Hong-noc and pledged to overthrow the present dynasty and rid the country of foreigners, may rise *en masse* and try to carry out their suggested purpose.

As I was finishing this letter, at 11 P.M., a knock came at the door, and a Jap in civilian clothes, followed by three soldiers, pushed into my room. The civilian began explaining—while my startled mind ran the gamut of my possible misdeeds—that the headquarters staff of Ping-Yang, in consideration of the very high regard in which they held the foreign correspondents, desired, as a slight expression of this appreciation, to present me with a small gift; and the foremost soldier thereupon drew out from the folds of his overcoat two large bottles of beer and three cans of Japanese dried fish. It was a kindly, courteous act, and calculated to strengthen sympathies already aroused for this plucky little nation which dares give battle to so formidable a foe.

T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

By Joseph Keating

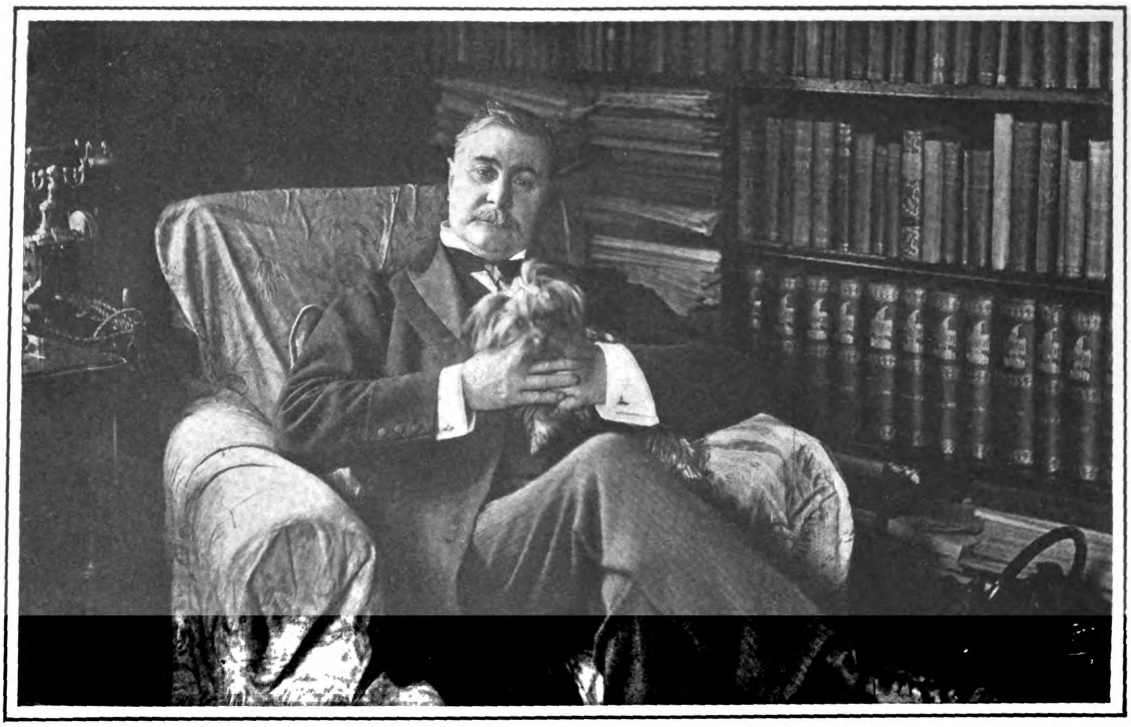
ANY man who by mere force of character takes hold of the world's interest and keeps it in his grip for a quarter of a century must be in some respects an extraordinary being. There must be something in the heart and soul of the man which differentiates him from ordinary people. And it would be well worth while to try and get at the wonderful secret.

T. P. interests the eye as well as the mind. His hair has that touch of iron gray which is said to appeal so strongly to the sympathies of good women. He is tall and well built. His physique, indeed, has the peculiar effect of making a man of equal size look and feel small beside him. He dresses well. He succeeds in putting a touch of elegance even into the colorless tie and unromantic black frock coat with lapels of silk. His features have rather a ruddy tint—not of health, for overwork and insomnia have spoiled that; it is more like the red of the fight between physical weariness and a sanguine temperament. In repose, when he leans back in his armchair, his face looks grave; when he smiles, leaning forward, he looks the essence of geniality. But the dominant expression is one of weariness. He impressed me as a man with some mysterious ideal unrealized. And there is about his personality a vague dreaminess, an atmosphere of reminiscence which had, for me, something of the charm and mystery of wistfulness. I was astonished to find myself face to face with the attributes of a dreamer when I knew very well what an enormous output of journalism lay to his credit. How could he be both a dreamer and a worker? Above all, how could a man be born a poet and a journalist? For he certainly has the alertness of the one and the imagination of the other. Then I remembered the nationality of T. P. The apparent inconsistency vanished: he was Irish, and he came from the land of contrasts, extremes, and logical inconsistencies, the outward signs of inner ideals. As a boy he was but a dreamer pure and simple. The first thing he did in London, after six hours' walking about under a scorching sun, was to sit down by the fountain in Trafalgar Square listening to the splash of the water, dreaming of marvellous but impossible achievements. But, since then, his long fight with the world may have brought out the sterner elements in his nature. In the conflict of interests we see only the harsher side of men. T. P. plunged into that conflict when he left Queen's College, Galway, at the age of nineteen, and as a first blow at conquering the world joined forces with the hopelessly obscure journal called *Saunders's News Letter*. If he had not decided to fight alone he would surely have been buried in the awful oblivion which darkens the fate of Saunders's journalistic fossil.

There are two unavoidable accidents by which some men fall under public notice: princely birth, or wealth with the same qualification. According to all available information, neither of these accidents ever happened to T. P. O'Connor—though I am perhaps trespassing when I disallow an Irishman the dimmed glory of a royal but un-Debretted ancestry dating back somewhere in the dark of the world's morning—an ancestry which performed marvels some considerable time before history began to think it worth while to start a record. In any case, when T. P. came to London, a youth of twenty-two, instead of being welcomed by the highest in the land, as at present, his only friend was a humble employé at the Lyceum Theatre—an old police sergeant from Athlone. The old man directed him to a cheap lodging at the top of the house in Catherine Street, Covent Garden. He began work at once—invading editorial offices. The editors were not glad to see him. Repulse after repulse sickened him. He had no money. The only capital he had was invested in the bank of hope. Even the interest on that began to fail when he found himself reduced to existing on meals whose cost did not exceed twopence per rare indulgence. But his sheer necessity goaded him on; and the beautiful education his affectionate mother had sacrificed so much to give him was turned to the unclassic purpose of concocting "penny dreadfuls." Now, here we raise our eyebrows in wonder at the extraordinary fact, that same mind which produced such lamentable literature, produced also the *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*, one of the most intellectually brilliant of biographical essays. They touch the top and bottom notes in the intellectual scale. One would feel inclined to accept them as the limits of a man's capacity; for when a man reaches the highest point in any special art the natural thing is for him to fail at everything else. But here the versatility of the Irishman destroys the natural law. Sheridan wrote the finest comedy and made the finest speech. T. P. has done the finest things in journalism, made himself one of the most effective and charming speakers in the House of Commons, and the finest president of the greatest political organization the world has ever known. Whatever view we take of the United Irish League, there is no denying its power. Its millions of members are scattered all over the British Empire and the United States. They are not easily led. And no man of lesser capacity could remain all these years at the head of such a vast organization. Any one who has seen him at its great conventions will admit his power. A few mischief-makers sent there as delegates from obscure branches rise in their places, bent on airing some grievance or other. They begin in a purely impartial way. T. P. smiles benignly and looks down at the speaker from his presidential chair on the platform. He knows exactly what to expect, and while he smiles he is simply arranging a counter-stroke. The speaker goes on, becomes excited. He makes a personal attack on the president. Instantly the hundreds of other delegates call him to order. But T. P., still smiling, puts out his hand, and calls them to order. "Sit down," he says to those guardian angels of his. "Let the man finish what he has to say." So with a movement of his hand he brings a lull over the angry sea, and most politely permits the speaker to go on. There he shows to great effect the real amiability of his nature, the knowledge of character, and his conception of what a man with ideals should put first. For underneath the mere plausible surface of his admirable manner, the ideal of nationality lies deep in his heart; and when a man is so fortified he need not fear the noises and antics of formless ghouls.

"Let them say their say," he pleads. And when the few malcontents have said all the bad things they can about the president, T. P. will calmly look over and say, "And what is the next business on the agenda?" Under his chairmanship these great conventions last only one day. T. P.'s capacity for organization clears away as much business in a day as another chairman, with such an individualistic gathering to handle, would take a month to get through. His speeches are effective. When he first entered the House of Commons in 1888, as the member for Galway, the Irish party were in the thick of the struggle with English opinion. "It was the day of all-night sittings," as an Irish member expressed it. Parnell spoke to the new and youthful representative of Galway, and his instructions were to speak "as early as pos-

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Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in his Library

sible, as often as possible, and as long as possible." T. P. was shy. He heard the command of his leader with a shrinking feeling. But he had to obey. His maiden speech delayed the business of the House for an hour and a quarter, and he blushed under the congratulations of his colleagues and the maledictions of the merely Saxon members.

Since that time T. P. has become one of the few members of Parliament to whom the House loves to listen. When he stands up to speak he is listened to with pleasure and with respect. He has the Parliamentary manner, a pleasantly conversational tone, with an occasional graceful gesture to emphasize a point in his argument. The difficulty of a public speaker is to get rid of his hands. As a rule, they get in a man's way. He hides them in his trousers pockets; but the next minute they spring out again, unawares to him, and hopelessly get in the way. T. P. gives his hands something to do. He uses them with effect. When he is leading up to a point, the subtle movement of his hands helps to guide his hearers. When he has scored, and has no need for the time being to bring them into play, his hands cling to the lapels of his coat, out of harm's way. Besides the ability to speak, T. P. has the ability to listen—when the other man says something worth saying. Unseen by the speaker, T. P. sits listening, carefully fixing the point with unconscious little nods, occasionally making the fragment of a "note" on a fragment of paper. His notes for a speech are scattered over the whole area of the sheet, decorated with mystical signs, and in form and writing like a Chinese proclamation—hopelessly illegible to any but the heaven-born. For his journalistic work he has to use a typewriter. He has a conscientious objection to dictating his articles. He says the result is unsatisfactory; and as he is always turning out some kind of work, he takes a typewriter with him even on his travels.

All the world knows how exactly he gauges the public taste, how firmly he grips attention with the journalistic aptness of his articles, the enormous interest he puts into a subject, the vitality of his phrases, the broad imaginative quality of his ideas. The question is: Where does the secret lie—the source of this extraordinary combination of vision and activity? It lies, I believe, in the meaning of the impression quoted somewhere above: a dreamer with great ideals forced into action. Mere existence called for it. The form of action may not tend to the realization of all the dreamer once beheld. But the moral backbone of the man keeps him to the front.

What is the Sun Made Of?

By Charles Augustus Young, Ph.D., LL.D.

Professor of Astronomy at Princeton

IT is generally agreed that the main body of the sun—the nucleus within the photosphere — must be purely gaseous. This seems to be an unavoidable conclusion from the sun's low mean density and its tremendous internal temperature, which must almost certainly be far higher than that of its outer surface; so high that even the enormous force of solar gravity is able to compress the vapors to a density only one and four-tenths that of water, although among the constituent elements are many of the metals (iron being the most conspicuous) which in the solid or liquid state are from three to eight times as dense. The reader must not imagine, however, that this gaseous nucleus is like air or other gases as we encounter them upon the earth. Denser than water, and strongly viscous from the heat, it more resembles a globe of tar except near the outside. There the vapors relieved from pressure are free to expand, and to cool both by the expansion and by radiating heat to outer space, in a region of powerful currents, ascending, descending, and cyclonic.

The photosphere or luminous surface is generally believed to be what it looks like—a sheet of *clouds* enveloping the nucleus, and consisting of minute drops and crystals formed from those vapors which condense at the highest temperatures. These clouds float in an atmosphere composed of the permanent gases like hydrogen and helium mixed with the more numerous vapors which condense only at far lower temperatures than those that form the clouds. As to the substances which compose the cloud-particles opinions are unsettled. Sir Robert Ball maintains that carbon predominates. Whatever their constitution, the clouds possess all the mobility of gas, while in their radiating power they behave like liquids or solids, acting much like the mantle of a Welsbach burner in giving a continuous spectrum and emitting a light far more intense than that of the still hotter vapors in which they float.

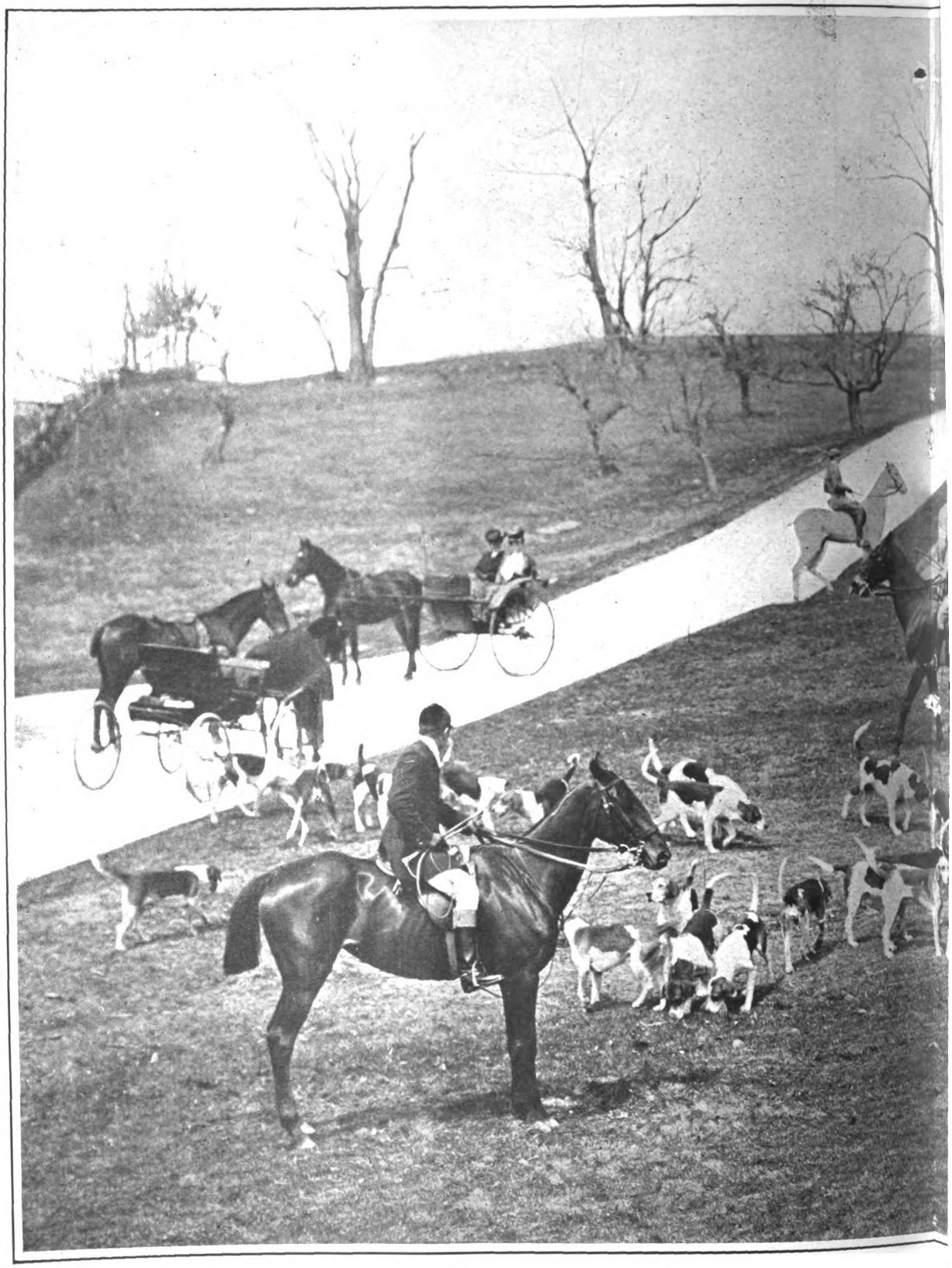
The upper surface of the photosphere is, of course, irregular; some of the cloud-summits rise high above the general level (*faculæ*), and elsewhere there are hollows; everywhere there are small clear openings (*pores*) through which the vapors below force their way to the upper atmosphere.

For sun-spots there are almost as many theories as investigators. Until recently they were almost unanimously believed to be depressions in the photosphere filled with cooler vapors which produce the darkening by the absorption of light; and this still seems to be the prevailing opinion, subject certainly to serious objections, but, on the whole, less serious than those which embarrass rival theories.

In any case, it is clear that the spots belong to the domain of solar meteorology; they are phenomena of the photosphere and atmosphere. They are carried by the sun's rotation, and confined to certain zones on its surface, though why is still uncertain. Their cause has not yet been ascertained, nor do we know whether they are due to internal disturbance or to invasions from without. The shortened rotation-period near the sun's equator still obtains

(Continued on page 880.)

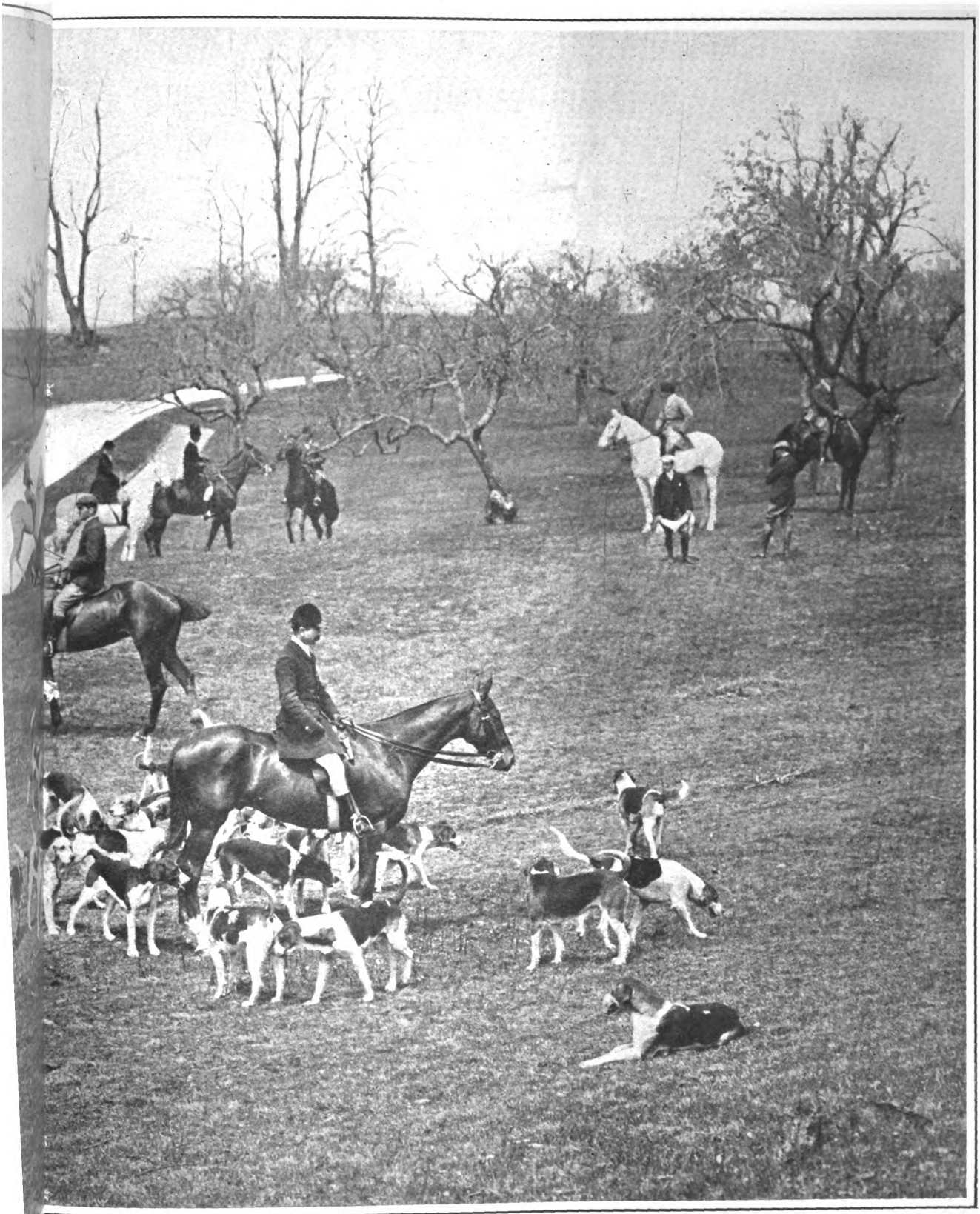
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A MEET OF THE MEADOWBROOK FO

The photograph shows a meet of the Meadowbrook hounds on the Joseph Stevens e
hunts with two packs of English hounds—one being kept for the drag and one for fo
this country, imported the new English pack of hounds. These are kept exclusively for

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Foxhall Keene, M.F.H.

Photograph by Penfield

FOXHOUNDS AT JERICHO, LONG ISLAND

...estate at Jericho, Long Island, with Mr. Foxhall Keene, M.F.H., in the centre. The club ... fox-hunting. Mr. Keene, who has done much to promote an interest in the sport in ... for fox-hunting, which is now more popular at Meadowbrook than following the drag

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THE CLUB OF QUEER TRADES

The Awful Reason of the Vicar's Visit

by

G·K· CHESTERTON

Part II.



"IT was already late in the afternoon and the nights of winter were closing in fast. On a dark road in a blowing wind we set out towards the lonely house of Colonel Hawker, perhaps the queerest cortège that ever straggled up that or any other road. To every human eye, in every external, we were six very respectable old ladies of small means, in black dresses and refined but antiquated bonnets; and we were really five criminals and a clergyman.

"I will cut a long story short. My brain was whirling like a windmill as I walked, trying to think of some manner of escape. To cry out, so long as we were far from houses, would be suicidal, for it would be easy for the ruffians to knife me or to gag me and fling me in a ditch. On the other hand, to attempt to stop strangers and explain the situation was impossible, because of the frantic folly of the situation itself. Long before I had persuaded the chance postman or carrier of so absurd a story my companions would certainly have got off themselves and in all probability would have carried me off, as a friend of theirs who had the misfortune to be mad or drunk. The last thought, however, was an inspiration, though a very terrible one. Had it come to this: that the vicar of Chuntsey must pretend to be mad or drunk? It had come to this.

"I walked along with the rest up the deserted road, imitating and keeping pace, as far as I could, with their rapid and yet ladylike step, until at length I saw a lamp-post and a policeman standing under it. I had made up my mind. Until we reached them we were all equally demure and silent and swift. When we reached them I suddenly flung myself against the railing and roared out: 'Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Rule Britannia! Get your 'air cut. Houp-la! Boo!' It was a condition of no little novelty for a man of my position.

"The constable instantly flashed his lantern on me or the draggled, drunken old woman that was my travesty. 'Now, then, mum,' he began, gruffly.

"'Come along quiet, or I'll eat your heart,' cried Sam in my ear, hoarsely. 'Stop, or I'll flay you.' It was frightful to hear the words and see the neatly shawled old spinster who whispered them.

"I yelled and yelled—I was in for it now. I screamed comic refrains that vulgar young men had sung, to my regret, at our village concerts; I rolled to and fro like a ninepin about to fall.

"'If you can't get your friend on quiet, ladies,' said the policeman, 'I shall have to take 'er up. Drunk and disorderly she is right enough.'

"I redoubled my efforts. I had not been brought up to this sort of thing, but I believe I eclipsed myself. Words that I did not know I had ever heard of seemed to come pouring out of my open mouth.

"'When we get you past,' whispered Bill, 'you'll howl louder; you'll howl louder when we're burning your feet off.'

"I screamed in my terror those awful songs of joy. In all the nightmares that men have ever dreamed there has never been anything so blighting and horrible as the faces of those five men looking out of their poke bonnets: the figures of district visitors, with the faces of devils. I cannot think there is anything so heartbreaking in hell.

"For a sickening instant I thought that the bustle of my companions and the perfect respectability of all our dresses would overcome the policeman and induce him to let us pass. He wavered; so far as one can describe anything so solid as a policeman as wavering. I lurched suddenly forward and ran my head into his chest, calling out (if I remember correctly), 'Oh, Cricky, blimy Bill.' It was at that moment that I remembered most clearly that I was the vicar of Chuntsey, in Essex.

"My desperate coup saved me. The policeman had me hard by the back of the neck.

"'You come along with me,' he began, but Bill cut in with his perfect imitation of a lady's finicking voice:

"'Oh, pray constable, don't make a disturbance with our poor friend. We will get her quietly home. She does drink too much, but she is quite a lady—only eccentric.'

"'She butted me in the stomach,' said the policeman, briefly.

"'Eccentricities of genius,' said Sam, earnestly.

"'Pray let me take her home,' reiterated Bill, in the resumed character of Miss James; 'she wants looking after.'

"'She does,' said the policeman, 'but I'll look after her.'

"'That's no good,' cried Bill, feverishly. 'She wants her friends. She wants a particular medicine we've got.'

"'Yes,' assented Miss Mowbray, with excitement, 'no other medicine any good, constable. Complaint quite unique.'

"'I'm all righ'. Cutchy, cutchy, coo!' remarked, to his eternal shame, the vicar of Chuntsey.

"'Look here, ladies,' said the constable, sternly. 'I don't like the eccentricity of your friend, and I don't like 'er songs, or 'er 'ead in my stomach. And, now I come to think of it, I don't like the looks of you. I've seen many as quiet-dressed as you as was wrong 'uns. Who are you?'

"'We've not our cards with us,' said Miss Mowbray, with indescribable dignity. 'Nor do we see why we should be insulted by any jack in office who chooses to be rude to ladies, when he is paid to protect them. If you choose to take advantage of the weakness of our unfortunate friend, no doubt you are legally entitled to take her. But if you fancy you have any legal right to bully us you will find yourself in the wrong box.'

"The truth and dignity of this staggered the policeman for a moment. Under cover of their advantage my five persecutors turned for an instant on me faces like faces of the damned, and then swished off into the darkness. When the constable first turned his lantern and his suspicions on to them, I had seen the telegraphic look flash from face to face saying that only retreat was possible now.

"By this time I was sinking slowly to the pavement, in a state of acute reflection. So long as the ruffians were with me I dared not quit the rôle of drunkard. For if I had begun to talk reasonably and explain the real case, the officer would merely have thought that I was slightly recovered and would have put me in charge of my friends. Now, however, if I liked I might safely undeceive him.

"But I confess I did not like. The chances of life are many, and it may doubtless sometimes lie in the narrow path of duty for a clergyman of the Church of England to pretend to be a drunken old woman; but such necessities are, I imagine, sufficiently rare to appear to many improbable. Suppose the story got about that I had pretended to be drunk! Suppose people did not all think it was pretence!

"I lurched up, the policeman half-lifting me. I went along weakly and quietly for about a hundred yards. The officer evidently thought that I was too sleepy and feeble to effect an escape, and so held me lightly and easily enough. Past one turning, two turnings, three turnings, four turnings, he trailed me with him, a limp and slow and reluctant figure. At the fourth turning I suddenly broke from his hand and tore down the street like a maddened dog. He was unprepared; he was heavy, and it was dark. I ran and ran and ran, and in five minutes' running found I was gaining. In half an hour I was out in the fields under the holy and blessed stars, where I tore off my accursed shawls and bonnets and buried them in clean earth."

The old gentleman had finished his story and leaned back in his chair. Both the matter and the manner of his narration had, as time went on, impressed me favorably. He was an old duffer and pedant, but behind these things he was a country-bred man and gentleman, and had showed courage and a sporting instinct in the hour of desperation. He had told his story with many quaint formalities of diction, but also with a very convincing realism.

"And now," I began.

"And now," said Shorter, leaning forward again with something like servile energy, "and now, Mr. Swinburne, what about that unhappy man Hawker? I cannot tell what those men meant or how

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far what they said was real. But surely there is danger. I cannot go to the police, for reasons that you perceive. Among other things, they wouldn't believe me. What is to be done?"

I took out my watch. It was already half past twelve.

"My friend Basil Gryce," I said, "is the best man we can go to. He and I were to have gone to the same dinner to-night, but he will just have come back by now. Have you any objection to taking a cab?"

"Not at all," he replied, rising politely and gathering up his absurd plaid shawl.

A rattle in a hansom brought us underneath the sombre pile of workman's flats in Lambeth which Gryce inhabited; a climb up a wearisome wooden staircase brought us to his garret. When I entered that wooden and scrappy interior the white gleam of Basil's shirt-front and the lustre of his fur coat flung on the wooden settle struck me as a contrast. He was drinking a glass of wine before retiring. I was right; he had come back from the dinner-party.

He listened to the repetition of the story of the Rev. Ellis Shorter with the genuine simplicity and respect which he never failed to exhibit in dealing with any human being. When it was over he said simply,

"Do you know a man named Captain Grant?"

I was so startled at this totally irrelevant reference to the worthy collector of chimpanzees with whom I ought to have dined that evening that I glanced sharply at Gryce. The result was that I did not look at Mr. Shorter. I only heard him answer, in his most nervous tone, "No."

Basil, however, seemed to find something very curious about his answer or his demeanor generally, for he kept his big blue eyes fixed on the old clergyman, and though the eyes were quite quiet they stood out more and more from his head.

"You are quite sure, Mr. Shorter," he repeated, "that you don't know Captain Grant."

"Quite," answered the vicar, and I was certainly puzzled to find him returning so much to the timidity, not to say the demoralization, of his tone when he first entered my presence.

Basil sprang smartly to his feet.

"Then our coast is clear," he said. "You have not even begun your investigation, my dear Mr. Shorter; the first thing for us to do is to go together to see Captain Grant."

"When?" asked the clergyman, stammering.

"Now," said Basil, putting one arm in his fur coat.

The old clergyman rose to his feet, quaking all over.

"I really do not think that it is necessary," he said.

Basil took his arm out of the fur coat, threw it over the chair again, and put his hands in his pockets.

"Oh," he said, with emphasis. "Oh—you don't think it necessary. Then," and he added the words with great clearness and deliberation, "then, Mr. Ellis Shorter, I can only say that I would like to see you without your whiskers."

And at these words I also rose to my feet, for the great tragedy of my life had come. Splendid and exciting as life was in continual contact with an intellect like Basil's I had always the feeling that that splendor and excitement were on the borderland of sanity. He lived perpetually near the vision of the reason of things which makes men lose their reason. And I felt of his insanity as men feel of the death of friends with heart-disease. It might come anywhere, in a field, in a hansom-cab, smoking a cigarette. It had come now. At the very moment of delivering a judgment for the salvation of a fellow creature, Basil Gryce had gone mad.

"Your whiskers," he cried, advancing with blazing eyes. "Give me your whiskers. And your bald head."

The old vicar naturally retreated a step or two. I stepped between.

"Sit down, Basil," I implored, "you're a little excited. Finish your wine."

"Whiskers!" he answered sternly, "whiskers!"

And with that he made a dash at the old gentleman, who made a dash for the door, but was intercepted. And then, before I knew where I was, the quiet room was turned into something between a pantomime and a pandemonium by those two. Chairs were flung over with a crash, tables were vaulted with boots like thunder, screens were smashed, crockery scattered in smithereens, and still Basil Gryce bounded and bellowed after the Rev. Ellis Shorter.

And now I began to perceive something else, which added the last half-witted touch to my mystification. The Rev. Ellis Shorter, of Chuntsey, in Essex, was by no means behaving as I had previously noticed him to behave, or as, considering his age and station, I should have expected him to behave. His power of dodging, leaping, and fighting would have been amazing in a lad of seventeen, and in this doddering old vicar looked like a sort of farcial fairy-tale. Moreover, he did not seem to be so much astonished as I had thought. There was even a look of something like enjoyment in his eyes; so there was in the eye of Basil. In fact, the unintelligible truth must be told. They were both laughing.



Drawn by Will Grefe

"Sit down, Basil," I implored, "you're excited"

At length Shorter was cornered.

"Come, come, Mr. Gryce," he panted, "you can't do anything to me. It's quite legal. And it doesn't do any one the least harm. It's only a social fiction. A result of our complex society, Mr. Gryce."

"I don't blame you, my man," said Basil, coolly. "But I want your whiskers. And your bald head. Do they belong to Captain Grant?"

"No, no," said Mr. Shorter, laughing, "we provide them ourselves. They don't belong to Captain Grant."

"What the devil does all this mean?" I almost screamed. "Are you in an infernal nightmare? Why should Mr. Shorter's bald head belong to Captain Grant? How could it? What the deuce has Captain Grant to do with the affair? What is the matter with him? You dined with him, Basil."

"No," said Gryce, "I didn't."

"Didn't you go to Mrs. Thornton's dinner-party?" I asked, staring. "Why not?"

"Well," said Basil, with a slow and singular smile, "the fact is I was detained. By a visitor. I have him, as a point of fact, in my bedroom."

"In your bedroom?" I repeated: but my imagination had reached that point when he might have said in his coal-scuttle or his waistcoat pocket.

Gryce stepped to the door of an inner room, flung it open, and walked in. Then he came out again with the last of the bodily wonders of that wild night. He introduced into the sitting-room, by the nape of the neck, a limp clergyman with a bald head, white whiskers, and a plaid shawl.

"Sit down, gentlemen," cried Gryce, striking his hands heartily. "Sit down all of you and have a glass of wine. As you say, there is no harm in it, and if Captain Grant had simply dropped me a hint I could have saved him from dropping a good sum of money. Not that you would have liked that, eh?"

The two duplicate clergymen who were sipping their Burgundy

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with duplicate grins laughed heartily at this, and one of them carelessly pulled off his whiskers and laid them on the table.

"Basil," I said, "if you are my friend, save me. What is all this?"

He laughed again.

"Only another addition, Cherub, to your collection of Queer Trades. These two gentlemen (whose health I have now the pleasure of drinking) are professional detainers."

"And what on earth's that?" I asked.

"It's really very simple, Mr. Swinburne," began he who had once been the Rev. Ellis Shorter, of Chuntsey, in Essex; and it gave me a shock indescribable to hear out of that pompous and familiar form come no longer its own pompous and familiar voice, but the brisk sharp tones of a young city man. "It is really nothing very important. We are paid by our clients to detain in conversation, on some harmless pretext, people whom they want out of the way for a few hours. And Captain Grant—" and with that he hesitated and smiled.

Basil smiled also. He intervened.

"The fact is that Captain Grant, who is one of my best friends, wanted us both out of the way very much. He is sailing tonight for East Africa, and the lady with whom we were all to have dined is—er—what is, I believe, described as 'the romance of his life.' He wanted that two hours with her, and employed these two reverend gentlemen to detain us at our houses so as to let him have the field to himself."

The New Ireland and its Maker

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *May 18, 1904.*

OF Horace Plunkett I can only say *Vidi tantum*. I met him at the lunch table of a popular M.P. during the crisis of the Irish Land bill. He must have been about the busiest man in London at that time. He was the court of appeal to whom all members of all parties referred their doubts and difficulties, and he seemed to have spent all the morning and was going to spend all the afternoon and evening consulting and being consulted, drafting amendments, suggesting new points, advising the government, and advising the Opposition. The Land bill filled his thoughts and engrossed his energies. More than any living man he had paved the way for it by accustoming Irishmen to sink political differences on non-political matters, and so making possible that spirit of moderation and compromise from which alone so gigantic a revolution could spring and bear fruit. He came late to lunch, a tall, slightly built, wiry-looking man of fifty odd, neatly bearded, hair just tinged with gray, his face browned by a life of ranching, and marked with the strong lines of toil, his eyes blue, deep, and of the true Celtic expressiveness. I do not remember that he particularly shone in the conversation that followed. He talked well, with a light and graceful touch and a quiet play of humor and imagination, but not strikingly well. And yet somehow he pleased more than many cleverer and more brilliant talkers I have listened to. What he said or else his manner of saying it had the supreme quality of charm, the aroma of a kindly, winning, modest, most sympathetic nature. I began to understand why a lady who has played hostess to many of the most distinguished men in England described Horace Plunkett to me as the most delightful man she had ever met, and why an Irish Nationalist, to whom the Plunkett policy was at one time an abomination, declared that he dreaded to see its author approach him—"He's sure to get something out of me that I don't want to give." But to have done the work that Horace Plunkett has done in Ireland something more than persuasiveness must have been needed, and I found myself watching for a sign of his preeminent practicality. It came readily enough when the ladies had left the table. Our host was to speak that afternoon in the House on the Land bill, and, like a sensible man, had invited Horace Plunkett to talk over the main heads of his speech beforehand. Mr. Plunkett as he then was—he is a knight now—particularly pressed on him the necessity of proposing and carrying a certain amendment to the government scheme. In less than five minutes he had made clear, even to one who like myself had never tortured my mind with the intricacies of Irish land-tenure, precisely where the official plan failed, how it should be amended, and what effect the amendment would have. I do not doubt that he had in his head all the other details of that stupendous measure, and could have expounded each one of them in turn with the same precision and clarity. It was the other side of the man I had been waiting to see—the *intent*, business-like, *managerial*, constructive side; and the revelation, slight in itself, was sufficient.

When such a man, with the accomplishment of what is easily the most practically beneficial work that has yet been essayed for Ireland standing to his credit, begins to talk of Ireland and Irish affairs and the Irish people, it is well to listen. In his book, *Ireland in the New Century*, Sir Horace Plunkett tells the story of the movement which is revolutionizing Ireland. But his book is something infinitely more than a mere record of achievement. It is a singularly penetrating essay on Irish conditions and the Irish character.

What is this "new Ireland" of which for the past few years we have heard so much? What has brought it into being and wherein does it differ from the old Ireland? Sir Horace leads off with the statement that within the last decade there has been a decisive change in the English attitude towards Ireland and a profound revolution in the thoughts of Ireland about herself. The defeat of the home-rule bills, and especially the fall of Parnell, turned the country upon itself, removed from its mind the obsession of politics, and diverted its thoughts towards the immediately practicable. Irishmen, or some of them, at any rate, came to realize that great as was the responsibility of England for the state of Ireland, the responsibility of Irishmen was greater still. This was Sir Horace's own attitude. He made not the slightest effort to gloss over the ravages of English tyranny and English stupidity; he admitted fully the results of centuries of misunderstanding, of the penal laws, commercial restrictions, the land system, and so on; he saw it was natural that Irishmen should think that what legislation had done legislation, and legislation alone, could undo, and that an injury inflicted from without could only be healed from without. But he asked himself whether all this, while natural and to some extent inevitable, was also wise; whether Irish reliance on legislation for the cure of economic ills had not sapped the national virility; whether it was not possible, instead of always complaining about their state, to do something to mend it; whether the habit of living in the past did not result in a present without achievement and a future without hope. In his opinion Anglo-Irish history was for Englishmen to remember, for Irishmen to forget. As he saw it, the Irish problem at bottom was not a racial, political, economic, or religious problem, but a human problem, a problem of the Irish mind and character. The Irish mind and character showed the defects that are the offspring of persecution and misgovernment—lack of moral courage, initiative, independence, and self-reliance; and the real duty of Ireland, in Sir Horace's eyes, was to overcome these defects, to strengthen the moral fibre, to brace the national character, to cultivate a salutary individualism. To do this what was needed was a positive Irish policy, springing from the people and dependent for its success upon their own powers of thought and energy.

In some masterly chapters Sir Horace analyzes the influences brought to bear on the Irish mind and character by politics, religion and education. Though a Unionist, he sees and lays bare the defects of Irish Unionism—the negativeness of its policy, its preaching of the *status quo* as though that were the beginning and end of all things, its capitulation to the landlords which has made it rather the creed of a social caste than a policy in and for Ireland, its aloofness from the people, and its failure to reconcile them to the Union. His criticism of the Nationalists is, if possible, even more outspoken. Their one-man system and the dictatorship of the central organization have thwarted, if not crushed, individual initiative. Sir Horace even argues that the distraction that followed the fall of Parnell, the canvassing in every hut and at every market-place of new men and policies, was about the only real education in politics that the Irish of this generation have had. The Nationalists, he declares, ought to have known that the weakness of character which renders the task of political leadership in Ireland comparatively easy is in reality the quicksand of Irish life, and that neither self-government nor any other institution can be enduringly built upon it. Their agitation, besides being non-constructive and throwing little helpful light on any Irish problem, has increased the indifference of the nation to its immediate needs, and encouraged it to rivet its mind on the past. They have wholly failed to win over the landlords or the great industrial interests of Ulster, and their policy in the main has been more anti-English than pro-Irish.

As for the influence of religion, Sir Horace firmly denounces the intolerance and bigotry of his coreligionists in the north. Catholicism, he thinks, is showing itself non-economic, if not actually anteconomic, in its tendencies, and by its reliance on authority, its repression of the individual, its shifting of the moral centre of gravity to a future existence, has undoubtedly fostered some of the weaknesses in the Irish character, and encouraged a kind of fatalism with resignation as its chief virtue. He warmly commends its comparative freedom from bigotry, but criticises sharply the excessive building of churches and monastic and conventual institutions as too great a drain on the people. "The priest in politics" does not alarm him, but he doubts whether the Irish priest quite realizes his direct and personal responsibility for the character and morale of his flock, considers the clergy to have failed significantly in promoting temperance, and also believes that the disciplinary measures they insist upon to insure chastity repress the natural gayety of the people, and encourage emigration by banishing innocent pleasures from the countryside. As for education, it has always been the English imported brand, taking no account of Irish genius, history, or sentiment, divorced from economic realities, and chiefly fitted for the production of second-rate clerks. Maynooth is too restricted and Trinity too aloof, and until a university is created that will reach down, like the Scotch and American universities, to the rural population, the salvation of Ireland will not be wrought in its schools.

Sir Horace Plunkett's central idea was to utilize the instinctive clannishness of the Irish in a way that would at once harmonize with their native genius, and broaden and strengthen their characters. The Irish have the associative qualities; then let them associate. The Irish problem is predominantly agricultural; then let them associate in agriculture. So in 1889 Sir Horace launched

(Continued on page 879.)

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Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

BIRD CENTER CARTOONS by Mr. John T. McCutcheon is more than a collection of comic drawings and comments from the newspapers in which they originally appeared. For some time the pictures and accompanying chronicle of social happenings at Bird Center, Illinois, which reappear in this volume, have been a source of hilarious amusement to the readers of the Chicago *Tribune*, and are now presented in a form which will introduce them to a wider circle of readers and add to the gayety of the nation. The author-artist confesses to no definite purpose in his work, but he is too modest, else he has drawn upon his observation and imagination better than he knew. The thread of story connecting the social doings and adventures of the Centerites may be slight, but one finds one's self as deeply interested in the chronicles of this small community as in a novel. It is in reality a kind of fiction in which you are introduced to the little comedies and the little tragedies in one little corner of our country which is only isolated geographically, and may be duplicated all over the States. For, as Mr. McCutcheon says, "You will find Bird Centerites in large cities as well as in small ones, and it is to be regretted that there are not more of them. For they are all good, generous, and genuine people, and their social circle is one to which any one gifted with good instincts and decency may enter. The poor are as welcome as the rich, and the one who would share their pleasures is not required to show a luxuriant genealogical tree." It is a healthy picture of a home-loving people of domestic virtues and of generous impulses, with a little good-natured fun thrown in that satirizes the idiosyncrasies of a small neighborhood, but does not mar that "joy in widest commonalty spread," which the poet has eulogized as the best heritage of the common lot. You will recognize many of them as neighbors — Mrs. Riley Withersby, the "Grand Dame" of Bird Center ("If everybody were as good as she there would be no need of churches"); Captain Roscoe Fry, who fought at Gettysburg, and will tell you many an interesting anecdote of that memorable fight; Mr. Smiley Greene, the popular undertaker, a man of infinite good humor and the soul of exuberant joy, who will cheer you up, no matter how far you are down; Mr. Gus Figgey, of Chicago, the busiest man in the world; Mr. Wilbur Fry, who, with Mr. Orville Peters, is always in attendance with his mandolin or some musical instrument at every social function; Miss Mae Niebling, now an old maid (she was May when she was a little girl); Mrs. J. Milton Brown, *née* Miss Lucile Ramona Fry, who stands for the elevation of her sex, and a number of others, including the Rev. Walpole, Judge Warden, "Doc" Niebling, Attorney Black, and "Mine Host" Mort Peters, of the Bird Center House.



A Literary Evening in Bird Center
From "Bird Center Cartoons," by John T. McCutcheon

Nor must one forget to mention Mr. J. Oscar Fisher, "ye editor," who will put your name in the paper if you are ever among those present, and from whose columns these chronicles purport to be culled. Who does not recognize the touch of the village editor in the flowing style of these sentences describing "A Literary Evening," as pictured in the cartoon which accompanies the text: "Seldom, if indeed ever, has an evening been more consecrated to the Feast of Reason than was last Thursday evening in Bird Center. For on that date the members of the Pierian Culture Club met at the hospitable home of Judge Warden, there to indulge in intellectual essays, orations, discussions, and what not. Many and scholarly were the literary titbits, and if any one went home none the wiser for the evening's entertainment it was his own fault. Without the slightest exaggeration, the evening may be pronounced one of the most complete in the history of Bird Center, up to the time we go to press—" Then Mr. J. Oscar Fisher condescends to notice a few of the more gratifying incidents of the evening, ending up with "all departed, loud in their praise of the evening's entertainment." A hint of romance trickles through the chronicles in the person of the Mysterious Stranger who keeps Bird Center "on the *qui vive*," to quote Mr. J. Oscar Fisher, until the mystery is solved. Mr. McCutcheon's humor is kindly and contagious in its cheerful optimism; as Mr. Winthrop K. Biddle, of Philadelphia, who "came out of the East to woo one of Bird Center's fairest daughters," is reported to have said, "There is not a cross word in the history of Bird Center." Granted that they think a whole lot of themselves, that their self-esteem is a very bulwark of defence from the buffets of an outrageous world, and that their self-conceit is a magnifying lens that glorifies their own importance; somehow Mr. McCutcheon takes the meanness and the pettiness out of it; there is nothing offensive in their conduct and behavior, and this is one of the most marked and distinguishing traits of his humorous point of view. Oliver Wendell Holmes, with whose sane and wholesome, if somewhat too complacent, view of human nature Mr. McCutcheon has much in common, came near the truth when he said: "Talk about conceit as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet, and renders it endurable. Say rather it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him and the wave in which he dips. When one has had *all* his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost *all* his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more."

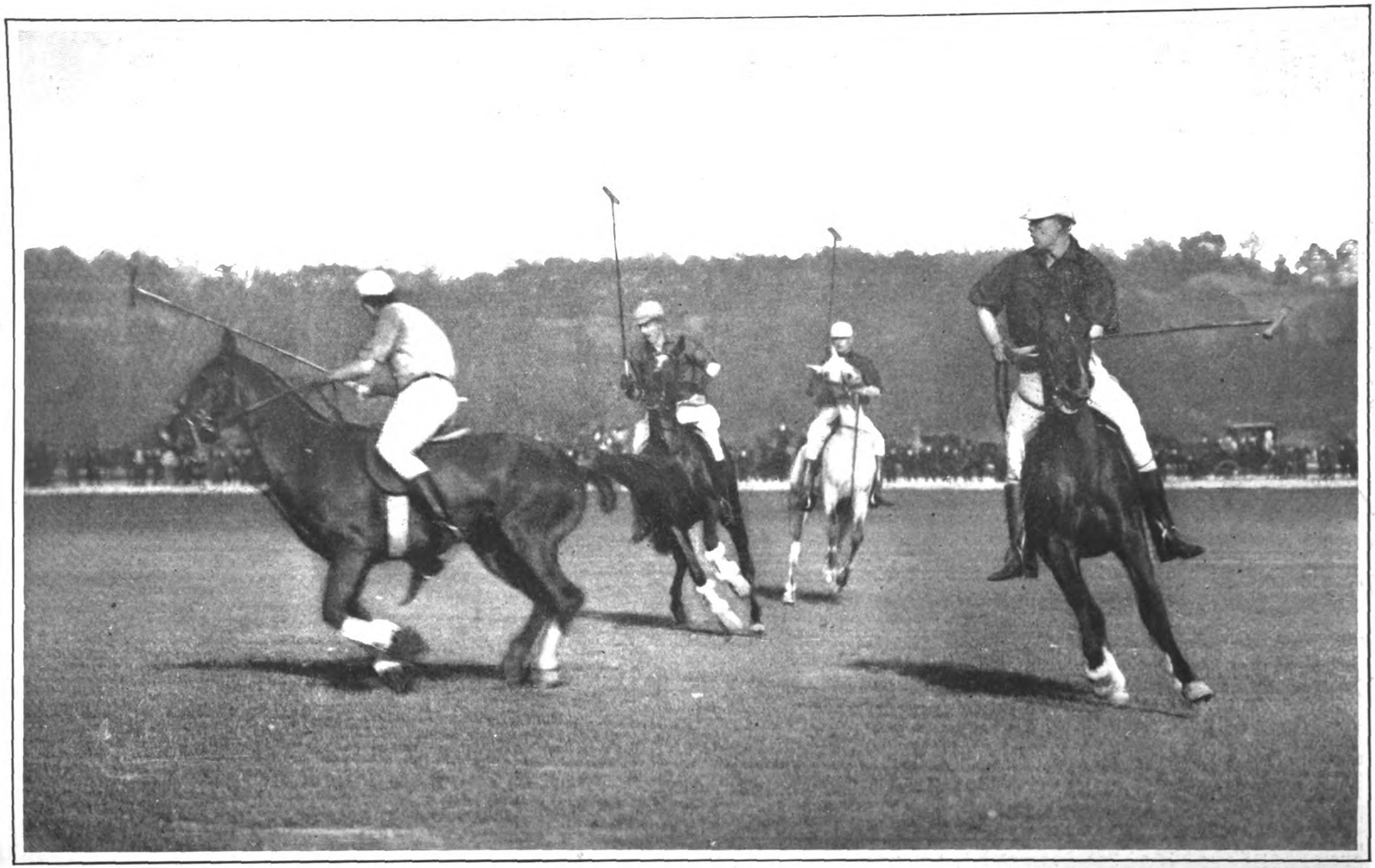
Shade of John Bunyan! It was only a few months ago that I ventured, in reading the signs of the times, to predict that in the near future some enterprising theatrical manager would put Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* on the stage. The statement was received with derision and treated as a rank heresy; yet only a few days ago the news was cabled from London that Mr. Charles Frohman had arranged for a dramatization of *The Pilgrim's Progress* in nineteen scenes, and that over two hundred people would be employed in the production. This, of course, means that Vanity Fair will be a strong picturesque feature in the presentation of Bunyan's allegory — in all probability the *pièce de résistance* of the play, which will undoubtedly win a great spectacular success. There seems a cruel irony in the fact that the very people lampooned and denounced by Bunyan in Vanity Fair should seize upon his work at this distant day, and use it for mercenary and profitable ends. It would be interesting to know whether *The Pilgrim's Progress* is read as widely nowadays as it used to be. I remember a story that came from Boston, of all places, a few years ago, which argued a strange ignorance and confusion concerning Bunyan's immortal work. The officials in charge of the Juvenile Department of the Boston Public Library had noticed an extraordinary demand for copies of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Upon investigating the cause of this unprecedented interest in the Pilgrim, it was discovered that the teacher of history in a well-known school had reached the colonial events of the seventeenth century, and had recommended Bunyan's classic to her pupils as a part of the bibliography of the story of the Pilgrim Fathers!

Bruvver Jim's Baby is fast making friends, and there seems to be little doubt that the book will have a sweeping success. The tenor of all the reviews is that which was taken, in the first to appear, from the pen of one of our soundest critics, Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper. "Unless we are very much mistaken," wrote Dr. Cooper, "Mr. Philip Verrill Mighels has written a book destined to touch the hearts of a very wide circle of readers." In conclusion he says: "Many people will read this book just for the sake of the whimsical sayings of 'If-Only Jim'; but by far the larger number will read it for the sake of the story, tender, pathetic, and humorous by turns—a book that cannot be justly dealt with in a brief epitome, but one which may be cordially recommended, with the comfortable certainty that each reader who takes it upon your endorsement will add his own in passing it on to some friend."

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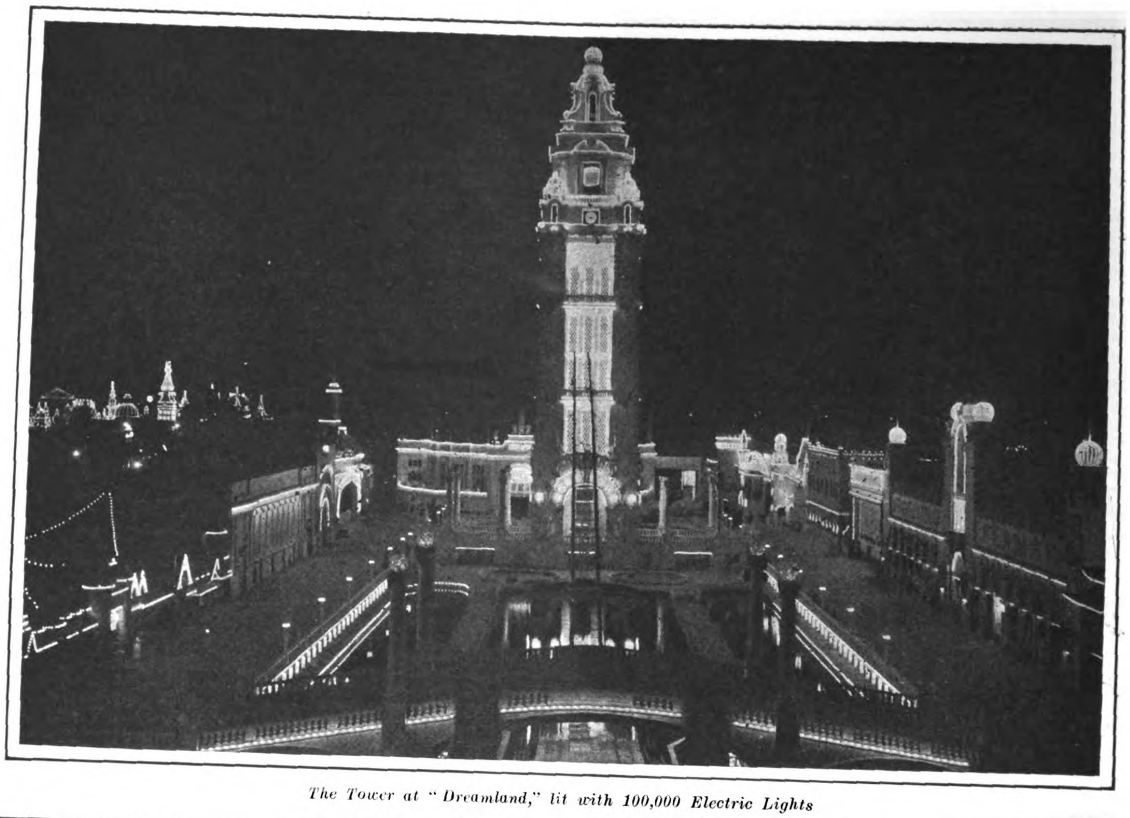


Photograph by Penfield

THE POLO MATCH BETWEEN PRINCETON AND SQUADRON "A" AT VAN CORTLAND PARK

The polo match between the Princeton and Squadron A teams at Van Cortland Park on May 14 was noteworthy in being the first occasion on which a college polo team has played a match outside of university grounds. The university men lost the game by a score of 13 to 1 3-4 goals. The line-up was, for Squadron A: 1, J. H. Hunt; 2, R. D. Douglas; 3, L. J. Hunt; back, Herbert Barry; and for Princeton: 1, W. B. Devereaux, Jr.; 2, H. C. Yarrow; 3, W. G. Devereaux; and back, G. Forbes. On May 21 the Princeton and Yale teams played the first American intercollegiate polo match. In this game, which Princeton won by 7 to 2, H. D. Babcock, Jr., of the Yale team, was fatally injured.

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The Tower at "Dreamland," lit with 100,000 Electric Lights



A Night View of Luna Park, showing the Towers Illuminated

THE NEW CONEY ISLAND—NIGHT VIEWS OF "DREAMLAND" AND "LUNA PARK"

"Dreamland," the new amusement feature at Coney Island, was opened to the public for the first time on May 14. It is laid out in Venetian style, with lagoons, towers, bridges, and statuary. Its most striking feature is a tower 375 feet high, illuminated at night with 100,000 electric lights. Some of its other features are the Santos-Dumont air-ship, the "Fall of Pompeii," the "Canals of Venice," the submarine boat, and the spectacle, "Fighting Flames," in which people are rescued from a burning building and the fire extinguished. Luna Park, which opened on the same date, has been made over since last year. It has been enlarged, and the number of attractions increased. New features are the Delhi Durbar and the Hanging Gardens

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Correspondence

CAPACITIES AND INCAPACITIES OF WOMEN

SALEM, N. C., *May 15, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Few thought avenues are more alluring than those leading to the contemplation and speculation of men and women concerning one another's capacities and characteristics, and Mr. Woodward's letter in the current WEEKLY is sure to start a number of thinking-machines speeding along these avenues.

It seems unlikely that we may expect strong musical compositions from women, outside an occasional *rara avis*. "In the beginning" it was indisputably the Creator's design that man should originate and construct, and woman should take the result and make the best of it. Back of that we cannot go.

It is not through lack of sentiment that she fails; she is full of every variety of that; it is a lack of power to grasp and hold abstruse problems until they are arrayed along mathematical rules and measurements. Drawing is the arithmetic of lines, music of sounds, fundamentally, and the average feminine mind is at enmity with mathematics; it is not subject to the laws of mathematics; neither, indeed, can it be. Woman's mature attitude toward the advanced science is much the same as that of the schoolgirl to the rudiments:

> Multiplication is vexation,
> Division is as bad;
> The rule of three perplexes me,
> And fractions drive me mad.

The study of harmony, leading up to musical composition, delightful as it is, presents the same species of bunkers that her childhood knew in connection with "ciphering." There is the necessity of following certain fixed rules (which she will not do), of concentrating her thoughts (which she cannot do), and the willingness to delve to secure a foundation on which her airy superstructure may later rest, in safety from the adverse winds of criticism.

The same thing is observable in studios; the men excel in strong correct drawing, while the women count on their natural aptitude for coloring to cover lapses in correctness of line.

Then as to the inspiration necessary, isn't it true that it comes only when there is strength to grapple it and persistence to harness and bring it into subjection? Isn't it one of the gifts bestowed on those who already have much?

Perhaps (but I doubt it), after generations of business training, woman may develop strength and concentration of mind sufficient for high artistic achievement, if combined with the divine afflatus.

Meanwhile, she will doubtless continue to add to the gayety of her men-folk by her amusing methods of home-made bookkeeping, at the end of one month mourning an unaccountable shortage, and at the end of the next month finding that by some innocent juggling she has spent more than she received, and has a cash balance.

No, man must be expected to produce the great harmonies along all lines, and woman will continue to play variations thereon, for so it has been since the time of Adam and Eve, is now, and ever shall be. I am, sir,

G. E. S.

RACE LESSONS IN TEXAS

GALVESTON, TEXAS, *May 14, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have been much interested in the discussion of the subject of the relations of the races, or what is termed the "negro problem," now going on in the public press. I have noticed that the most confident in the correctness of their views are those who by their locality and opportunities know the least about the subject. With an intimate acquaintance with the negro for over threescore years, during the last third of which I have given the most careful study of which I am capable, I am forced to declare that I see no satisfactory solution of the question which concerns the future peace and security of our country.

The restraints of law which are, in the main, deemed sufficient for the white race have no influence whatever over the negro. He is the first to appeal for protection to the law, and yet cannot be made to render any assistance whatever in enforcing it. There are many well-to-do negroes possessing their homes, with all of the comforts of life, honest, respectable, and respected. And yet the negro ravisher and murderer, with the blood of his victim red on him, is certain of shelter and concealment in the best negro home in the land. This has been proven in so many instances that the officers rarely expect or ask assistance of negroes when one of their race is hunted.

I have recently had occasion to visit thirty or forty counties of this State. I find conditions the best for order and security of person in those counties where the negro population is so large as to have compelled the whites, for self-preservation, to organize and practically eliminate the negro from all participation in public affairs, and by prompt punishment, severe if unlawful, have made of the negro a fairly well-behaved member of the community. On the other hand, by far the worst conditions are found in Travis, the county of the State capital, where the machinery of the law is invoked and a negro executed every few years.

But recently a most shocking murder, with every evidence of another crime, was committed in open daylight within fifteen miles of the State House, and half a mile from a prosperous village. It was committed on Friday. The whole community turned out, and ran him down by the following Tuesday. He was tried the next Friday, pleaded guilty, waived the statutory thirty days, only asking that he be hanged on Monday, that he might be *baptized on Sunday*. Two negro preachers attended him and sent him off to glory, and no doubt the negroes, who sympathized with him, as they always do, thought that as "the *Laud* done forgive him, the white folks mout have done it." There is no useful lesson learned by the negroes from such proceedings.

I am, SIR, SELIG.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY YANKEES ABROAD

DURANGO, MEXICO, *May 11, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your correspondent, "G. S. C.," who recently supplied such interesting data concerning the population of the city of Naples, brings strongly to my mind a selection in a school reader of my boyhood days, entitled "Eyes and No Eyes, Or the Art of Seeing." This "piece" impressed upon infantile intelligence the moral that it was possible to take a walk abroad and see very little, if the traveller were careful to keep his optics sedulously closed.

There is much of absorbing interest to foreigners in Naples and its environs besides the magnificent bay and the world-famous volcano. It is astonishing that "G. S. C." should have preferred the somewhat monotonous occupation of tabulating fleas to that of increasing his obviously limited stock of useful knowledge. People whose intellectual and poetical aspirations are satisfied by peregrinations in Avenue A, the Bowery, and Wallabout Market, should not venture beyond those classic boundaries; they are surely out of their element at Capri.

"Twentieth-century" Yankees occasionally come to Mexico. They make their presence known by shouting orders to inoffensive hotel employees, when, to their surprise, they discover that the latter cannot understand the English language when it is enunciated in a low tone of voice with a Sixth Avenue accent.

They also amuse themselves by taking "snap-shots" at kneeling worshippers, *inside the churches*. "G. S. C." might make a note of this exalted form of amusement. It may serve as a cure for ennui, and would undoubtedly prove an agreeable change from strenuous natural history studies.

I am, sir, DOLORES FUERTES DE BARRIGO.

INCOMPATIBILITY OF RACE

COLUMBIA, S. C., *May 13, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The race question sometimes referred to in your columns is certainly now prominently under discussion. It is no longer confined to the former slave-holding States, nor even to the United States. By reason of the contact of whites with blacks in South Africa and Australia, of whites with yellows in California, and recently by some events in this country and by the Russian-Japanese war, it is becoming a world-considered issue. It seems to me that this issue does not primarily involve any discussion as to the mental and moral capabilities of these races, nor as to their comparative superiority, but that the fundamental question, which underlies the whole subject, though seldom mentioned, is affirmatively or negatively assumed in almost every argument that we hear or read. H. A. Mumper, however, does suggest this question in your issue of May 14. It is practically this: *Whether two races radically diverse in color can ever peaceably act together in the government of any country, where both races are numerically strong?* Does history furnish any such instance? I think not, and I believe it never will, because of the existence of an instinct of race-cohesion and race-repulsion, which exists everywhere, but is manifested and intensified whenever two peoples of distinct color are thrown together in large numbers.

If this suggested question should be decided affirmatively, then it must be determined whether it is better for all, negroes included, that we should have a peaceful determination of all political questions at the ballot-box, or that we should have constant strife between two races struggling for political mastery on the paramount and only issue of the color of the office-seeker's skin. If I am correct in my opinion, then the negroes, however respectable and well educated, should not be permitted to vote in any State of the Union, except where they constitute an insignificant percentage of the population. If I am wrong and they should be so permitted, I am sure that the inevitable result will be that negroes exclusively will hold office in those States where they are in the majority, and the offices will all be filled by white men in those States where the Caucasian outnumbers the African, the Indian, and the Mongolian.

If this matter is freely discussed, the race issue can be better appreciated by those who will be immediately affected by negro suffrage, and also by those who now philanthropically wish to have the trial made by far-away States in which they neither reside nor own property. And when a proper solution shall have been reached as to the political duty of the white race to the black and brown races resident in this country, the duty of the United States and of the several States to guarantee to all non-voting citizens, male and female, the rights of life, liberty, property, and the pursuit of happiness, and to furnish to them the opportunities of education, will probably be disputed by very few, if any. I am, sir, R. W. SHAND.

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Progress of the War

FROM the beginning of the war, February 9, to May 17 fifteen Russian war-ships have been sunk or disabled — the *Petropavlovsk*, *Pobieda*, *Czarevitch*, *Retvisan*, *Poltava*, *Pallada*, *Novik*, *Askold*, *Diana*, *Variag*, *Boyarin*, *Korietz*, *Yenesei*, the torpedo-boat *Stereguschtchi*, and the destroyer *Bezstrashni*. Of these the battle-ship *Poltava* and the cruisers *Novik*, *Askold*, and *Diana* are known to have been repaired and are again in commission. Japan has lost at least two torpedo-boats, and a Japanese cruiser was successfully torpedoed by the Russians on May 10. Other Japanese ships are believed to have been injured in the Port Arthur engagements; but definite knowledge of this is withheld. Port Arthur has been repeatedly bombarded, with damaging effect, by the Japanese, and Vladivostok was attacked by them on March 6, though without serious damage to the port. After two unsuccessful attempts to blockade the entrance to Port Arthur by sinking merchant steamers in the harbor, Admiral Togo on May 7 notified his government that his third attempt was successful. On May 1 the first great land battle of the war took place near the Yalu River, and resulted in a Japanese victory. The number of casualties on both sides was very heavy. The Japanese have landed troops on both sides of the Liao-Tung Peninsula back of Port Arthur.

May 18.—According to Russian despatches, Japanese forces are reported to be in possession of the region around Feng-Wang-Cheng. The northern wing of General Kuroki's army is said to be at Hai-Yang-Tien, forty-five miles northeast of Feng-Wang-Cheng.

May 19.—Admiral Togo to-day reported that on May 15 the battle-ship *Hatsuse* while cruising off Port Arthur struck a mine. She signalled for help, and a moment later struck another mine, and sank in half an hour. Three hundred of the officers and crew were saved. The crew numbered about 740 men.

On the same day the Japanese cruisers *Kasuga* and *Yoshino* collided during a fog off Port Arthur. The *Yoshino* sank, and only ninety of her crew, which is estimated at three hundred, were saved.

General Kuroki to-day telegraphed his government the exact number of casualties in the battle of the Yalu. The Japanese lost 218 killed and 783 wounded. One thousand three hundred and sixty-three Russian dead were buried by the Japanese, and 613 Russians were made prisoners. The Japanese captured twenty-one 3-inch quick-firing field-guns, eight quick-firing machine-guns, 1021 rifles, a number of horses, and large quantities of ammunition, clothing, tents, etc.

A report from St. Petersburg says that the Russian cruiser *Bogatyr* during a fog went aground on the rocks near the entrance to Vladivostok harbor.

May 20.—Admiral Wittsoeft, in command of the Russian naval forces at Port Arthur, to-day reported to Admiral Alexeieff that another Japanese battle-ship, believed to be the *Fuji*, was badly injured by a mine off Port Arthur at the time the *Hatsuse* was sunk. Admiral Togo makes no mention of this in his official report, and it is denied by the Japanese.

General Kuropatkin has telegraphed the government at St. Petersburg that on May 18 a party of Cossacks engaged a detachment of the Japanese advance-guard north of Feng-Wang-Cheng and forced them to retreat.

The Japanese to-day began landing an army at Taku-Shan, south of the Yalu River.

May 21.—A despatch from St. Petersburg says that the government has received news of a successful sortie made by General Stoessel from Port Arthur, in which the Japanese losses were over 1000 killed and wounded. The Russian loss is given at 116 killed and wounded. No official confirmation of the report has been made. The Japanese account of this engagement does not give the number of their own casualties, but says that the Russians lost over 300.

Admiral Skrydloff arrived this morning at Harbin, and at once proceeded to Vladivostok.

May 22.—A telegram from Tokyo says that the Japanese torpedo-boat destroyer *Akatsuki* was struck by a shell during a reconnoissance off Port Arthur on May 20 and badly damaged. One officer and twenty-four men were killed.

The first Japanese army under General Kuroki is now said to be concentrated at Feng-Wang-Cheng, and, according to Russian reports, is not advancing. It is stated that Feng-Wang-Cheng is being fortified. The second Japanese army, under General Oku, is now in the rear of Port Arthur. A conservative estimate of the Japanese forces in Manchuria and on the Liao-Tung Peninsula places the number at 150,000.

Admiral Skrydloff reached Vladivostok this afternoon, and was enthusiastically received.

May 23.—Rumors of a great land attack made by the Japanese on Port Arthur have been received in St. Petersburg. The Japanese are said to have been repulsed with great loss. This is not officially confirmed.

The report that the cruiser *Bogatyr*, went aground on the rocks off Vladivostok and was blown up by order of Rear-Admiral Jessen, was to-day confirmed.

Newchwang has been reoccupied by a small Russian garrison.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

THE INFANT

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION has cured Coughs for forty years. It is still on the market.—[*Adv.*]

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"The consequences of my wound were dyspepsia in its most aggravated form, and I finally proved ordinary coffee was very hard on my stomach, so I tried Postum, and got better. Then I tried common coffee again, and got worse. I did this several times, and, finally, as Postum helped me every time, I continued to use it; and how often I think that if the Government had issued Postum to us in the Army how much better it would have been for the soldier boys than coffee.

"Coffee constipates me, and Postum does not; coffee makes me spit up my food, Postum does not; coffee keeps me awake nights, Postum does not. There is no doubt coffee is too much of a stimulant for most people, and is the cause of nearly all the constipation.

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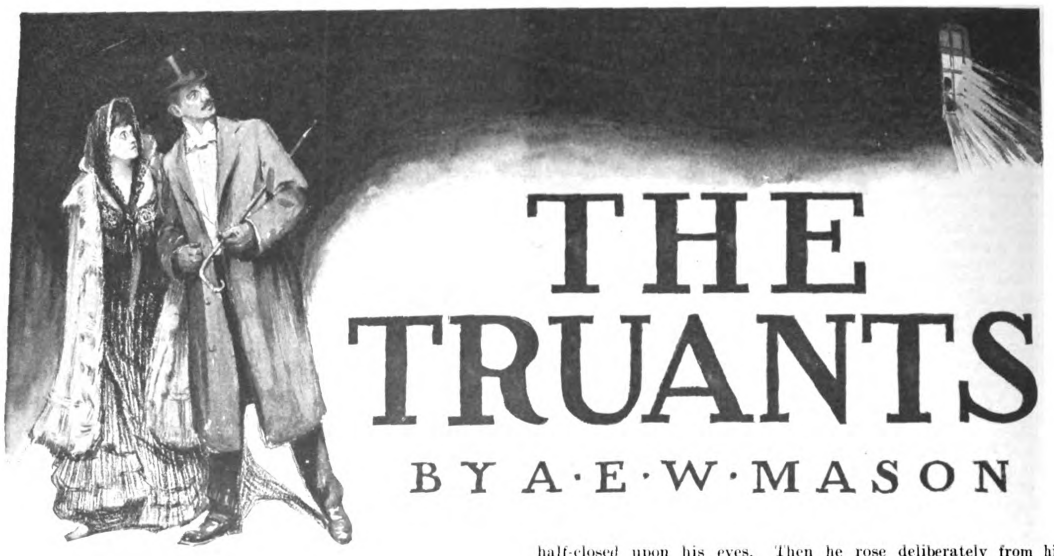
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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Mardale is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Into her early life has come a mysterious influence which dominates and directs her whole career. What this strange influence is only two of her friends suspect—a young schoolmaster who knew her as a child at Roquebrune, and Alan Warrisden, who is in love with her, and who, though his proposal of marriage is refused, determines to win her. Late one night at a ball, Pamela and Warrisden, while seated on a balcony, observe a young couple leaving the opposite house. They are Tony and Millicent Stretton, who live in a gloomy home presided over by the rich but unjust father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. This practice they keep up for a year, but finally both of them grow extremely weary of their monotonous life, and in a moment of exasperation Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune, while Millie is to be left behind and sent for as soon as her husband is able to establish a home. Tony has some misgivings about leaving Millie, for he has been warned by Pamela Mardale that she should never be left alone; but at last he departs, after Pamela has promised to be a stanch friend to his wife. Millie becomes infatuated with Lionel Callon, a gentlemanly adventurer. Pamela wishes to help her. She wires Warrisden to come by an early train, and asks him to find Tony and bring him home. Warrisden accepts the commission. Pamela has advised him to call on a Mr. Chase, head of a London mission, at whose suggestion Tony had chosen New York as a field of adventure. Warrisden learns from Mr. Chase that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a trawler. He starts out to find him, and finally reaches him far up in the North Sea. Warrisden uses every argument to prevail upon Tony to come back, but he refuses, and Warrisden is forced to return alone. He reports to Pamela the failure of his mission, but, to his surprise, she does not seem disappointed. He thinks it is because of the news which he hears from her—that Sir John Stretton has died, which will naturally bring Tony home. But that is not the whole explanation: for Pamela is overcoming her old indifference toward life, and in her life are being aroused new sympathies and emotions. Tony remains on the trawler until the term of his cruise is over, and then, after much perplexity and indecision, decides to return to London, feeling that he has seen a way out of his difficulties. On his arrival in London he calls on Mr. Chase, and tells him that he has decided not to return to Millie until he has succeeded in winning distinction in some field of work. He feels that he would deserve Millie's contempt if he returned at the moment when life had suddenly been made easy for them by his father's death. He has decided, he tells Chase, to enlist in the French Foreign Legion, as no other career seems open to him. The same evening John Mudge, a friend of Pamela's, while at a reception given by Lady Millingham sees Lionel Callon enter the Stretton's house, where Millie is living. Soon after, as Mudge, Pamela, and Warrisden are standing at the window, they see Tony Stretton approach his house, but to their surprise he merely walks up and down in front of it and does not go in. Meanwhile, Lionel Callon has contrived, for purposes of his own, to quarrel with Millie. John Mudge learns from Pamela of the peril Millie is in from Callon, and promises to help her.

CHAPTER XVI

THE FOREIGN LEGION

IT was midday at Sidi-Bel-Abbés in Algeria. Two French officers were sitting in front of a café at the wide cross-roads in the centre of the town. One of them was Captain Tavernay, a man of forty-seven, tall, thin, with a brown face worn and tired with the campaigns of thirty years, the other a young lieutenant, M. Laurent, fresh and pink, who seemed to have been passed out but yesterday from the school of St.-Cyr. Captain Tavernay picked up his cap from the iron table in front of him and settled it upon his grizzled head. Outside the town trees clustered thickly, farms were half-hidden amongst groves of fig-trees and hedges of aloes. Here there was no foliage. The streets were very quiet, the sunlight lay in dazzling pools of gold upon the sand of the roads, the white houses glittered under a blue, cloudless sky. In front of the two officers, some miles away, the bare cone of Jebel-Tessalah sprang upwards from a range of hills dominating the town, and a speck of white upon its shoulder showed where a village perched. Captain Tavernay sat looking out towards the mountain with the lids half-closed upon his eyes. Then he rose deliberately from his chair.

"If we walk to the station," he said, "we shall just meet the train from Oran. A batch of thirty recruits is coming in by it. Let us walk to the station, Laurent."

Lieutenant Laurent dropped the end of his cigarette on to the ground and stood up reluctantly.

"As you will, captain," he answered. "But we should see the animals soon enough at the barracks."

The words were spoken in a voice which was almost, and with a shrug of the shoulders was, quite contemptuous. The day was hot and Lieutenant Laurent unwilling to move from his coffee and the shade into that burning sunlight. Captain Tavernay gazed mildly at his youthful junior. Long experience had taught him to leave much to time and little to argument. For himself he loved his legionaries. He had a smile of indulgence for their faults even while he punished them; and though his face seldom showed the smile and his punishments were not unjustly light, the culprits none the less knew it was there hidden somewhere close to his heart. But then he had seen his men in action, and Lieutenant Laurent had not. That made all the difference. The Foreign Legion certainly did not show at its best in a cantonment. Amongst that motley assemblage—twelve thousand men distinct in nationality as in character, flung together pell-mell, negroes and whites, criminals, adventurers, silent unknown men haunted by memories of other days or tortured by remorse—a garrison town with its monotony and its absinthe played havoc. An Abyssinian rubbed shoulders in the ranks with a scholar who spoke nine languages, a tenor from the Theatre de la Monnaie at Brussels with an unfrocked priest. Often enough Captain Tavernay had seen one of his legionaries sitting alone hour after hour at his little table outside the café, steadily drinking glass after glass of absinthe, rising mechanically to salute his officer, and sinking back among his impenetrable secrets. Was he dreaming of the other days, the laughter and the flowers, the white shoulders of women? Was he again placing that last stake upon the red which had sent him straight from the table to the nearest French depot? Was he living again some tragic crisis of love in which all at once he had learned that he had been befooled and derided? Captain Tavernay never passed such a man but he longed to sit down by his side and say: "My friend, share your secret with me. So it will be easier to bear." But the etiquette of the Foreign Legion forbade. Captain Tavernay merely returned the salute and passed on, knowing that very likely his legionary would pass the night in the guard-room and the next week in the cells. No, the town of Sidi-Bel-Abbés was not the place wherein to learn the mettle of the legionary. Away to the south there, beyond the forest of trees on the horizon's line, things were different. Let Lieutenant Laurent see them in their bivouacs at night under the stars, and witness their prowess under arms, "ces animaux" would soon become "mes enfants."

Therefore he answered Lieutenant Laurent in the mildest voice. "We shall see them at the barracks, it is true. But you are wrong when you say that it will be soon enough. At the barracks they will be prepared for us; they will have their little stories ready for us; they will be armed with discretion. But let us see them descend from the train; let us watch their first look round at their new home, their new fatherland. We may learn a little, and if it is ever so little it will help us to know them the better afterwards. And, at the worst, it will be an amusing little exercise in psychology."

They walked away from the café and strolled down the Rue de Mascara under the shady avenue of trees, Tavernay moving with a long, indolent stride which covered a deal of ground with a surprising rapidity, Laurent fidgetting discontentedly at his side. M. Laurent was beginning, in fact, to regret the hurry with which he had sought a commission in the Foreign Legion. M. Laurent had, a few months ago in Paris, imagined himself to be irrevocably in love with the wife of one of his friends, a lady at once beautiful and mature; M. Laurent had declared his passion

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upon a suitable occasion; M. Laurent had been snubbed for his pains; M. Laurent in a fit of pique had sought the consolation of another climate and foreign service; and M. Laurent was now quickly realizing that he was not nearly so heart-broken as he had fancied himself to be. Even now while he walked to the station he was thinking that, after all, Paris was endurable, even though one particular woman could not refrain from a little smile of amusement when he crossed her path.

Captain Tavernay had timed their walk accurately. For as they reached the station the train was signalled.

"Let us stand here, behind these cases," said Tavernay. "We shall see and not be seen."

In a few moments the train moved slowly in and stopped. From the furthermost carriage the detachment descended, and following a "sous-officier" in the uniform of the Legion walked towards the cases behind which Tavernay and his companion were concealed. In front came two youths, fair of complexion and of hair, dressed neatly, well shod, who walked with a timidity of manner as though they expected to be questioned and sent packing.

"Who can they be?" asked Laurent.

"They are boys."

"Yet they will give their age as eighteen," replied Tavernay, and his voice trembled ever so slightly. "And we shall ask no questions."

"But they bear no marks of misery. They are not poor. Where can they come from?" Laurent repeated.

"I can tell you that," said Tavernay. He was much moved. He spoke with a deep note of reverence. "They come from Alsace or Lorraine. We get many such. They will not serve Germany. At all costs they *will* serve France."

Lieutenant Laurent was humbled. Here was a higher motive than pique, here was a devotion which would not so quickly tire of discipline and service. He gazed with a momentary feeling of envy at these two youths who insisted at so high a price on being his compatriots.

"You see," said Tavernay, with a smile, "it was worth while to come to the station and see the recruits arrive even on so hot a day as this."

"Yes," replied Laurent; and then "Look!"

Following the two youths walked a man, tall and powerful, with the long, loose stride of one well versed in sports. He held his head erect and walked defiantly, daring you to question him. His hands were long and slender, well kept, unused to labor, his face aquiline and refined. He looked about thirty-five years old. He wore a light overcoat of fine material which hung open, and underneath the overcoat he was attired in evening dress. It was his dress which had riveted Laurent's attention; and certainly nothing could have seemed more bizarre, more strangely out of place. The hot African sun poured down out of a cloudless sky; and a new recruit for the Foreign Legion stepped out of a railway-carriage as though he had come straight from a ballroom. What sudden disaster could have overtaken him? In what tragedy had he borne a part? Even Laurent's imagination was stimulated into speculation. As the man passed him, Laurent saw that his tie was creased and dusty, his shirt-front rumpled and soiled. That must needs have been. At some early hour on a spring morning some four or five days ago this man must have rushed into the guard-room of a barrack-square in some town of France. Laurent turned to Tavernay eagerly.

"What do you make of him?"

Tavernay shrugged his shoulders.

"A man of fashion who has made a fool of himself. They make good soldiers as a rule."

"But he will repent."

"He has already had the time and he has not. There is no escort for recruits until they reach Marseilles. Suppose that he enlisted in Paris. He is given the fare. At any station between Paris and Marseilles he could have got out and returned."

The man in evening dress walked on. There were dark shadows under his eyes, the eyes themselves were sombre and alert.

"We shall know something of him soon,"



TAKE-DOWN REPEATING SHOTGUNS

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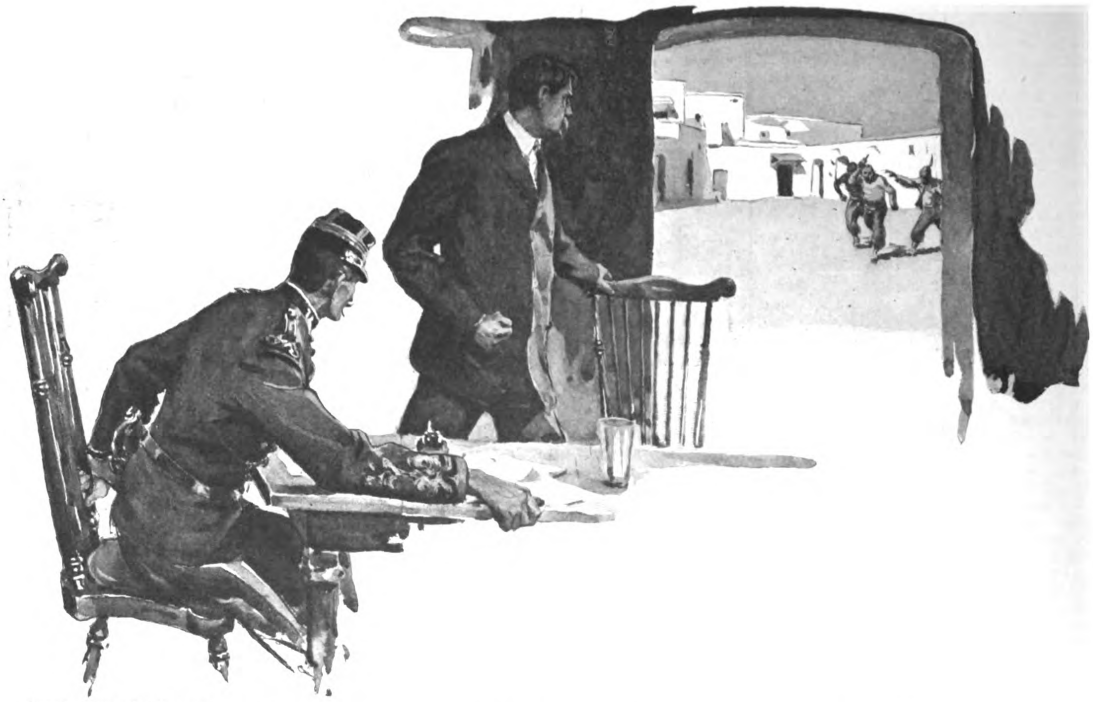


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Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence

"Suddenly there was a sound of cries and three soldiers came running across the square"

said Tavernay. He watched his recruit with so composed an air that Laurent cried out:

"Can nothing astonish you?"

"Very little," answered Tavernay, phlegmatically. "Listen, my friend. One day some years ago a captain of Hussars landed at Oran. He came to Bel-Abbés with a letter of introduction to me. He stayed with me. He expressed a wish to see my men upon parade. I turned them out. He came to the parade-ground and inspected them. As he passed along the ranks he suddenly stopped in front of an old soldier with fifteen years' service in the Legion, much of which fifteen years had been passed in the cells. The old soldier was a drunkard—oh, but a confirmed drunkard. Well, in front of this man my young captain with the curled mustaches stopped—stopped, and turned very pale. But he did not speak. My soldier looked at him respectfully, and the captain continued his inspection. Well, they were father and son—that is all. Why should anything astonish me?" and Captain Tavernay struck a match and lighted a cigarette.

The match, however, attracted attention to the presence of the officers. Four men who marched, keeping time with their feet and holding their hands stiffly at their sides, saw the flame and remarked the uniforms. Their hands rose at once to the salute.

"Ah! German deserters," said Tavernay. "They fight well."

Others followed—men in rags and out of shoe leather; outcasts and fugitives; and behind them came one who was different. He was tall and well knit, with a frank open face, not particularly intellectual; on the other hand, not irretrievably stupid. He was dressed in a double-breasted blue serge suit, and as he walked he now and then gave a twist to his fair mustache, as though he were uneasy and embarrassed. Captain Tavernay ran his eyes over him with the look of a connoisseur.

"Aha!" said he, with a chuckle of satisfaction. "The true legionary! Hard, finely trained; he has done work, too. Yes! You see, Laurent, he is a little ashamed, a little self-conscious. He feels that he is looking a fool. I wonder what nationality he will claim."

"He comes from the North," said Laurent. "Possibly from Normandy."

"Oh, I know what he is," returned Tavernay. "I am wondering only what he will claim to be. Let us go outside and see."

Tavernay led the way to the platform. Outside, in front of the station, the sous-officier marshalled his men in a line. They looked a strange body of men as they stood there, blinking in the strong sunlight. The man in the ruffled silk hat and the dress suit toed the line beside a bundle of rags, the German deserters rubbed elbows with the "true legionary" in the blue serge. Those thirty men represented types of almost all the social grades, and to a man they were seeking the shelter of anonymity in that monastery of action—the Foreign Legion.

"Answer to your names," said the sous-officier, and from a paper in his hand he began to read. The answers came back, ludicrous in their untruth. A French name would be called.

"Montaubon."

And a German voice replied,

"Present."

"Ohlsen," cried the sous-officier, and no answer was given. "Ohlsen," he repeated, sharply. "Is not Ohlsen here?"

And suddenly the face of the man in the serge suit flushed, and he answered, hurriedly,

"Present."

Even the sous-officier burst into a laugh. The reason for the pause was too obvious; "Ohlsen" had forgotten that Ohlsen was now his name.

"My lad, you must keep your ears open," said the sous-officier. "Now, attention. Fours right. March!"

And the detachment marched off towards the barracks.

"Ohlsen," said Tavernay, and he shrugged his shoulders. "Well, what does it matter? Come!"

"Ohlsen" was Tony Stretton, and all the way along the Rue Daya to the barracks he was longing for the moment when he would put on the uniform and cease to figure ridiculously in this grotesque procession. None the less he had to wait with the others drawn up in the barrack square until Captain Tavernay returned. The captain went to his office, and thither the recruits were marched. One by one they entered in at the door, answered his questions, and were sent off to the regimental tailor. Tony Stretton was the last.

"Name?" asked Tavernay.

"Hans Ohlsen."

"Town of enlistment?"

"Marseilles."

Tavernay compared the answers with some writing on a sheet of paper.

"Yes, Marseilles. Passed by the Doctor Paul as sound of body. Yes," and he resumed his questions.

"Nationality?"

"Swede."

Captain Tavernay had a smattering of most languages, and he was greatly inclined to try his new recruit with a few questions in the Swedish tongue. But the etiquette of the Legion forbade. He went on without a smile.

"Age?"

"Thirty."

"Vocation?"

"Fisherman."

Captain Tavernay looked up. This time he could not help smiling.

"Well, it is as good as any other," said he, and suddenly there was a sound of cries and three soldiers burst out of a narrow entrance on the further side of the parade-ground and came running across the square to the captain's quarters. Both Tavernay and Stretton looked through the door. There was not a tree in that great square; the sunlight poured down upon the bare ground with a blinding fierceness; all the recruits but Stretton had marched off; a second ago it had been quite empty and very silent. Now these three men were hurrying across it shouting, gesticulating with their hands. Stretton looked at them with surprise. Then he noticed that one of them, the man running in the middle and a little ahead of the others, carried a revolver in his hand and brandished it. Moreover, from the look of his inflamed face, he was shouting threats; the others were undoubtedly shouting warnings. Scraps of their warnings came to Stretton's ears. "Mon Capitaine!" "Il veut vous tuer!" "Rentrez!" They were straining every muscle to catch the threatening soldier up.

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Stretton strode to the door, and a voice behind him cried,

"Halt!"

It was Tavernay who was speaking.

"But he is already half-way across the square."

"Halt!"

And there was no disobeying the command. Captain Tavernay walked to the door.

"A Spanish corporal whom yesterday I degraded to the ranks," said he. "Half a pint of aguardiente and here's the result."

Captain Tavernay stepped out of the door and leisurely advanced towards the running men. He gave an order, he raised his hand, and the two soldiers who warned him fell back and halted. Certainly Captain Tavernay was accustomed to obedience. The Spanish ex-corporal ran on alone, straight towards Tavernay, but as he ran, as he saw the officer standing there alone, quietly waiting his onslaught, his threats weakened, his pace slackened. He came to a stop in front of Tavernay.

"I must kill you," he cried, waving his revolver.

"You shall kill me from behind, then," said Tavernay, calmly. "Follow me!" And he turned round and with the same leisurely deliberation walked back to his room. The ex-corporal hesitated and—obeyed. He followed Captain Tavernay into the room where Stretton stood.

"Place your revolver on the table."

The Spaniard again obeyed. Tavernay pushed open the door of an inner room.

"You are drunk," he said. "You must not be seen in this condition by your fellow soldiers. Go in and lie down!"

The Spaniard stared at his officer stupidly, tottering upon his limbs. Then he staggered into the captain's room. Tavernay turned back to Stretton, and a ghost of a smile crept into his face.

"It is theatrical," he said, with a little shrug of the shoulders. "But what would you have, monsieur?" and he spoke to Stretton as to an equal. "You are astonished. It is very likely not your way in your—fishing-boats," he continued, with a chuckle. Stretton knew very well that he meant "army." "But there is no Foreign Legion amongst your—fishermen." He laughed again, and gathering up his papers dismissed Stretton to the tailor's. But after Stretton had taken a few steps across the parade, Tavernay called him back again. He looked at him with a very friendly smile.

"I, too, enlisted at Marseilles," he said. "One can rise in the Foreign Legion by means of these," and he touched lightly the medals upon his breast. This was Tony Stretton's introduction to the Foreign Legion.

To be Continued.

The New Ireland and its Maker

(Continued from page 870.)

his agricultural cooperative movement. How in the face of every initial discouragement that movement has grown till there are now over 800 societies affiliated with it, how its joint creameries and dairies and poultry societies and banks have spread to every corner of the island, how, with the admirable assistance and stimulus of the Gaelic League, it has at once brightened the life and developed the backbone of the peasant, taught him thrift, responsibility, self-confidence, and businesslike habits, educated him and increased his income, how it has multiplied rural industries and arts and brought back something of the old Irish joyousness, how its success and Sir Horace's energetic determination led to the creation of a new government department of agriculture and technical instruction, and how this department is sending a thrill of scientific activity from one end of Ireland to the other—all this and much else may be found in this engrossing book. There was nothing original in Sir Horace's scheme. Denmark, Germany, Italy, and France have worked it for years, and America is beginning to. What was original was the perception of its extraordinary fitness to Irish conditions, and the courage, will-power, statesmanship, and high skill in diplomacy that made possible its application.



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What is the Sun Made Of?

(Continued from page 865.)

but doubtful explanations, and even more perplexing is the problem of the periodicity of the spots and their clear connection with the disturbances of terrestrial magnetism. Possibly, and not improbably, the new discoveries, made and making, with respect to "radioactivity" and its allied phenomena may ultimately bring out an intelligible interpretation of the facts.

The region just above the photosphere is necessarily rich in all the solar gases and vapors. Here the dark lines of the solar spectrum mainly originate by the absorption of certain rays from the continuous spectrum of the photosphere as they pass through the densest portion of the overlying atmosphere. These dark lines, however, are dark only relatively to the luminous background, and when for a moment, during a total eclipse, we are able to observe the spectrum of this stratum "unbacked," it appears as a magnificent array of brilliant lines of vivid colors—the "flash spectrum" of eclipse reports.

Within a thousand miles above the photosphere most of the solar vapors thin out and practically disappear, but the lighter gases, hydrogen and helium and a vapor of calcium, persist to a much greater elevation. These form the scarlet chromosphere rising like a sheet of flame some six or eight thousand miles above the reversing layer, though separated from it by no definite boundary. From the chromosphere project the prominences, sometimes to enormous heights. Many of them are quiet, cloudlike forms, often immense, but not very brilliant, and gradual in their changes. These are found on every portion of the solar surface. Others exhibit the most violent activity, especially when near to an energetic sun-spot, and are practically limited to the sun-spot zones. They are due to tremendous eruptions from beneath, which often carry the metallic vapors of the lower atmosphere high up in the flaming column. The spectrum of all the prominences is bright-lined, and this makes it possible for us to observe them, and even to photograph them with the spectroscope whenever the sun is shining.

Enveloping all is the corona, visible only during eclipses as a beautiful stellate "glory" around the darkened sun. Its spectrum is mainly continuous, but is characterized by a brilliant green line with several faint violet and ultraviolet companions. These indicate the presence of some gas of extreme tenuity, unidentified as yet, but provisionally called "coronium." The continuous spectrum is probably due partly to the reflection of sunlight from minute particles and partly to their incandescence from heat, or perhaps "luminescence" like that of phosphorescent or radioactive substances. The coronal streamers sometimes reach a length of several million miles, and in appearance closely resemble those thrown off by electrical discharges from a metallic globe in an air-pump vacuum; and their curvature, and their arrangement with reference to the poles of the sun, strongly suggest their analogy to the streamers of the terrestrial aurora in cause and nature. Immense as the corona is considered spatially, the quantity of matter in it is extremely small, and its density far less than that of the best vacuum yet reached by art.

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A Christian Science Story

A WELL-KNOWN physician who is somewhat skeptical as to the soundness of Christian Science doctrines tells this story of an ardent Eddyite and her little boy: The mother was crossing the field with her small son when a goat appeared and came toward them threateningly, to the dismay of the youngster, who shrank in terror behind his mother's skirt. Remembering her beliefs she tried to reassure him.

"Why, Georgie," she said, soothingly, as the goat continued to advance, "don't you know that you're a Christian Science little boy, that there's no such thing as pain, and that it would be useless for the goat to try to hurt you? Don't you know that?"

"Yes," wailed the doubting believer between his sobs, "I know it, and you know it, but the goat don't know it!"

A Useful System

THE wife of a distinguished Congressman is enduring some good-natured chaff over the recent failure of a theory which she has held as to the uses of memory systems. Not long ago, at a large dinner, she was telling of a remarkably gifted man whom she had lately met, but whose name had escaped her.

"I am sure," she said, while the company waited eagerly for the system to work, "I am sure his name began with B, and had three syllables"—a long pause. . . . "Oh yes, I remember," she announced, finally: "It was Moore."

The Only Obligation

A STORY that comes from a country region not far from New York concerns a native who was seen stolidly ploughing a field with a team of weary and dejected horses. As they approached, the observer of rural life remarked, sympathetically, that the horses "didn't seem to like the work."

"Um," commented the farmer, briefly; "they don't have to like it; they only have to do it."

At the Top of the Ladder

A WOMAN whose acquaintance with the methods and opportunities of work in a modern newspaper office is of the slightest was talking to a friend about her son's start in life. The young man had just left college, and had secured a position as reporter on one of the important New York dailies in the humble capacity which is the usual lot of the "cub" journalist—that of a police court reporter. His mother was enthusiastic over his good fortune.

"Do you know," she exclaimed, "they've given him such a splendid position. He's the crime editor at Jefferson Market Police Court!"

Poets' Opinions of Each Other

A GOOD story about Browning and Tennyson is to be found in the interesting diary of the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. Browning referred readily to the charge of obscurity in his poetry. "He once told me," says Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, "after repeating a story Wordsworth had told him illustrating his own strange want of humor and wit, that Wordsworth, after all, was unjust to himself, for that on hearing of Browning's engagement to Miss Barrett he had said: 'Well, I suppose they understand each other, although nobody understands them!'"

Tennyson's opinion of Browning (and, incidentally, of himself) is shown in his remark that "Browning is devoted to music, and knows a great deal about it; but there is no music in his verse. I know nothing about music, and don't care for it in the least, but my verse is full of music."

In reading Milton's *Lycidas* aloud, says Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, Tennyson would stop at the line,

And oh! ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth,

with the comment that this was "the only bad line Milton ever wrote."

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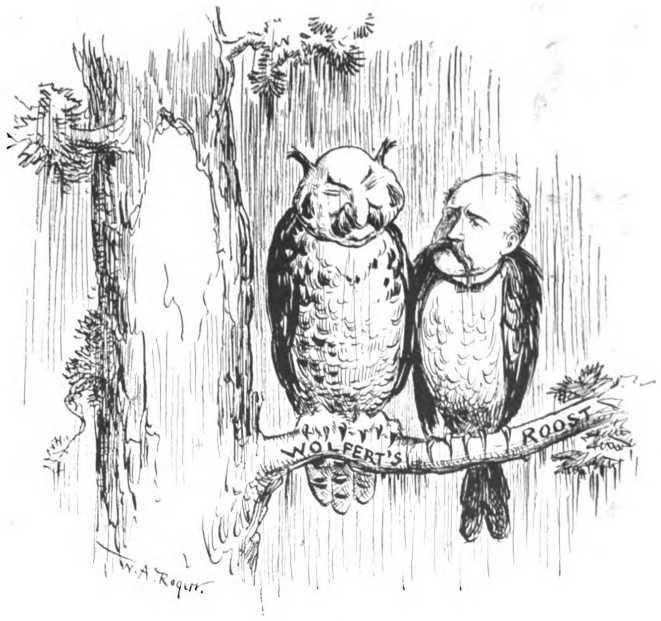
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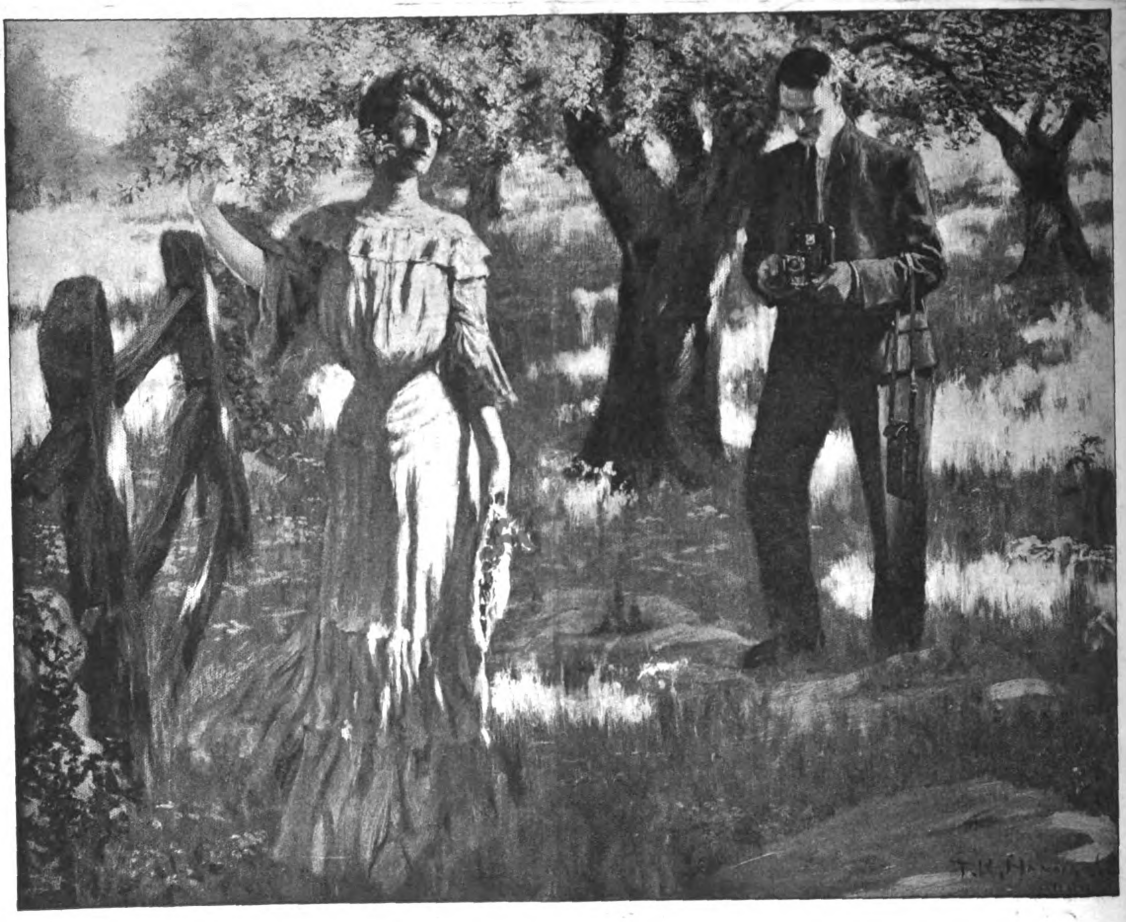
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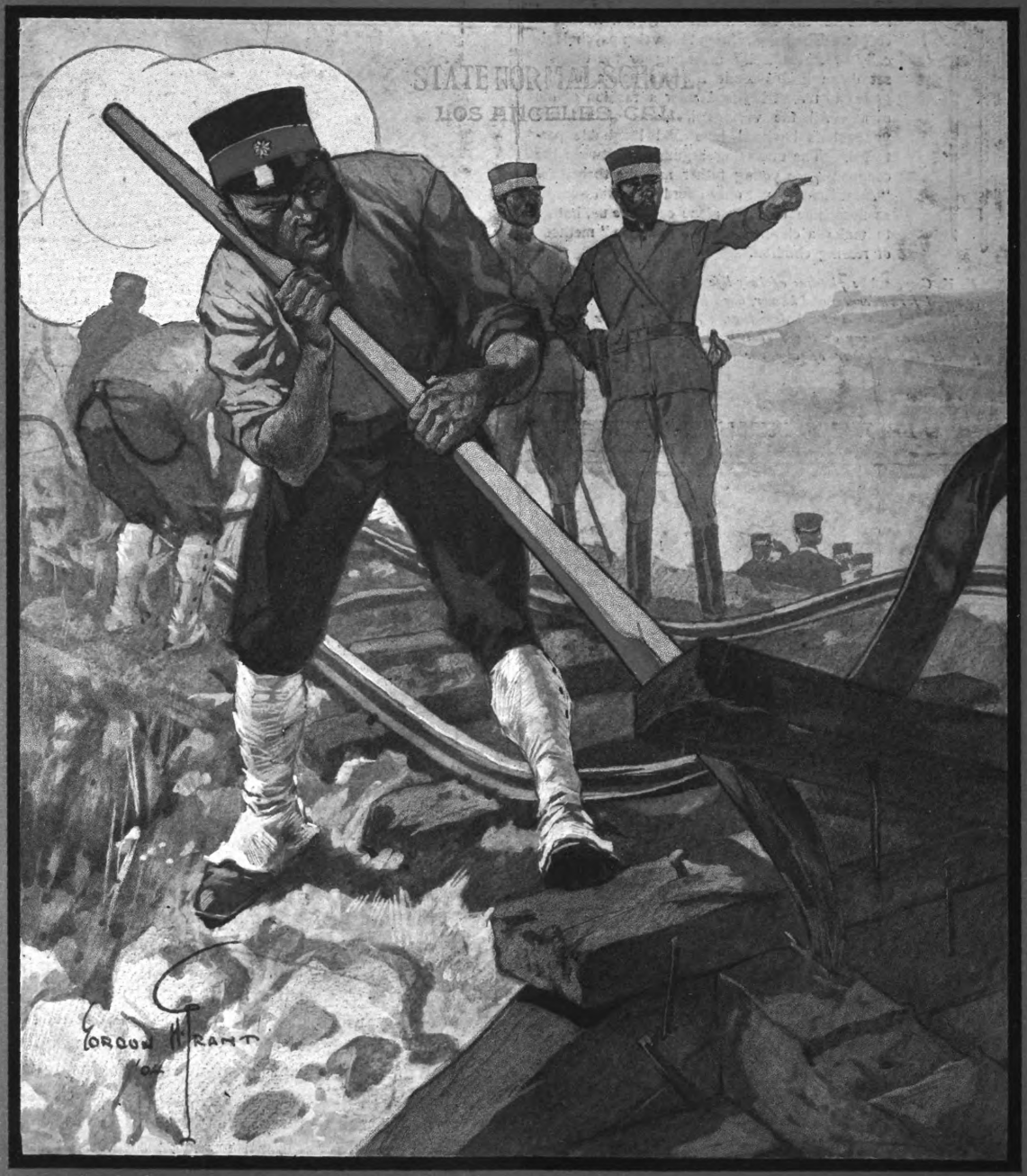
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Edited by George Harvey



HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

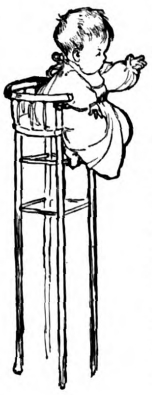
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COMMENT

As the hour for the meeting of the Republican national convention draws nigh, the party managers, dismayed by the bitterness of the factional dissension revealed in the Illinois Republican convention, seem determined to select their nominee for the Vice-Presidency from that State. The boom for Senator Fairbanks appears to have disappeared, partly because of his undisguised unwillingness to be a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and partly because the Republicans look forward with a good deal of confidence to carrying Indiana—a confidence that disinterested observers predict will be justified, unless Mr. Cleveland should chance to be the Democratic nominee; in which event the Republican organization in the State might be seriously weakened by desertion from its ranks. As we pointed out last week, the choice of Representative Robert R. Hitt—although he has been endorsed as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency by the Illinois State convention—is not the wisest that could be made, if Republicans really believe that their opponents have anything like an even chance of securing the State's electoral votes.

We repeat, what we formerly said, that "Uncle" Joseph G. Cannon is the most popular Republican in Illinois, and would unquestionably lend great strength to the party ticket. It is true that he has declared, in an unequivocal and peremptory way, that he would not accept the nomination, but nobody believes that he would prove stubbornly recalcitrant, should he be "drafted" for the party's service by the national convention. It is also true that he, like Mr. Hitt, has long passed the age of sixty-two, which President Roosevelt regards as the limit of usefulness. Mr. Hitt will be seventy-one in January, and Mr. Cannon is in his seventieth year; but the former looks his age, while Uncle Joe, to use the phrase coined by Dr. Holmes, is seventy years *young*. It should be borne in mind, however, that many Vice-Presidents have died in office. This was the case with George Clinton, who died at Washington, on April 20, 1812, in the last year of his second term. That was the case also with Elbridge Gerry, a little more than a year and eight months after he became Vice-President. William R. King, who was nominated for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket headed by Franklin Pierce, died soon after his election. Henry Wilson, who was chosen Vice-President in 1872, did not live out his term. Neither did Thomas A. Hendricks, who became Vice-President on March 4, 1885. Garret A. Hobart died during his term of office. The obvious deduction from these data is the expediency of selecting for the Vice-Presidency men that are not far advanced in years. "Uncle Joe" Cannon, however, is still as robust and active as he was half a generation ago.

Another selection for an important office will have been made practically before the Chicago convention is called together. Nominally, indeed, the new national committee to be appointed by that body will choose its chairman, but the expressed wish of the nominee for the Presidency is always heeded. It is understood that President Roosevelt has chosen for the post Mr. George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the new Department of Commerce and Labor. It remains to be seen whether he will prove as efficient as was his predecessor, the late Senator Hanna, and there appears to be a good deal of scepticism touching his qualifications in some influential quarters. It is reported, for instance, on what seems trustworthy evidence, that he is unacceptable not only to Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania, who is said to have wanted the place himself, but also to Senator Kean of New Jersey and Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island. The fact doubtless is that Mr. Roosevelt, a somewhat impatient candidate at best, thinks the campaign would better be "personally conducted." Hence Mr. Cortelyou.

At the hour when we write the number of delegates instructed more or less definitely for Chief-Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, is put by his friends at nearly two hundred. If to these be added the uninstructed delegates who are alleged to be friendly to him, the New York candidate should be credited at this stage of the canvass with some three hundred votes, or less than a third of the convention. He will start off pretty well, however, for it is tolerably certain that the first State on the roll, to wit, Alabama, will give him her twenty-two votes on the first ballot. Nor is it unlikely that the next State to be called, Arkansas, will follow the example. Then the Parker boom will strike a snag, for the third State, California, has instructed her delegates to support Mr. Hearst. What Colorado will do is as yet uncertain. Connecticut, on the other hand, has instructed her delegates to give their fourteen votes to Parker. Delaware is relied upon to propose the name of Judge George Gray. The District of Columbia, it is settled, will cast its six votes for Senator Gorman. Florida's delegates will be divided, though unevenly, it is expected, between Parker and Hearst; but Georgia will declare, it is believed, for the New York candidate. In an interview which Mr. Cleveland gave a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record*—an organ of the regular Pennsylvania Democracy—during the week ending May 28, he said that he still looked forward with confidence to the selection of Chief-Judge Parker at St. Louis. As we have formerly pointed out, there is no reason to doubt the perfect sincerity of Mr. Cleveland's declination to be himself a candidate for the Democratic nomination, or to question the earnestness of the support which he and such stanch friends of his as Mr. Hornblower, Mr. Stetson, Mr. Everett Wheeler, and Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham are giving the candidate endorsed by the Albany convention. At the same time there are indications that a great many Republicans are hoping that the St. Louis convention will give them an opportunity of voting for the ex-President. Such a wish was disclosed on May 27, when he was on the point of sailing for Europe, by Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, who seldom is described as a conservative. Although he had been, he said, a Republican all his life, he had come to the conclusion that a Democratic victory in the nation would not be bad for the country, or even for the Republican party itself. What, in his judgment, we need at the head of the republic is a safe man—a man of calm, deliberate judgment; a man who is always sure of himself, and one who is not prone to reach conclusions affecting the welfare of the country except after careful consideration. It is evident that the statesman whom Dr. Parkhurst has in mind resides in Princeton, New Jersey.

We are told that about the middle of June, when the interest in the nomination for the Presidency to be made at St. Louis will be approaching fever-heat, ex-President Cleveland will "go a-fishing." At the very time when avowed aspirants and "dark horses" are angling for delegates the Sage of Princeton will be angling for trout on the farm of Colonel H. C. Trexler, of Allentown, said to be the finest preserve of the speckled beauties in Pennsylvania. Before leaving home, however, to engage in this suggestive diversion, Mr. Cleveland has not forgotten to leave behind him a parting counsel. On Memorial day an authorized and interesting interview with the ex-President was published in the New York *Herald*. Mr. Cleveland reminded his hearers that in any political campaign there are only two possible objects of attack, to wit, the candidate and the platform. He says,

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truly, that if the candidate of a great party be vulnerable, not so much attention will be paid on the stump or in the press to the party's platform. This was the case, it will be remembered—though the fact is not mentioned by the successful nominee of the Democracy in that year—with Mr. Blaine in 1884. When, on the other hand, as in the case of Chief-Judge Alton Brooks Parker, the candidate is personally unassailable, the platform is sure to be scrutinized minutely and critically by his opponents, and ought, therefore, to be so framed as to reveal no points of weakness. Proceeding to specify the planks which, in his judgment, the St. Louis platform should contain, as being faithfully representative of fundamental and unquestioned Democratic doctrines, the ex-President named, first, tariff reform; secondly, a distinct declaration of the party's intention in the matter of bestowing independence on the Filipinos; thirdly, economy in the public expenditure; and, lastly, honesty in the public service.

With regard to tariff reform, Mr. Cleveland evidently has in mind, and doubtless will announce it at the proper time, a formula which, while providing for an adequate readjustment of certain schedules of the Dingley tariff to actual industrial and commercial conditions, shall yet reassure and safeguard the community against an abrupt and disastrous dislocation of American industries and a catastrophic paralysis of business. Apparently, the ex-President takes much the same view of the tariff question that was expressed in general terms the other day by Senator Gorman of Maryland, who would have the tariff revised, he said, in a spirit of conservatism, which, while inflicting no injuries upon established industries, should lessen the load of taxation now imposed upon the people, by taking away the power which monopoly, as it is asserted, now has to levy excessive tribute. Turning to an anti-imperialist plank, Mr. Cleveland argues that the occupation of the Philippines was not intended, but was incidental to our interference on behalf of Cuba; and he holds, therefore, that the principles which governed us in the main event should govern us also in the incidental consequences. After expressing his own conviction with reference to the fate of the archipelago, he reminds us that the Filipinos are human beings, and suggests that if, as the Republicans say, the ultimate independence of the islands is contemplated, there should be held out to their inhabitants the stimulating hope of freedom through unequivocal declarations. As for the continually increasing extravagance in public expenditure, this is regarded with dismay by Mr. Cleveland, as a cankerous growth undermining the strength of the nation, and already so dangerous as to demand drastic treatment. We observe, lastly, that the reference to the imperative necessity of enforcing honesty in the public service is invested with no ordinary weight from the vigilance and earnestness with which, during his two terms, Mr. Cleveland is known to have lived up to his professions.

Democrats all over the United States are certain to mark attentively what the ex-President had to say concerning the silence thus far maintained by Chief-Judge Parker, and with regard to the course which he himself would probably pursue in the event of Judge Parker's nomination. Mr. Cleveland would not presume to assert whether the silence maintained by the candidate endorsed at Albany should be broken or not. He took for granted, he said, that the New-Yorker has able advisers, and he would not undertake personally to say on which side the balance of good judgment would incline in such a case. Mr. Cleveland doubtless recalls that but for the penning of a letter which he might have withheld, Henry Clay in all likelihood would have been chosen President in 1844; and it might have been well also for Hancock in 1880 had he adhered to a cautious reticence with regard to the tariff. The ex-President believes, he tells us, that should Judge Parker be nominated at St. Louis, it will turn out that the prospects of his party will have been improved materially by the silence which hitherto he has observed. The Sage of Princeton manifestly thinks that when Judge Parker writes his letter of acceptance, it will not be too late for him to say whether the platform adopted by his party meets with his unqualified approbation, or whether, as was the case with McClellan in 1864, and with Mr. Cleveland himself at a juncture still familiar, he shall subscribe to it with reservations. We note, finally, that nothing could be more unequivocal and cordial than Mr. Cleveland's declaration that should Judge Parker be nominated, the ex-President will give him loyal and earnest support. He does not promise, indeed, to stump the country for the St. Louis nominee. But he does pledge himself that if Judge Parker should be named at St. Louis, he, Grover Cleveland, will use unceasingly on Judge Parker's behalf such influence as he possesses, wherever it will be of avail, and in whatever manner it may prove of value to the cause of the redeemed Democracy.

Senator Quay, to whom President Roosevelt was at first disposed to turn when it became evident that Mark Hanna would not be chairman of the next national committee, did not long outlive the Ohio Senator. Quay never forgave Hanna for securing, as he believed, the one vote by which Quay was kept out of the United States Senate in 1899, when he had been appointed by Governor Stone of Pennsylvania to fill a vacancy caused by the failure of the State Legislature to elect a Senator. The Legislature chose him, however, as soon as it had an opportunity of doing so, and, in January, 1901, re-elected him. It is well known that in 1896 Quay and his old friend Senator Platt of New York strove to obtain the Republican nomination to the Presidency for Speaker Reed, and that in 1900 they cooperated to make Theodore Roosevelt the nominee for the Vice-Presidency against the wish of Hanna, who desired the honor to be conferred on either Elihu Root or Cornelius N. Bliss. As we have formerly pointed out, there were certain incidents in Quay's life of which, at the time when they occurred, we felt constrained to speak with severe reprobation. Neither did the fact that he avowedly exemplified an unedifying type of machine politician commend him in our eyes.

Not on that account, however, are we incapable of comprehending the grounds of his pervading and abiding political influence over the rank and file of his party in Pennsylvania. The principle upon which he acted was embodied in the advice he gave to a young man about to start on a public career. He told him to stick to his friends, and never to forget or go back upon a man who ever did him a favor. Other great experts acclaimed him as an adept in politics. Asked who, in his opinion, was the greatest Republican politician of his time, Thomas C. Platt answered unhesitatingly, "Quay." He added that he had often wished that he could have been Quay's office-boy for about six months. Governor Pennypacker testifies that he was gentle, kindly, and generous, and his political success is attributed in no small measure to his hold upon men's affections. Judge Pennypacker also avers that no other Pennsylvanian in public life conveyed to those with whom he was brought in contact so deep an impression of intellectual power. Mr. William F. Harrity, who has several times led the Democratic forces against Quay, bears witness that he was a remarkable man and wielded tremendous influence. Mr. Charles P. Donnelley, also a conspicuous Philadelphia Democrat, concurs with Mr. Harrity in thinking that the State has suffered a great loss in the Senator's death. Quay was, he says, a wonderful organizer, and a political strategist of more than ordinary ability. Mr. Eugene C. Bonniwell, one of the organizers of the Independence Democratic party in Philadelphia, declares that although his own political convictions were opposed to Quay's, he felt, nevertheless, the greatest admiration for him. Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, a leader of the Municipal League, while opposed to Quay's political principles, acknowledges that there was much to admire in the man and much ground for regretting his death. In 1900, Mr. Vest of Missouri told his colleagues in the United States Senate that, in his opinion, Mr. Quay was the ablest political leader in the United States. He depicted the Pennsylvanian as resourceful, vigilant, sagacious, and, above all, as possessing the rare quality of great leadership which enabled him to inspire his followers with absolute confidence.

Some remarks made by Quay in 1901 at a dinner commemorative of his reelection to the State Senate seem curiously pertinent and pathetic in the retrospect. He told his auditors that at threescore years and ten the world grows lonely. Through wildernesses almost desolate, the stream of life glides darkly toward the eternal gulf. The associations

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of youth and early manhood are gone. The objects which once filled the field of hope have been gained or lost, or have faded in importance, and we note not only a disconnection with ideas once dominant, but also a dissolution of feelings that once melted the heart. His political race, Quay declared, was run. He would never again be a candidate for, nor accept, any official position. He had many friends to remember. He had no enemies to punish. So far as vindictiveness was concerned, he put aside the past. It only remains to say, what to a majority of even his acquaintances was unknown, that the late Senator Quay was a man of broad culture. He had a large and well-chosen library, and he was a historical scholar of great range and admirable accuracy.

We note with satisfaction the awards and decisions announced by Mr. Frank Plumley, of Vermont, the American citizen who was made umpire in the dispute between the British and Venezuelan governments. It may be remembered that not only Great Britain and Venezuela, but also Holland, joined in requesting President Roosevelt to appoint an umpire to settle a number of points which were involved in claims presented at Caracas, but as to which the countries concerned were unable to agree. As it was recognized that some of the questions which Mr. Plumley was called upon to decide were new in international jurisprudence, ample time for study and reflection was allowed him, and he was permitted to take the evidence and briefs to the United States for prolonged consideration. Of particular interest to international lawyers is his decision—a decision for which there was no precedent—that interest ought to be paid on awards. It seems that Great Britain claimed interest at five per cent. on awards made by a mixed commission so long ago as 1869; the convention constituting this commission having provided that the Venezuelan government should, by its Congress, make provision without delay for the payment of the awards. As a matter of fact, there was a delay of some sixteen years in the payments. Venezuela denied the right to collect interest for the years during which she had been in default, on the ground that there was no specific provision for it in the convention concluded between the two governments. Mr. Plumley decided, however, that interest at the rate of three per cent.—the Venezuelan statutory rate when no rate is named in a contract—should be allowed from the time when the Venezuelan Congress ratified the terms of the contract, accepted the findings of the commission, and made the first payment on account.

With reference to the well-known case of the Puerto Cabello and Valencia Company, a British corporation, the umpire found that the Caracas government had guaranteed a certain income, which guaranty had not been made good. Accordingly, he made an award of $1,200,000 in favor of the company. On the other hand, two questions concerning citizenship were decided by Mr. Plumley in favor of Venezuela. In one case England had set up the claim that a man born in Venezuela of British parents resident in Venezuela—the man himself also having been always a resident of Venezuela—was a British subject under the Constitution of Venezuela existing at the time of his birth. This construction of the Venezuelan Constitution the Caracas government opposed, insisting that the man was a Venezuelan by birth and domicile. The position taken by Venezuela was sustained by the umpire. In another claim, Great Britain urged that, in the case of a British subject who had been domiciled in Venezuela, who died there, and who had been married to a Venezuelan woman, such widow became by her marriage a British subject, retained her status after her husband's death, and could appear as a claimant for a cause accruing to her husband in his lifetime. Here, again, the position taken by Great Britain failed to meet with the umpire's approval. On the whole, we presume that nobody will question Mr. Plumley's competence or impartiality.

A feature of Memorial day this year was the speech made by President Roosevelt on the battle-field of Gettysburg. The task which he undertook, and which many of our most eloquent citizens have essayed before him, is one of extraordinary difficulty; for treasured in the memories alike of auditors and readers are the imperishable sentences uttered by Abraham Lincoln, November 19, 1863, on the field of the decisive action of our civil war. Lincoln, it will be remembered, followed Edward Everett, believed to be the greatest orator then living in the United States; and, unquestionably, the theme was calculated to elicit all the skill and felicity of treatment derivable from Everett's natural gifts and mature experience. Yet the 268 words modestly pronounced by Abraham Lincoln made Everett's long oration seem academic, perfunctory, verbose, inadequate, tame. If we except the famous passage in the oration "On the Crown," wherein the great Athenian invokes "the men who fell at Marathon," it cannot be disputed, we think, that, in the speech he made at Gettysburg, Lincoln outdid Demosthenes. So large and lofty are the thoughts that, for the moment, no others seem worthy to intrude upon the scene; and so exquisitely fitting are the words, that hardy indeed would be the rhetorician who should try to edit or retouch them. In one asseveration Lincoln, however, was mistaken. He told his hearers that the world would little note nor long remember what "we" *say here*, but that it could never forget what "they"—the brave men living and dead, who had fought upon that field—*did here*. It is true enough that Everett's oration has long been forgotten; but every word of Lincoln's lives on the lips of his countrymen, although forty-one years have passed since, in all sincerity and humility, they were spoken.

In defining the policy of the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company to his lieutenants the other evening, President Clarence H. Mackay used these words: "We ask no favors; we seek no subsidies; we require and expect no more than those equal privileges, which make the heritage of American citizens, to perform the work which constitutes our contribution to civilization. Andrew Jackson once said that the most desirable and praiseworthy citizen he ever knew was a man who got rich minding his own business. That, gentlemen, is our policy. We may not get rich, but whatever results may accrue—and I am happy to say that they are so far satisfactory—we can and should and will, if you please, mind our own business; pursuing the even tenor of our way and missing no opportunity to get all of the legitimate business that the earth and the seas can afford." In these days of favor-seeking and everlasting protection of industries which obstinately refuse to grow out of the infant class, such an utterance is truly refreshing. It smacks of the genuine American spirit of independence which animated our forefathers, and which some of us had begun to suspect was dying out. If others of the younger generation charged with like responsibilities will emulate Mr. Mackay's example, the republic may yet continue to do business for quite some time in spite of trusts, labor-unions, yellow journals, and other ills too numerous to mention.

The late Charlton T. Lewis was a college graduate who knew Latin. There is one now and then, to the surprise of the general public. Usually the learned graduates become teachers. Dr. Lewis did that for a time. After graduating from Yale in the class of '53, he spent two years studying for the ministry, and of the ten years following he spent seven as professor of languages at Bloomington, Illinois, and as professor of mathematics and of Greek at Troy, New York. In 1866 he studied law in New York, and practised it the rest of his life, but not to the exclusion of other employments. For a time after the death of Mr. Bryant he was editor of the New York *Evening Post*. For many years he was one of the literary advisers of Harper & Brothers, and assisted them in the preparation of many important works, and especially of their Latin and Greek dictionaries and other more recent publications, in which his accurate scholarship and wide range of accomplishments made his co-operation exceedingly valuable. To his other labors Dr. Lewis added during the last fifteen years of his life a great deal of work for the reformation of prisons, and was president for many years of the Prison Association of New York, and of the State Charities Aid Association of New Jersey. He was a delegate to the convention of the "gold" Democrats at Indianapolis in 1896. In 1898 and 1899 he lectured on law in Harvard, Cornell, and Columbia. His address last year at New Haven at the fiftieth anniversary of the famous Yale class of '53 was a subject of comment in this paper at the time. His death removes a man very notable in his

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generation for his attainments and the diligence with which he employed his powers in various fields of honorable service.

The Federal government through its control of the Post-office Department has great power to protect the people of the country from frauds and deleterious solicitations. The public is no match for sharpers. Any smart and unscrupulous adventurer who has free use of the United States mails can make a good living by selling worthless commodities or information to credulous buyers. An enthusiastic promoter who was trying to interest an acquaintance in a South-American franchise assured him that its possibilities were limitless. "It is as good," he said, "as a license to steal." So it is with the United States mails. Leave to use them to gull the simple is just as good as a license to steal. Appreciating this truth, the administration proposes to go a step farther than has been gone heretofore in restraint of fraudulent business in general, and of fraudulent traffic in patent medicine and medical advice in particular. It proposes to exclude from the mails, after due notice given, periodicals which persist in publishing advertisements which are prejudicial to public morals and contrary to the statutes. This class of advertisements includes "fake" patent remedies which claim medicinal virtues which they do not and cannot possibly possess, and the offers of quack doctors who promise what they cannot perform, and accomplish a profitable work of deceit by the aid of lying testimonials. The field which is cultivated by fraudulent advertisers of these classes seems to be practically limitless, and the crop that is gathered is measured only by the amount of seed permitted to be sown.

Strict supervision of all these frauds cannot but be beneficial to the public, yet the power of censorship which the Post-office Department proposes to exercise over the advertising columns of the papers is dangerous in its magnitude, and must be used with the utmost care and discretion. The newspapers that the Department threatens will resent the diminution of their revenues; the sharpers and quacks whose "business" it cuts down will fight hard and raise an outcry about restriction of liberty. Altogether it is a daring attempt to check a great evil. Yet the evil is so great that we must hope that the attempt will not fail. The impudent impostures put forth in some papers of the highest commercial standing and of fair reputation are an insult to the public and to law. There is no good reason why lotteries should be excluded from the mails while a legion of medical cheats —venders of every sort of quack cure, from bogus pills to absent magnetic treatment—glean an enormous harvest of dollars from millions of dupes. The lottery people gave their customers a chance. The fraudulent medical advertisers give nothing that is of value, and often injure in body those whom they delude. Hundreds of them enjoy what is virtually a license to steal. If they can be choked off, all decent people should be glad to see it done.

Premier Combes has succeeded in turning the Vatican debate into a personal triumph. During the discussion of the relations of France with the pontificate in its political aspect, several of the hot-heads in the Chamber of Deputies wished to solve matters by breaking off all relations with the Holy See forthwith. M. Allard, a socialist, made a motion in this sense. M. Combes opposed it, and gained a tremendous victory, winning no less than 385 votes to 146. On a second motion, approving the action of the French government in withdrawing its ambassador from the papal court, M. Combes increased this already great majority, receiving 427 votes to 95. A third victory was even more overwhelming; M. Ferrette, a republican nationalist, invited the French government to negotiate with Pius X. for an immediate separation of the Church and state in France. M. Combes opposed this, and on a division gained a victory which was simply overwhelming—507 votes against 18. This means an immense gain in prestige and power for the premier, but it does not mean that the relation between Church and state in France will be supported indefinitely by the government, nor that the immense subsidy of $8,000,000 paid annually to the Catholic Church in France is to continue in perpetuity. M. Combes made this perfectly clear. He simply wishes to postpone the final decision until January next, and assures the socialists and extremists that he is as anxious to make an end of the concordat as any of them, and that, in view of the fact that ecclesiastical dignitaries have violated the terms of the concordat, as understood by the French government, the latter deems itself amply justified in bringing matters to a climax.

During the Boer war universal conscription for England was again and again foreshadowed, amongst others by Lord Rosebery. Much was said, and vehemently said, both for and against it, but the prevailing view was that Englishmen would never consent to a system which so greatly curtailed their personal liberty and violated the British tradition of a volunteer army. The question has been raised once more, in a highly serious way, in the report of the commission on the volunteer and militia forces, and this report practically recommends universal conscription as the only means of providing a home-defence army, in the absence or partial absence of the regular troops. The commission is of opinion that the principles adopted by all other great European powers must at last be copied by Great Britain, and that every able-bodied citizen should be trained in arms for the defence of the nation. It is proposed that compulsory service should be for one year, with a few weeks' drill in the two or three following years, and the commissioners consider that a sufficient training could be given in this way. This is far short of what is done by Continental powers, which keep their conscripts with the colors for three, four, and five years, thus inflicting an immense loss of time and money on them personally, withdrawing them from all productive employment, and forcing the state, whose earning-power is thus diminished, to support them for four or five years while their term of service lasts. The proposed English system would reduce this loss to a minimum, but it is not by any means certain that a properly qualified soldier can be turned out in twelve months, or that the necessary physical training can be given in that time.

The Russian proverb about selling the skin of the bear before you have shot the bear seems to apply with singular point to M. Uchida's reported representations to the court of Peking. It is said that the gifted Japanese minister has announced to China that the armies of his country expect shortly to capture Port Arthur and the surrounding territory, thus terminating the situation under which Russia holds this territory on lease from China. M. Uchida is reported to have asked the Chinese authorities whether China is prepared to take over the Quan-tung district, including Port Arthur, and to administrate it, or whether China would prefer Japan to undertake the matter directly. As Japan is already assuming the administration of Korea, or at least undertaking to supervise that administration, her statesmen will have their hands full if they undertake to manage considerable sections of Chinese territory as well. But the Japanese have shown remarkable organizing power, both in preparing for the war, and in carrying out all the practical problems involved by the war itself; so that their competence seems fairly well assured. Russia, on the other hand, is said to be negotiating with China for the evacuation, at this late date, of the whole of Manchuria, asking China to lease instead a part of Chinese Turkestan north of the Pamirs and Tibet, some twenty thousand square miles in extent. M. Paul Lessar is said to have made this proposition to the Chinese Foreign Office, by a curious coincidence, on the very day on which M. Uchida made his proposals concerning Port Arthur. This is certainly taking time by the forelock, on the part of both combatants. The endless pity is that they could not have arranged the matter in some such way before, sparing the world a cruel and destructive war, and the armies of both countries an immense loss of life. But it is evident that the great struggle was bound to come, and as well now as later; for the sooner the new balance of power is reached, the sooner will the work of civilization in Asia be carried forward. Russia at one time possessed the territory in Chinese Turkestan now sought, but receded it to China, just as, after the Crimean war, she receded to Turkey a part of Rumania taken in 1812. This part of Rumania was again added to the Russian Empire in 1878, and immediately contiguous to it is the town of Kishinef, of world-wide notoriety for the recent anti-Jewish riots, which were really a Rumanian rather than a Russian outbreak. Perhaps the Ili district in Chinese Turkestan is destined in the same way to find its way back again into the domains of the Czar.

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The Doubtful States

We may safely assume that the immense majorities secured by McKinley in 1896 and 1900 were made up, not only of Republicans, but also, to a material, if not decisive, extent, of sober-minded and conservative Democrats, who, never before since the outbreak of the civil war, had supported the Republican ticket in Presidential years. How otherwise can we explain a phenomenon so surprising as McKinley's success, not only in States previously doubtful, like New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Indiana, and California, but also in such States as Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and Kentucky, which since, and including 1876, had given their electoral votes invariably to Democratic candidates. We may also take for granted that the vote cast this year for Mr. Roosevelt in any doubtful State will fall far short of that polled for McKinley in 1896 or even in 1900. We shall find proof of this assertion in Mr. Roosevelt's native State, New York, which, in 1898, gave him a plurality of less than 18,000 votes, though McKinley had carried New York two years before by the unparalleled plurality of 268,000, and was to carry it in 1900 by nearly 144,000.

In view of these facts, it is evident that, in order to forecast the outcome of the campaign now beginning, we should pass over the election returns of 1896 and 1900, and fasten our eyes upon the figures presented by the many doubtful States, before or since the two memorable conjunctures named—the figures exhibited when Democrats have had the shrewdness to put forward candidates qualified, not only to draw out the whole strength of the party, but to make serious inroads on the Republican ranks. That is what we purpose doing to-day.

We shall begin with California, which gave eight of its nine electoral votes to McKinley by a plurality of 2797 in 1896, and the whole nine to the same nominee four years later by a plurality of 39,710. In 1902, on the other hand, California chose a Republican Governor by a plurality of only 1550. In 1894 the Democratic nominee for Governor was elected by a plurality of 1206, and in 1892 California gave Grover Cleveland eight of her nine electoral votes. In 1886, and again in 1880, the Democrats elected a Governor, and in the last-named year Hancock obtained five of California's six Presidential electors. With such a record before us it would be absurd to say that the Democratic nominee has no chance of carrying California next November.

As for Connecticut, while it is true that McKinley carried it in 1896 by a plurality of 53,545, and in 1900 by a plurality of 28,570, it is, nevertheless, true that in 1902 a Republican was elected Governor by a plurality of only 16,008; and that in 1892, in 1888, in 1884, and in 1876 the State gave her electoral votes to Democratic nominees for the Presidency. Delaware gave her three electoral votes to McKinley in 1896 and 1900 by pluralities of 3630 and 3671, respectively; but in 1892, 1888, 1884, and 1880 she was carried by Democratic nominees for the office of Federal Chief Magistrate. Still taking the States in alphabetical order we find that Illinois was swept by the Democracy in 1892—for the first time in a Presidential year since the first election of Abraham Lincoln. Indiana, which supported McKinley in 1896 and 1900, gave her electoral votes to the Democratic nominee for the White House in 1892, in 1884, and in 1876. Even in Iowa the Republican nominee for the Presidency in 1892 secured only a little more than 23,000 plurality. That Iowa has elected a Democratic Governor is well known.

Kansas gave her ten electoral votes to Bryan in 1896 by 12,269 majority. She gave them to Weaver, the Populist nominee, in 1892 by 5874 plurality. She elected a Democratic Governor in 1882 by 8079 plurality. As for Kentucky we scarcely need to say that, except in 1896, when by the very small plurality of 281, she gave McKinley twelve of her thirteen electors, she could always be relied upon to support the Democratic nominee in Presidential years, and in 1900 resumed her place in the Democratic column. Maryland in 1896 and 1900 supported McKinley, because the Republicans were reinforced by a wing of the Democracy, but during the preceding quarter of a century the State could be depended on to uphold the Democratic nominee for the office of Federal Chief Magistrate. Even Massachusetts is not hopeless from a Democratic point of view, for in 1891 and 1892 she chose a Democratic Governor, while in the year last named and in 1884 she was carried for the Republican nominees for the Presidency by pluralities of only 24,000 and 26,000, respectively. As for Michigan, she chose a fusion Governor in 1882, a Democratic Governor in 1890, and gave Mr. Cleveland five of her fourteen electoral votes in 1892. Minnesota is commonly looked upon as impregnably Republican, yet she elected a fusion Governor in 1898, and two years later a Republican secured the same office by a plurality of only 2254.

What is there incredible in the assertion that Minnesota can be carried for a moderate revision of the tariff by a Democratic nominee for the Presidency, who will poll all the Democratic votes and draw from the progressive Republicans? Nebraska gave its electoral votes to McKinley in 1900 by a plurality of 7822, but it elected a fusionist Justice of the Supreme Court in 1899, a fusionist Governor in 1898, supported Bryan in 1896, and chose a Democratic-Populist Governor in 1894. As for New Jersey, though McKinley carried the State in 1900 and 1896, her electoral votes were given to Democratic nominees for the Presidency from 1876 to 1892, both years included. Coming to the Empire commonwealth, we scarcely need remind the reader that the Democrats elected Alton B. Parker Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals in 1897 by a plurality of 60,889, and that from 1882 until 1892, both years included, their candidates for Governor and President invariably carried the State, except in 1888, when General Harrison got the electoral votes, though David B. Hill was reelected Governor.

Few people realize that even Ohio gave Mr. Cleveland an electoral vote in 1892, and that, as regards the rest of her Presidential electors that year, the Republican plurality was only about a thousand. In 1889 Ohio chose a Democratic Governor. Oregon, whose electoral votes were secured for McKinley in 1896 and 1900, elected a fusion Governor in 1892 and a Democratic Governor in 1902. Rhode Island, also, has elected a Democratic Governor in 1893, 1902, and 1903. South Dakota withheld her electoral votes from McKinley in 1896, and chose a Democratic Governor two years later. The State of Washington gave her four electoral votes to Bryan in 1896 by 12,493 majority. West Virginia voted for McKinley in 1896 and 1900, but from 1876 to 1892, both years included, she gave her electoral votes uniformly to Democratic nominees. Wisconsin is far from being a trustworthy Republican State. In 1890 she chose a Democrat for Governor; in 1892 she gave her electoral votes to Grover Cleveland; in 1895 she elected a Democrat Justice of the Supreme Court. As for Wyoming she supported Bryan in 1896, and, four years before, chose for Governor the nominee on the Democratic-Populist ticket.

No man who will review this record candidly will despair of the election of the St. Louis nominee, especially when he bears in mind that in Illinois and Wisconsin the Republican party is split asunder, and that, underneath the surface, there is grave factional dissension in New York, Ohio, and Iowa. To us the outlook for the Democracy seems every bit as bright as it appeared in June, 1892, provided, of course, the delegates to the Democratic national convention shall this year act as wisely as they did twelve years ago.

Recent Comments on the Negro Problem

It seems to us that unwarranted deductions have been drawn by some of our Northern contemporaries from the interesting historical incident brought out by Representative Bartholdt of Missouri not long before the adjournment of Congress. For reasons that we shall presently point out, the fact, if it be one, that in 1815, Thomas Jefferson, then a private citizen, invited an educated free negro named Julius Melbourn to dine with him at Monticello, can scarcely be regarded as a precedent justifying President Roosevelt in inviting some eighty-five years afterward, at a critical conjuncture in the relations of the black and the white races, Booker T. Washington to dine with him in the White House. There is nothing inconsistent with Jefferson's character and recorded opinions, nor irreconcilable with loyalty to the interests of the white race, as those were viewed at the time, in the story which is related in a book edited by a member of Congress, and published more than half a century ago. According to this book, which Representative Bartholdt procured from the Congressional Library, and produced in the House, Julius Melbourn was born a slave in North Carolina in 1790, and sixteen years later received his freedom from his owner, Mrs. Melbourn, who had educated him. The volume, which is devoted to this negro's recollections and opinions, contains an account of a visit which he, who had read many of Jefferson's writings, and had conceived an earnest wish to converse with their author, made to Monticello in July, 1815. After recording the fact that he remained nearly a week in the neighborhood of Monticello, and was permitted to spend a part of every day in Jefferson's library, he notes that, on one occasion, he received a card from Mr. Jefferson inviting him to dine with him and a few friends on the following day at four o'clock. He went to the house, and found there, he says, Chief-Justice Marshall, William Wirt, Samuel Dexter, of Boston; Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, of New York, and Elder John Leland, a Baptist minister, who then lived in western Massachusetts. There is nothing incredible, or even improbable, in the association of these men around Jefferson's table. Unquestionably, Jefferson, during his first administration, had regarded with distrust and dislike, John Marshall, the great Federalist expounder of the Constitution; but six years had passed since the former had retired from public life, and he and Marshall could now afford to remember only that they had been fellow patriots during the Revolutionary war, and that on many questions of primary importance they were in lively sympathy. As to the other guests mentioned, we scarcely need remind the reader that William Wirt, the distinguished Virginia lawyer, was to be the third President's biographer, or that Samuel Dexter, once a

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Federalist, had gone over to Jefferson's support on some of the questions arising out of Jefferson's administration, and leading to the war of 1812. It is less generally known, and we are indebted to the *Springfield Republican* for recalling that Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill was not only a noted scientist and friend of Joseph Priestley, with whom Jefferson corresponded, but also, as a member of House and Senate during Jefferson's administration, had been one of his political upholders. As for Elder John Leland, we learn from the *Springfield Republican* that he was one of the very few clergymen of the time who could not only tolerate, but greatly admire, the free-thinking Jefferson. As to the negro's narrative, Mr. Bartholdt, who read from it to the House, pointed out that it is written, not in a boastful or controversial style, and that it lays no stress on the uncommonness of the dining incident, though it recognizes the visit to Monticello, and the opportunity of hearing Jefferson converse as memorable events in the life of the negro author. It is well known that Mr. John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, when the book was produced in the House, denounced the story as preposterous, and averred that, if Melbourn or any other negro ever dined at Monticello, it must have been in the kitchen. In our opinion, Mr. Williams was mistaken in disputing the veracity or verisimilitude of the narrative, and, also, in imagining that it affords any justification for President Roosevelt's performance. In the first place, Mr. Jefferson's act was the act of a private citizen: he had long ceased to be the Federal Chief Magistrate. This circumstance is decisive; nobody denies the right of a private citizen to do what he likes, so long as he violates no law, in his private dwelling. The White House, on the other hand, belongs to the nation: every temporary tenant of it is bound to consider the national bearing of his conduct therein. We might stop here; yet we may add that in 1815 neither Jefferson (an emancipationist by sentiment), nor Marshall, nor Wirt, nor any other Virginian, ever imagined that, without the free consent of the whites, the enslaved blacks would ever venture to assert political, much less social, equality; and they could never have dreamed that their transient courtesy to an intelligent and educated free negro might one day be construed as an encouragement to unlimited aspirations on the part of his race. It is also evident to those familiar with Jefferson's character and accomplishments—he was not only a theoretical emancipationist, but, so to speak, a professional philanthropist and sociologist—that he invited the negro Melbourn to dinner out of scientific curiosity and interest. Mr. Roosevelt, also, for ought we know, may be a philanthropist and sociologist; but it was his business to remember, first, that, at the present time, there is an acute racial question throughout the Southern States, and, secondly, that the White House is not the residence of a private citizen. It is not assigned for a brief term to the occupancy of the Federal Executive in order that he may gratify therein his personal whims.

It will be remembered that Governor Vardaman of Mississippi formerly advocated a curtailment of the appropriation made in that State for negro schools on two grounds—if he was correctly reported—namely, that the sum allotted to negro schools should be proportioned to the share of the State's revenue derived from negro taxpayers, and, secondly, that the less education negroes receive the better. We have formerly pointed out that Governor Vardaman would scarcely venture, if he desired a re-election, to make the school appropriation assigned to certain counties of his State strictly proportioned to the share of the State's revenue derived from "poor white" taxpayers therein; and, secondly, that it would prove a mistake, not only constitutionally and morally, but economically and sociologically, to deprive negroes of a technical or even of a liberal education. We observe with gratification that the Governor of Mississippi's western neighbor, Louisiana, takes a position with reference to negro education diametrically opposite from Governor Vardaman's. He insists that, for the stability and progress of civilization, it is of the utmost importance to the whites themselves that their negro fellow citizens should be provided with the discipline, the incentive, and the opportunity derivable from a technical education, and he does not hesitate to add that, since the blacks will need leaders, such as show themselves eager and able to profit by a *liberal* education, should receive one. Obviously, the utterance is prompted by enlightened self-interest as well as by magnanimity and philanthropy.

Animated with the same spirit was the speech delivered on May 19 by Mr. Edward M. Shepard, of New York, in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, at a conference held for the promotion of the Berean Manual Training and Industrial School. Mr. Shepard began by reminding his auditors that there are two tremendous problems with which this country must deal during the twentieth century. The first is what we term the equasion of labor and capital; the second is concerned with the measure of justice, opportunity, and happiness that may be assured to the negro race. He did not fail to recognize that the second question is closely related to the first; and that, so far as our South Atlantic and Gulf States are concerned, which of themselves constitute an empire, the second problem outranks, in point of urgency, the first. Mr. Shepard avowed that he concurred with Mr. Edgar Gordon Murphy, of Virginia, in believing that, for the stability and progress of civilization, it is of vital moment to the black, as well as the white race, to maintain, on the one hand, the "prerogative"—by which was meant the social and political ascendency—that a vastly longer, deeper, and higher advancement in civilization has given to the white race, and, on the other hand, to insist on the enforcement of the corresponding duty and burden which go with that prerogative. The maintenance of white ascendency could not, he thought, with any show of righteousness or wisdom, or even common sense, be held to include a right to obstruct, or even fail to promote with every reasonable aid, the strivings of the black race upward and onward.

Reviewing the fields in which, and the conditions under which remarkable success is attainable in the United States at the present time, Mr. Shepard pointed out that for black men and white men alike, the foundations of prosperity and power, respect and influence, the key to honor, the ladder to glory, were all, in our day, to be found in the severe discipline of industrial effort and achievement. We note, however, that Mr. Shepard, like the Governor of Indiana, did not disparage literary institutions intended for negroes, where the demand for them is genuine. He recognized that the welfare of both races and of the republic required that the black man should have an opportunity of exercising his intellectual faculties. When a negro is fitted for the work, but only when he is so fitted, he should be encouraged to practise the liberal arts. None the less, Mr. Shepard did not shut his eyes to what he deems the paramount and indisputable fact, the fact, namely, that the stress of future effort on the part of the American negro will not lie in professional, literary, or artistic fields. For the blacks, as, indeed, for the whites also, industrial achievement must come first.

Is Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott's Advice to a Troubled Wife Sound?

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott is a wise man, full of years, experience, reflection, and conscience. It was but natural, therefore, that a woman suffering from disappointment over the love of her husband for another woman should seek his kindly counsel. Instinctively, also, did Dr. Abbott make reply with characteristic candor and caution. The question itself is not new, but the letter containing it is so obviously sincere and Dr. Abbott's reply so different in a way from what one would ordinarily expect from him that we print both as they appeared in Dr. Abbott's paper, the *Outlook*. This is the letter, entitled by the editor "A Wife's Problem":

In great distress of mind and heart, and knowing not where to seek for help, I am impelled to turn to you. My husband and I had lived together for many years of happy wedded life, not without trials and severe ones, but happy in our relationship. He was finally thrown into the company of a woman whose personality soon took a strong hold on him. She was a woman of wealth and station, but sick and unhappy in her married life, and my husband's sympathies went out to her. In purity and goodness, he sought to cheer and brighten her life, and in time her heart clung to him, and before he was aware of his danger, he realized that he loved her, I know not through what compromises with conscience—yet I know he struggled. He fancied he could be true to me and still cherish her.

As such things usually do, in time it came to my knowledge, and was such a blow as seemed to me would surely deprive me of life or reason. I cannot tell you the terrible feeling, as though the sun had been blotted out and I wandered in a darkened world. Nothing seemed real, all a dreadful nightmare from which I *must* awaken some day. I have kept my unhappiness from everybody, although I have often felt as though I could not get up and face another day—and the feeling of unreality is so strong it often seems as though it were some one else and not I who goes about the routine of life.

We were a couple united by true love, by many similarities of taste and disposition, each with our faults, yet both striving to live the Christian life—my husband honored and loved by all who know him, ever trying to realize more fully the ideal of true manhood. Oh, can you tell me how such a horror could come into such a life? Is it possible for a man to hold two women in his heart?—for he insists he loves me as dearly as ever, and strives by every tenderness to win me back to cheerfulness. Yet truth compels him to admit that that other love still claims a place in his heart, though he has tried to banish it, and all intercourse has been broken off. Lest you should receive a wrong impression, I must state that their intimacy extended to declarations of mutual love, but was entirely innocent beyond that.

There are moments when despair overwhelms me. I feel that perhaps this passion is really the deepest, the supreme affection of his life, and in that case, what solution is there to this tragedy? Can you at least send me some one thought to cling to in those dreadful moments when I feel like giving up the struggle. **

And this is Dr. Abbott's reply:

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When a difficulty arises between two friends, it is always safe for both to assume that there is some wrong on both sides, and it is always wise for each one to endeavor to discover and correct his own fault. It is much easier for you to see your husband's fault than to see your own; but it is much easier for you to correct your own fault than to correct your husband's. Correcting other people's faults is always a delicate, difficult, and frequently a dangerous business. What your husband's fault is in this case we cannot judge; nor have we any advice to give him, since he has not asked us for any. But it is easy to see from your letter that you are of a morbid, if not of a jealous, temperament, and that you have made yourself mentally sick by dwelling on circumstances until you have exaggerated them and probably misinterpreted them.

You say that your husband's action has been innocent. Why not assume that his motives also have been innocent? You affirm that for many years he has been honored and loved by all who knew him, ever trying to realize more fully the ideal of true manhood. Why imagine that he has now ceased to realize this endeavor and ceased to deserve this honor and affection? You affirm that he insists that he loves you as dearly as ever, and strives by every tenderness to win you back to cheerfulness. Why not accept his insistence and go back to cheerfulness?

Is it wrong for a husband to find interest and attraction in the society of a woman other than his own wife? Is it wrong for a wife to find interest and attraction in the society of a man other than her own husband? It may be. It may not be. It depends entirely upon the circumstances, the conditions, the nature and degree of the interest and the attraction. No one person, not even a faithful and loyal wife, can fill to the full all the life of any other person, though he be a devoted husband. Our lives are complicated; they have many elements in them, and they must get their supply through many avenues and from many springs. All that a wife has any right to ask is that kind of loyalty and devotion which puts her first and supreme in his regard. All that a husband has a right to ask of his wife is similar supreme regard. If your husband were abandoning you for some other companion, it would be right that you should feel the keenest sorrow and indignation. But the reverse is the case. He has discovered that his interest in and attachment to another woman, a woman apparently of uprightness and integrity, is troubling you. He has ceased all social relations with her. Is not this sufficient evidence that you have the supreme place in his affections, and that he gives you the loyalty which you have a right to ask?

Our advice to you, then, is to lay aside your tears, to banish your sorrows, to cease dwelling upon a circumstance which may have been ill, but which it is almost certain you have exaggerated, and to return to your cheerfulness. If your husband has been wrong, your plain duty is to win him back to righteousness; and you will do this, not by self-indulgence in your grief, but by giving to him the love which he asks and the joy which comes with love. Even if you have to pretend to some gladness which you do not feel, it were better than to impose upon him the gloom of a morbid sorrow which you ought not to feel. Stop thinking about yourself and your own sufferings; think about him and what you can do to make him happy. Happiness flees from those who pursue her. Happiness pursues those who forget themselves and think only of others.

This sounds sane and reasonable—to a man at least—and yet we are not quite sure that all right-thinking people, including ourselves, can wholly approve. Indeed, we have the most positive evidence that Dr. Abbott may never again be asked to address certain women's clubs which we could name if we felt disposed to make trouble. But that is beside the mark. Is Dr. Abbott's advice sound? Are the elements of fairness to all persons concerned satisfactorily conserved? Are "for better or worse" and "forsaking all others" phrases or promises? Perhaps they do not apply at all. Dr. Abbott ought to know; he has repeated them often enough. But is he right? Is he a true or a false teacher? We should really like to hear—briefly, of course—from some of our most intelligent readers what they think about it.

The Church and the Theatre

BUNYAN'S *Pilgrim's Progress* is to be dramatized next season under the direction of Mr. Frohman, and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the First Congregational Church, Washington, D. C., recently engaged Mr. Greet's company to play for it as a mode of raising funds with which to spread the Gospel abroad. What thoughts these facts suggest! Bunyan, the tinker of Bedford, never dreamed that his great work of the imagination, written to conserve the individualistic Puritan type of religion, would be put on the stage in London of a later time, and the Puritan settlers of New England and their missionary supporting descendants who founded the American Board of Foreign Missions never imagined that the time would come at the national capital when a medieval morality play, acted by English actors, would be sanctioned by the church as a legitimate mode of education both in receiving spiritual truth from the play itself and in gaining funds with which to do missionary work.

No one who has read *Pilgrim's Progress* will be surprised that it has been seized upon for its scenic possibilities, and for its adaptation to the ingenious devices of modern stage managers. Of anything like dramatic unity it is wanting, but its cast of characters are as lifelike to-day as they were when Bunyan wrote, and its homilies touch on universal and ever constant foibles and sins, and these will afford opportunity for subtle interpretation and effective modern preachment; and if otherwise unobjectionable, the presentation will appeal to that ever-increasing number of religious people who realize that the church and the stage have so much in common that they cannot afford longer to be enemies.

It is interesting to note how now and again through all the generations that the church's adherents in this country have been under the domination of the Puritan hatred of the stage, there have been individuals here and there high placed in the church who have realized the common homiletical ideals of preaching and acting at their highest. Thus the famous Professor Austin Phelps, of Andover Seminary, wrote, "The Greek drama was oral in its form of communication; so is the pulpit. The Greek drama discussed the profoundest problems of human destiny; so does the pulpit. The Greek drama expressed the ideas which lay deepest in the most enlightened theology of the day; so does the pulpit. Above all the Greek drama existed for the people; and so does the pulpit."

The old Puritan tradition still lingers. It found expression in Spurgeon's dictum that a church member who attended the theatre thereby, without any judicial decree of the church, cut himself off from membership. It more recently has found expression in the dictum of Dr. J. M. Buckley, of the New York *Christian Advocate*, a leading expositor of the Methodist Episcopal denomination, that the Church's objection to the theatre is "by no means altogether based upon the words of any particular play, or upon all the words of even the worst of plays. It is based upon the general effect, the general character, the general associations, and the relation of the whole institution to the progress of Christianity." It has been this point of view which has shaped the formal discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church for so many years. But discipline is not enforced. The Iroquois Theatre disaster in Chicago revealed Methodist clergymen and eminent laymen prominent in Christian work as attendants on the theatre. Disparity between the traditional ideal and present practice by a minority in the Church whom the ecclesiastical authorities dare not discipline, led an influential minority to go before the General Conference in Los Angeles, California, asking for such modification of the rules as would bring the legislation of the Church up to present-day standards, which are year by year ceasing to be Puritan, not only with respect to theatre-going, but also as to many other customs and practices formerly classed as offspring of the devil.

For John Wesley, who went to see a comedy of Terence, presented by the pupils at Westminster, who went to oratorios and to concerts patronized by the Bishop of London, was no ascetic or amusement-hater. Moreover he was not given to being a conscience for other men, for while he said he could not with a clear conscience go to the theatre of his time, he did not deny but that possibly others could go with a clear conscience.

The religious person of to-day who believes in the homiletical possibilities of the dramatic art, need not and does not shut his eyes to evils that exist, evils that are hoary. All that he does is to refuse to say that because they have existed they must necessarily exist. He refuses to boycott by wholesale and then hold up his hands in horror because of the evils that are due to his undiscriminating condemnation quite as much as to anything intrinsic.

It may often be that the theatre is ahead of the church with its preachment on social evils. Wendell Phillips contended, in his address on the Abolition Movement's Philosophy, that the theatre of the North was ahead of the church of the North in its welcoming of anti-slavery views. Ibsen long since pointed out what the practical effects of the dominant spirit of the age—individualism—is to be on the institution of the family. Fourteen of the leading denominations of the country have just issued an appeal to the Christian public to awake to the meaning of tendencies in this country which Ibsen long since saw in Europe.

So long as the best people of a community undiscriminatingly condemn an institution as old as the stage and a profession as historic and important as the actor's, it is not likely that conditions within that profession can improve. But when men have faith in the high ideals of actors such as Carlyle had in Macready when he sent him with a noble letter of introduction to Emerson, when they believe with Norman Kerr, one of the most eminent of British physicians, who said that he had found "as unaffected piety, as noble unselfishness and as true practical Christian charity" among actors and actresses as he had ever seen among medical and clerical patients, and such proofs of an inner religious life as to preclude any supposition of posing for effect, then the profession of actor will be elevated as it cannot be when it is ignorantly despised.

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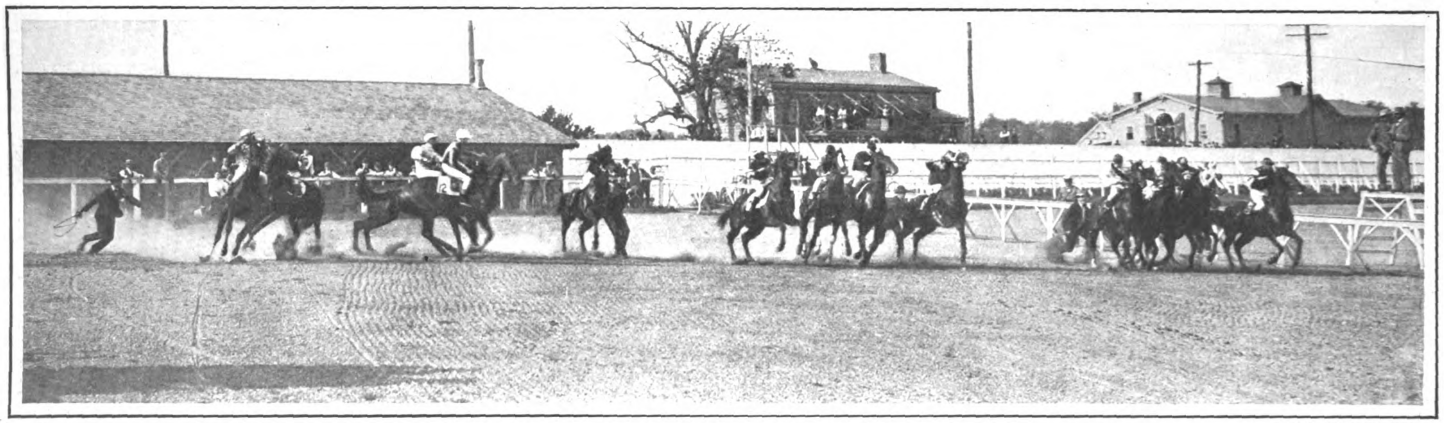
JAPANESE TROOPS LEAVING THE SHANAGAWA RAILROAD STATION FOR THE FRONT

The photograph shows the departure of a detachment of Japanese troops from the Shanagawa railroad station, four miles from Tokyo, for the front. The latest reports of Japanese military activity state that a third army is mobilizing at Hiroshima, it being necessary, on account of Japan's recent naval reverses, to use the second army for the movement against Port Arthur, while the first army is concentrated at Feng-Wang-Cheng. Meanwhile, according to the original plan of campaign, the Russians continue to fall back toward the north

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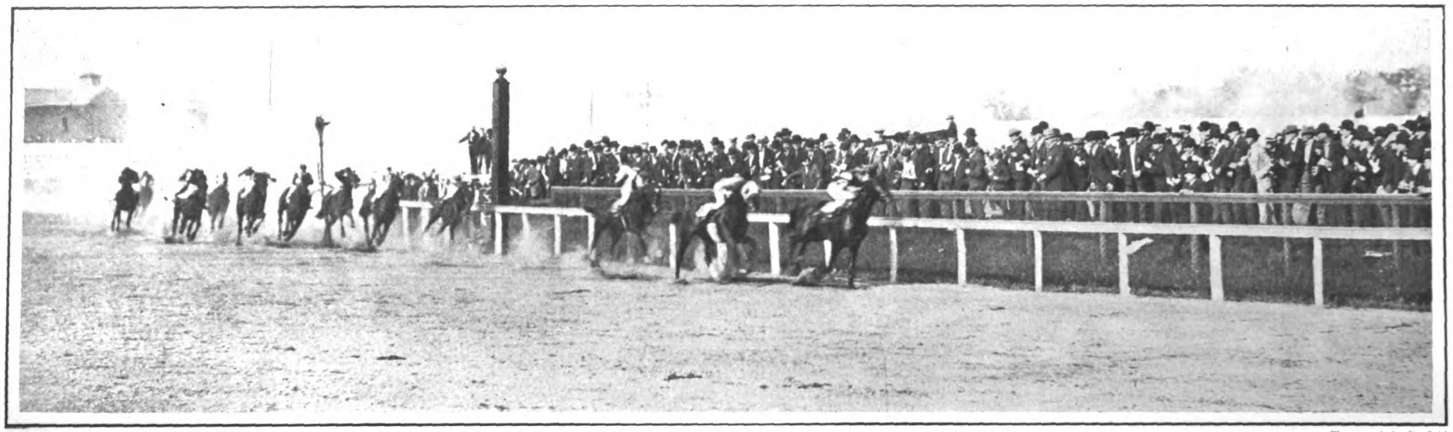
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The Start of the Brooklyn Handicap—the Field at the Barrier

Copyright, 1904, by N. W. Penfield



The Field passing the Three-quarter Pole, having gone One Mile

Photograph by Penfield

THE EIGHTEENTH BROOKLYN HANDICAP, RUN AT GRAVESEND, LONG ISLAND, MAY 26

The eighteenth Brooklyn Handicap was run at the Gravesend Race-track, Long Island, on May 26, the $20,000 stake being won by "The Picket," owned by Thomas Middleton and K. R. L. Jungbluth, of Louisville, Kentucky. The winning time was 2.06 3-5. "Irish Lad" finished second, and "Proper" third. The value of the Brooklyn Handicap stake has advanced from $5850, in 1887, to $25,000 in 1892. Its present figure is $20,000. Other winners have been "Exile," "Tenny," "Dr Rice," "Ornament," "Banastar," "Kinley Mack," and "Irish Lad"

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Photograph by Penfield

A SNAP-SHOT OF THE CROWD IN FRONT OF THE GRAND-STAND AT THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP, RUN AT GRAVESEND, MAY 26

The eighteenth Brooklyn Handicap, run at Gravesend on May 26, was witnessed by the largest crowd that ever attended a race at Gravesend. The attendance is estimated at not less than 40,000. It was the seventeenth Brooklyn Handicap in which the post favorite has been beaten. The race, won by "The Picket," is pictured and described on the opposite page

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Judge Parker—The Man and His Position

By James Creelman

A LARGE head set strongly on a tall, strong body; a full, fresh-colored face; broad, high, tranquil brow; straight powerful nose; coarse tawny mustache; brilliant brown eyes that look straight at you; long and formidable jaws; a heavy underlip; big, flat teeth and massive round chin—every movement and look suggesting immense strength and a hearty, contented spirit.

That is Chief-Judge Alton Brooks Parker in his fifty-second year—the silent man to whom the defeated and distracted Democratic leaders turn for hope.

There is no mystery about Judge Parker, in spite of his refusal to degrade his great office by talking politics from the bench. He is not so anxious to have the Democratic party nominate him for President that he will sin against the light; and he has made no secret of his belief that an officer of high judicial rank may accept a political nomination when it is offered to him, but that he disgraces his robes when he seeks it. Hence his refusal to speak when the country clamors for an expression of his political views.

The idea that Judge Parker is a colorless respectability, a mere passive availability in politics, is ludicrous to those who know him well or have taken the trouble to examine his record. Even his distinguished associates on the bench have publicly borne witness that he is a man deeply informed in questions of government and of unshakable convictions.

Can it be said that a man has shown no signs of extraordinary character when we know that, after managing a victorious campaign in the State of New York—fresh from the excitements of desperate partisan warfare—he could take his seat on the judicial bench, and from that hour remain politically mute for nearly twenty years? Where is there a parallel? Or has blatant blatherskitism, on the one hand, and cheap heroics on the other, so corrupted the popular imagination that the American electorate has at last come to look upon dignity, modesty, and common-sense conservatism, even in the high magistracy, as signs of mediocrity?

I have said that there is no mystery about Judge Parker, notwithstanding his refusal to engage in a scramble for the Presidency. He is the descendant of many generations of farmers, one of whom was a private soldier in Washington's army. He was born on his father's farm in New York State, went from the fields to be a country schoolteacher, then became a lawyer in the small city of Kingston, then Surrogate of Ulster County for two terms, then the successful chairman in the campaign that made David B. Hill Governor of New York, then a Justice of the Supreme Court, and finally Chief-Judge of the Court of Appeals.

He owns and manages three good farms, on one of which, at Esopus, he lives in a charming house overlooking the Hudson River.

His judicial position has sheltered him, given him time to be with his family, to enjoy life in the country, his fields, his trees, and his cattle, and has also offered him a satisfying employment for his intellect. It is hard to imagine a happier or fuller life. What wonder, then, that he looks with a sort of half-dread upon anything that promises to bring an end to such an environment of peace and love? Nor is it surprising that his white-haired mother exhorts him night and day to be satisfied as he is, and turn away from the agonies of political ambition.

As a voter Judge Parker has always supported the Democratic party, even, as in 1896 and 1900, he gave nothing more than his vote, reserving the right to disagree with particular issues set forth in the Chicago and Kansas City platforms, notably the free-silver heresy.

Surely there is nothing evasive about that attitude. The judge believes in the rule of the majority—in parties as well as in governments. From a Democratic standpoint the idea is fundamental.

His judicial opinions strongly emphasize his position as a strict constructionist. There is no greater stickler for a complete separation of the legislative, executive, and judicial departments of the government—the policy that answers Lord Macaulay's sneer, "Your Constitution is all sail and no anchor."

Nor is Judge Parker's attitude toward the trust question in doubt. Speaking from the Supreme Court bench in 1896 he declared that, as a matter of common law, it was immaterial whether a combination in restraint of trade was reasonable or unreasonable. He reaffirmed that opinion as Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals. The mere possession of the power to oppress the people was unlawful. And it is important to understand that the judge was *not* construing a statute, but was declaring the policy of the common law. Surely there is no uncertainty in that utterance on the question of trusts or monopolies?

In his vote on the franchise-tax law he demonstrated his belief that a special right to use the public highways is in itself real property—in the nature of an easement—and, as such, is subject to taxation like any other real estate.

No man can read his exhaustive opinions involving the rights of capital and labor in their orderly relations to each other—opinions dealing with present industrial conditions—without knowing that he stands for the principle of competition, and would rather have a continued struggle than a peace involving a modification of the rights and a consequent submergence of the interests of either capital or labor. His utterances on this most complicated of modern issues show that he is an extreme individualist. In this he is the champion of strenuousness; for extreme liberty means extreme effort. He hates paternalism and socialism, the refuges of men too cowardly or too lazy to continue the struggle between capital and labor, out of which civilization has been evolved. It was Count Muravief who declared that the mission of Russian autocracy was to relieve the tired man of the world.

In 1885, when Judge Parker was conspicuously engaged in party politics—the last year in which he had a moral right to discuss political issues in public—the Democratic party held that "Federal taxation shall be exclusively for public purposes and shall not exceed the needs of the government economically administered." He endorsed that policy heartily.

In his speech at Atlanta last year the judge asserted his firm belief that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States had left the rights of the States unimpaired except as to the negro question.

It will be seen that Judge Parker's position regarding trusts, strictly constitutional policies, official usurpations, public franchises, capital and labor, tariff taxation, and State rights are beyond doubt. And it is on these broad lines that the separate trend of Republican and Democratic thought and action lies to-day. So that the attempt to represent the judge as a neutral or evasive man, without courage or convictions, must fail of success.

The explanation of Judge Parker's singular unwillingness to enter the struggle for the Presidency by a proclamation of his political views is to be found in his high and delicate conception of the proprieties of his office and in his theory that the Presidency cannot properly be sought nor declined.

He believes in party responsibility for government, and, believing that, his idea is that the party in its national convention should declare its policies and name for its candidate a citizen who can be depended upon to defend and enforce those policies. I write with authority when I say that Judge Parker would refuse to be a candidate for President upon a platform which he believed to be unsound or unwise.

Personally, Judge Parker is a man of lovable qualities. He is big, virile, just, and kind. He may lack the subtlety and eloquence of McKinley, but he is deeply and widely informed, is tactful to an extraordinary degree, and is at home equally among men or women. I have seen him, in pea-jacket and top-boots, working with his farm laborers in the field, and I have seen him in evening dress among cultivated and fashionable men and women—always at his ease, always natural. Whether he sits on the bench among his black-robed associates, or trots his favorite saddle-horse over the country roads, or strides among his blooded bulls, or plays with his little grandson, or sits in a crowded drawing-room, he seems to be in his place.

It is his simplicity and earnestness that attract you. There is something manly and genuine in his character that goes well with his tall, strong body, rosy face, and big, open brown eyes. His dignity is as native as an Indian chief's. However amiable he may be, the mighty jaws and commanding chin are sufficient signs of a personality that will brook no undue familiarity.

It is said by Judge Parker's enemies—in the absence of any stain upon his public or private life—that his candidacy is too vigorously supported by certain tricky politicians and Wall Street bankers. But it is difficult to see how he can decline the support of any citizen on the ground that he is cunning in his political methods or that he earns his income as a banker. It is a demonstrable fact that, at the time of the recent New York State convention, he used his influence to seat a contested delegation after the leader of the delegation had written to him saying that he would, if seated, vote against Parker instructions. It is also a fact that when he was consulted about contests in the convention he said: "Every question should be settled on its merits. There is no other right way."

And it is illustrative of his character that on a day just before that decisive convention, when his political fate hung in the balance and when the Democratic leaders were in high council, the judge turned from politics to chloroform two sick horses and bury them in his favorite meadow. On the very day of the convention he spent his time overseeing the ploughing of his hayfields, gathering wild flowers for his wife, working on his judicial opinions, and discussing with an old friend a new book about Thomas Jefferson. It was not until nearly midnight, when a justice of the Supreme Court called him up on the telephone, that he heard a word about the convention.

Are these things characteristic of an ambitious schemer or of a sane mind in a sane body, a cheerful contentment with life as it is?

In considering the capacity of a man one must deal with matters he has actually touched. Out of his earnings Judge Parker has managed to live generously and to acquire properties valued at about thirty thousand dollars. He rescued from bankruptcy a large savings-bank in Kingston, reorganized it, and put it on a sound basis. He directs the executive work of the great Court of Appeals in a manner that has won repeated tributes from his associates. And, before he reached the bench, he conducted a successful State campaign. So marked was his political ability in his youth that Mr. Tilden sent for him and entrusted to his hands the reorganization of the Democratic organization in Ulster County.

It would be absurd to say that Judge Parker is a great man. He is a sound, learned lawyer, a capable man of business, a wise politician, a practical and successful farmer, and the kind of a citizen who is useful to his neighbors and is loved and trusted by them, regardless of political differences. There are no evidences of towering genius in his career, but there are abundant

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ALTON BROOKS PARKER

The reader is referred to the article on the opposite page for a study of Judge Parker and his views on national affairs

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indications that he is a sincere, old-fashioned Democrat, tenacious of the national traditions and that he represents in his make-up reverence for law, quiet courage, a hatred of demagogism and heroics and all that is strong, modest, sweet, and sober in the American character. There is no trick or warp in his mind. He is normal in all things.

Why should any one suspect such a man of being secretly in sympathy with corrupt or treacherous methods in politics or with the sinister elements of speculative finance? He is not of the uneasy ambitious type. Not even to be Governor of New York—when the office was within his reach—would he declare himself a candidate, and so break with the traditions of his office. He is not avaricious. There is no man in America who seems to be more satisfied with his lot. Nor can there be found anywhere in his long record a symptom of the intriguing spirit.

The one true charge against Judge Parker is that he is silent. But he presides over a great tribunal of justice. His party is divided because there has been too much talking. His enemies want him to speak in order that they may attack him. He is neither a knave nor a fool.

The thing which should be remembered by those who are interested in Judge Parker is that he has worked for years and still works in a centre of cynical and corrupt politics, that he has kept his name and his office free from scandal, that he knows politics from top to bottom, and that he has a serene plan of life from which he will not depart even to win the Presidency.

An Englishman on the Philippines

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *May 25, 1904*.

IS there any American nowadays, any average American, I mean, who thinks, writes, or speaks about the Philippines? Are Americans, as a whole, following with anything but the most spasmodic and superficial interest the progress of their apprenticeship in the government of subject aliens? Have they any clear idea of what work it is that is being done in their name out in that Far-Eastern archipelago, of the principles and policy that direct it, of the results it has produced, of the problems that are still to be faced? I suspect—at a distance of three thousand miles one cannot know—that the Philippines no longer hold American attention, that other questions and other interests have crowded them out, and that if you were to ask the man in the cars for a simple survey of conditions in the archipelago you would find him a whole encyclopædia of cloudy misinformation. I suspect this to be the case because English analogy points towards it, because the ordinary Englishman, though an imperialist to the backbone, knows next to nothing of the empire, and because the masses in any country that owns and rules dependencies content themselves with a vague pride of ownership and do not aspire to any detailed acquaintance with actualities. If, therefore, Americans have more or less dismissed the Philippines from the inner ring of living issues, the phenomenon is no new one. It merely shows that they have caught and accommodated themselves to one of the usual features of imperialism, and that they have done so with remarkable rapidity. Nevertheless, the feature is not one to be encouraged. In England's case it does not work much harm, because the foundations of British imperial rule have been laid down long ago along broad and stable lines, and the business of empire-building has become almost a species of mechanics. But in America's case, where the government of dependencies is a new venture, where policies are still in process of evolution, and where it is of peculiar importance that a right start should be made, the lack of concentrated attention on imperial problems is of very real disadvantage. If any such apathy as I suspect really obtains it should, if possible, be shaken off; and I can imagine nothing more likely to dispel it than a perusal of a book that now lies on my desk, *Greater America*, by Mr. A. R. Colquhoun (Harper & Brothers). The great value of the book is that it is a study of American imperialism, written by an Englishman who is a true friend to the United States, who has himself ruled and administered, who writes with candor, with telling emphasis, and, above all, with knowledge, and who is recognized as one of the most authoritative exponents of international and particularly of Far-Eastern politics. He is, therefore, able to bring to bear upon American policy in the Philippines a dispassionateness and a weight of comparative information such as previous writers have lacked. Mr. Colquhoun not merely describes, but explains and analyzes, getting down in all cases to first principles and penetrating beyond the facts to the ideas and policies behind them. His work, and particularly the chapters in it that are given up to the Philippines, will probably startle and confound American readers. It makes, I confess, very painful reading. It is a long and disheartening tale of blunders in method, policy, and, above all, perspective; of the neglect of the immediate and practical and the pursuit of a fantastic ideal; of failure to look facts in the face and gauge the essential elements of new conditions. Americans in the Philippines, as Mr. Colquhoun describes them, have shown a singular indifference to the teachings of experience. Considering that they speak English, that perhaps was only what might have been expected—Anglo-Saxons having a racial preference for profiting by their own mistakes rather than by other people's successes. But, in addition, American policy has proved recklessly lacking in practicality and sympathy with Filipino needs, character, and instincts; it has been marked by more idealism than common sense; it has displayed in about equal proportions the ultravisionary and the ultrabureaucratic qualities; and in foresight, a cool appreciation of realities and the capacity of understanding the Malayan temperament it has so far been remarkably deficient. That is a serious indictment to come from any one. From a man of Mr. Colquhoun's experience and ripe judgment, it deserves the best attention that the wisest heads in the United States can give it. It amounts, in effect, to a declaration, buttressed by undeniable evidence, that American policy in the Philippines is working along totally wrong lines.

To foreign observers the greatest danger ahead of Americans in the Philippines has from the first appeared to be their love of phrases, their profound belief in democracy as a cure for all ills, their conviction that salvation is to be found only in "the American influence brought to bear on them and the control exercised by the civil governor and white officials." More and more control being found necessary, sham autonomy has led step by step to an "extraordinary degree of centralization," in which everything is referred to the governor. The result is a weak paternal *régime* and an infinite multiplication of bureaus that consume a vast quantity of stationery with little practical issue. "It is possible that the American capacity for pushing things through may enable them to surmount the red-tape barriers and do some really practical work in the Philippines; but the unique opportunity they had for teaching the Latin Malays a lesson in *doing*, as opposed to *talking*, is irretrievably lost." That is the fundamental error of the American policy in the Philippines. They have tried to introduce self-government, without preparing the ground, among a people and under circumstances that were bound to turn the gift into a pernicious farce, and to encourage precisely those failings in the Malayan character which it should have been the first object of Americans to eradicate.

Turning to matters of detail, Mr. Colquhoun severely criticises the American educational system on the score of its haste, its expensiveness, its lack of continuity, and its neglect of character-training. "Although," he says, "a certain number of little Filipinos may be learning to be 'mighty smart,' and a certain amount of good influence is at work, the office of teacher has been brought into disrepute among the natives, a feeling of injustice engendered, and a great deal of time and money wasted. That this is the case is largely due to American idealism. Not content to attempt the education of the Filipinos on the simplest and least difficult lines, they were bent on infusing into the educational system that atmosphere of democracy which is their fetish. . . . Thanks to the generosity of the United States in presenting him with a ready-made social, political, and educational system, the Filipino, before he is rudimentarily educated, will be plunged in the vices of overcivilization, and the chances are that he will pass from childhood to decay without ever reaching maturity." Mr. Colquhoun, too, has a great deal to say—and all of it is pregnant and instructive—about the attitude of American administrators towards the labor question, towards secret societies, and towards foreign capital and enterprise. He dwells with especial force on their surprising failure to forward public works. "Every new country occupied by white men turns its attention first to public works, being aware that on these depend the prosperity and progress for which they hope. In conquered countries, such as India and Burma, or a protectorate like Egypt, it has been found the wisest policy to begin at once with the improvement of communications, thus providing employment for the natives, disciplining them in habits of work, and opening the way for future trade." That, however, has not been the policy of Americans. They have preferred to spend their energies on elaborating an unwieldy system of government, creating bureaus, and writing and filing reports, organizing a civil service, and planting American schoolteachers all over the islands. "We find that after three years of actual civil government—though many parts of the archipelago were pacified earlier—not one yard of railway has been begun; only one wagon-road is in process of construction; no canals or deepening of rivers have been undertaken, nor any improvements of harbors, except at Manila; while the inter-island communication has only recently been facilitated by the purchase of fifteen small coasting-steamers. The office of chief consulting engineer for the archipelago was only organized in October, 1902, and the provision made to secure improvement of public works in the provinces has proved entirely inadequate, because the extremely low salaries offered to the provincial engineers could not attract competent men, and also because those who were fairly competent had no stimulus or encouragement to bestir themselves. . . . The opening of communications would have been far more useful than the spread of democratic theories or arguments about the 'dignity of labor.'"

And it is with these searching reflections that Mr. Colquhoun concludes his survey of American achievements: "What was wanted was less idealism and more common sense—a curious criticism to make on American achievements, but nevertheless true. If the average American could see in the expansion of his race its true significance, if he could rid himself of the idea that he alone possesses the touchstone of freedom, if he were less concerned with the ethics of government and more with its

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principles of 1776," that the preposterous metaphysics of the Declaration of Independence are of universal applicability, suit all peoples alike, and can be prescribed indiscriminately. It was, therefore, prophesied that Americans would begin at once by exploding democracy and Jeffersonian doctrines upon the benighted Orient, without troubling to inquire how far such a process was suited to local conditions or the local character. That, in effect, is precisely what has happened. "The first and foremost step," says Mr. Colquhoun, "was the bestowal of elective powers," for the choice of governors and municipalities. Unhappily, it was soon found that the Filipino could not be trusted with the control of funds. An American treasurer had, therefore, to be appointed to each province, and he was quickly followed by an American "supervisor" of public works. "The elections are mischievous or harmless exactly in proportion to the amount of practical justice and incorruptibility—if, in fact, he ceased to masquerade as the apostle of liberty and were content to appear simply as a peace-and-order-loving Anglo-Saxon, he would immensely simplify the task he has set himself. By all means let him strive after his ideal democracy. He can find abundant material for reform in his own continent. Let him do all he can to adjust the relations between man and man in the manner most perfectly consonant with liberty and equality. But let him not, in a blind effort to prove his own adherence to a shibboleth to which he gives the lie every day in his dealings with negroes or Indians, force the Filipino along the path that leads to anarchy. Common sense says that the Filipinos wanted peace, good government, and commercial prosperity. America has given them political institutions and legislation. Filipinos wanted education; Americans are determined to give them that. Unfortunately, they have forgotten that obedience is the first lesson, and that one must not begin to rule until one has learned to obey."

Is it an impertinence of friendship to wish, and to express the wish, that these words could be inscribed over the portals of every newspaper office in the United States, of Congress, of the White House, and of the governor's residence in Manila?

Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

I HAVE a distinct remembrance, while in London some four years ago, of an able critic who has frequently proved his sure scent in spotting coming popular authors, pointing out the name of Gilbert K. Chesterton to me as one that would be famous in a few years. How true his prediction was all of us know who have marked the rise of this young English writer. Yet one feels that in all Mr. Chesterton has written, able and brilliant as it is, he has not yet found the best that is in him. It is the continual fulfilment of his remarkable promise that is the most significant thing about his exceptional and unfolding powers. A growing man has constant surprises in store. So far it is as if Mr. Chesterton had been having one altercation after another with his clamoring intellectual powers before honestly beginning to mass them for concerted, earnest work. Our readers will take pleasure in following the series of fantastic stories which are now appearing in these pages under the title "The Club of Queer Trades." No one but Mr. Chesterton could have written them; they are unique in conception and in their singularly happy means to entertainment. Mr. Chesterton has been hailed as the successor to Stevenson, but he is like Stevenson in nothing save his versatility, though his personality promises to be as striking. As a poet even he has considerable attainment, as the following sonnet on "Africa," just printed in the *Speaker*, will attest:

A sleepy people, without priests or kings,
Dreamed here, men say, to drive us to the sea:
O let us drive ourselves! For it is free
And smells of honor and of English things.
How came we brawling by these bitter springs,
We of the North?—two kindly nations—we?
Though the dice rattles and the clear coin rings,
Here is no place for living men to be.
Leave them the gold that worked and whined for it,
Let them that have no nation anywhere
Be native here, and fat and full of bread:
But we, whose sins were human, we will quit
The land of blood, and leave these vultures there,
Noiselessly happy, feeding on the dead.



G. K. Chesterton
As seen by Max Beerbohm

Miss Alice Woods, after a long siege at the portals of art (witness her frontispiece illustration to *A Gingham Rose*), broke into literature about two years ago with an experiment in fiction called *Edges*. It was alive with an exuberance that betokened no ordinary mind. Unequal in power and going lame toward the end, it abounded, nevertheless, in a quality that was fresh, attractive, close to nature, and daring in its speech and ideals. It was evident that a new writer had arrived who had something to say, who had looked long and deep into life, and who had not looked in vain. Expectation was aroused, and her next work was eagerly awaited by those who had caught the new note in *Edges*. Nor are they likely to be disappointed. *A Gingham Rose*, which has been announced more than once during the past six months, and which is now published, is a remarkable book, sustained in power and interest, strong in its characterization and picturesque in its treatment of life. It is remarkable as a story, and its deep human interest would alone commend it; but it is more than that. It is a book of ideals, and is written with earnestness, great sincerity, and profound feeling. Miss Woods has written as a specialist; she is never beyond her depth. She knows the life in New York, in Chicago, and in the arid desert of Arizona, which she traverses with her characters. I believe I am safe in saying that no writer of fiction has ever before conveyed the living, sentient, appalling actuality of the dragging, depressed sands, the polished, blue, staring sky, the dirge of the great Southwest with such aching poignancy as Miss Woods has done in these pages. It is not merely a descriptive power; it is human, palpitating with reality, tensely alive. But Miss Woods is not only a specialist in her topography; it is as an ethical geographer that she excels. Her insight into character, her knowledge of human nature, her fine instinct for truth, her broad charity and sympathy are the gifts which raise *A Gingham Rose* into preeminence among the novels of the hour. With all our observation and intelligence, we are sadly lacking, as a nation of novelists, in the finer, spiritual qualities that distinguish the true artist, and go to the making of permanence in literature. For this reason, I am glad to single out *A Gingham Rose*, and to give it the prominence it deserves. Not that Miss Woods is lacking in the lighter graces of comedy; she has a very keen sense of humor which she exercises both in the making of her people and in the keen-edged things they say, and the epigrammatic things she says about them. I wish I had space to give a few illustrations; but the book itself is the best illustration—it so often happens that the arbitrary choice of an individual mars the unity of the work for other readers. I think American readers will like Anne. She is a teasing, enticing, lovable type of girl, not too far removed from any one of us. Why she was called "a gingham rose," and how she lived to outgrow its opprobrium, I must leave to the curiosity of the reader.

There is a suggestive entry, dated June, 1889, in Sir M. E. Grant Duff's *Journal*, which has an amusing significance now in view of Japan's splendid stand in the field. "Met at the soirée of the Royal Academy Sir Edwin Arnold, who is thinking of starting for a journey round the world. He was especially attracted by Japan. 'Imagine,' he said, 'a country whose grammar does not contain an imperative mood.'"

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A View of the Japanese Firing-line at Sunan



A Gang of Korean Coolies transporting Japanese Supplies near Sunan

WITH THE JAPANESE TROOPS—SNA

The photographs, showing various phases of Japanese military activity in the field, were se

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Japanese trying to dislodge the Russians by rapid Fire from behind temporary Intrenchments at Sunan



Japanese Infantry resting near Sunan—eating their daily Fare of Rice and dried Fish

AP-SHOTS TAKEN IN THE FIELD

sent early in April from Sunan, Korea, a town about fifteen miles north of Ping-Yang

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A Remarkable Class Memorial

By Robert Bridges

A REMARKABLE tribute from a college class to its Alma Mater will be formally consummated when at noon on Saturday, June 11, there will be turned over to the president of Princeton University, with simple ceremonies, the completed dormitory erected by the class of 1879 to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its graduation. Many college classes have made memorial gifts, but never before has a single class presented a building of this size or scope.

The class of '79 at Princeton early acquired the habit of giving. The bronze lions in front of Nassau Hall were presented by the class when it graduated. Ten years later they secured Augustus St.-Gaudens to make a statue of James McCosh from life—a noble study, in high relief, which is on the wall to the left of the chancel in Marquand Chapel. To the families and members of the class the university is indebted for the McCormick Professorship of Jurisprudence, Dodge Hall for the Y. M. C. A., McCosh Walk, the Theodore Cuyler prize in economics, and for $25,000 of the fund raised for the new gymnasium.

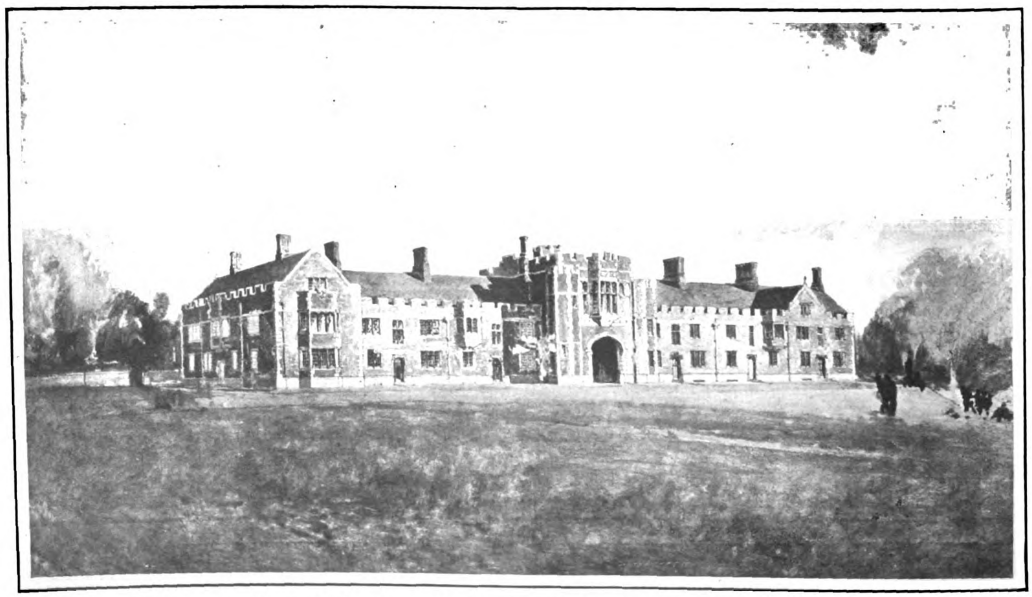
Five years ago the class decided to present a dormitory to the university to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of its graduation. The class committee was given full authority to raise the funds, select an architect, and complete the building. It was voted that the building should cost about $100,000; as finished there has been expended $106,000. The rental of the rooms will net to the university about $4000 per year—enough to endow a professorship.



A View of the Tower of the new Dormitory from Washington Road

When Woodrow Wilson, a member of this class, was elected president of the university, the project to erect the building had added to it the personal enthusiasm of the class for him and his work. When inaugurated in October, 1902, his first official act was to turn the first spadeful of earth on the site of the '79 building. All of the following winter was spent in choosing an architect and perfecting the plans. Benjamin Wistar Morris, Jr., of New York city, was the architect finally selected. He is a Beaux-Arts man, a pupil of Blondel, and the architect of notable buildings in New York and Hartford.

The style of architecture, as in all recent buildings at Princeton, is a development of the Tudor Gothic — which is so well suited to the academic air and surroundings of the Princeton campus. Following the best English traditions it was decided to erect the walls of a deep plum-colored brick, which is trimmed with Indiana limestone. The bricks are set in English bond—with wide mortar spaces. The whole effect is rich and picturesque, and years will only add to its beauty. Its most effective feature is the tower which faces Prospect Avenue—an asymmetrical structure with mullioned windows. This tower contains a great memorial room, with oak-beam ceiling and huge stone fireplace. Here the class dinners and reunions will be held as long as members of the class survive.



The new Princeton Dormitory, erected by the Class of '79 in celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of its Graduation

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Clarence H. Mackay

PRESIDENT CLARENCE H. MACKAY AND HIS LIEUTENANTS

The tenth anniversary of the opening of the Postal Telegraph Building was celebrated at a dinner given by President Mackay to the superintendents of the cable and telegraph companies. It was attended by representatives of every State—even Texas and California—and was notably successful. Among the representatives present were C. E. Merritt, G. H. Usher, T. E. Fleming, J. F. Skirrow, G. W. Ribble, H. J. Kinnucan, S. A. Duncan, W. C. Black, E. Reynolds, S. M. English, C. Priest, C. L. Lewis, R. Herne, T. L. Cuyler, Jr., A. L. Edgecombe, H. D. Reynolds, W. H. Baker, George G. Ward, L. W. Storror, S. F. Austin, Albert Beck, Captain A. Cranston, B. S. Price, E. B. Pillsbury, H. A. Tuttle, E. C. Bradley, E. C. Platt, E. J. Nally, F. W. Jones, W. I. Capen, Isaac Smith, J. O. Stevens, J. G. Blake, R. P. Martin, M. M. Davis, J. Kent, H. J. Pettingill, W. J. Camp, W. J. Slater, A. C. Kaufman, S. H. Mudge, A. B. Chandler, J. Hargrave, H. G. McGill, C. P. Bruch, G. W. Blanchard, S. S. Dickenson, E. W. Collins, H. F. Hawkins, C. Shirley, G. E. Paine, C. C. Adams, E. G. Cochrane, E. Kimmey, W. B. Vansize, A. E. Chandler, E. S. Butterfield, W. P. S. Hawk, C. M. Baker, W. H. McCollum, L. Lemon, C. F. Fox, F. W. Conger, C. R. Hosmer, W. K. Smith, F. H. Dennis, F. B. Gerrard, W. A. Portcous, T. W. Carroll, J. Costello

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There is an alcove where archives and memorabilia of the class will be preserved.

The building is 240 feet long and has suites of rooms for forty-eight students—each containing a sitting-room and two bedrooms. There are open fireplaces, steam heat, and electricity in the rooms, and abundant shower baths and lavatories in a well-lighted basement which is reached by an inside staircase from each entry.

The exterior beauty of the building is much enhanced by the gargoyles and bosses from original designs by Gutzon Borglum—the well-known sculptor, who made for it forty-four new models. These grotesques show extraordinary skill in modelling and a great deal of fancy.

The class which conceived and carried to fulfilment this beautiful memorial contains an unusual number of men who have achieved honorable success. President Wilson was marked out for distinction by his classmates when he was an undergraduate. Other notable men in this class are Cyrus H. McCormick, of Chicago, president of the International Harvester Co.; Attorney-General Robert H. McCarter, of New Jersey; Mayor Talcott of Utica; Judge Mahlon Pitney, of the New Jersey Supreme Court; Judge Robert R. Henderson, of the Circuit Court of Maryland; Hon. Adrian H. Riker, of Newark, New Jersey; William B. Lee, an attorney of Rochester, New York; D. Moreau Barringer, of Philadelphia, expert in mining and author of an authoritative book on mining law; Peter Joseph Hamilton, the historian of Alabama; Dr. E. P. Davis, one of the most eminent Philadelphia physicians; Drs. C. W. Mitchell and Hiram Woods, of Baltimore; C. C. Cuyler and Parker D. Handy, bankers, of New York city; Harold Godwin, of New York; Colonel Edwin A. Stevens, of Castle Point; Major John McGaw Woodbury, head of the New York Street Cleaning Department; the Rev. Drs. A. W. Halsey and Thomas C. Hall, of New York; Edward W. Sheldon, W. R. Wilder, and George L. Prentiss, New York lawyers, and in business Cleveland H. Dodge, the philanthropist, W. B. Isham, Jr., John Farr, and John Baird, of New York; James B. Waller, of Chicago, and Walter B. Brooks, of Baltimore.

Without naming others, it may be said that of the 122 men who were graduated very few have failed to give a good account of themselves. They are professors in colleges, missionaries in the Far East, workers in the slums of great cities, country physicians, politicians of more than local fame—and always men of a certain sincerity and vigor that has left its stamp on their several communities. The class as a body has been always noted for its great unity, its depth of feeling for the university, and its persistent energy in expressing its affection by deeds. What the members of the class have done for each other can never be written. They have stood together in adversity, as well as celebrated together in prosperity. After a quarter of a century they are better friends than when they graduated. This building which they have erected is to them but the symbol of an ideal of friendship for each other and of loyalty to the university.



Photograph by Chickering

A Bicycle Meet at Chestnut Hill, Boston, on May 1

The Outdoor Season—Revival of Cycling

By Abbot Bassett, Secretary-Treasurer L. A. W.

THE bicycle came to us at the time of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. An enterprising English firm of manufacturers exhibited three bicycles of the large wheel type, and these attracted an amount of attention hardly equalled by any other feature of the fair. The three wheels were sold to those who became pioneers in a sport that has reached astonishing proportions, and that started an industry that employs hundreds of thousands of laborers and involving many millions of capital.

A distinguished financier has told us that financial affairs move in cycles; that we have a boom on the up turn and a panic when the wheel exposes its under side. In some such way has the sport and the industry of cycling moved. We know that cycling has been going down-hill for several years, and those who are in a position to know predict a revival of interest in it in the near future. A glance at the history of the bicycle will show its many ups and downs.

Alfred D. Chandler, of Brookline, Massachusetts, is credited with being the first American to ride the bicycle in the United States for pleasure. There were track races before that, but Chandler was the pioneer on the road. Mr. Chandler still rides, and at the meeting of old-timers in Boston on May 1 he rode to the rendezvous, followed by five stalwart sons on bicycles. The high wheel did not attract many people. None but the more active cared to risk life and limb on the high perch of the "ordinary," as we called the high wheel when the "safety" bicycle came forward.

To supply the popular demand for a safe machine the tricycle was brought out, and in 1883 the first American tricycle was made. It was taken up at first by women and elderly people, but soon more active persons began to abandon their high wheels for the wide-track machine that would stand alone. In the years from 1885 to 1888 the manufacturers were selling ten tricycles to one bicycle. Then the desire for greater speed gave rise to a demand for a wheel on which two could ride and use their united strength for propulsion, and the tandem tricycle came into popular favor. In 1888 the dwarf safety began to find a ready sale, and finally drove out the tricycle. It furnished as much safety as was desired, and did away with the wide track, always a disadvantage on a poor road.

1890 saw a mechanical improvement that put new life into cycling, and started it in the direction of the boom which was to come later. The pneumatic tire was as important a step forward as the change from the high wheel to the dwarf. At races held during the L. A. W. meet at Niagara Falls in 1890 a pneumatic-tired wheel ridden by an inferior rider easily distanced the best riders in the country who rode solid-tired wheels. After that a solid-tired wheel was unsalable.

The boom in cycling occurred in the years from 1896 to 1900. Society took to the wheel, and its large following came hurrying after. To ride the wheel was the thing to do. Cycling became a fad. Cycle factories grew up on every side. Many large manufacturers abandoned their regular industry and began to make cycles. Clubs were formed, cycling tours were promoted, racing was patronized. The League of American Wheelmen, one of the best indexes of the popularity of cycling, gained a membership far exceeding a hundred thousand. At one time during the boom there were eighty-five journals issued in the interest of the wheel, and every city newspaper had its special cycling column and its cycling editor. There were but two classes of people: those who rode and those who wanted to. But every boom has its reaction, and the boom in cycling proved no exception. There came a decline in interest which surprised even those who had predicted that the boom would collapse. Manufacturers, who thought they saw fabulous profits in the manufacture of bicycles and had made the venture, found themselves bankrupt. Interest began to lag. The trolley-car came in and afforded an opportunity to get into the country without the necessity of working the passage. Riders began to fret over the trouble of getting into different clothes every time they went for a ride. Enthusiasm diminished. So-

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ciety took to golf, and its long train of followers began to talk about clubs and links. The badly managed trust gave the knock-out blow which prostrated cycling. Before the formation of the trust there were some ninety manufacturers making wheels and pushing the sale of them. Bicycle agencies grew up in every village. In every large city there was what was known as "cycle row," where the dealers clustered and centralized the interest. Seventy-five hundred travelling salesmen were going about the country talking up the wheel. The trade promoted races, tours, and meets. The clubs were social centres of a most attractive kind. The L. A. W. was making a hard fight for good roads, the carriage of bicycles as baggage on the railroads, the erection of guide-boards, and the cleanliness of racing. Every one was pushing and hustling. The formation of trusts became a fad, and cycling was a victim. Forty-five active factories were concentrated under one management. Many of these were closed. The drummer was dismissed. When one has a monopoly there is no need for soliciting trade. So thought the trust. This act destroyed an army of pushing men who were talking up the wheel and keeping it in the public view. The next false step was the suspension of advertising. This lost wheeling the support of the press. The cycling press became a thing of the past. The L. A. W., which organizes wheelmen and makes them strong in co-operative endeavor, found itself unable to conduct a first-class weekly paper for want of advertising. The trust was badly managed in every way, and a decline in bicycling followed naturally.

Will cycling ever regain its former place? It is believed that it will, because it deserves to come again into popular favor. The enthusiasts among wheelmen to-day are the old-timers. They thoroughly appreciate what the wheel has done for them, and it is a great source of regret that the young people of to-day do not get the fun, the health, the exhilaration that the veterans got from the wheel when younger blood coursed in their veins. The boys and girls of to-day have been looking at wheeling as a thing not to do. They know nothing of touring and of the various functions which have been a part of wheel life.

We believe bicycling will come back because the bicycle is a practical thing. It has enduring qualities. It is a thing that ought to live and it will live. Those who have never ridden a wheel cannot begin to appreciate the exhilaration which comes from riding. No other form of locomotion can compare with it. The automobile is a lazy man's vehicle. It serves him who wants comfort and freedom from work. It provides the element of excitement and danger, but it does not provide health-giving exercise and exhilaration.

During the time of what may be called the decline of bicycling the wheel has not gone out entirely, for thousands and hundreds of thousands are riding it and will continue to ride it. It is used very largely for utilitarian purposes. The schoolboy rides it to and from school, the laborer rides it to and from his work, the horseshoer goes for the mail on it. This will continue until some better means of conveyance at a cheaper price comes into use.

For these purposes the wheel has never been superseded. It is the pleasure riders that have departed. The tourists, those who rightly enjoy a day's spin into the country, those who ride for the fun of the thing, those who ride to restore health, those who enjoy companionship on wheel trips and have lately failed to find it: these are the ones that have made bicycling a sport worth cultivating, and we believe they are coming back.

The League of American Wheelmen organized cyclists. It attracted the tourist, the club-man, and the invalid. In recent times it has seen its membership roll growing smaller and smaller with each succeeding year. The club spirit went out, the spirit of fraternity departed, and the L. A. W. viewed with dismay its rapidly diminishing numbers. They told us that its work was done; that we had secured the good roads we were working for, that we had obtained every right before the law that we had demanded, and that there was no reason for its further existence. The members stood loyally by the organization, and gave it a life and activity far and away above that of any other cycling institution. It was maintained and supported to save what we had gained, and through the loyalty of members grateful for what it had done in the past. Despite its diminished membership it claims to-day an individual membership very much larger than that of any athletic association in the United States. It is an index of the growth in interest of the popular side of cycling. The past few years have shown a steady decline from month to month, and this year the L. A. W. is gaining every month. Old members who allowed their membership to lapse are coming forward and taking their places in line once more. A new spirit is being developed and a new interest is being taken. This is one of the indications of the return of the wheel.

On the first day of May there gathered at the Chestnut Hill reservoir in Boston one of the greatest assemblies of wheelmen that has occurred for many years. Four thousand riders met to open the season. They came from all quarters and upon every kind of wheel. Several old-time high wheels were ridden by the more daring; the Star bicycle, with the little wheel in front, came to assert itself; the Kangaroo, the Facile, and several specimens of the wooden wheel velocipede. One enthusiastic rider of eighty-two years rode over from Cambridge to tell us that he rode every day during the season. A gentleman aged seventy-eight rode from Allston in company with his wife of the same age. The young, the old, the halt and the lame were there. It was an enthusiastic crowd, and all vowed allegiance to the sport. Colonel Pope, father of the bicycle industry, was present, and made a speech to the multitude. General Miles, always a believer in the wheel, told of his interest in wheeling and his belief that the cycle was again in popular favor.

It was a notable event in cycling annals. A gathering of 4000 wheelmen in 1897 would have meant little; to-day it means much, for the enthusiasm was there, the determination to ride, and to ride for a purpose.

A prominent dealer was asked the other day what prospect he saw for a resumption of trade in his line. He spoke in the most enthusiastic manner. Not for five years has there been such a demand for catalogues, he said, as this year. There are at least 2000 calls a day for them, and the demand is spontaneous and not the result of any special advertising. The repair-shops find business coming to them far in excess of their expectations. One repair man reported that he could not promise to attend to a wheel inside of two weeks.

But far and above all other reasons for the return of the wheel is the fact that the roads are better now than ever before. In the early days wheelmen had to encounter sand and mud where is now hard macadam. Wheelmen were behind the early agitation for good roads, and now that there are good roads in plenty we like to imagine them calling to their former brother cyclists, "Why don't you ride your bicycle?"



The 4000 Wheelmen gathered at Chestnut Hill, showing the stacked Wheels of different Clubs

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THE CLUB OF QUEER TRADES

The Singular Speculation of the House Agent

by

G·K·CHESTERTON

Part I.

LIEUTENANT DRUMMOND KEITH was a man about whom conversation always burst like a thunderstorm the moment he left the room. This arose from many separate touches about him. He was a light, loose person, who wore light, loose clothes, generally white, as if he were in the tropics; he was lean and graceful, like a panther, and he had restless black eyes.

He was very *impecunious*. He had one of the habits of the poor in a degree so exaggerated as immeasurably to eclipse the most miserable of the unemployed: I mean the habit of continual change of lodgings. There are inland tracts of London in which, in the very heart of artificial civilization, humanity has almost become nomadic once more. But in that restless interior there was no ragged tramp so restless as the elegant officer in the loose white clothes. He had shot a great many things in his time, to judge from his conversation, from partridges to elephants, but his slangier acquaintances were of *opinion* that "the moon" had been *not* unfrequently amid the victims of his victorious rifle. The phrase is a fine one, and suggests a mystic, elvish, nocturnal hunting.

He carried from house to house and from parish to parish a kit which consisted practically of five articles. Two odd-looking, large-bladed spears, tied together, the weapons, I suppose, of some savage tribe. A green umbrella. A huge and tattered copy of the *Pickwick Papers*. A big game rifle. And a large sealed jar of some unholy Oriental wine. These always went in to every new lodging, even for one night: and they went in quite undisguised, tied up in whisps of string or straw, to the delight of the poetic gutter boys in the little gray streets.

I had forgotten to mention that he always carried also his old regimental sword. But this raised another odd question about him. Slim and active as he was, he was no longer very young. His hair, indeed, was quite gray, though his rather wild, almost Italian mustache retained its blackness, and his face was careworn under its almost Italian gayety. To find a middle-aged man who has left the army at the primitive rank of lieutenant is unusual and not necessarily encouraging. With the more cautious and solid this fact, like his endless flitting, did the mysterious gentleman no good.

Lastly, he was a man who told the kind of adventures which win a man admiration, but not respect. They came out of queer places, where a good man would scarcely find himself, out of opium-dens and gambling-hells; they had the heat of the thieves' kitchens or smelled of a strange smoke from cannibal incantations. These are the kind of stories which discredit a person almost equally whether they are believed or no. If Keith's tales were false he was a liar; if they were true he had had, at any rate, every opportunity of being a scamp.

He had just left the room in which I sat with Basil Gryce and his brother Rupert, the voluble amateur detective. And as I say was invariably the case, we were all talking about him. Rupert Gryce was a clever young fellow, but he had that tendency which youth and cleverness, when sharply combined, so often produce, a somewhat extravagant scepticism. He saw doubt and guilt everywhere, and it was meat and drink to him. I had often got irritated with this boyish incredulity of his, but on this particular occasion I am bound to say that I thought him so obviously right that I was astounded as Basil's opposing him, however banteringly.

I could swallow a good deal, being naturally of a simple turn, but I could not swallow Lieutenant Keith's autobiography.

"You don't seriously mean, Basil," I said, "that you think that that fellow really did go as a stowaway with Nansen and pretend to be the Mad Mullah and—"

"He has one fault," said Basil, thoughtfully, "or virtue, as you may happen to regard it. He tells the truth in too exact and bald a style; he is too veracious."

"Oh! if you are going to be paradoxical," said Rupert, contemptuously, "be a bit funnier than that. Say, for instance, that he has lived all his life in one ancestral manor."

"No, he's extremely fond of change of scene," replied Basil, dispassionately, "and of living in odd places. That doesn't prevent his chief trait being verbal exactitude. What you people don't understand is that telling a thing crudely and coarsely as it happened makes it sound frightfully strange. The sort of things Keith recounts are not the sort of things that a man would make up to cover himself with honor; they are too absurd. But they are the sort of things that a man would do if he were sufficiently filled with the soul of skylarking."

"So far from paradox," said his brother, with something rather like a sneer, "you seem to be going in for journalese proverbs. Do you believe that truth is stranger than fiction?"

"Truth must of necessity be stranger than fiction," said Basil, placidly. "For fiction is the creation of the human mind, and therefore is congenial to it."

"Well, your lieutenant's truth is stranger, if it is truth, than anything I ever heard of," said Rupert, relapsing into flippancy. "Do you, on your soul, believe in all that about the shark and the camera?"

"I believe Keith's words," answered the other. "He is an honest man."

"I should like to question a regiment of his landladies," said Rupert, cynically.

"I must say, I think you can hardly regard him as unimpeachable merely in himself," I said, mildly; "his mode of life—"

Before I could complete the sentence the door was flung open and Drummond Keith appeared again on the threshold, his white Panama on his head.

"I say, Gryce," he said, knocking off his cigarette ash against the door, "I've got no money in the world till next April. Could you lend me a hundred pounds? There's a good chap."

Rupert and I looked at each other in an ironical silence. Basil, who was sitting by his desk, swung the chair round idly on its screw and picked up a quill pen.

"Shall I cross it?" he asked, opening a check-book.

"Really," began Rupert, with a rather nervous loudness, "since Lieutenant Keith has seen fit to make this suggestion to Basil before his family, I—"

"Here you are, Ugly," said Basil, fluttering a check in the direction of the quite nonchalant officer. "Are you in a hurry?"

"Yes," replied Keith, in a rather abrupt way. "As a matter of fact, I want it now. I want to see my—er—business man."

Rupert was eyeing him sarcastically, and I could see that it was on the tip of his tongue to say, inquiringly, "Receiver of stolen goods, perhaps." What he did say was:

"A business man? That's rather a general description, Lieutenant Keith."

Keith looked at him sharply, and then said, with something rather like ill temper:

"He's a thingummybob, a house-agent, say. I'm going to see him."

"Oh, you're going to see a house-agent, are you?" said Rupert Gryce, grimly. "Do you know, Mr. Keith, I think I should very much like to go with you?"

Basil shook with his soundless laughter. Lieutenant Keith started a little; his brow blackened sharply.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "What did you say?"

Rupert's face had been growing from stage to stage of ferocious irony, and he answered:

"I was saying that I wondered whether you would mind our strolling along with you to this house-agent's."

The visitor swung his stick with a sudden whirling violence.

"Oh, by all means, come to my house-agent's! Come to my bedroom. Look under my bed. Examine my dust-bin. Come

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along!" And with a furious energy which took away our breath he banged his way out of the room.

Rupert Gryce, his restless blue eyes dancing with his detective excitement, soon shouldered alongside him, talking to him with that transparent camaraderie which he imagined to be appropriate from the disguised policeman to the disguised criminal. His interpretation was certainly corroborated by one particular detail, the unmistakable unrest, annoyance, and nervousness of the man with whom he walked. Basil and I tramped behind, and it was not necessary for us to tell each other that we had both noticed this.

Lieutenant Drummond Keith led us through very extraordinary and unpromising neighborhoods in the search for his remarkable house-agent. Neither of the brothers Gryce failed to notice this fact. As the streets grew closer and more crooked and the roofs lower and the gutters grosser with mud, a darker curiosity deepened on the brows of Basil, and the figure of Rupert, seen from behind, seemed to fill the street with a gigantic swagger of success. At length, at the end of the fourth or fifth lean gray street in that sterile district we came suddenly to a halt, the mysterious lieutenant looking once more about him with a sort of sulky desperation. Above a row of closed shutters and a door all indescribably dingy in appearance and in size scarcely sufficient even for a penny toyshop, ran the inscription: "P. Montmorency, House-Agent."

"This is the office of which I spoke," said Keith, in a cutting voice. "Will you wait here a moment, or does your astonishing tenderness about my welfare lead you to wish to overhear everything I have to say to my business adviser?"

Rupert's face was white and shaking with excitement; nothing on earth would have induced him now to have abandoned his prey.

"If you will excuse me," he said, clenching his hands behind his back, "I think I should feel myself justified in—"

"Oh! Come along in," exploded the lieutenant. He made the same gesture of savage surrender. And he slammed into the office, the rest of us at his heels.

P. Montmorency, house-agent, was a solitary old gentleman sitting behind a bare brown counter. He had an egglike head, froglike jaws, and a gray hairy fringe of aureole round the lower part of his face; the whole combined with a reddish, aquiline nose. He wore a shabby black frock coat, a sort of semiclerical tie worn at a very unclerical angle, and looked, generally speaking, about as unlike a house-agent as anything could look, short of something like a sandwich-man or a Scotch Highlander.

We stood inside the room for fully forty seconds, and the odd old gentleman did not look at us. Neither, to tell the truth, odd as he was, did we look at him. Our eyes were fixed where his were fixed, upon something that was crawling about on the counter in front of him. It was a ferret.

The silence was broken by Rupert Gryce. He spoke in that sweet and steely voice which he reserved for great occasions and practised for hours together in his bedroom. He said,

"Mr. Montmorency, I think."

The old gentleman started, lifted his eyes with a bland bewilderment, picked up the ferret by the neck, stuffed it alive into his trousers pocket, smiled apologetically, and said,

"Sir."

"You are a house-agent, are you not?" asked Rupert.

To the delight of that criminal investigator, Mr. Montmorency's eyes wandered unquietly towards Lieutenant Keith, the only man present that he knew.

"A house-agent," cried Rupert again, bringing out the word as if it were "burglar."

"Yes . . . oh yes," said the man, with a quavering and almost coquettish smile. "I am a house-agent, . . . oh yes."

"Well, I think," said Rupert, with a sardonic sleekness, "that Lieutenant Keith wants to speak to you. We have come in by his request."

Lieutenant Keith was lowering gloomily and now he spoke.

"I've come, Mr. Montmorency, about that house of mine."

"Yes, sir," said Montmorency, spreading his fingers on the flat counter. "It's all ready, sir. I've attended to all your suggestions . . . er . . . about the br . . ."

"Right," cried Keith, cutting the word short with the startling neatness of a gunshot. "We needn't bother about all that. If you've done what I told you, all right."

And he turned abruptly towards the door.

Mr. Montmorency, house-agent, presented a picture of pathos. After stammering a moment he said: "Excuse me, . . . Mr. Keith . . . there was another matter . . . about which I wasn't quite sure. I tried to get all the heating apparatus possible under the circumstances . . . but in winter . . . at that elevation. . . ."

"Can't expect much, eh?" said the lieutenant, cutting in with the same sudden skill. "No, of course not. That's all right, Montmorency. There can't be any more difficulties," and he put his hand on the handle of the door.

"I think," said Rupert Gryce, with a satanic suavity, "that Mr. Montmorency has something further to say to you, lieutenant."

"Only," said the house-agent, in desperation, "what about the birds?"

"I beg your pardon," said Rupert, in a general blank.

"What about the birds?" said the house-agent, doggedly.

Basil, who had remained throughout the proceedings in a state of Napoleonic calm, which might be more accurately described as a state of Napoleonic stupidity, suddenly lifted his leonine head.

"Before you go, Lieutenant Keith," he said. "Come now. Really, what about the birds?"

"I'll take care of them," said Lieutenant Keith, still with his long back turned to us; "they sha'n't suffer."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," cried the incomprehensible house-agent, with an air of ecstasy. "You'll excuse my concern, sir. You know I'm wild on wild animals. I'm as wild as any of them on that. Thank you, sir. But there's another thing. . . ."

The lieutenant, with his back turned to us, exploded with an indescribable laugh and swung round to face us. It was a laugh the purport of which was direct and essential, and yet which one can not exactly express. As near as it said anything, verbally speaking, it said: "Well, if you must spoil it, you must. But you don't know what you're spoiling."

"There is another thing," continued Mr. Montmorency, weakly. "Of course if you don't want to be visited you'll paint the house green, but—"

"Green," shouted Keith. "Green! Let it be green or nothing. I won't have a house of another color. Green!" and before we could realize anything the door had banged between us and the street.

Rupert Gryce seemed to take a little time to collect himself; but he spoke before the echoes of the door died away.

"Your client, Lieutenant Keith, appears somewhat excited," he said. "What is the matter with him? Is he unwell?"

"Oh, I should think not," said Mr. Montmorency, in some confusion. "The negotiations have been somewhat difficult . . . the house is rather . . ."

"Green," said Rupert, calmly. "That appears to be a very important point. It must be rather green. May I ask you, Mr. Montmorency, before I rejoin my companion outside, whether, in your business, it is usual to ask for houses by their color. Do clients write to a house-agent asking for a pink house or a blue house? Or, to take another instance, for a green house?"

"Only," said Montmorency, trembling, "only to be inconspicuous."

Rupert had his ruthless smile. "Can you tell me any place on earth in which a green house would be inconspicuous?"

The house-agent was fidgetting nervously in his pocket. Slowly drawing out a couple of lizards and leaving them to run on the counter, he said,

"No; I can't."

"You can't suggest an explanation?"

"No," said Mr. Montmorency, rising slowly and yet in such a way as to suggest a sudden situation. "I can't. And may I, as a busy man, be excused if I ask you, gentlemen, if you have any demand to make of me in connection with my business. What kind of house would you desire me to get for you, sir?"

He opened his blank blue eyes on Rupert, who seemed for the second staggered. Then he recovered himself with perfect common sense and answered:

"I am sorry, Mr. Montmorency. The fascination of your remarks has unduly delayed us from joining our friend outside. Pray excuse my apparent impertinence."

"Not at all, sir," said the house-agent, taking a South-American spider idly from his waistcoat pocket and letting it climb up the slope of his desk. "Not at all, sir. I hope you will favor me again."

Rupert Gryce dashed out of the office in a gust of anger, anxious to face Lieutenant Keith. He was gone. The dull, starlit street was deserted.

"What do you say now?" cried Rupert, to his brother. His brother said nothing now.

We all three strode down the street in silence, Rupert feverish, myself dazed, Basil, to all appearance, merely dull. We walked through gray street after gray street, turning corners, traversing squares, scarcely meeting any one, except occasional drunken knots of two or three.

In one small street, however, the knots of two or three began abruptly to thicken into knots of five or six and then into great groups and then into a crowd. The crowd was stirring very slightly. But any one with a knowledge of the eternal populace knows that if the outside rim of a crowd stirs ever so slightly it means that there is madness in the heart and core of the mob. It soon became evident that something really important had happened in the centre of this excitement. We wormed our way to the front, with the cunning which is known only to cockneys, and once there we soon learned the nature of the difficulty. There had been a brawl concerned with some six men and one of them lay almost dead on the stones of the streets. Of the other four, all interesting matters were, as far as we were concerned, swallowed up in one stupendous fact. One of the four survivors of the brutal and perhaps fatal scuffle was the immaculate Lieutenant Keith, his clothes torn to ribbons, his eyes blazing, blood on his knuckles. One other thing, however, pointed at him in a worse manner. A short sword, or very long knife, had been drawn out of his elegant walking-stick, and lay in front of him upon the stones. It did not, however, appear to be bloody.

The police had already pushed into the centre with their ponderous omnipotence, and even as they did so, Rupert Gryce sprang forward with his uncontrollable and intolerable secret.

"That is the man, constable," he shouted, pointing at the battered lieutenant. "He is a suspicious character. He did the murder."

"There's been no murder done, sir," said the policeman, with his automatic civility. "The poor man's only hurt. I shall only be able to take the names and addresses of the men in the scuffle and have a good eye kept on them."

"Have a good eye kept on that one," said Rupert, pale to the lips and pointing to the ragged Keith.

"All right, sir," said the policeman, unemotionally, and went the round of the people present, collecting the addresses. When he had completed his task the dusk had fallen and most of the people not immediately connected with the examination had gone

(Continued on page 916.)

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Correspondence

CHURCH UNION

ST. LOUIS, *May 13, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In response to the exceptions taken, and in acknowledgment of the acquiescing remarks made by Mr. Francis P. Marchant, of London, anent to my letter on church unionship, I should like to add a few words.

The principal exception, if exception it may really be called, made by Mr. Marchant to my letter is that what I have called a partial lack of attendance at church services on account of disgust and in some cases poor ministers he foots up as "temporary lassitude." His definition for the cause may be as good as mine, in some respects; but I would ask if the causes I have named for non-attendance do not, at least partially, answer for this temporary lassitude. Would not a union of churches be the cause of enthusiasm being aroused among some of those thus afflicted? In my opinion it would. Of course we can never hope to make church services attractive for all.

In return, I must take exception to one suggestion made by Mr. Marchant—that is, the statement that the Church of Rome offers a simple solution to the problem. In my opinion it does so no more than any other denomination. Any other church organization of Christ-believing people could probably be as well taken as the staff around which to group the whole. That is not the question, however. All organizations must be willing to make concessions in order that the compromise and the union be effected. The refusal to do so and the determination of each to have its peculiar creed adopted in whole is what will always prevent the union from being made. It is merely the same old way of saying, "I am entirely in the right and you are entirely in the wrong." Let us not yield so completely to the truth of that old Italian maxim which recites that "to every bird its own nest is charming" as to be unable to give an impartial glance towards our neighbor's.

I am, sir,

CHARLES ALMA BYERS.

MORE ABOUT THE JUMPING FROG

Mr. S. L. Clemens reports from Florence the receipt of the following letter:

4529 MCMILLAN AVE., ST. LOUIS, MO., *April 22, 1904.*

MR. CLEMENS, DEAR SIR,—I have always enjoyed books very much, but lately I have been pained to note a discrepancy in the chapter on the jumping frog in *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*. On page 376, beginning with line seventeen (red bound uniform edition of Harpers), it says: "To him and his fellow gold-miners there were just two things in the story that were worth considering. One was the smartness of its hero, Jim Smiley, in taking the stranger in with a loaded frog: the other was Smiley's deep knowledge of a frog's nature—for he knew (as the narrator asserted and the listeners conceded) that a frog *likes shot* and is always ready to eat it."

Now Smiley was the owner of Dan'l Webster, and *he* was taken in, not the *stranger*, for the *stranger* knew that frogs liked shot and filled Dan'l up, thus making Smiley lose his bet.

Having drawn your attention to this inaccuracy, I remain,

Yours truly, K. MACGOWAN.

"This is very curious if true," comments Mr. Clemens, "and true it probably is, for I am an expert at making mistakes."

It is true, and being so, adds one more episode to the adventurous career of a story which was told by a Greek author 2000 years since, was told in the hearing of Mark Twain as an incident that happened in Calaveras County, California, in 1849 (and it probably did happen there), was duly recast and rehearsed in print by Mark Twain about forty years ago, and was translated into French and published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1872. When the story began—where it will end—no man may say.—EDITOR.

HOW TO TRAIN THE YANKEE TO SPEAK ENGLISH

KNOXVILLE, TENN., *May 21, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Having read with concern the revelations of your Philadelphia correspondent as to the linguistic degeneracy of the inhabitants of New England, as manifest in their provincial abuse of the letter "r," and having pondered earnestly the question which he raises, *e. g.*, "How can we check him (the Yankee) in his downward linguistical career?" I beg to offer the following suggestions:

1. That the people of Philadelphia and the West establish college settlements in these localities, the purpose of which shall be the training of the Yankee in the pronunciation of the English tongue.

2. That as many as possible of the young of the Yankee be captured and reared in homes and institutions where the language of the United States is spoken in its purity.

3. That itinerant missionaries from the more enlightened regions of our country be sent into such districts as shall be thought, upon investigation, to be most needy.

4. That tracts on pronunciation be prepared by persons of approved qualifications and distributed broadcast throughout the entire region.

5. That phonographic records be taken in such transmontane cities as Pittsburg and Chicago, where the letter "r" is most properly trilled, and placed on the intersections of the principal thoroughfares of the larger New England towns to the end that these people be given the benefit of the latest linguistic methods.

6. That, in view of the urgency of the situation, the Federal Executive be urged to call an extra session of Congress for the purpose of appropriating funds, and also to follow the precedent established *in re*, the coal strike, and appoint a national commission with full power to exercise restrictive measures.

7. And that, for the support and direction of these enterprises, an association be formed, with headquarters in Philadelphia, to be styled "An Association for the Keeping of the Well of English Pure and Undefiled," the purpose of which shall be to collect funds from the philanthropic, to confer with the national commission above recommended, to cooperate with other agencies of similar aims, and to endeavor, by means to be determined upon after study of the conditions, to bring to bear upon these abuses the activity of the New England conscience, the vicarious functioning of which is recognizedly a prime factor in the reformation of everything that needs reforming—outside of New England.

If we can only get *that* to work it's pretty sure to do the business. Otherwise, it's a bad outlook. A man that will pronounce *Cuba Cuber*, as I have heard the head master of a Connecticut prep. school do, will have to have a lot of coaching before he can talk like an American.

I am, sir, H. SPENCER.

IMPERIALISM VS. ILLITERACY

WHEATLAND, WYOMING, *May 9, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—While I heartily appreciate your efforts to keep your editorial "Comments" above the "yellow" zone, I am often amused at some of the epigrams with which you regale the hungry Democracy. Take, for instance, from "Comments" in May 7, "He" (the Democratic nominee) "can rely with confidence upon Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia," etc., and then read, "Is Imperialism an Extinct Issue?" in the same number, and note how you are prepared to acknowledge the vast good that might have been done to this "sure thing" if, as you say, "Had we made for the Southern States a grant of one hundred million dollars for educational purposes, how immense, in all likelihood, would have been the observable abatement of illiteracy."

If, indeed, education means progress, it would, no doubt, be conducive to a slight diversion from the "anti-everything" policy as was evidenced by some of the opposition in the last Congress.

Altogether your journal is a good one, a great one, and its kinetoscopic flashes ought to do something in the educational line itself.

I am, sir,

L. E. UTTER.

WHAT IS THE WORTH OF A WOMAN?

NEW YORK, *May 26, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The recent decision of a justice of the State of New Jersey in a suit for damages that a boy, commercially speaking, is worth twice as much as a girl, is deeply significant of a grievous error of the times. This error is our neglect, in a commercial age, to give a commercial value to woman *in the home*. The justice partially explained his decision by saying that the boy was worth twice as much as the girl because he would assuredly go into business, while the girl might or might not. In other words, it appears that a girl is of value only as she produces money. Now, the woman who toils arduously within the four walls of her home—who rears children, and cooks, and scrubs, and washes clothes, makes and mends them, and does a hundred other things—earns nothing but her own maintenance, and in the eyes of the economists is a non-producing laborer. She has, apparently, no commercial value. Yet we are told by learned statisticians that the commercial value of labor is regulated—that is, it is higher or lower—in accordance with demand. The domestic woman, the home-maker, is in the greatest and most continuous of all demands. Is her commercial value thereby enhanced? Not at all. On the other hand, sentimentalists will tell you that a capable woman is above price; but can a capable woman, confronted by an unpaid bill, reply calmly in payment, "I am above price"? For thus are they pursued by commerce even into the uncommercial precincts of the home.

Again, if all the girls died at birth, the republic, since they are all potential mothers, would cease. Would it not therefore appear that this girl, this creature who is, generally speaking, unproductive of actual money, must be of a value which should be counted in coin of the realm, lest it go altogether uncounted? When women finally realize that outside of "industrial life" they have no commercial value of the kind which commands the chief respect of our age, will they rush in disgust and despair from that unrated domestic life into that underrated industrial life from which they are warned away by the inconsiderate and illogical statistician? For may he not at any moment say to them: "Woman, in industrial life, it is true that you are, commercially, worth far less than a man, but you have in that sphere some value which is at least visible to the naked (commercial) eye. In the home, however, you are of no value which the white man of commerce—(of commerce, mark you)—is bound to respect." In view of this dangerous contingency would it not be wise and even cautious, considering how, after all, our existence as a nation depends equally upon women as upon men, to convene an assembly whose lofty object would be to set a commercial and therefore more easily recognizable value upon our girls, our home-makers, our mothers?

I am, sir. A WOMAN.

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Progress of the War

FROM the beginning of the war, February 9, to May 23 sixteen Russian war-ships have been sunk or disabled — the *Petropavlovsk*, *Pobieda*, *Czarevitch*, *Retvisan*, *Poltava*, *Pallada*, *Bogatyr*, *Novik*, *Askold*, *Diana*, *Variag*, *Boyarin*, *Korietz*, *Yenesei*, the torpedo-boat *Stereguschtchi*, and the destroyer *Bezstrashni*. Of these the battle-ship *Poltava* and the cruisers *Novik*, *Askold*, and *Diana* are known to have been repaired and are again in commission. Japan has lost the battle-ship *Hatsuse*, the cruiser *Yoshino*, and at least two torpedo-boats, and a Japanese cruiser was successfully torpedoed by the Russians on May 10. Other Japanese ships are believed to have been injured in the Port Arthur engagements; but definite knowledge of this is withheld. Port Arthur has been repeatedly bombarded, with damaging effect, by the Japanese, and Vladivostok was attacked by them on March 6, though without serious damage to the port. After two unsuccessful attempts to blockade the entrance to Port Arthur by sinking merchant steamers in the harbor, Admiral Togo on May 7 notified his government that his third attempt was successful. On May 1 the first great land battle of the war took place near the Yalu River, and resulted in a Japanese victory. The Japanese lost 218 killed and 783 wounded. The Russian casualties numbered 2394 killed, wounded, and captured. The Japanese buried 1363 Russian dead, and took 613 Russian prisoners. A large number of field and machine guns, rifles, ammunition, and supplies were captured by the Japanese. The Japanese have landed troops on both sides of the Liao-Tung Peninsula back of Port Arthur. The first Japanese army is concentrated at Feng-Wang-Cheng.

May 24.—General Kuroki reports that several small engagements have taken place between detachments of Japanese infantry and Cossacks. Twenty Cossacks were killed and a number wounded and captured. The report received to-day that the Japanese have lost 15,000 men in an attack on Port Arthur is not officially confirmed.

May 25.—General Kuropatkin to-day telegraphed to the Czar that 40,000 Japanese troops are concentrated at Feng-Wang-Cheng, and that four line regiments and fifty guns are at Pian-shin.

A despatch received to-day from Chefoo says that the report of May 12 to the effect that the Japanese had captured Dalny is now denied. On May 12 an unsuccessful attempt was made by the Russians to destroy the docks and piers at Dalny, and after the receipt of the news of the loss of the battle-ship *Hatsuse*, Lieutenant-General Stoessel ordered that further efforts to destroy the docks at Dalny be discontinued. The town is still in the possession of the Russians.

The number of men lost in the sinking of the Japanese cruiser *Yoshino* on May 15 is now given as 293, including sixty-three petty officers. Forty-eight were rescued.

May 26.—According to reports received in Tokyo, the Japanese to-day stormed and captured Kin-Chow, thirty-two miles north of Port Arthur.

May 27.—The report of the battle of Kin-Chow, which took place yesterday, was to-day officially confirmed in Tokyo. The Russians made a desperate resistance, but after twenty-four hours of fighting were forced to retire. The Russians retreated southward and the Japanese then took possession of the town.

Admiral Togo reports that he has established a complete blockade around the southern end of the Liao-Tung Peninsula. He also reports that ten men were killed and wounded on board his gunboats while assisting in the battle of Kin-Chow.

May 28.—The Japanese casualties in the battle of Kin-Chow were to-day estimated, in a despatch from Tokyo, at 3000 killed and wounded. The Russians left 400 dead on the field, and their total casualties are said to number about 2000. Seventy guns were captured by the Japanese. The Russians have abandoned Nankwanling, to which place they retreated on May 26, and are now retiring on Port Arthur.

A despatch from General Kuropatkin received to-day in St. Petersburg says the Japanese have begun an advance from Feng-Wang-Cheng.

May 29.—A despatch from Chefoo says the Russians are evacuating Dalny and are retreating to Port Arthur. All ammunition and most of the troops have been removed, and only civilians and electrical engineers in charge of the mines remain at the port.

Admiral Togo reports that he has captured a junk which was attempting to leave Port Arthur, and from letters taken from a Russian officer on board it is learned that three Russian destroyers were blown up at the entrance of the harbor on May 21.

May 30.—A telegram from Tokyo says that on May 28 a detachment of Japanese troops attacked and defeated 2000 Cossacks at Ai-Yang, about sixty miles northeast of Feng-Wang-Cheng.

May 31.—General Oku to-day reported that the Japanese forces occupied Dalny on May 30. All dock piers, except the great pier and many warehouses and barracks, were found to be uninjured. The railway and telegraph stations and about 200 railway-cars were also found intact, but all small railway bridges in the neighborhood were destroyed.

It was reported to-day that a three days' battle, which began on the morning of May 27 and lasted until daylight of May 30, has taken place at Simatsi, thirty-five miles north of Feng-Wang-Cheng. No official report of the engagement has as yet been made.

A despatch from Seoul says that a large force of Russian cavalry has been seen south of Ham-Hueng, Korea, and is moving toward Wonson (Gensan). Reinforcements are being sent from Ping-Yang to Wonson. Small detachments of Cossacks continue to harass the Japanese troops and make raids on villages in northern Korea.

A report received to-day from Vladivostok says the Japanese have mined the Peter the Great Gulf on which the town of Vladivostok is situated.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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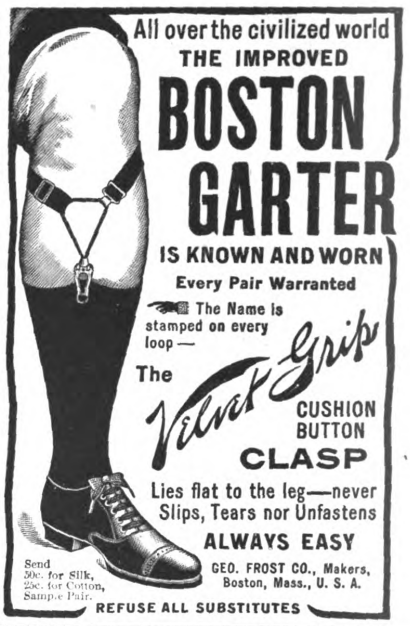
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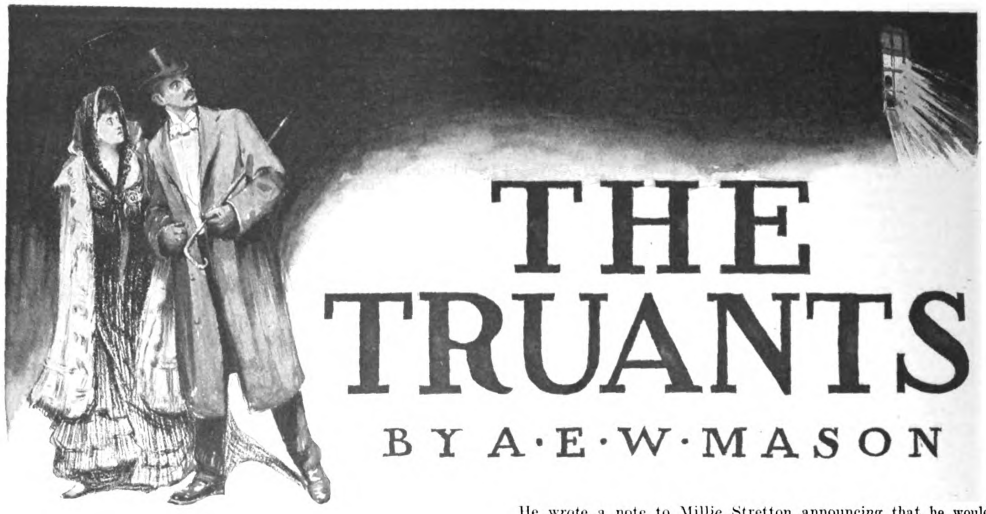
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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Mardale is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Into her early life has come a mysterious influence which dominates and directs her whole career. What this strange influence is only two of her friends suspect—a young schoolmaster who knew her as a child at Roquebrune, and Alan Warrisden, who is in love with her, and who, though his proposal of marriage is refused, determines to win her. Late one night at a ball, Pamela and Warrisden, while seated on a balcony, observe a young couple leaving the opposite house. They are Tony and Millicent Stretton, who live in a gloomy home presided over by the rich but unjust father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. This practice they keep up for a year, but finally both of them grow extremely weary of their monotonous life, and in a moment of exasperation Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune, while Millie is to be left behind and sent for as soon as her husband is able to establish a home. Millie becomes infatuated with Lionel Callon, a gentlemanly adventurer. Pamela wishes to help her. She sends Warrisden on a mission to find Tony and bring him home. Warrisden learns from a friend of Tony's, a Mr. Chase, that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a trawler. Warrisden uses every argument to prevail upon him to come back, but he refuses, and Warrisden is forced to return alone. Tony remains on the trawler until the term of his cruise is over (meanwhile having learned of his father's death), and then, after much perplexity and indecision, decides to return to London, feeling that he has seen a way out of his difficulties. He reasons that he would deserve Millie's contempt if he returned at the moment when life had suddenly been made easy for them by his father's death, and decides to enlist in the French Foreign Legion, as no other career seems open to him. The same evening John Mudge, a friend of Pamela's, while at a reception given by Lady Millingham sees Lionel Callon enter the Stretton's house, where Millie is living. He learns from Pamela of the peril Millie is in from Callon, and invites Pamela to leave the whole matter in his hands. Tony goes to Algeria and joins the French Foreign Legion at Sidi-Bel-Abbès, enlisting under the name of "Ohlsen."

CHAPTER XVII

CALLON LEAVES ENGLAND

SPRING that year drew summer quickly after it. The lilac was early in flower, the days bright and hot. At nine o'clock on a May morning Callon's servant drew up the blinds in his master's room and let the sunlight in. Lionel Callon stretched himself in bed and asked for his letters and his tea. As he drank his tea he picked up his letters one by one, and the first at which he looked brought a smile of satisfaction to his face. The superscription told him that it was from Millie Stretton. That little device of a quarrel had proved successful, then. He tore open the envelope and read the letter. Millie wrote at no great length, but what was written satisfied Callon. She could not understand how the quarrel had arisen. She had been thinking it over many times since it happened, and she was still baffled. She had not had a thought of hurting him. How could she, since they were friends? She had been hoping to hear from him, but since some time had passed and no word had reached her, she must write and say that she thought it sad their friendship should have ended as it had.

It was a wistful little letter, and as Callon laid it down he said to himself, "Poor little girl"; but he said the words with a smile rather than with any contrition. She had been the first to write—that was the main point. Had he given in, had he been the one to make the advance, to save her the troubled speculations, the sorrow at this abrupt close to their friendship, Millie Stretton would have been glad, no doubt, but she would have thought him weak. Now he was the strong man. He had caused her suffering and abased her to seek a reconciliation. Therefore he was the strong man. Well, women would have it so, he thought with a chuckle, and why should he complain?

He wrote a note to Millie Stretton announcing that he would call that afternoon, and despatched the note by a messenger. Then he turned to his other letters, and amongst them he found one which drove all the satisfaction from his thoughts. It came from a firm of solicitors, and was couched in a style with which he was not altogether unfamiliar.

"SIR.—Messrs. Deacon and Sons (Livery Stables, Montgomery Street) having placed their books in our hands for the collection of their outstanding debts, we must ask you to send us a check in settlement of your account by return of post, and thus save further proceedings. We are, yours, etc.,

HUMPHREYS & NEILL."

Callon allowed the letter to slip from his fingers, and lay for a while very still, feeling rather helpless, rather afraid. It was not merely the amount of the bill which troubled him, although that was inconveniently large. But there were other reasons. His eyes wandered to a drawer in his dressing-table. He got out of bed and unlocked it. At the bottom of that drawer lay the other reasons, piled one upon the other—letters couched in just the same words as that which he had received this morning, and—still worse!—signed by this same firm of Humphreys & Neill. Moreover, every one of those letters had reached him within the last ten days. It seemed that all his tradesmen had suddenly placed their books in the hands of Messrs. Humphreys & Neill.

Callon took the letters back to his bed. There were quite an astonishing number of them. Callon himself was surprised to see how deep he was in debt. They littered the bed—tailors' bills, bills for expensive little presents of jewelry, bills run up at restaurants for dinners and suppers, bills for the hire of horses and carriages, bills of all kinds—and there were just Mr. Callon's election expenses in Mr. Callon's exchequer that morning. Even if he parted with them they would not pay a fifth part of the sum claimed. Fear invaded him; he saw no way out of his troubles. Given time, he could borrow enough, no doubt, scrape enough money together one way or another to tide himself over the difficulty. His hand searched for Millie Stretton's letter and found it and rejected it. He needed time there; he must walk warily or he would spoil all. And looking at the bills he knew that he had not the time.

It was improbable, nay, more than improbable, that all these bills were in the hands of one firm by mere chance. No, somewhere he had an enemy. A man—or it might be a woman—was striking at him out of the dark, striking with knowledge, too. For the blow fell where he could least parry it. Mr. Mudge would have been quite satisfied could he have seen Callon as he lay that morning with the summer sunlight pouring into his bedroom. He looked more than his age and his face was haggard. He felt that a hand was at his throat, a hand which gripped and gripped with an ever-increasing pressure.

He tried to guess who his enemy might be. But there were so many who might be glad to do him an ill turn. Name after name occurred to him, but amongst those names was not the name of Mr. Mudge. That shy and inoffensive man was the last whom he would have suspected to be meddling with his life.

Callon sprang out of bed. He must go down to Lincoln's Inn Fields and interview Messrs. Humphreys & Neill. Summonses would never do with a general election so near. He dressed quickly, and soon after ten was in the office of that firm. He was received by a bald and smiling gentleman in spectacles.

"Mr. Callon?" said the smiling gentleman, who announced himself as Humphreys. "Oh yes. You have come in reference to the letters which our clients have desired us to send you?"

"Yes," replied Callon. "There are a good number of letters."

The smiling gentleman laughed genially.

"A man of fashion, Mr. Callon, has, of course, many expenses which we humdrum business people are spared. Let me see. The

(Continued on page 914.)

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Progress of Science

Leprosy and Fish

An interesting discussion has been taking place recently in England among medical men on the merits of the theory that the disease leprosy is due in the main to the consumption as food of decomposing or imperfectly cured fish. This disease, which dates back to the earliest times, is very widespread, and its transmission is believed by most authorities to be due to personal contagion, and for that reason separation of lepers from the general population is practised in many countries, with the widespread belief that it is the only means of eradicating the disease. A bacillus which has in all probability never been cultivated is found in leprous tissues in large numbers and is considered the specific virus, but progress in the biological study has been hindered by the fact that the bacillus cannot be inoculated into animals, as can be done with so many other disease germs. The "fish theory" is maintained by Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, F.R.S., who claims that "the disease is a modification of tuberculosis, and that it receives modification in connection with some specific virus (toxin or bacillus), which is occasionally, but by no means frequently, developed in connection with such fish." This virus, whose existence is hypothetical, causes a specific poisoning. Mr. Hutchinson states that in Roman Catholic countries, where fish is consumed during church feasts, there is considerable leprosy, and that in the British Isles the disease has declined since the Reformation and the abolition of fasting. Statistics are quoted showing that while in India the average occurrence of leprosy is three or four cases per 10,000 of population, in the island of Minicoy, in the Indian Ocean, whose inhabitants are devoted to fishing, it rises to 150, and at Kaligoan, a fish-curing centre, it amounts to 500. On the other hand, it is argued that fish as an article of food is rarely, if ever, employed by the Basutos, where there is considerable leprosy, while in Orkney and Shetland, where the disease once had a foothold, enormous quantities of bad fish are eaten. The eating of bad fish implies a low state of civilization where promiscuous intercourse of all kinds would readily lead to personal contagion. Mr. Hutchinson argues for the abolition of leper asylums and settlements, and advocates at least a mitigation in the severity of the policy of segregation, especially in Cape Colony. Here again his position is controverted, and it is stated that in Iceland, within five years after the asylum was opened in 1899, the disease, which up to that time had been on the increase, was not only checked, but the number of lepers reduced one-fourth.

Two New Elements

The discovery of [illegible] new elements by an American chemist, Pro[illegible] succeeded in [illegible]kerville, of the University of [illegible]tion as [illegible]lina, is an event of considerable impor[illegible] if the chemical world accepts the work of this scientist, as there is every reason to expect. The discovery was made in the course of an extended investigation on thorium, an element originally discovered by Berzelius, and which, in the form of an oxide, is an important constituent of the mantle of the Welsbach incandescent gaslight. Thorium is a radioactive substance of large atomic weight, and the same properties are also possessed by the new elements, to which the names carolinium and berzelium have been assigned by Professor Baskerville, the former in honor of the State of North Carolina and the latter for the famous Swedish chemist. Samples have been submitted to Sir William Crookes, the veteran British authority in chemistry, and he will endeavor to verify Baskerville's work, which, however, has been received favorably by chemists at large. With every discovery of this kind, and especially of the recent radioactive elements, there is a general discussion as to the nature of elements, and a large number of scientists now believe that they are all essentially the same substance, but existing under different conditions. Nearly all the elements of high atomic weight are radioactive, and it is believed that they are breaking up or undergoing some change.

[illegible]ried on a [illegible] properties of sea water, and his [illegible] life is uncertain—it may [illegible] the Darwinian theory of [illegible] points out that the [illegible] it may be short. [illegible]es exist [illegible]al



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(Continued from page 912.)

total amount due is—" and Mr. Humphreys made a calculation with his pen.

"I came to ask for an extension of time," Callon blurted out, and the smiling gentleman ceased to smile. He gazed through his spectacles with a look of the utmost astonishment. "You see, Mr. Humphreys, all these bills, each one accompanied with a peremptory demand for payment, have been presented together almost, as it were, by the same post."

"They are all, however, to account rendered," said Mr. Humphreys, as he removed and breathed upon his spectacles.

"It would, I frankly confess, seriously embarrass me to settle them all at once."

"Dear, dear!" said Mr. Humphreys, in a voice of regret. "I am very sorry. These duties are very painful to me, Mr. Callon. But I have the strictest instructions," and he rose from his chair to conclude the interview.

"One moment," said Callon, bluntly, "I want to ask you how it is that all my bills have come into your hands? Who is it who has bought them up?"

"Really, really, Mr. Callon," the lawyer protested, "I cannot listen to such suggestions," and then the smile came back to his face. "Why not pay them in full?" His eyes beamed through his spectacles. He had an air of making a perfectly original and delightful suggestion. "Sit down in this comfortable chair now and write me out a little check for—let me see—" and he went back to his table.

"I must have some time," said Callon.

Mr. Humphreys was gradually persuaded that a period of time was reasonable.

"A day, then," he said. "We will say a day, Mr. Callon. This is Wednesday. Some time to-morrow we shall hear from you." And he bowed Callon from his office. Then he wrote a little note and despatched it by a messenger into the city. The message was received by Mr. Mudge, who read it, took up his hat, and jumping into a hansom-cab, drove westward with all speed.

Lionel Callon, on the contrary, walked back to his rooms. He had been in tight places before, but never in a place quite so tight. Before it was really the money which had been needed. Now what was needed was his ruin. And, to make matters worse, he had no idea of the particular person who wished to ruin him. He walked gloomily back to his club, and lunched in solitude. A day remained to him, but what could he do in a day unless?—There was a certain letter in the breast-pocket of Callon's coat to which more than once, as he lunched, his fingers strayed. He took it out and read it again. It was too soon to borrow in that quarter, but his back was against the wall. He saw no other chance of escape. He drove to Millie Stretton's house in Berkeley Square at the appointed time that afternoon.

But Mr. Mudge had foreseen. When he jumped into his hansom-cab he had driven straight to the house in Audley Square where Pamela Mardale was staying with some friends.

"Are you lunching anywhere?" he asked. "No? Then lunch with Lady Stretton, please! And don't go away too soon! See as much as you can of her during the next two days."

As a consequence when Lionel Callon was shown into the drawing-room he found Pamela Mardale in her most talkative mood and Millie Stretton sitting before the tea-table silent and helpless. Callon stayed late. Pamela stayed later. Callon returned to his club, having said not a single word upon the momentous subject of his debts.

To be Continued.

Russia's Representative at the World's Fair

By Charles Johnston

PRINCE OUKHTOMSKY is paying this country a visit, and has taken a conspicuous part in the World's Press Parliament at the St. Louis Fair. The occasion of his coming is highly interesting. Invitations were sent to the journalists of Russia, who include among their ranks many writers of world-wide fame. The Prince discovered that he alone had accepted the invitation. On inquiring the reason, he discovered that Count Lamsdorff, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, had suggested to the Russian press in general the propriety of staying away as a rebuke to this country for its anti-Russian propaganda. Prince Oukhtomsky found only one person in Russia to support his independent intention to come here: that person was the Emperor Nicholas II., who has the friendliest feeling towards Americans, differing in this radically from his Foreign Minister. Therefore Prince Oukhtomsky came. For years he has been a close personal friend of the Emperor. They were brought into daily and hourly association twelve or thirteen years ago, when, as Czarevitch, Nicholas made his memorable tour through Egypt, India, China, and Japan, landing once more on Russian soil at Vladivostok, and laying the foundation-stone of the railroad terminus there. This imperial visit was the beginning of the Far-Eastern boom, and Nicholas II. was for years president of the Siberian Railroad and the moving spirit in all that concerned Russia's eastward expansion. Prince Oukhtomsky, who had already won fame as a charming writer, was entrusted with the task of writing the account of the imperial journey, which task he accomplished on his return to Russia, producing a memorable and exceedingly interesting volume. Prince Oukhtomsky was the moving spirit in the foundation of the Russo-Chinese Bank, the enterprising institution which aroused so much jealousy among the old-fashioned English merchants in the China treaty ports. He conceived the idea of the Manchurian railroad, and strongly favored the peace policy, which was, unhappily, overruled by more ambitious designs. Prince Oukhtomsky passed through New York at the beginning of the Boxer outbreak, on his way to China, where he watched the course of events on behalf of his imperial master and the Russo-Chinese Bank. He has for years edited the St. Petersburg *Viedomosti*, the most reasonable and best-informed newspaper in Russia.



Prince Oukhtomsky, Russia's Representative at the World's Press Parliament at the St. Louis Fair

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A Good Samaritan

A SOUTHERN writer tells this story of a negro preacher's version of the parable of the Good Samaritan: There was a traveller on a lonely road, said the preacher, who was set upon by thieves, robbed, and left wounded and helpless by the wayside. As he lay there various persons passed him, but none offered to assist him. Presently, however, a poor Samaritan came by, and taking pity on the wounded man's plight, helped him on his mule and took him to an inn, where he ordered food and drink and raiment for the man, directing the innkeeper to send the bill to him. "And dis am a true story, breth'ren," concluded the preacher; "for de inn am standin' dere yet, and in de do'way am standin' de skel'ton ob de innkeeper, waitin' fer de Good Samaritan to come back an' pay de bill."

The Last Straw

A PROMINENT Jew, whose racial characteristics are very strongly marked in his personal appearance, was riding in a country stage not long ago between his summer home and the railroad station, when he was accosted by a crusty-looking old gentleman whom he had noticed staring at him from the opposite seat.

"Sir," said the stranger, "it is your privilege to be a Jew; it is your privilege to act like a Jew. It is also your privilege to look like a Jew, but you have abused the privilege"—and he signalled the driver and got out.

Eulogy under Difficulties

A WELL-KNOWN minister is telling an anecdote about a brother clergyman who was required unexpectedly to officiate at the funeral of a man concerning whom he knew nothing. When he arrived at the town where the deceased had lived he had just time to make a few inquiries about his traits and achievements, the results of which he noted on a memorandum. His eulogy at the service, as reported, was about as follows:

"Our dear brother, whom we mourn today, was a man of rare character and ability. He had the mental capacity of a"—referring to his notes—"Daniel Webster; the tact of a"—again consulting his memoranda—"Henry Clay; the pertinacity of a"—another reference—"Ulysses S. Grant. We can only mourn him with a profound and sorrowful regret now that he has gone to meet his"—another reference to the notes—"God."

According to Law

THIS story is being told of a certain New York politician: He had succeeded in securing for a friend of his a position as tax assessor at the cost of considerable exertion. Not long after the friend had begun work in his new position the politician was surprised and grieved to see that he was taxed, under "personal property," $24 as the possessor of one goat. He called on his friend the assessor for an explanation, accusing him of ingratitude and forgetfulness of favors received.

"But I couldn't do less than obey the specific details of the law," protested his friend; "look—here's what it says," and he read from his papers: "*For all property bounding or abutting on the highway, $12 per front foot.*"

Interesting Facts about Insurance

AN official authority on insurance matters gives the following interesting facts: New York city continues to be far in the lead of all other places in amount of life insurance carried by its citizens, as well as in the payments to beneficiaries. More than $25,000,000 was paid out by life-insurance companies and associations in New York in 1903, against less than $23,000,000 in 1902. Philadelphia continues to rank second among the well-insured communities, the payments there in 1903 having exceeded $9,000,000. Chicago is a close third.

Japan's Customers

THE United States is Japan's largest customer. The value of exports from Japan to her most important customers in 1902 was: To Germany, 4,737,000 yen (a yen equals 49.8 cents); Italy, 13,287,000 yen; British India, 13,337,000 yen; Great Britain, 17,346,000 yen; Hongkong, 25,876,000 yen; France, 27,283,000 yen; China, 46,838,000 yen; and to the United States, 80,233,000 yen. Thus the United States takes as much of the products of Japan as all of Europe and nearly twice as much as China, Japan's second largest customer. In imports the United States stood second in 1902, and at the end of 1903 was but $1,227,000 below Great Britain, which still holds the lead. For 1902, the latest year for which the import figures of Japan are available with reference to all countries, the imports from leading countries, stated in the order of magnitude, were: From British India, 50,977,000 yen; from Great Britain, 50,364,000 yen; from the United States, 48,653,000 yen; China, 40,591,000 yen; Germany, 25,813,000 yen, and from France, 4,746,000 yen. In 1903 the imports were: From India, 70,095,000 yen; Great Britain, 48,737,000 yen; the United States, 46,273,000 yen, and China, 45,458,000 yen.

The United States has made much more rapid gains in the imports of Japan than any of her principal rivals. Comparing conditions in 1902 with those of 1890, for example, the United States shows a gain from 6,874,000 yen in 1890 to 48,653,000 in 1902, while the figures of imports from Great Britain were, in 1890, 26,619,000, and in 1902, 50,364,000 yen; from Germany, in 1890, 6,857,000 yen, and in 1902, 25,813,000 yen; from China, in 1890, 8,850,000 yen, and in 1902, 40,591,000 yen; and from British India, in 1890, 8,911,000 yen, and in 1902, 50,977,000 yen. Considering only the five principal countries from which Japan's chief importations are obtained the United States has made much greater gains than any of the others. It will also be seen from these figures that the chief rivalry for the classes of merchandise for which the United States is seeking a market in Japan is between the United States and the United Kingdom, the class of goods imported into Japan from China being chiefly non-competitive so far as relates to the United States, while in the case of India the sole article is cotton, of which Japan takes freely from India in years of large supplies in that country.

Sea Water the Source of Life

A THEORY has recently been formulated by M. Quinton in France that sea water is the natural source of all life, being the substance from which, according to Haeckel, are produced those elementary bodies which in turn develop into every other species, including human beings. M. Quinton has carried on a long and thorough research on the properties of sea water, and his results add support to the Darwinian theory of the evolution of species. He points out that the anatomical elements of living creatures exist in a marine environment, and that animal cells and tissues exert their functions in a fluid closely resembling sea water in its composition. Furthermore, the same elements that are found in sea water go to make up the human body, and in addition to those that were known to exist in the latter to the number of about fifteen, M. Quinton has found traces of some fourteen others, such as copper, lead, gold, and silver. He has also performed experiments where an animal was bled to exhaustion, and then injected with sea water to supply the place of the blood thus lost, with the result that on the following day the animal regained its strength, and after five days experienced a complete recovery. In addition, the injection into animals of large quantities of sea water has no toxic effect, whereas the injection of pure water rapidly brings about death. M. Quinton's conclusion is that sea water is a true nutrient fluid for animals or natural plasma. This research opens up many interesting philosophical and biological questions in evolution, while the experiments themselves seem to have a relation to others where various solutions are employed in the development of simple forms of life.

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The Club of Queer Trades

(Continued from page 909.)

away. He still found, however, one eager-faced stranger lingering on the outskirts of the affair. It was Rupert Gryce.

"Constable," he said, "I have a very particular reason for asking you a question. Would you mind telling me whether that military fellow who dropped his sword-stick in the row gave you an address or not?"

"Yes, sir," said the policeman, after a reflective pause; "yes, he gave me his address."

"My name is Rupert Gryce," said that individual, with some pomp. "I have assisted the police on more than one occasion. I wonder whether you would tell me, as a special favor, what address?"

The constable looked at him.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "if you like. His address is: 'The Elms, Buxton Common, near Purley, Surrey.'"

"Thank you," said Rupert, and ran home through the gathering night as fast as his legs could carry him, repeating the address to himself.

Rupert Gryce generally came down late in a rather lordly way to breakfast; he contrived, I don't know how, to achieve always the attitude of the indulged, younger brother. Next morning, however, when Basil and I came down we found him ready and restless.

"Well," he said, sharply to his brother almost before we sat down to the meal. "What do you think of your Drummond Keith now?"

"What do I think of him?" inquired Basil, slowly. "I don't think anything of him."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Rupert, buttering his toast with an energy that was somewhat exultant. "I thought you'd come round to my view, but I own I was startled at your not seeing it from the beginning. The man is a translucent liar and knave."

"I think," said Basil, in the same heavy monotone as before, "that I did not make myself clear. When I said that I thought nothing of him I meant grammatically what I said. I mean that I did not think about him; that he did not occupy my mind. You, however, seem to me to think a lot of him, since you think him a knave. I should say he was glaringly good myself."

"I sometimes think you talk paradox for its own sake," said Rupert, breaking an egg with unnecessary sharpness. "What the deuce is the sense of it? Here's a man whose original position was, by our common agreement, dubious. He's a wanderer, a teller of tall tales, a man who doesn't conceal his acquaintance with all the blackest and bloodiest scenes on earth. We take the trouble to follow him to one of his appointments, and if ever two human beings were plotting together and lying to every one else, he and that impossible house-agent were doing it. We follow him home, and the very same night he is in the thick of a fatal, or nearly fatal, brawl, in which he is the only man armed. Really, if this is being glaringly good, I must confess that the glare does not dazzle me."

Basil was quite unmoved. "I admit his moral goodness is of a certain kind,—a quaint, perhaps a casual kind. He is very fond of change and experiment. But all the points you so ingeniously make against him are mere coincidence or special pleading. It's true he didn't want to talk about his house business in front of us. No man would. It's true that he carries a sword-stick. Any man might. It's true he drew it in the shock of a street fight. Any man would. But there's nothing really dubious in all this. There's nothing to confirm . . ."

As he spoke a knock came at the door.

"If you please, sir," said the landlady, with an alarmed air, "there's a policeman wants to see you."

"Show him in," said Basil, amid the blank silence.

The heavy, handsome constable who appeared at the door spoke almost as soon as he appeared there.

"I think one of you gentlemen," he said, curtly but respectfully, "was present at the affair in Capper Street last night, and drew my attention very strongly to a particular man."

Rupert half rose from his chair, with eyes like diamonds, but the constable went on calmly, referring to a paper.

"A young man with gray hair. Had light gray clothes, very good, but torn in the struggle.

"Gave his name as Drummond Keith."

"This is amusing," said Basil, laughing. "I was in the very act of clearing that poor officer's character of rather fanciful aspersions.

"What about him?"

"Well, sir," said the constable, "I took all the men's addresses and had them watched. It wasn't serious enough to do more than that. All the other addresses are all right. But this man Keith gave a false address.

"The place doesn't exist."

To be Concluded.

Matthew Stanley Quay

MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY, senior Senator from Pennsylvania, died at his home in Beaver, Pennsylvania, on May 28, after a long illness.

Senator Quay was born at Dillsburg, York County, Pennsylvania, September 30, 1833. At sixteen he entered Jefferson College, and after graduation took up the study of law, beginning practice in 1854. He was elected prothonotary of his county in 1856, and reelected three years later. During the civil war he served as colonel



Matthew Stanley Quay
Who died at Beaver, Pennsylvania, on May 28

of the 134th Pennsylvania Infantry, as Military Secretary of State, as Assistant Commissary-General of Pennsylvania, and as Military State Agent. In 1865 and again two years later, Quay was elected to the Legislature. He was Secretary of the Commonwealth from 1872 to 1878 and from 1879 to 1882, and in 1878-9 was Recorder of Philadelphia. Seven years later he was elected State Treasurer, and in 1887 took John J. Mitchell's seat in the Senate. The next year he became chairman of the Republican National Committee, and managed Benjamin Harrison's Presidential campaign.

In 1899, on the day of his acquittal of a charge of misappropriating public funds, he was appointed United States Senator *ad interim*, the failure of the Legislature to elect having caused a vacancy. Quay was reelected to the Senate in January, 1901. His term would have expired in 1905.

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Railroad Building in Russia

THE total distance from St. Petersburg to Port Arthur by the Russian Trans-Siberian Railway and the Russian lines in Manchuria is 5913 miles, or practically twice the distance from New York to San Francisco. This is one of the numerous interesting facts about Russia and her railway and commercial systems presented in a monograph just issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor. Regarding the railways the report says:

The importance of railways as means of communication is now greater than that of the rivers and other water routes. The building of the trunk lines, with the exception of the St. Petersburg-Warsaw-Vienna, built during the years 1845-1848 and 1853-1862, respectively, and the St. Petersburg-Moscow (Nicholas line), constructed between 1843 and 1851, dates back to the decade between 1860 and 1870. These years witnessed the construction of the entire group of railways, with Moscow as their common starting-point. Next in point of time comes the construction of roads connecting the black-soil region with its natural outlets, the ports of the Baltic and Black seas. Simultaneously, lines were built connecting each one of the more important southern seaports with the agricultural provinces.

The Great Strategic Systems

The Russo-Turkish war of 1878-9 caused an almost entire suspension of railway building. It was only during the decade beginning with 1880 that activity in this field was again resumed, but the character and method of construction of the newly built roads changed abruptly. In place of the former trunk lines, connecting either the black-soil area with the seaboards of the Baltic, Azov, and Black seas, or with the central industrial region around Moscow, these years witnessed the construction of great strategic railroads, such as the Trans-Caspian, the Polessie system, besides roads primarily destined for the service of relatively small though important industrial regions (Catherine line, Ivangorod-Dombrovo). Moreover, the system of granting franchises (concessions) was superseded by the building and working of roads directly by and on account of the state. At the same time the redemption by the government of great railway systems was going on, so that for some time it seemed as if all private roads were going to be acquired by the state. Although of late greater latitude has been given to private initiative, by far the greater part of Russian railways is in the hands of the government. Out of 36,673 miles under the control of the Ministry of Communication on January 1, 1904, 24,436 are worked by the state, and 12,237 miles only by private companies.

Surpassed only by Germany

The adverse years, 1891 and 1892, gave a new impetus to railway building. "In order to give employment to the starving peasantry" the government undertook and encouraged the construction of new roads. A new era of railway building began with these years, which, in its vigor, soon surpassed anything seen not only in Russia itself but anywhere else in Europe. Thus, while during the above years the number of versts opened for traffic was but 123 and 419, respectively, the succeeding years mark the beginning of an exceedingly energetic ex- [illegible] of the railway system, whose termination does not seem to be at hand even in the near future. At present franchises are eagerly contested by competing corporations, a fact unheard of until recently in Russia, where the state, not so very long ago, had to guarantee the interest on the stock and bonds of the chief railroad corporations. The ministries of finance and transportation have, during recent years, been literally swamped with petitions coming not only from railroad and construction companies, but also from representatives of such interests as mining, manufacturing and agricultural groups. The length of Russian railways in Europe alone has thus considerable increased during the last ten years, and surpasses now that of France and Great Britain, being inferior only to that of Germany.

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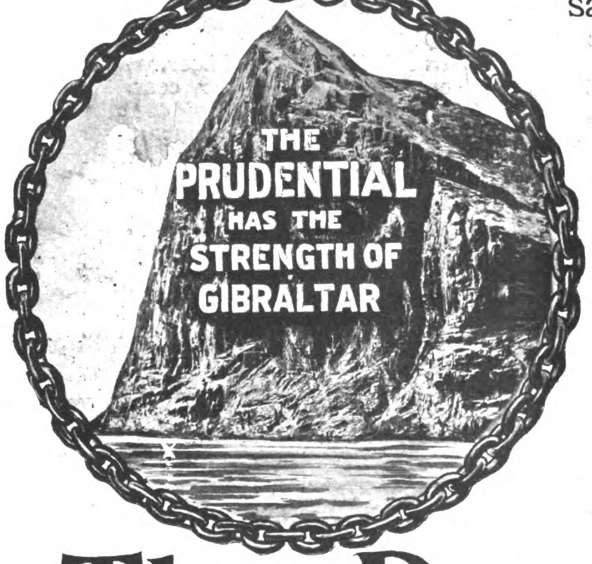
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by George Harvey



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

JUNE 18 1904

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not only attracted very wide attention, but has won universal respect throughout the country. These are good arguments. Of Mr. Francis's widespread popularity there is no question. He is equally at home in genteel conversation with kings and rail-splitters. He is, moreover, we do not doubt, a good man at bottom, but somehow or other we have come to regard Mr. Folk as a *particularly* good man. He occupies a position in the estimation of the people quite similar to that held by Grover Cleveland when he had routed the rascals in Buffalo. No name in the country would strengthen the Parker ticket so much as his. Some say that he would rather be Governor of Missouri and finish up his rascal-breaking job—that, having an eye on the future, he prefers a certainty within his State to a possibility as a national candidate. We can quite believe this, but we do not believe that he would absolutely refuse a nomination for the Vice-Presidency if his party, in national convention assembled, should with practical unanimity insist that it was his duty to accept. We hope he will be named. The country is entitled to the very best available men on both tickets.

The squabble between Charles F. Murphy, the Tammany leader, and Patrick H. McCarren, the Brooklyn successor of Hugh McLaughlin, is beginning to result in the shedding of light upon dark places. McCarren has been posing quite successfully as a hitherto misunderstood patriot whose unselfish devotion to the Parker cause has induced Mr. Murphy's office-holders to dismiss his. The most serious blow was the political decapitation of McCarren's partner, Deputy Police Commissioner Haggerty. The Tammany man waited somewhat longer than some people considered becoming in making response, but when he did strike there was no lack of directness or force in the blow. "The sole cause of the disagreement between Senator McCarren and myself," Mr. Murphy declared, "was over the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of the pledges made to the people by the Democracy of this city that the Democratic administration would not stand for blackmail and corruption of any kind anywhere in Greater New York, no matter by whom encouraged, but that the people would get what was promised them—a clean, economical, and efficient government." This statement is confirmed by Police Commissioner McAdoo, who is a truthful man, and, incidentally, the most efficient head the New York police force has had in many a year. Thus far McCarren has only squirmed in reply. He could hardly appear in a worse light, even though he were where he really belongs.

The tremendous influence possessed by Speaker Cannon in Illinois was demonstrated at Springfield on June 2, when he prevailed upon the Republican State convention, over which he presided, and which had voted sixty-six times without being able to agree upon a nominee for Governor, to adopt a resolution releasing the delegates from instructions on behalf of particular candidates. The effect of his speech was such that the resolution was unanimously passed. When the roll was called, however, on the sixty-seventh ballot, there was no substantial change; but in the afternoon came a break from Yates to Lowden, and for several ballots the number of the latter's followers increased, until he received the support of 631½ delegates. On the seventy-eighth ballot, however, his vote dropped to 532½. On the same ballot Yates retained 405 supporters. We should bear in mind that 752 votes were needed to nominate. During the evening of June 2 a combination was effected between the friends of Yates and those of Deneen, whereby, in consideration of the nomination for the Governorship going to the latter, it is said to have been arranged that Governor Yates shall have the seat in the United States Senate now occupied by Hon. Shelby M. Cullom, whose term expires in 1907. On the seventy-ninth ballot, which took place in the afternoon of June 3, Deneen received 957½ votes, or upwards of 200 more than were needed, and, of course, became the nominee of the convention. Over 500 delegates, however, adhered firmly to Lowden; but as he moved to make the nomination unanimous, the convention ended ostensibly in a love-feast. Congratulatory messages were sent to the White House, and it is taken for granted that harmony has been restored among Illinois Republicans.

It remains to be seen whether Lowden's friends in Cook County really intend to bury the hatchet. Some of them will find it hard to swallow Mr. Deneen's nomination, for they know well that, having opposed him stubbornly, they can expect no preferment at his hands. It was at first presumed that the outcome of the Springfield convention would render it unnecessary to force the nomination for the Vice-Presidency on Speaker Cannon, who, it was known, would much rather retain his present post. The doubt, however, that has arisen concerning Mr. Lowden's power to control his following in Chicago may cause the Republican managers, of whom, we need not say, Mr. Roosevelt himself is chief, to insist upon selecting Mr. Cannon for the second place upon the national ticket, especially as, probably, he would prove more popular in Indiana than Senator Fairbanks, and a better vote-getter in Wisconsin than any Republican resident of that State, where, if a member of one of the Republican factions should be named for the Vice-Presidency, the other faction would be bitterly offended. We remain, therefore, of the opinion that both Senator Fairbanks and Representative Robert R. Hitt will be passed over, and that Speaker Cannon, although much against his will, will be constrained to figure as Mr. Roosevelt's "running mate."

Illinois and Wisconsin are not the only States in which the Republicans find it difficult or impossible to agree on a nominee for Governor. In New York it is understood that President Roosevelt and Senator Platt desire to force the nomination on ex-Secretary Root, believing that he would strengthen materially the national ticket. Governor Odell, on the other hand, who, also, it will be remembered, is the chairman of the Republican State Committee, is believed to see in Mr. Root a possibly dangerous rival, and to favor a nominee less likely, if elected, to organize a machine of his own. There seems to be no doubt that Governor Odell will control a majority of the delegates in the convention called for the purpose of nominating State officers, but public opinion may compel him at the last moment to conform to the President's wishes.

Since the enthusiastic indorsement of Mr. Bryan by the Democratic convention of his own State, and its peremptory demand for a reaffirmation of the Kansas City platform, Democrats have begun to discuss with interest the question whether the Nebraskan intends to organize a bolt at St. Louis, in what now seems to be the certain event of his party's national convention putting forward a platform and a nominee obnoxious to him and his followers. We do not think that Mr. Bryan has yet made up his mind as to the course which he will pursue in that contingency. He, evidently, is counting a good deal on the persuasive power of his oratory and on the expertness in political manœuvres which prolonged practice has given him. We would not deny that he has some ground for confidence in the outcome of his personal endeavors. But whatever secret and lingering hope of renewed ascendency he may cherish, he is doomed to disappointment. Will he bear the rebuff with resignation, and announce that he will offer an example of party fealty, for which he looked in vain to Gold Democrats in 1896; and will he, perchance, console himself with the prospect of securing from the reconsolidated Democracy a seat in the United States Senate from Nebraska? Or will he feed fat the grudge which he is accused of bearing toward conservative Democrats, and resolve to prove to them that he can ruin them if they will not suffer him to rule them?

We know not whether it is more than an accidental coincidence that, almost simultaneously with the demonstration of Bryan's strength in his own State, a call should have been issued for a Populist national convention, to meet at Springfield, Illinois, on July 4, with the understanding, however, that it should be adjourned until after the St. Louis convention shall have framed its platform and made its nominations. The call has been issued both to the fusionist Populists, who supported Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900, and to the Middle-of-the-Road Populists, who in the former year put forward a separate candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and who in the latter nominated Wharton Barker for President and Ignatius Donnelly for Vice-President. We suppose there is no doubt that the Springfield convention would make Mr. Bryan the standard-bearer of a reunited Populist party, if he would consent to figure in the rôle. In spite, however,

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of his professions of disinterestedness, the Nebraskan has never shown any propensity for rainbow-chasing, and we surmise that, before accepting it, he would pause and ask himself what such a nomination would be worth. The political organization which in 1892 gave James B. Weaver 1,041,028 votes at the ballot-box, and the twenty electoral votes of Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, and Nevada, besides one electoral vote each from North Dakota and Oregon, is almost entirely extinct. Some newspapers, usually well informed, are strangely circulating the statement that in 1900 the "Middle-of-the-Roaders" cast 400,000 votes. The truth, of course, is that they gave their nominee for the Presidency, Mr. Wharton Barker, just 50,373 votes. The figures show what their organization amounted to. There is now probably not a remnant of it left.

We scarcely need point out that, between the first week in July and November, there is scarcely time for the construction of a new and efficient political machine, even if abundant pecuniary resources should be forthcoming. We know not whence such indispensable resources could be procured. It has been, indeed, suggested by some wiseacres that they might be furnished by the Republican campaign committee; but, in our judgment, it is to "consider too curiously to consider so." We opine that to place their nominee in the White House the Republicans will need all the sinews of war they can muster, provided, of course, the Democrats shall put forward a competitor who commands the trust of the American community. That Mr. Bryan could carry with him into the Populist camp any considerable number of voters hitherto steadily loyal to the Democracy we deem improbable. He certainly cannot rely on Mr. Hearst's cooperation to that end. Mr. Hearst not only realizes that he is a young man and has a political future, but he also perceives that, as a sincere reformer, he can better promote the ultimate triumph of his ideas by remaining loyally in the Democratic ranks than by making the present rejection of his views a pretext for desertion. Without the help of Mr. Hearst's newspapers what could Mr. Bryan accomplish by a bolt? He simply would commit political suicide. As for the Democratic party, considered as an organization qualified to win and keep the confidence of a majority of the voters, it would probably profit in the end by a secession of the Bryanite element. Doctors tell us that a drastic purge should often precede a tonic.

At the hour when we write, the American citizen, Ion Perdicaris, and his stepson, a British subject, who were abducted from a villa in a suburb of Tangier by a band of Moorish brigands, headed by a notorious rebel, one Raisuli, are still in the hands of their captors. Whether the imposing demonstration of naval strength made by our government in the harbor of Tangier will have the effect of assuring or expediting their release seems open to some doubt. The Sultan Mulai Abdul Aziz and the more intelligent of his ministers have been aroused, of course, to a distinct recognition of the fact that they will be held to a rigorous responsibility if Mr. Perdicaris is killed or subjected to any bodily injury. They will do what they can to rescue the prisoners, but their power over the disaffected coast tribes is slight. Public opinion might exert some coercive pressure on the bandits, but there is no certainty that it will be enlisted in favor of the captives. The Moorish capital, Morocco, is far in the interior, and, normally, its inhabitants are indifferent to the fate of the seaports. In this instance, indeed, there is some ground for the apprehension that they may be exasperated rather than awed by the threat of an occupation of Moslem territory. Whether a force composed of marines and bluejackets would be qualified to overtake mounted brigands in a rugged and trackless region is at least questionable, and the danger is that Raisuli, who, like most of his countrymen, is of a vindictive temperament, might put his captives to death if he knew himself to be pursued.

Should the French government see fit to employ on behalf of Mr. Perdicaris all of the influence which its officials on the Algerian frontier are known to possess, its interposition would probably be more efficient than that of the Moorish ruler himself. But the French government, while it might be willing to advance the ransom exacted, may dislike to guarantee the political immunities and privileges which also are said to be demanded by the abductors. Altogether, it is a difficult and delicate problem that our State Department has to solve. The ransom advanced would, of course, be ultimately repaid by the Sultan, and if Mr. Perdicaris should be murdered a vicarious retribution could easily be inflicted on the murderer or his fellow countrymen. We hope that there will be no occasion for reprisals. The first and overshadowing duty of our Federal government is to save the life of an American citizen. Dr. Paul Mohr, the secretary of the German Morocco Society, who is exceptionally well informed concerning Northwest Africa, has expressed the opinion that if the American commander should occupy Larasch and Nehdey, and then with two detachments of well-armed men should push forward from the north to the south, he would succeed in capturing the brigand chief. We must not lose sight of the fact, however, that our immediate aim is not revenge, but the liberation of the prisoners.

Raisuli, the bandit who kidnapped Mr. Perdicaris and his English stepson, is said to be a very worthy person, a good father, a faithful son, the husband of a minimum of Moslem wives, and a thrifty and enterprising genius, with a turn for commercialism, which has raised him above his former humble estate as a downtrodden peasant in the toils of Jewish moneylenders. He and his fellow villagers were falling ever deeper in debt to the Jews; the more they paid, the more they seemed to owe, and they felt the toils closing around them. Then Raisuli had a brilliant idea: why not burn the Jewish village and destroy all evidence of indebtedness at one fell swoop? He tried it, and his consequent emancipation was the beginning of a new life for Raisuli, who is said to be a second Namgay Doola, a red-headed, red-bearded savage of great muscular force and few scruples. He has prospered in the work of village-burning, and has an enthusiastic following, for whom he is what Napoleon was for the Old Guard. He is even likely to rival Bu-Hamara, the pretender, who nearly shook the throne of Morocco a year ago. As Bu-Hamara's following has diminished, the adherents of Raisouli have increased and multiplied, and he will certainly gain great prestige if the result of the present situation is that, under pressure of the powers, the Sultan sends a special embassy to the brigand to ask for terms, carrying rich ransoms for the kidnapped American and his English relative. It was a similar occurrence which gave the Kaiser his opportunity at Kiaochau, and, incidentally, precipitated the Boxer outbreak, which was China's reply to the Mailed Fist. There is a strong tide of public opinion in Germany, tending towards German intervention in Moroccan affairs, and it is a genuine grievance, though an unavowed one, that the worthy bandit did not carry off a son of the fatherland instead of an American Greek.

The home-coming of Lord Curzon of Kedleston and his investment with the Ward of the Cinque Ports, with a splendid residence at Walmer Castle, have drawn attention to a man who is the obvious successor of Mr. Balfour as Conservative Prime Minister of England. Lord Curzon gained the highest Parliamentary reputation, after a period of training in direct personal touch with Lord Salisbury; and it was for him a great and meritorious sacrifice to accept the Viceroyalty of India, which, from the standpoint of a career in Parliament, meant nothing less than five years' exile—an expatriation now to be extended by two years. It is easy to see that the present expedition to Tibet, if successful, will make Lord Curzon a popular hero, just as the acquisition of Burmah for the empire shed lustre and renown on Lord Dufferin. The latter was by profession a diplomatist, however, and not a parliamentarian; so that his success in Burmah, though it brought him a marquisate, gave him no permanent place in home politics; and his great reputation was at the end obscured by unhappy commercial ventures. The addition of Tibet to the empire, or even the extension of a British protectorate over the Land of the Lamas, will redound to Curzon's credit, and he will also undoubtedly profit by the fact that, with the diminished prestige of Russia, England's power all over Asia will once more come into the ascendent. Curzon has done well in India itself, grasping the idea that England must not be satisfied with administering the affairs of her three hundred million brown subjects, but must actively and constructively seek their welfare, by encouraging industry, com-

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merce, enterprises of every kind which can add to the wealth of the vast empire of India. He is in India what George Wyndham is in Ireland—the apostle of the new England, which seeks to build, to preserve, to enrich, to heal the sores of the past and increase the hopes of the future. He will be remembered as the first great Viceroy of Edward VII. and his most promising epoch, and, if only his health allows, will undoubtedly return to English politics with a greatly enhanced reputation, with added authority, with increased prestige. He and Lord Cromer are future elements of strength to imperial England, and will be among those who carry forward the tendencies of regeneration which mark England's work in the new century.

No recent incident has given more thorough satisfaction to upright and decent citizens of New York than the clearing of the memory of the late Andrew H. Green from the smallest taint of suspicion of covert immorality. It will be remembered that Mr. Green was assassinated near the entrance of his dwelling-house by a negro crazed with jealousy, who believed him to have had improper relations with one Hannah Elias, a disreputable negress. The assassin was subsequently adjudged to be insane, and nobody who had any acquaintance with his victim harbored a doubt that the latter's private life had been as stainless as his public career had been beneficent and honorable. Yet so long as the question why the negro's homicidal mania should have vented itself upon the "Father of the Greater New York" remained unanswered, a kind of cloud rested on the latter's memory in the eyes of strangers, and it proved difficult to procure the needed subscriptions for a proposed memorial of his public services. Now it appears that the object of the murderer's jealousy was another aged rich man, one John R. Platt, who bore a remarkable personal resemblance to Mr. Green, and who had long maintained illicit relations with the negress Elias. As it happened, Mr. Green was in the habit of visiting occasionally a relative who lived next door to the house occupied by the woman on Central Park West, and the assassin, having seen him leaving the relative's house, supposed him to have been visiting the negress. He, accordingly, followed Mr. Green home and shot him. Not only relatives and personal friends, but all right-minded persons in the metropolitan community, have reason to rejoice at the conclusive demonstration that Mr. Green was in all ways worthy of his spotless reputation, and that he died, as he had lived, a man of pure, noble, exemplary, and inspiring character. We cannot replace Andrew H. Green, but we have now a double motive for erecting to his memory the monument that he deserves.

An invitation to a lady in Turkey to renew her subscription to the WEEKLY has brought from her the following response:

> As not *one number* of your WEEKLY ever reached me, I am not inclined to renew my subscription. The fault is not yours, but the postmaster's at ——, Turkey. He has no right to keep our mail-matter thus. But for eight or nine years he has done so, till we four Americans here in —— have about given up trying to have any kind of papers. But last fall I was so hungry for news from the home land I thought I would try yours. Maybe it might pass. But until I received this letter of yours I did not know that it had been sent. It does seem that *our* government ought to be able to make the government of this country treat us a little better than it does. We have, however, ceased to try for it. If one of our names appears in connection with any complaints we only suffer in other respects, while we get no relief or help in the direction complained of.
>
> ——, TURKEY, *May 12, 1904.*

We have suppressed our correspondent's name and place of residence, out of consideration for her comfort, but both are at the disposal of Postmaster-General Paine, if he is inclined to bestir himself in her behalf. There seems to be need of a strong hand at the end of a long arm to grasp the abundant slack of the Turkish trousers of the postmaster at ——, Turkey, and bring him to a sense of the inexpediency of depriving an American Christian woman of the solace of her home papers. The notion of a fat Turk suppressing the issues of this journal that a distant subscriber has paid for is not pleasing to us, and can hardly accord with the terms of the postal compact between the United States and the Sublime Porte.

A great number of American readers who have long since come to look upon Mark Twain as a family friend have grieved to read of the death of his wife at Florence, Italy, on June 5. For several years Mrs. Clemens had not been in good health, and the migration of her husband and family to Italy had her restoration for its chief motive. She was Miss Olivia Langdon, of Elmira, New York. Mr. Clemens married her in 1870. They lived in Buffalo when he made a journalistic experiment, now historical, with the Buffalo *Express*, and afterwards for twenty years their home in Hartford, near that of Charles Dudley Warner, was one of the places that all good Americans knew about. Mrs. Clemens went with her husband on his momentous lecture trip around the world a few years ago; indeed she has always been his close and helpful associate and partner.

That was decidedly an interesting opinion which is said to have been disclosed by Mr. James Bryce, of London, at the Pilgrims Club luncheon given on June 2, for ex-Mayor Low. The despatches say that Mr. Bryce, in proposing the health of President Roosevelt, spoke of him as the greatest man who has occupied the Presidential chair since Washington. Did he, really? And, if he did, did he mean it? It seems probable that his words have been inexactly quoted, but evidently he said something handsome, and the managers of the Republican end of the impending campaign ought to find out exactly what it was, and use it in their advertisements. When Whistler was told that he was the greatest painter since Velasquez his reply was, "Why drag in Velasquez?" So President Roosevelt might well say to Mr. Bryce, "Why drag in Washington?" Why, indeed, tie any string to so handsome a bouquet? We Americans cannot discuss the President's greatness. He is still too much alive, too much with us, to be weighed against Lincoln, Jackson, Jefferson, and the illustrious dead. We can only smile—as doubtless he smiles—at Mr. Bryce's reputed estimate.

But does our President really loom up so very big to Mr. Bryce? Mr. Bryce is an exceptional Englishman. He not only knows American history, but his mind has dwelt long on the comparative powers of statesmen. If he said what is attributed to him he had reasons for saying so. Will he not expound his tribute, and tell us what he really thinks, and why? Nobody disparages the President's energy, the quickness of his mind, his vigor, his readiness to take responsibility, his faculty for choosing wise counsellors, his ability to come to a conclusion on any mooted subject and act on the conclusion reached. And he can change his mind, too, and take a different course, and yet his mind is not so open that it wobbles. He has remarkable qualities; he has done remarkable things; there are many of the marks of greatness about him. But can he think anything clear through? His mind is quick; how profound is it? We have had Presidents who could beat him, apparently, at sitting tight, and Presidents that had a different notion than his of the Presidential function and its limits. What does Mr. Bryce think of him as a bulwark of the Constitution? Does he think Washington a greater President because he was a safer one?

Mr. Bryce's remarks suggest that, great as is the impression that President Roosevelt has managed to make on the American mind, he had made an impression that is still stronger on the minds of some thoughtful Europeans. It is probable that he is better known to more Europeans, and more thought about, and perhaps more respected, in Europe, than any President that has preceded him. That is largely because of the immense increase in the attention bestowed on the United States by Europe since the Spanish war, and our resulting participation in various international concerns in which Europe is deeply interested. A straw which helps to show how fresh the Roosevelt breeze blows in Europe appears in the report of a dealer in autographs, that President Roosevelt's autographs are in constant demand in Europe and bring the highest price paid for autographs of the Presidents, except Washington's. "The European newspapers," says that authority, "are full of Mr. Roosevelt all the time, and the popular interest in his personality does not abate." At a recent sale in London where autographs of Beaconsfield, Gladstone, and others were put up, the only one that brought a higher price than Mr. Roosevelt's was one of the poet Chaucer.

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Some Negro Views of the Negro Question

It is, in respect of diction, a remarkable article on "Lynching from a Negro's Point of View" which is contributed to the June number of the *North American Review* by Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, and scarcely less striking in form, while in substance more judicious and useful, is the speech that was delivered on June 4 at the yearly meeting of Progressive Friends at Longwood, near Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, by Professor Roscoe Conkling Bruce, of the college for colored youth at Tuskegee. We purpose to indicate the widely different views concerning the actual and prospective status of negroes in the United States, at which these highly educated mouthpieces of the colored race have arrived. First, however, we would say a word about their respective qualifications to discuss the problem. Mary Church Terrell, who was born in Memphis, Tennessee, is the daughter of Robert R. Church, one of the richest colored men in the country. She was educated in the public schools of Oberlin, Ohio, and graduated at Oberlin College with the degree of A.B. Subsequently, she studied in Germany, France, and Italy. After returning from abroad she taught languages in the Washington High School and at Wilberforce University, and was invited to become a member of the Faculty of Oberlin College. She married Robert H. Terrell, a graduate of Harvard, who was recently appointed by President Roosevelt a judge in one of the subdistrict courts in the District of Columbia. She was one of the first two women to be made trustees of the public schools of the Federal capital; she was the first president of the National Association of Colored Women, and is now its honorary president. She is to be one of the speakers at the International Congress of Women to be held in Berlin in June of this year, and her subject, we are told, is to be the progress of colored women in the United States. Professor Roscoe Conkling Bruce is a son of the late B. K. Bruce, who, at one time, represented his race in the Federal Congress, and who, subsequently, was Registrar of the Treasury. Professor Bruce himself graduated with distinction from Harvard University, and now teaches, as we have said, in Booker T. Washington's college at Tuskegee. So far, then, as education is concerned, honors are easy as between Mrs. Terrell and Professor Bruce.

Now let us see what views are taken of the negro question by these representatives of the colored race. Mrs. Terrell says that throughout their entire period of bondage, colored women were debauched by their masters, and she quotes with approval an assertion ascribed to a white Methodist minister that, "If you wish to know who taught the negro licentiousness, you have only to look into the faces of thousands of mulatto people, and get your answer." Here the assumption is made for the first time, so far as we know, that the sexual instincts of the negro are less indiscriminate and brutal than those of the white race. Those travellers and sociologists who have studied the temperament of the black in his original home—Central Africa—have arrived at an opposite conclusion. They are speaking, it should be remembered, of blacks who never have been brought in contact with whites, yet they concur in describing the sexual appetites of the former as unparalleled elsewhere, and ungovernable. Indeed, the surprising spread of Islam in Central Africa is explained on the express ground that the law of Mohammed makes large concessions to the sexual appetite, not only permitting the faithful to have four wives apiece, but also an unlimited number of concubines. The most insuperable bar to the propagation of Christianity in the same region is the rigor with which it enforces monogamy and sexual purity. Mrs. Terrell does not seem to perceive that her assertion proves too much. If it be true that, during their period of bondage negroes learned licentiousness from their white masters, how did it happen that, during the four years of the civil war, although the mothers, wives, and daughters of Confederate soldiers were entrusted to the care of black men, not a white woman was violated? How does she explain the fact that a crime which, as she admits and boasts, was unheard of before the negroes were emancipated, became rampant after unscrupulous carpet-baggers had assured them that, politically and socially, they were the equals of the whites? How would Mrs. Terrell account for the undisputed fact that, in Mississippi, since the negro was deprived even of political equality, the raping of white women by black men has become altogether extinct?

Strange to say, Mrs. Terrell, although she was born in Memphis, and, one would think, ought to know better, makes the paradoxical assertion that negroes, and especially those who try to raise themselves in the educational scale, are hated by the Southern whites. Lynching is due, in the first place, she alleges, to "race hatred, the hatred of a stronger people towards a weaker, who were once held as slaves." She goes on to aver that "the men who lynch negroes to-day are, as a rule, the children of white women who sat by their firesides happy and proud in the possession and affection of their own offspring, while they looked with unpitying eye and adamantine heart upon the anguish of slave mothers whose children had been sold away, when not overtaken by a sadder fate." Even Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe was sufficiently observant, open-minded, and just to give a more correct impression of the real attitude of white women during the ante-bellum régime toward the wrongs and griefs which, unhappily, seem inseparable from slavery. Of many a tender-hearted and noble white woman in slavery days it might with truth be said that, when the eye of the negro saw her it blessed her, for she wiped away the tears from many faces, nursing the sick, and consoling the sorrowful with her earnest pity.

We have by no means exhausted the tale of Mrs. Terrell's inconsistencies. In one paragraph she charges that in the Southern States efforts are continually making to curtail the educational privileges of colored children. In another paragraph she admits that the illiteracy of the negro has been reduced in the Southern States nearly fifty per cent. in forty years. Curiously futile must have been the attempt of Southern whites to deprive the blacks of education, if such is the statistical result. Illiterate negroes, Mrs. Terrell says, although these "are the only ones contributing largely to the criminal class," are "coddled and caressed at the South," and held up to the educated, cultivated members of the colored race as bright and shining examples of what a really good negro should be. On the other hand, no language is sufficiently severe, bitter, and caustic to express the disgust, hatred, and scorn which Southern gentlemen feel for what is called the "New Issue," by which is meant, she says, the aspiration of negroes for knowledge and culture, and the acquisition of a taste on their part for "the highest and best things in life." Now, as a matter of fact, the records of the new negro crime at the South show that most of the assaults upon white women by black men have been committed, not by illiterate blacks, but by more or less educated representatives of the colored race. Moreover, at the North, where few, if any negroes are illiterate, and where the colored people come nearest to social equality, the examples of the new negro crime have, of late, tended to become quite as frequent, in proportion to the respective numbers of the races in that section, as they are at the South. The obvious reason why white people at the South look with distrust on highly educated negroes is because the latter are most likely to aim at social equality, and to lose the awe with which, in slavery times, black men had learned to regard the women of a superior race.

It is refreshing to turn from Mrs. Terrell's wrong-headed, not to say morbid, pages to the frank concessions made by Professor Roscoe Conkling Bruce, who evidently believes that the white man of the South is the colored man's best friend, and who himself is engaged in imparting to his brethren what he believes they most stand in need of, to wit, technical instruction, which will keep them employed and enable them to earn a living. He acknowledges that, even among the negroes in Northern cities, there is an excess of crime as compared with the offences chargeable to their white fellow citizens. He believes that the chief cause of the imperfect moral development of the negro is the lack of steady employment. The failure to get steady employment is ascribed partly to the loss of the habit of persistent labor which the black men had before the war and partly to the lack of industrial training which was often provided for intelligent slaves by their masters. Professor Bruce pointed out that in Philadelphia, although that city contains sixty thousand negroes, there were last year only nineteen colored children in the public manual-training institutions, and less than 300 receiving any kind of industrial instruction in other schools. Professor Bruce's conclusion was that, on the one hand, it is cheaper for the whites to train the negroes than to imprison them; and that, on the other hand, colored people will experience no difficulty in winning respect and consideration in any American community, wherever they shall exhibit habits of industry and excellence of workmanship.

We Should Deal with Morocco as We Dealt with Other Barbary Powers

The notion that our Federal government should pay the ransom demanded by the Moorish abductors of Ion Perdicaris, an American citizen, is preposterous. It is the business of the ruler of Morocco, the Sultan Mulai Abdul Aziz, to rescue Mr. Perdicaris, to restore him unharmed to his friends in Tangier, and to make adequate reparation for the wrong that he has suffered. In the performance of that duty the Sultan will fail at his peril. We can quickly place in Moorish waters a fleet strong enough to bombard or occupy not only Tangier, but every seaport in Morocco. We can force the Moorish ruler to maintain peace and order in his dominions, so far as our citizens are concerned. That is what we ought to do, and what we shall do, unless, now that we number upwards of eighty millions and are acknowledged to be the richest nation on the earth, we prove recreant to the example set for us in Jefferson's administration, when we numbered but little more than five millions, and when our financial resources did not constitute a hundredth part of their present magnitude. It is timely and relevant to recall how we dealt with the

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Barbary powers a century ago when American citizens were harmed in person or in property.

We had begun by following the humiliating precedents established by some of the principal powers of Christendom—*i. e.*, by making periodical payments of blackmail to the piratical Moslem states which occupied the coasts of North Africa. During the last year of John Adams's administration the insolence of these organized pirates, fostered by the disgraceful submission of Christian nations to their pretensions, had been strikingly exhibited in the conduct of the Dey of Algiers toward Captain Bainbridge, on his arrival in September, 1800, in the frigate *George Washington*, with the annual tribute. The frigate was pressed into the Dey's service, for the purpose of carrying presents to Constantinople, by a threat of an immediate renewal of hostilities against the United States. To the remonstrances of Bainbridge and those of the American consul the Dey replied, "You pay me tribute, and thereby become my slaves; I, therefore, have a right to order you to do what I think proper." He added that all the tributary nations of Europe submitted to render him like services. "I hope," wrote Bainbridge, in his report of the matter to the Navy Department, "I shall never again be sent to Algiers with tribute, unless I am authorized to deliver it from the mouth of our cannons."

Not long afterward, the Bey of Tripoli, dissatisfied with the amount of blackmail which he had received, declared war against the United States, and sent two Tripolitan cruisers to Gibraltar to lie there on the watch for American vessels. One of the first acts of President Jefferson was to despatch Commodore Dale, with four out of the six vessels still retained in commission, to note the proceedings of the Bey, and, if necessary, to repel hostilities. Dale himself sailed in the *President*, followed by the schooner *Experiment*, to cruise off Tripoli. The *Experiment*, on her passage thither, fell in with, and after three hours' fighting captured, a Tripolitan cruiser of fourteen guns. The appearance of Dale's squadron in the Mediterranean was seasonable, for already Algiers and Tunis, as well as Tripoli, were demanding additional tribute.

Congress, having recognized the existence of war with Tripoli, authorized the fitting out of such a naval force as the President might deem necessary, and, accordingly, in 1802, a squadron, manned and equipped for two years' service, consisting of two large and three smaller frigates, to which was added the schooner *Experiment* just mentioned, was got ready to relieve Dale's ships. The command was first offered to Commodore Truxton, who declined it because the administration refused to give him a captain for his flag-ship. The command of the squadron was then given to Morris.

It effected less than was expected, however. A vigorous blockade of Tripoli required a number of small vessels, while for a bombardment the armaments of the American frigates were not well adapted. Not that the blockade was altogether useless. The *John Adams*, while cruising off the port, captured a cruiser, and, not long afterwards, another Tripolitan ship of war, the largest belonging to the Bey, was blown up while attempting to get into the harbor. In 1803 the frigates *Constitution* and *Philadelphia*, under the command of Edward Preble, were sent out to relieve the other vessels. Both Algiers and Morocco had lately shown signs of animosity, for which reason the *Philadelphia*, Captain Bainbridge, on her outward passage, attacked and captured, just within the Straits of Gibraltar, a Moroccan cruiser of twenty-two guns, which, however, was presently restored on the Emperor of Morocco's disavowal of any intention to commit hostilities.

Before Preble's arrival at Tripoli a serious accident had occurred. The frigate *Philadelphia*, which had preceded him, while attempting to enter the port, had run with great force upon a sunken rock, where she remained immovably fixed. Attacked by a flotilla of Tripolitan gunboats, Bainbridge, unable to bring any of his guns to bear, was obliged to strike his flag, and he and his crew were made prisoners. The officers were held for ransom, but the men were all reduced to slavery. A little later a bold exploit repaired the credit of the American navy. Scarcely had the *Philadelphia* been captured than Preble arrived in the *Constitution*, and conceived a plan for destroying the surrendered frigate in the harbor of Tripoli. The execution of the plan was intrusted to Decatur. In a small vessel, manned by volunteers, he entered the port of Tripoli about midnight on February 16, 1804, boarded the *Philadelphia*, drove out the Turkish guard, set fire to the combustibles which he had brought with him, and in less than half an hour had the frigate in a blaze. He and his men then escaped uninjured. During the earlier half of the same year the harbor of Tripoli was blockaded, and, ultimately, bombarded, and five of the Tripolitan gunboats were sunk or taken.

Finally, a negotiation was entered into with the Bey, but as he demanded five hundred dollars per head for his captives, no arrangement was effected. In February, 1805, Eaton, the American consul at Tunis, conceived and carried out a project for attacking Tripoli by land. Proceeding to Egypt, he concerted with one Hamet, elder brother of the reigning pasha of Tripoli, measures for a march across the desert, and eventually mustered for the purpose a force of about four hundred men. After enduring frightful sufferings in the wilderness the expedition reached and took the fortified town of Derne on the eastern frontier of Tripoli, whereupon the Bey was quickly brought to terms, and entered into a treaty of peace which provided for an exchange of prisoners. Loud threats of war had recently been uttered by Tunis, in consequence of the capture of two or three vessels of that regency which had tried to evade the blockade of Tripoli; but the appearance off that port of Commodore Barron, with the whole Mediterranean fleet of the United States, soon brought the Moslem ruler to terms. He retracted his threats, and asked permission to send an ambassador to Washington.

Our chastisement of Tripoli administered a lesson to the Barbary powers which they did not forget for several years. Just after the war with Great Britain had broken out, however, in 1812, the Dey of Algiers declared hostilities, and having captured an American vessel, reduced her crew to slavery. We deferred retaliation until after the treaty of peace with England had been ratified. In the spring of 1815, however, Decatur sailed for the Mediterranean with three frigates and seven other war-vessels, and soon after passing Gibraltar fell in with and captured the largest ship in the Algerine navy. Only a day or two afterwards an Algerine brig was taken. When Decatur appeared off Algiers the terrified Dey at once consented to a treaty, which he signed on Decatur's quarter-deck, and by which he surrendered all prisoners on hand, made certain pecuniary indemnities, and renounced all future claim to any American tribute or presents, together with the practice of reducing prisoners of war to slavery. Decatur then proceeded to Tunis and Tripoli, and obtained from both states indemnities for American vessels captured under the guns of their forts by British cruisers during the recent war with England. Such was the self-respecting and decisive way in which we dealt with the Barbary powers a hundred years ago when the United States collectively were less popular and incomparably less affluent than is the single State of New York to-day.

A Nucleus of Labor

"WHO will do the actual digging of the Panama Canal?". The discussion of this question in the newspapers is serving a good purpose if it is convincing every one, in and out of public office, that there is no single source from which the War Department can obtain an adequate supply of labor for the task entrusted to it. Workmen to cut the canal in the fashion of Americans, not of Pharaoh, cannot be drawn from even two or three, or any limited number, of local labor markets. The government is being warned through the press not to count upon getting great numbers of Jamaicans or other West-Indians; not to put trust in Chinese labor wholly, or white labor at all, etc. We need not repeat the long list of warnings here, either to accept or to deny their validity, since all are beside the mark.

The canal—it has so often been said—is to be cut for the benefit of the whole world; and in the sharing of benefits no states are likely to gain more than the Latin-American republics. The old conditions on the isthmus, that added to the peril of a tropical climate the perils of filthy and dissolute living, are to be utterly changed; and problems of sanitation and engineering are to be attacked with spirit, and thoroughly solved. The work is of such a character that while it proceeds the isthmus will be a school of applied science: it will be in some ways the best of schools at which to learn, through participation and observation, how to solve problems of sanitation in the tropics, and how to carry on successfully in the very worst parts of the tropics the most difficult sort of constructive undertakings. Now, these are precisely the problems which confront the Latin-American countries. Their governments will do well if they send to the isthmus a few of their brightest young men with some of their best laborers, as Japan sent her young men to work and study in Europe and the United States during the last two or three decades.

"But," it may be objected, "Japan had men to spare, while nearly all of the Latin-American countries are in need of immigrants." We answer that the Latin-American countries know full well what course they must adopt to attract immigration to their shores: they understand that good results follow any conspicuous effort they make to put themselves in line with progressive states. Cooperation in the work on the isthmus will, therefore, bring a twofold advantage: it will increase their prestige while hastening the completion of the canal. For such a purpose the least populous of the coast states can spare a few hundred men. If contingents are furnished by one-half of the islands of the Greater Antilles and one-half of the Central and South American countries, the War Department will have as a certain reliance at least several thousand picked laborers, inured to the climate, and placed in charge of responsible engineers from their own homes.

It may be worth while to add that nearly every one of the Latin-American communities has made a practice of sending students to good foreign schools for a few years, sometimes at the government's expense. They are, therefore, already more than half pre-

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pared to appreciate the opportunity to secure for some of their young men practical training in the most useful professions or occupations at the expense of the United States. A better nucleus of labor for the isthmus could not be found. And other laborers —as many as may be required to cut a canal for the benefit of the whole world—should be sought in the open market of the world. When it becomes known that people are to be well paid and well cared for, working-men will go to Panama readily enough, without being prompted thereto by their governments, from the tropical parts of Asia, Africa, and America.

The Latin Half

LATIN America's area is about one-sixth greater, its population about one-third less, than that of the North-American continent above Mexico. It may, therefore, be referred to as the Latin half of the Western Hemisphere—an expression which suggests at once the magnitude of the questions connected with it, in which our country is most deeply concerned. But more than three words are required to suggest the essential differences between the several Latin-American communities in respect to the component elements of population, and that diversity of race characteristics which makes such questions hard to answer.

Professor Latané, in his *Diplomatic Relations of the United States and Spanish America*, writes: "It should be borne in mind that in Spanish America the native Indian races were not driven beyond the frontier of civilization, as they were by the English settlers, but became and remain to this day an integral part of the population. There were thus in the Spanish colonies an unusual admixture of races. There were: (1) European Spaniards; (2) Creoles, or children born in America of Spanish parents; (3) Indians, the indigenous race; (4) negroes, of African race; (5) mestizos, children of whites and Indians; (6) mulattoes, children of whites and negroes; and (7) Zambos, children of Indians and negroes." This may be taken as a convenient generalization to serve as a starting-point. Our next steps beyond it would lead us to examine (1) the by no means identical characteristics of the Spanish and Portuguese ruling classes—the latter mainly in Brazil; (2) the varying proportions in which the white, Indian, and negro components are found; (3) the exceedingly important matter of recent immigration from Europe and the Orient; and (4) the physical and moral characteristics of the Indian element, since we must sometime awaken to the fact that members of different native races are quite as unjustly treated, when they are forced against nature into a single class or category, as citizens of different European countries would be if sweeping generalizations were in the same reckless way applied to them. Here, surely, are questions enough, difficulties enough, that cannot be removed, and that oblige us to study each South and Central American country as a separate problem.

The Literary Instinct

BENEATH Jowett's elaborate memorial in Balliol Chapel, Oxford, there is a plain tablet bearing the name Richard Lewis Nettleship and the words: "He loved great things and thought little of himself; desiring neither fame nor influence, he won the devotion of men and was a power in their lives, and seeking no disciples he taught to many the greatness of the world and man's mind."

Nettleship died, leaving little writing behind him. Some editing, the biographical sketch of Thomas Hill Greene, an essay on Plato's conception of goodness sum up about all he left for the press. Two volumes of Remains, letters, chance annotations upon the essays of his pupils, reports of lectures and what those who knew him can tell make Nettleship still, to the student, one of the real and living lights of his century. It was he who said: "I feel more than I used to do that the fact that men like Socrates and Christ *wrote* nothing does somehow go along with their unique greatness. . . . I do seem to see that if one could literally live one's theories and beliefs it would be something greater than any book one would be likely to write."

This is the key-note of a great lesson. Life is to live. To make a transcript of life is never enough. Being, not doing, was and is the first great verb. By what we are, not by what we accomplish, do we ultimately, as the Celts say, "make our soul."

The literary instinct has had an undue amount of glorification. The food of other men's thoughts is so nourishing and solacing a part of our lives that we are apt to attribute some special merit to the mere plying of the trade, fancying that it demands some special endowment, some unique gift. We forget that merit never attaches to an act, but always depends on the force that projects the act.

If one sift it, the literary instinct in itself is only the lust of self-expression and the common yearning for sympathy; at its very best it is the love of the word for the word's sake and the devotion to beauty just because it is beauty. It was the literary instinct at its best when the little girl of five rocked her doll to sleep, improvising to a monotonous chant:

> Oh, the queen of heaven bowed down low,
> She bowed down low at *night*.
> And gold of heaven shone round the babe,
> The triumph babe at night.
> 'Tis Jesus is the triumph,
> And so is the sea and the sky.
> And angels is a triumph,
> And so is Santa Claus.
> And all shall come again
> When I am six years old,
> And I will lie still in my bed,
> And *think* of beautiful words.

In the first place, this was evidently the love of the word for the word's sake. The new, mysterious, import-weighted word, "triumph," had been presented to her. Such was the power and significance in the clang of it that it might mean anything, and surely it must include all that was best of the world—a babe, Jesus, the sea, the sky, angels, and Santa Claus. Again, it was, in very truth, the true literary instinct, for, like Nettleship, she sought no audience. She planned to lie in the dark and *think* beautiful words, as one lies in the dark and thinks of whatever is best beloved just for its own sake.

We have recently been introduced, in a leading magazine, to a series of stories of the literary instinct as it purports to work itself out in the child's mind. But this is the literary instinct when the whole life,—even that holiest thing on earth, a child's life,—is reduced to a mere pose. It is a mind forgetful of all but the garment of words in which some pretence may be dressed. These stories show, with a candid and satirical cruelty, the literary instinct when it is merely the "Look at me! I must have notice!" attitude toward life. Even Stevenson, great artist and gentle soul that he was, faced this degradation to the craft. "Not so much the love of art as an impatience of all honest trades," it is, he says. "The artist steps forth and proposes to delight, an impudent design in which it is impossible to fail without odious circumstances." "To live by a pleasure is not a high calling; it involves patronage however veiled; it numbers the artist, however ambitious, along with dancing-girls and billiard-markers."

There are two things the literary artist craves—praise and money. Of the latter it is interesting to speak, because the matter of money-making is changing the whole course of literature, and a few great fortunes made, have beckoned all sorts of stragglers, halt and crippled, into the field. In view of the fortunes made by Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, it is wholesome to reflect upon the twenty-five dollars that Milton got for "Paradise Lost." Shelley never made anything out of his poetry; Browning for twenty years and over paid to get his work printed; the greatest of English novelists earns his livelihood by reading for publishers, and although we have no data, it would be safe to guess that Mr. Swinburne could not support himself by his poetry. To sum up, in Stevenson's words again: "What you may decently expect if you have some talent and much industry is such an income as a clerk will earn with a tenth or perhaps a twentieth of your nervous output."

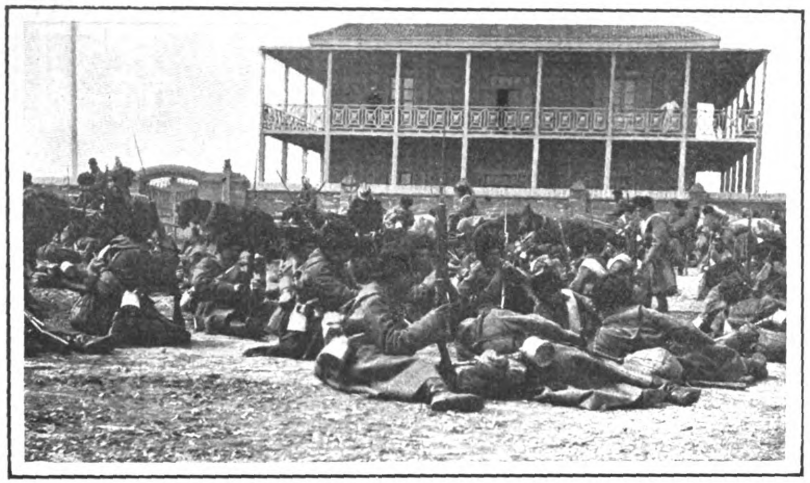
And as to praise, what is it when it comes? Poor, little, tottering, unpoised puppets that we are, trying to stay ourselves on some one else's approval! It is true that to every one who gets into print some sort of flattery or notice comes. But if a man approve what we say it can only be because he is something less than we are; for whoever writes knows that the real thing he tried to say lies still-born at his heart yet, and that the printed word is the mere projected ghost of that for which he suffered birth pangs.

> Where are the great whom thou wouldst wish to praise thee,
> Where are the pure whom thou wouldst choose to love thee,
> Where are the brave to stand supreme above thee,
> Whose high commands would cheer, whose chiding raise thee?
> Seek, seeker, in thyself; submit to find
> In the stones, bread; and life in the blank mind.

The work is the wages. If we choose expression as a trade we must admit that, like virtue and marriage, it is its own reward. Who chooses it for any other motive than love must pay a bitter penalty, and who chooses it for love ought to be ready to pay the costs.

The only ideal way to pursue the calling is to treat it as a mistress. Spinoza made and repaired watches, and in the idle intervals of his trade he wrote of the improvement of the understanding, ethics, the theologico-political treatise, and other matters. The Brontë girls made literature in the interim of hard, manual housework, sweeping, and stove-cleaning. George Eliot explained her larger right hand by the fact that it had made so much butter. Tolstoi works on a farm. It is safe to say that the whole world would be better if once and finally literature and money could be divorced. If those who love her could be persuaded to turn elsewhere for a livelihood and serve the muse as the true *fille de joie* that she is.

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Soldiers in Front of the United States Consulate at Newchwang



Russians Marching through Newchwang on their Way to Camp at the Front



Soldiers carrying a Cable through the Town to Connect with Mines in the River



Russian Troops resting in Camp at Newchwang

SNAP-SHOTS OF RUSSIAN TROOPS AT NEWCHWANG

Recent reports of the situation at Newchwang, Russia's important Manchurian stronghold, state that the Russians have decided to fortify Yingkow, the port of Newchwang. The harbor is to be mined, field-guns have been taken there, and the garrison has been strengthened. It is reported that 15,000 men, under command of General Stalkenberg, are now concentrated at Kaiping, south of Newchwang. The photographs on this page are snap-shots taken in Newchwang previous to the temporary evacuation of the town by the Russians a month ago

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The President's Choice for Campaign Manager

By Albert Halstead

THE choice for national campaign manager of one inexperienced in practical political management is as unprecedented as it is remarkable and exemplary. Though not a politician, George Bruce Cortelyou has all the other qualities that are needed in the chairman of the Republican National Committee. While he never served an apprenticeship in local politics, nor undertook to manipulate a city, control a district, boss a legislature, or capture a State from political opponents, he is still not a novice in politics or unacquainted with politicians or political organization. He has had an arduous training in the work of administration, in trying situations where tact and patience were necessary, and in dealing with public men—a training that should fit him admirably for the conduct of such a campaign as that which is to be waged for the election of Theodore Roosevelt to the Presidency.

Recognition by Three Presidents

Thirteen years ago Mr. Cortelyou went to Washington as private secretary to Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Rathbone. With the incoming of the second Cleveland administration, in 1893, he tendered his resignation, with the intention of accepting a railroad position in Iowa. He remained in the Post-office Department, however, at the solicitation of the new Fourth Assistant, Mr. Maxwell. Though a Republican, Mr. Cortelyou was advanced to the position of acting chief clerk of this postal bureau. In November, 1895, when Mr. Cleveland asked his cabinet advisers if they knew of a good stenographer, Postmaster-General Bissell suggested Mr. Cortelyou, whose good work had come to his favorable attention. This was the opportunity which led to Mr. Cortelyou's later success. He served in the White House sixteen months under Mr. Cleveland, and had not been there three months before he was promoted to the position of executive clerk. His recognition by a Democratic administration has been the foundation for the charge that he was, then, a Democrat. He has, however, always been a Republican. In the campaign of 1884 he marched over Long Island with the "Plumed Knights" for Blaine. He was also the secretary of the managers of President Harrison's fight for renomination at Minneapolis in 1892. Mr. Cleveland and his other superiors knew Mr. Cortelyou as a Republican, and respected him for his party loyalty. He has voted the Republican ticket at Hempstead at every election since he came of age, except in 1900, when duty called him to Canton with President McKinley.

It was indicative of his merit that, despite his politics, he obtained distinct promotions at the hands of Democrats. Mr. Cleveland thought so well of Mr. Cortelyou that when McKinley was inaugurated he commended his executive clerk to his successor's attention as one in whom absolute reliance could be placed, and who was worthy of favorable consideration. McKinley, on July 1, 1898, promoted Mr. Cortelyou to the assistant secretaryship that had just been created because of the immensely increased volume of public business. This was the first opportunity for McKinley to show his appreciation of Cortelyou's abilities.

Unusual, indeed, has been the career of the new Republican national chairman. He was advanced, within nine years, from the position of clerk in the Post-office Department to that of secretary to the President, to the cabinet, and finally to be the manager of a great national campaign. Brought to the White House by a Democratic President, he was successively secretary to two Republican Presidents, a cabinet officer under the second, and, following that, his political manager.

"Secretary of Silence and Work"

It is natural that one interested in Mr. Cortelyou's rapid advance should inquire as to the causes of his success. They are not difficult to discover. He has uncommon intellectual force. He has been faithful to every trust and indefatigable in the performance of every duty. He has the executive initiative to a pronounced degree, and is a master of detail, thorough in everything. He is orderly and exact, and each day's duty is promptly done. He is calm and never perturbed, and has tact and good judgment. He is dignified, capable of severity, yet affable and approachable. He is industrious and studious. President McKinley once said of him, "Cortelyou never loses his head." A friend of opposite politics recently referred to him as the "secretary of silence and work."

He has shown in every position a capacity, loyalty, and devotion that have marked him as fitted for higher duties and responsibilities. Mr. Cortelyou had the advantage of a good home training and equally good schooling. He graduated at sixteen from the Hempstead Institute, and went thence to the Normal School at Westfield, Massachusetts, where he gave indication of those qualities which have contributed to his success. His teacher of English literature said of him: "Mr. Cortelyou's school work was not so brilliantly done, as it often was by exceptionally bright and, I may add, shallower students; but he possessed far greater thoroughness and accuracy, and the spirit of investigation, while in industry he outdid all others. All the details of his tasks were carefully worked out, and he was never in arrears with his work. Nothing was put over into the next day. He was an independent thinker."

After graduating from the Normal School Mr. Cortelyou studied music at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, and later in New York. The characteristic of utilizing his time to advantage is shown in his acquisition of the art of shorthand while he was perfecting himself in music. He became assistant in the stenographic school after his graduation. While there he took the clinical course at the New York Hospital, and practised stenography by reporting the lectures. It is just twenty years since he became stenographer and private secretary in the office of the appraiser of the port of New York, which position he resigned upon the incoming of the first Cleveland administration in 1885. Then he devoted himself to general law and verbatim reporting, assisting James E. Munson in his duties as an official stenographer of the Superior Court. Here he soon developed into one of the most expert medical stenographers of New York. Afterwards he taught in preparatory schools in New York until 1889, when, with the return of the Republicans to power, he returned to the government service as private secretary to the post-office inspector at New York. In March, 1891, he was appointed confidential stenographer to the surveyor of the port of New York, resigning four months later to go to Washington as private secretary to the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General.

Requirements of a Difficult Post

Up to the time of his entrance into the cabinet of President Roosevelt, Mr. Cortelyou's experience had been chiefly that of secretary to men of lesser or greater public prominence. It is often said that a successful private secretary must so merge his personality in that of his employer as to lose his own identity. That may be true in many instances, but it was not true in the case of Mr. Cortelyou, any more than it was in the experiences of John Hay, Secretary of State, of Daniel S. Lamont, private secretary to Mr. Cleveland, and later his Secretary of War, or of Representative Robert R. Hitt, reporter of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and the probable Republican candidate for Vice-President. It was because Mr. Cortelyou performed his duties so well that he advanced steadily in usefulness and importance. It may be, as is sometimes said, that "there are no opportunities for advancement in the government service," but Cortelyou's life seems to prove that generalization inaccurate.

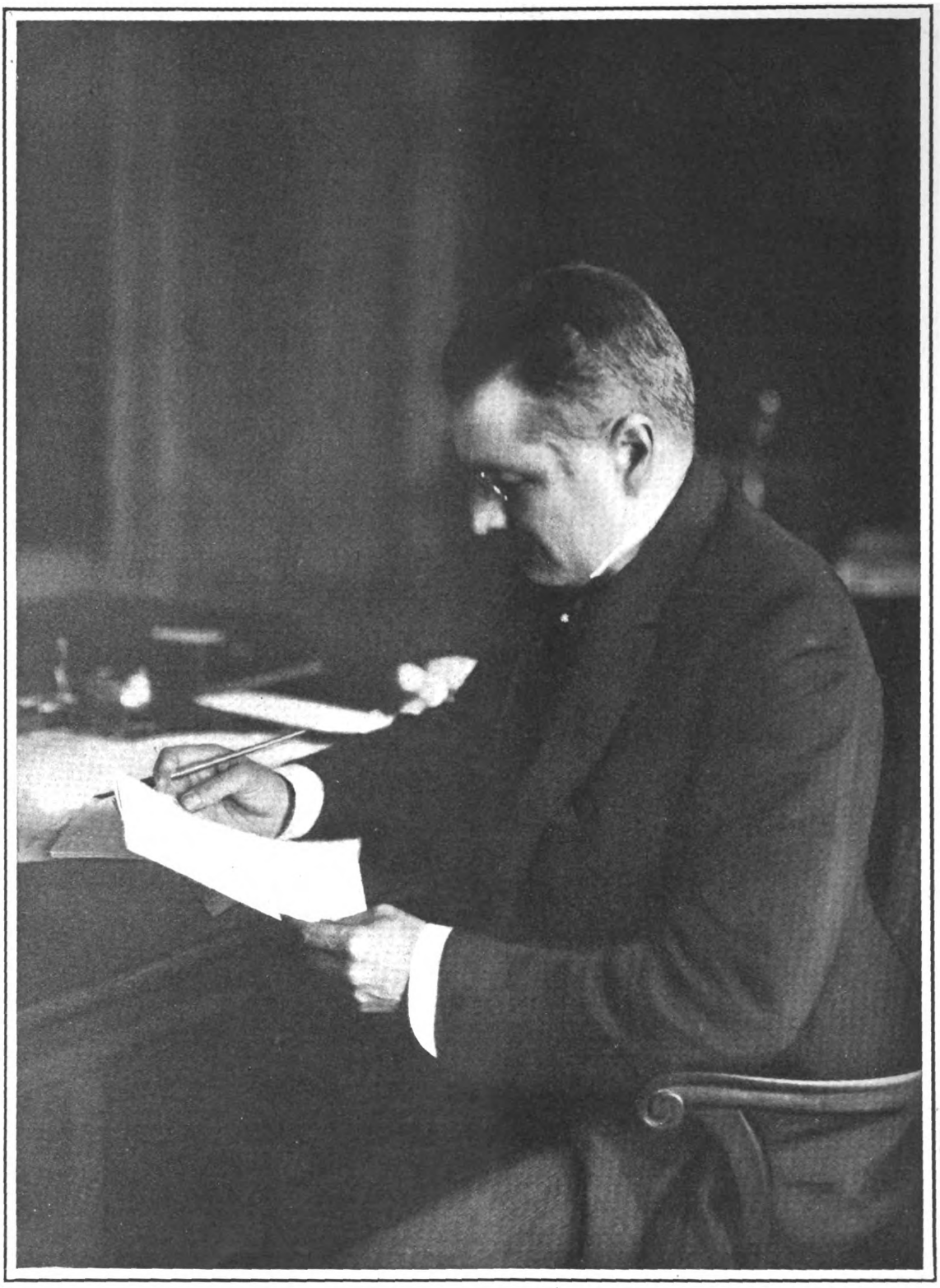
There is no more difficult position in the government service than that of secretary to the President. That official is the buffer between the President and the public. If he be tactless, the President is certain to be unpopular. He must be both a judge of character and a wise counsellor. He should be able to act for the President in many respects, and to decide what should and should not come to the Executive's attention. He must be able to weigh each caller and determine whether it is worth while to admit him to the President. He can relieve his superior of many burdens and quietly and unobtrusively advise him. He must make friends rather than enemies, must know how to refuse an interview without offending. He must be able to judge how much to say for publication without seeming to suppress information. He must have a memory for faces and know the relative importance of each caller. He must have the patience of Job and the wisdom of Solomon. If he lacks in any of these qualities he will fail of success. Mr. Cortelyou succeeded.

From Stenographer to Organizer

It was not long after McKinley became President that he recognized Mr. Cortelyou's proficiency. Mr. Porter, the secretary, was not a stenographer, and he had had no previous experience to make him qualified for his delicate task. He was conscientious and loyal, but he had ill health. He soon relied largely on Mr. Cortelyou, and assigned to him many of his own duties. Mr. Cortelyou was a model of good taste in this trying relation. As Mr. Porter's health became more impaired, Mr. Cortelyou relieved him more and more of the burdens of the secretaryship. For more than a year before Mr. Porter resigned, during several months of which period he was absent because of illness, Mr. Cortelyou was the acting secretary, though he had neither title nor the salary. So when Mr. Porter retired, Mr. Cortelyou was his natural successor, a promotion which he received on April 13, 1900.

As secretary to the President, Mr. Cortelyou organized the office on the most systematic and efficient basis. He obtained the pick of employees of the several departments and chose stenographers in every case. A stenographer himself, he recognized that the work could be facilitated by the employment of stenographers only at the White House. On the upper left-hand corner of every communication requiring a formal answer, directions were written in shorthand for its disposal, and the reply prepared accordingly. So in most routine matters no dictation was necessary. All letters filed retained these directions, so the action taken could be seen at a glance. Every important paper was briefed in typewriting, so as to give an accurate record. Mr. Cortelyou prepared a "precedent index," covering practically every case that was likely to arise. This served as a guide to the clerks in answering correspondence, and expedited as well as lessened the work. Indorsement slips were printed for use in referring to communications properly belonging to departments to the appropriate cabinet officer. Mr. Cortelyou required that the work of every desk should be finished on the day of its receipt, that there might be no accumulation. By his own example he created an *esprit de corps* where there had been none. He required the most conscientious service, and reduced the percentage of error to a minimum. It was no easy task to serve in the White House offices under Mr. Cortelyou, but good work was always recognized. He took care that there was the incentive of promotion for those who merited it. He labored many hours a day himself, and required almost as long hours of his subordinates. The White

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GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CHOICE FOR CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE

The reader is referred to an interesting sketch of Mr. Cortelyou's personality and career on the opposite page

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House became a model of executive accuracy under his administration, and was better organized than any private business—surely a striking innovation in the government service. It was this painstaking efficiency that first impressed Mr. McKinley, and then followed his knowledge of Mr. Cortelyou's good judgment, good sense, tact, clear-headedness, and quick understanding. Mr. Cortelyou, while secretary to McKinley, was in influence the equal of a cabinet officer.

A Week as Acting President

It was to Mr. Cortelyou that President McKinley first spoke after he was shot at Buffalo. "Cortelyou, my wife," he said, thus assigning the delicate duty of breaking the news to her who was dearest to him. He knew in his weakness that there was no one better fitted for that painful duty. Even in that paralyzing moment Mr. Cortelyou was self-possessed. Remembering how Mrs. McKinley had been cared for at a private house in California when desperately ill, he insisted that the President should go to the house of President Milburn of the Exposition. While realizing from his own study of medicine that an operation was necessary, he still refused the service of physicians at hand, waiting for the best there were in Buffalo. He did not hesitate about permitting the operation when the doctor vouched for by Mr. Milburn arrived. It was in the trying week following the shooting that Mr. Cortelyou displayed his highest qualities. Then he was, in fact, the acting President of the United States, performing all of the duties of that office. He made every arrangement for the comfort of his chief. He was almost unceasingly on guard, and was the means of communication between the sick room and the world outside. At the same time his duties as secretary were not neglected. It would have been a tax on any man, but it was doubly so on Mr. Cortelyou because of his personal affection for Mr. McKinley. He made no mistake, never lost his judgment, and met every emergency. Calm, patient, and firm, he did his full duty—no man could have done more.

Under Mr. Roosevelt

President Roosevelt was quick to appreciate Cortelyou's worth and urged him to remain as secretary. Mr. Roosevelt had pledged himself to continue the McKinley policies. Mr. Cortelyou had devoted his life to the late President, so he felt it a duty to continue and aid the successor in carrying out the McKinley plans. It required no small sacrifice for Mr. Cortelyou to do this. With a wife and four children, and living on a small salary, he was tempted by the business propositions that followed Mr. McKinley's death. Offer after offer was refused, including one of $40,000 a year and several of $25,000.

The accident at Pitt-field two years ago, when an electric car ran into the President's carriage, furnishes another illustration of Mr. Cortelyou's characteristic devotion to duty. When he saw that the collision was inevitable, he leaned forward to protect the President with his own body. Dazed and stunned though he was by the contact of his head with the car-fender, his first thought was of Mr. Roosevelt. Before he would have his own wounds attended to he insisted on finding the President and ascertaining if he were safe and receiving proper attention. Then he permitted his own wounds—which were serious—to be dressed.

In the President's Cabinet

For about a year before the Department of Commerce and Labor was created it was President Roosevelt's purpose to promote Mr. Cortelyou to his cabinet, where he might become in title what he was in reality—a valued adviser. The new department was a certainty long before Congress established it, and Mr. Cortelyou was slated for its head. The President wanted this department to stand as one of the great accomplishments of his administration. He sought the best abilities to perfect its organization—hence Cortelyou's appointment. Probably the President also appreciated that he could not long retain Mr. Cortelyou as an aid, because of the tempting business propositions he constantly received, without some promotion that would testify to his worth.

The duty of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor is to promote the commerce of the United States and its mining, manufacturing, shipping, fishery, transportation, and labor interests. He is charged with the investigation and supervision of corporations engaged in interstate and foreign commerce, with the exception of railroads; the collection and publication of information concerning labor interests and controversies here and abroad; the lighthouse service and protection and aid to shipping; the taking of the census and the gathering and publication therewith of statistical information; the making of coast and geodetic surveys; the collection and compilation of statistics relating to domestic and foreign commerce; the inspection of steamboats and the enforcement of the laws for the protection of life and property on the water, and with the supervision of fisheries, including the Alaskan fur seal and salmon fisheries. He has jurisdiction over merchant vessels and over the seamen of the United States. He is charged with the supervision of immigration and the administration of the laws relating to alien arrivals and Chinese exclusion. He gathers and supplies information regarding industries and markets for the fostering of manufacturing, and has the responsibility for the custody, construction, maintenance, and application of standards of weights and measurements. Though the youngest of the great government departments, none has a wider scope than his or affords better opportunities for the promotion of prosperity and the welfare of the people. Great as is its power for good, its potentiality for harm is equal if it is not administered in a spirit of conservatism and impartiality. It is in touch with those factors that have in recent years been most influential in the growth and development of the wealth and business of the United States, and is intimately concerned with the problems of development and the sociological questions that must be met with courage and caution.

Before the Department of Commerce and Labor was created, most of its powers rested in bureaus that were either independent or attached to other departments. Two new important bureaus were established, that of corporations and that of manufactures, while the bureau of statistics of the Treasury and the bureau of foreign commerce of the Department of State were combined and assigned to Mr. Cortelyou's department. To the bureau of corporations was granted authority and power to make "diligent investigation into the organization, conduct, and management of any corporation, except common carriers, and to gather such information and data as will enable the President to make recommendations to Congress from time to time as he may require, and this information, or as much thereof as the President may direct, shall be made public." The bureau has the same authority in respect to corporations engaged in interstate and foreign commerce as is conferred on the Interstate Commerce Commission, including that to subpœna and compel the attendance of witnesses, the production of documentary evidence, and the administration of oaths.

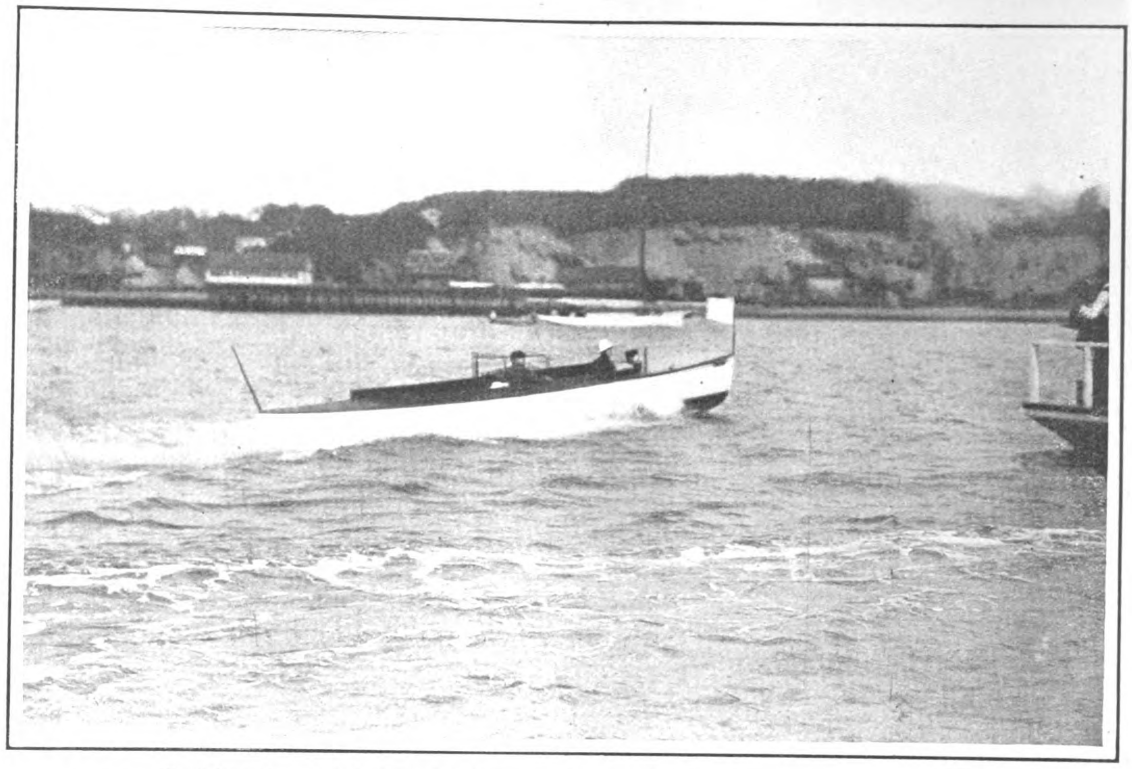
Creating a New Department

To the administration and organization of this new department Mr. Cortelyou has applied himself with untiring energy. It is difficult for the outsider to understand the magnitude of this task. His has been the problem of initiating new work, or harmonizing the bureaus, of eliminating the duplication of labor, especially in the collection of statistics, and of directing the energies of more than ten thousand employees and controlling an annual expenditure of almost ten million dollars. Mr. Cortelyou has "made haste slowly," taking pains to lay well the foundations of the new department. It has required unceasing effort, the closest attention to detail, and the utilization of his trained faculty of organization. He started out with the determination that his department should be no "asylum for decayed politicians," and that it should be an example of thorough organization, in which, with harmonious cooperation and strict discipline, individual effort should be encouraged. Red tape has been cut, and the work has been carried on with a smoothness that is exceptional in the government service. This labor of sixteen months has not been spectacular. There has been little to indicate publicly what has really been accomplished, but Mr. Cortelyou's successor will find that the department has been started and is running with the regularity of perfected machinery. The statistical work of the government has been reorganized. Upon Mr. Cortelyou's recommendation, Congress has created a Congressional commission to determine the best method for the upbuilding of our merchant marine, while laws have been enacted for the better protection of seamen. New work and new investigations have been undertaken by every bureau, the efficiency of the immigration service has been improved, and each bureau has grown in usefulness. Considering the inadequacy of appropriations, it was an admirable record. During the difficult work of organization, from which his successor will gather reputation, Mr. Cortelyou has been the constant adviser of the President, first in matters directly touching the work of the White House, and later in the great affairs of the government and the problems of its administration.

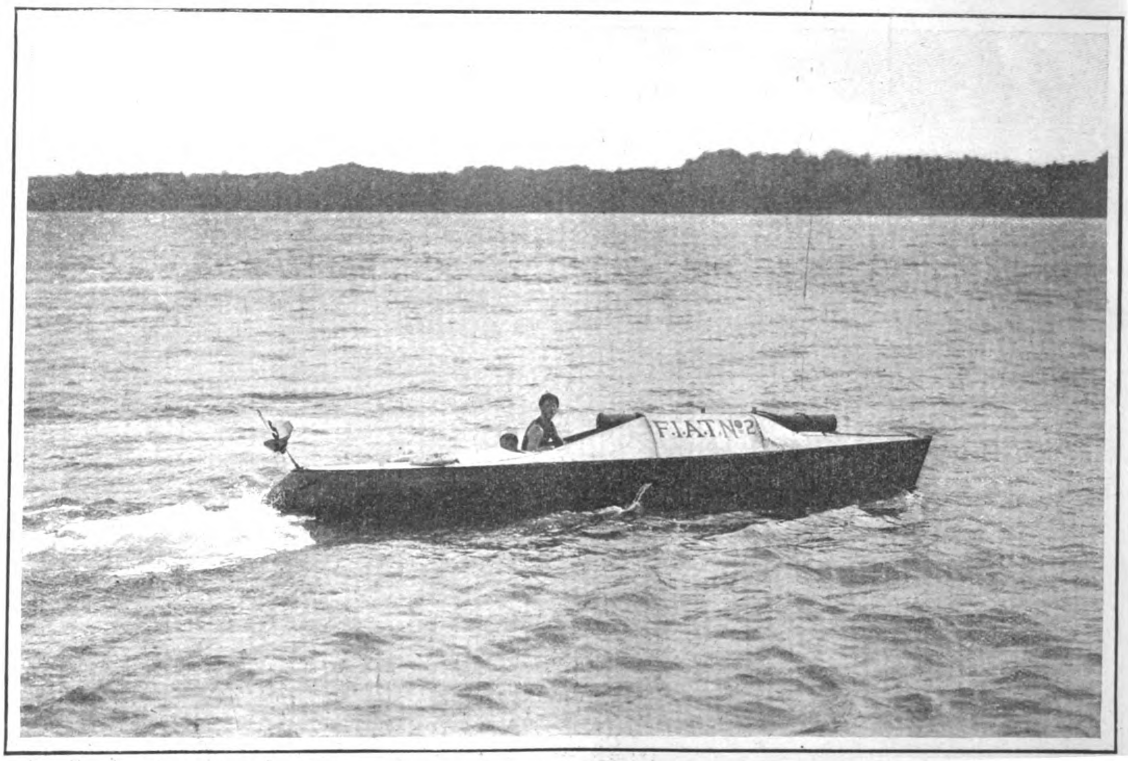
For National Chairman

The choice of Mr. Cortelyou for national chairman was an innovation of the kind to be expected of President Roosevelt. Because of his close relations with them, it was a tribute to the memories of Mr. McKinley and of Mr. Hanna. The President had watched Cortelyou's work, and learned his abilities, seeing in him every quality necessary for campaign management. Consultations with Republicans prominent in national affairs and with others outside of Washington, confirmed his opinion of Cortelyou's availability. A few politicians, displeased that one of their number was not selected, have criticised the President's decision, but the great majority have frankly acknowledged its wisdom. The death of Senator Hanna, whose previous success in the same field had made him the President's first choice, left a vacancy difficult to fill. Several accomplished Republican politicians were then considered, including ex-Governor W. Murray Crane, of Massachusetts; ex-Secretary of War Elihu Root, of New York, and ex-Secretary of the Interior Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York. These three the President sounded. Mr. Crane's health was not robust. Mr. Root could not be released from his obligations to his clients, and Mr. Bliss was reluctant because he feared the strain would be too great. Then came Cortelyou. The suggestion of his name by Mr. Loeb, the President's secretary, was a revealing flash. It immediately commanded approving attention. The wonder was that it had not occurred in the first place. Doubtless it would have, had it not been for the idea that a practical politician was needed for an undertaking where executive talent is essential and good judgment and tact most necessary. It was a manifestation of self-confidence, which has never been tarnished by conceit and which has contributed to his advancement in the past, that Mr. Cortelyou should without hesitation have consented to undertake so burdensome a task and one of a kind of which he had had no previous experience. It means, of course, added reputation if success follows, as it means loss of prestige earned by years of service if failure shall be the result of his management.

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The "Japansky," fastest of the Auto-boats, covering the Nineteen-and-a-half-mile Course in 1.06.29



"Fiat II." Winning the Class S Contest over the Nineteen-and-a-half-mile Course in 1.13.23

POWER-BOAT RACES ON LONG ISLAND SOUND

A speed test of power-boats was held at Manhasset Bay on May 30 in a regatta of the American Power-boat Association. Twelve boats competed, four of them being of the auto type. Of this class the "Japansky," owned by F. H. Waldorf, proved the fastest, covering the nineteen-and-a-half-mile course in 1.06.29 (corrected time). Winners in other classes were C. H. Tangerman's "Fiat II.," and Alexander Stein's "Allure." Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s, "Hard Boiled Egg"—so named because it "couldn't be beat"—was injured by an accident to her rudder and obliged to retire from the contest

Photographs by Penfield

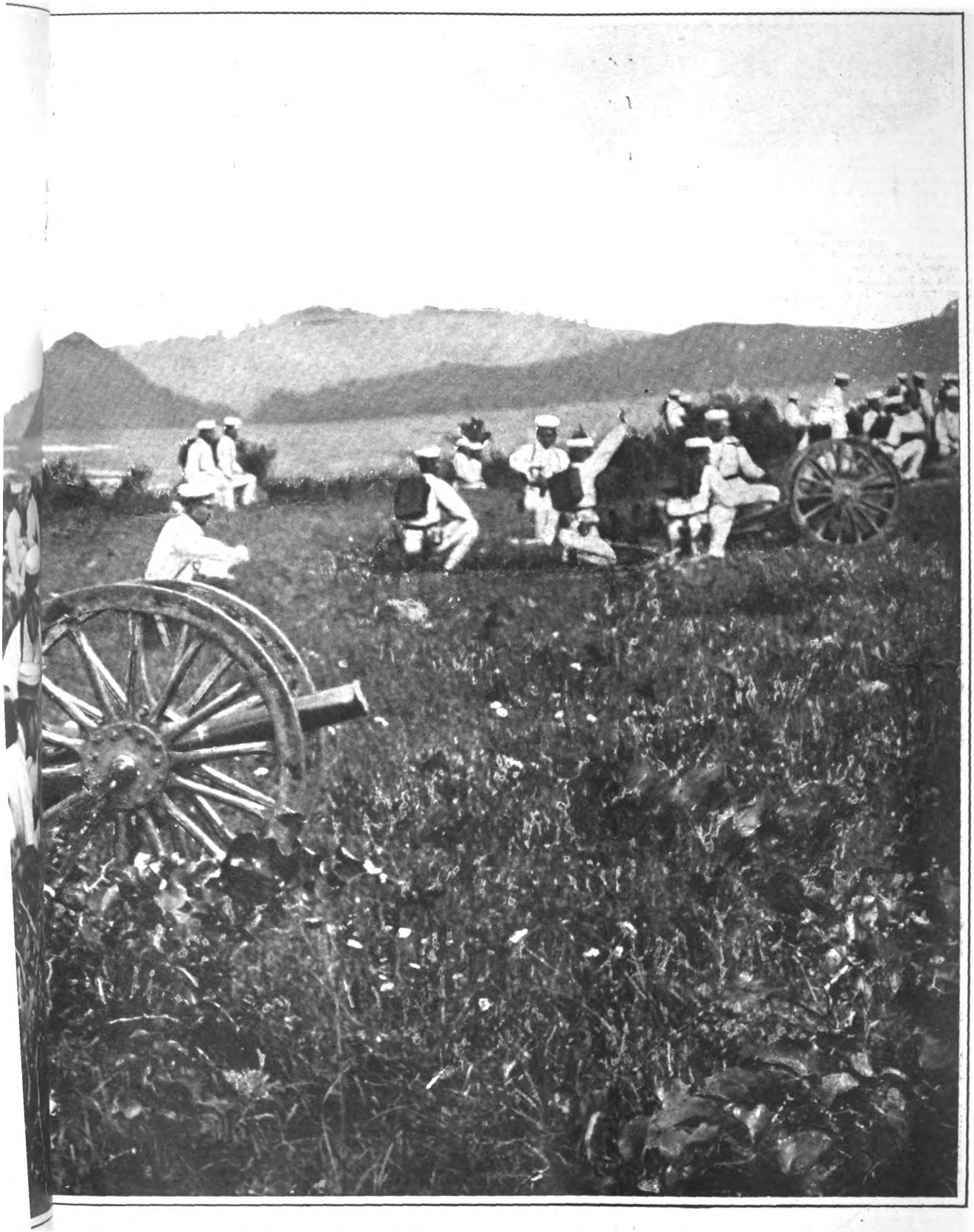
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JAPANESE SOLDIERS AT ARTIL

At the time this issue of the "Weekly" goes to press, the latest achievement of the Jap the Liao-tung Peninsula, on May 26. The Japanese force, numbering 40,000, compel casualties are estimated at 2000, the Japanese at 3000. At the date of writing, th

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ARTILLERY PRACTICE IN THE FIELD

One of the most important operations of the Japanese in the field is the storming and capture of Kin-Chow, north of Port Arthur, on the Liao-Tung Peninsula, which has revealed the retreat of the Russians after twenty-four hours' hard fighting. The Russian forces are said to be retiring before the Japanese, who are said to be landing another army of 50,000 men at Taku-Shan

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Books and Bookmen

By James MacArthur

IT would form a curious and interesting study for a critic of insight and patience to institute an inquiry into the reasons why English women cling more and more conservatively to conventional lines in fiction, while American women seem to aspire to more adventurous and original paths. Servile imitation of familiar and long-accepted types is the common characteristic of fiction written by English women, even when distinguished by excellence of style and sincerity of feeling, whereas in the stories and novels of American women you find a fresher outlook on life, a more daring exposé of human experience, and a sense of revelation which is pregnant with unusual and sometimes startling significance, even when, as not infrequently happens, the treatment is crude, inartistic, and lacking the graces of style. Whatever her defects, the last thing the American woman can be accused of is the smug and commonplace. The one great exception in England—I think my readers will bear me out—is Mrs. Humphry Ward; indeed, it is just by reason of her imaginative power to be strongly individual and strikingly creative in her selection of the social congeries of English life, and to realize her types as characters with fresh meaning for us in the dramatic solvent of her imagination, that she rises above the common level, and is the great novelist she is to-day. For example, in the opening chapters of her new novel, *The Marriage of William Ashe*, which appear in the June HARPER'S, we recognize in the masterly touch of the artist and in the firm intellectual grasp the hand of Mrs. Ward, but the grouping of the characters and the situation involved present a fresh and piquant problem. The strange admixture of girlish ingenuousness and flowerlike innocence with frank unsuspecting worldliness and knowledge of good and evil that is embodied in Lady Kitty Bristol, just fresh from a French convent and new to the strange privileges and amenities of her mother's social coterie, is wonderfully fascinating and tense with reality. Kitty is so alive, so fresh and naïve in her young charm and grace and piquant personality, that you feel the thrill of life in her while she is on the scene, and the others seem to sink into the background to serve as a foil, or to gain significance only as they are related to her. It looks as if Mrs. Ward would add yet another new type of character to her heroines, and the story certainly promises in its initial situation to be the most daring that she has attempted. The mystery that surrounds the earlier years of Lady Kitty's mother, the hint of scandal that disturbs William Ashe, who is already captivated by the beautiful young girl and has promised to befriend her, the contrast between Madame d'Estrées, throned in her hothouse of a salon, and her child, breathing Eden, savor somewhat of De Maupassant's *Yvette*. As I saw this story adapted to the stage at a recent matinée performance, I wondered whether it was not possible for some novelist to give us a study of *Yvette's* English counterpart as surrounded and affected by the social life of London instead of Paris. Has Mrs. Ward done it? That is what I am eager to find out. Certainly the theme could not be in safer or better hands.



Omar as seen by the late Phil May

"I was talking with a journalist recently," writes Claudius Clear in the *British Weekly*, "and we happened on the subject of George Meredith. The conversation took an inevitable turn. I expressed for the thousandth time my amazement that a book like *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* was so little appreciated by reviewers and the reading public. Hardly one cordial notice appeared when the book was published, and many copies of the small edition were sold as a remainder. Said the journalist:

"*Journalist.* Do you think it conceivable that this could happen now?"

"*I.* Certainly not. Critics and publishers and publishers' readers are so much on the lookout for any trace of talent that they would certainly lay hold of such a book and make the best of it.

"*Journalist.* Do you know that there is a writer among us quite as important as Meredith, and quite as much neglected as Meredith ever was?

"*I.* I do not believe it. Has he published anything lately?

"*Journalist.* Yes, he published a new book not many weeks ago, and it is a better book than *Richard Feverel*.

"*I.* Who is he?

"*Journalist.* —— ——."

I invite my readers to fill up the blank.

Mr. Clement Shorter, editor of the *Sphere*, has just come across a piece of new information concerning the author of *Robinson Crusoe* in an out-of-the-way corner. In Volume VI. of *English Army Lists and Commission Registers, 1661–1714*, edited and annotated by C. Dalton, there is to be found this bit of biography:

"Daniel Defoe was a captain-lieutenant in Colonel John Desbordes's regiment of dragoons in Portugal in 1714. There is every reason to believe that Captain-Lieutenant Daniel Defoe is identical with the renowned and versatile author of *Robinson Crusoe*, whose checkered career from 1688 to his death in 1731 afforded many interesting details for contemporary as well as for nineteenth, and even twentieth, century historians and biographers; but up to the present time no writer appears to have discovered the fact that Defoe was a commissioned officer in a cavalry regiment in Queen Anne's service (see preface). It is not strange that his commission is not forthcoming in the commission entry books, as Desbordes's dragoons were raised in Portugal and the commissions signed by the Earl of Galway. Defoe (then known as Foe) was "out" with Monmouth and had joined the Prince of Orange's army on the famous march to London; in the following year he was a trooper in a London regiment of volunteer horse. It is also on record that Defoe was no mean Spanish scholar, and he was employed by Harley on a secret political mission. Defoe's name appears likewise in a manuscript list of half-pay officers for 1722."

Mr. Shorter is to be congratulated upon unearthing this literary nugget from the dry-as-dust pages of a Blue Book.

Some of my readers may recall the fact that just before his sudden death in Liverpool in April, 1888, Matthew Arnold had attended service in Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, where he listened with devout attention to a sermon by Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) on the subject of the Great Sacrifice. He was deeply moved, and on his way home spoke earnestly with a friend of the passion and death of Christ. A similar incident which John Brown relates of Thackeray has come to my notice. When the novelist visited Edinburgh, near the end of his days, he walked out with two friends one evening in the direction of Corstorphine Hill. The sun was setting, and a yellow bar of light lay above the horizon. On the top of the hill was a crane that had been left there by some workmen, which in the evening dusk seemed to shape itself into the form of a cross. Thackeray paused, and pointing to it, uttered, in a low voice, the one word, "Calvary." The friends walked home in silence, and the impression made on the great novelist's mind was so profound that during the rest of the evening his only theme was the death and love of Christ.

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THE CLUB OF QUEER TRADES

The Singular Speculation of the House Agent

by

G·K·CHESTERTON

Part II.

THE breakfast-table was nearly flung over as Rupert sprang, slapping both his thighs.

"Well, by all that's good," he cried. "This is a sign from heaven."

"It's certainly very extraordinary," said Basil, quietly, with knitted brows. "It's odd the fellow should have given a false address, considering he was perfectly innocent in the . . ."

"Oh, you jolly old early Christian duffer," cried Rupert, in a sort of rapture, "I don't wonder you couldn't be a judge. You think every one as good as yourself. Isn't the thing plain enough now? A doubtful acquaintance; rowdy stories, a most suspicious conversation, mean streets, a concealed knife, a man nearly killed, and, finally, a false address. That's what we call glaring goodness."

"It's certainly very extraordinary," repeated Basil. And he strolled moodily about the room. Then he said: "You are quite sure, constable, that there's no mistake? You got the address right, and the police have really gone to it and found it was a fraud?"

"It was very simple, sir," said the policeman, chuckling. "The place he named was a well-known common quite near London, and our people were down there this morning before any of you were awake. And there's no such house. In fact, there are hardly any houses at all. Though it is so near London, it's a blank moor with hardly five trees on it, to say nothing of Christians. Oh no, sir, the address was a fraud right enough. He was a clever rascal, and chose one of those scraps of lost England that people know nothing about. Nobody could say offhand that there was not a particular house dropped somewhere about the heath. But as a fact, there isn't."

Basil's face during this sensible speech had been growing darker and darker with a sort of desperate sagacity. He was cornered almost for the first time since I had known him; and to tell the truth I rather wondered at the almost childish obstinacy which kept him so close to his original prejudice in favor of the wildly questionable lieutenant. At length he said:

"You really searched the common? And the address was really not known in the district—by the way, what was the address?"

The constable selected one of his slips of paper and consulted it, but before he could speak Rupert Gryce, who was leaning in the window in a perfect posture of the quiet and triumphant detective, struck in with the sharp and suave voice he loved so much to use.

"Why, I can tell you that, Basil," he said, graciously, as he idly plucked leaves from a plant in the window. "I took the precaution to get this man's address from the constable last night."

"And what was it?" asked his brother, gruffly.

"The constable will correct me, if I am wrong," said Rupert, looking sweetly at the ceiling. "It was 'The Elms,' Buxton Common, near Purley, Surrey."

"Right, sir," said the policeman, laughing and folding up his papers.

There was a silence, and the blue eyes of Basil looked blindly for a few seconds into the void. Then his head fell back in his chair so suddenly that I started up, thinking him ill. But before I could move further his lips had flown apart (I can use no other phrase) and a peal of gigantic laughter struck and shook the ceiling—laughter that shook the laugher, laughter redoubled, laughter incurable, laughter that could not stop.

Two whole minutes afterwards it was still unended; Basil was ill with laughter; but still he laughed. The rest of us were by this time ill almost with terror.

"Excuse me," said the insane creature, getting at last to his feet. "I am awfully sorry. It is horribly rude. And stupid, too. And also unpractical, because we have not much time to lose if we're to get down to that place. The train service is damnably bad, as I happen to know. It's quite out of proportion to the comparatively small distance."

"Get down to that place?" I repeated, blankly. "Get down to what place?"

"I have forgotten its name," said Basil, vaguely, putting his hands in his pocket as he rose. "Something common near Purley. Has any one got a time-table?"

"You don't seriously mean," cried Rupert, who had been staring in a sort of confusion of emotions. "You don't mean that you want to go to Buxton Common, do you? You can't mean that!"

"Why shouldn't I go to Buxton Common?" asked Basil, smiling.

"Why should you?" said his brother, catching hold again restlessly of the plant in the window and staring at the speaker.

"To find our friend, the lieutenant, of course," said Basil Gryce. "I thought you wanted to find him?"

Rupert broke a branch brutally from the plant and flung it impatiently on the floor. "And in order to find him," he said, "you suggest the admirable expedient of going to the only place on the habitable earth where we know he can't be."

The constable and I could not avoid breaking into a kind of assenting laugh, and Rupert, who had family eloquence, was encouraged to go on with a reiterated gesture:

"He may be in Buckingham Palace; he may be sitting astride the cross of St. Paul's; he may be in gaol (which I think most likely); he may be in the Great Wheel; he may be in my pantry; he may be in your store cupboard; but out of all the innumerable points of space, there is only one where he has just been systematically looked for and where we know that he is not to be found—and that, if I understood you rightly, is where you want us to go."

"Exactly," said Basil, calmly, getting into his great coat; "I thought you might care to accompany me. If not, of course, make yourselves jolly here till I come back."

It is our nature always to follow vanishing things and value them if they really show a resolution to depart. We all followed Basil, and I cannot say why, except that he was a vanishing thing, that he vanished decisively with his great coat and his stick. Rupert ran after him with a considerable flurry of rationality.

"My dear chap," he cried, "do you really mean that you see any good in going down to this ridiculous scrub, where there is nothing but beaten tracks and a few twisted trees, simply because it was the first place that came into a rowdy lieutenant's head when he wanted to give a lying reference in a scrape?"

"Yes," said Basil, taking out his watch, "and, what's worse, we've lost the train."

He paused a moment and then added: "As a matter of fact, I think we may just as well go down later in the day. I have some writing to do, and I think you told me, Rupert, that you thought of going to the Dulwich Gallery. I was rather too impetuous. Very likely he wouldn't be in. But if we get down by the 5.15, which gets to Purley about 6, I expect we shall just catch him."

"Catch him!" cried his brother, in a kind of final anger. "I wish we could. Where the devil shall we catch him now?"

"I keep forgetting the name of the common," said Basil, as he buttoned up his coat. "The Elms—what is it? Buxton Common, near Purley. That's where we shall find him."

"But there is no such place," groaned Rupert; but he followed his brother down-stairs.

We all followed him. We snatched our hats from the hat-stand and our sticks from the umbrella-stand; and why we followed him we did not and do not know. But we always follow him, whatever was the meaning of the fact, whatever was the nature of this mastery. And the strange thing is (a thing which, I fancy, lies somewhere near the root of all religions) that we followed him the more completely the more nonsensical appeared the thing which he said. At bottom, I believe, if he had risen from our breakfast-table and said, "I am going to find the Holy

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Pig with Ten Tails," we should have followed him to the end of the world.

I don't know whether this mystical feeling of mine about Basil on this occasion has got any of the dark and cloudy color, so to speak, of the strange journey that we made the same evening. It was already very dense twilight when we struck southward from Purley. Suburbs and things on the London border may be, in most cases, commonplace and comfortable. But if ever by any chance they really are empty solitudes they are to the human spirit more desolate and dehumanized than any Yorkshire moors or Highland hills, because the suddenness with which the traveller drops into that silence has something about it as of evil elfland. It seems not only to be one of the ragged suburbs of London, it seems to be one of the ragged suburbs of the cosmos half-forgotten by God—such a place was Buxton Common, near Purley.

There was certainly a sort of gray futility in the landscape itself. But it was enormously increased by the sense of gray futility in our expedition. The tracts of drab turf looked useless, the occasional wind-stricken trees looked useless, but we the human beings more useless than the hopeless turf or the idle trees. We were maniacs akin to the foolish landscape, for we were come to chase the wild goose which has led men and left men in bogs from the beginning. We were three dazed men under the captaincy of a madman going to look for a man whom we knew was not there in a house that had *no* existence. A livid sunset seemed to look at us with a sort of sickly smile before it died.

Basil went on in front with his coat collar turned up, looking in the gloom rather like a grotesque Napoleon. We crossed swell after swell of the windy common in increasing darkness and entire silence. Suddenly Basil stopped and turned to us, his hands in his pockets. Through the dusk I could just detect that he wore a broad grin as of comfortable success.

"Well," he cried, taking his heavily gloved hands out of his pockets and slapping them together, "here we are at last."

The wind swirled sadly over the homeless heath; two desolate elms rocked above us in the sky like shapeless clouds of gray. There was not a sign of man or beast to the sullen circle of the horizon, and in the midst of that wilderness Basil Gryce stood rubbing his hands with the air of an innkeeper standing at an open door.

"How jolly it is," he cried, "to get back to civilization. That notion that civilization isn't poetical is a civilized delusion. Wait till you've really lost yourself in nature, among the devilish woodlands and the cruel flowers. Then you'll know that there's no star like the red star of man that he lights on his hearthstone; no river like the red river of man, the good red wine, which you, Mr. Rupert Gryce, if I have any knowledge of you, will be drinking in two or three minutes in enormous quantities."

Rupert and I exchanged glances of fear. Basil went on heartily, as the wind died in the dreary trees.

"You'll find our host a much more simple kind of fellow in his own house. I did when I visited him when he lived in the cabin at Yarmouth and again in the loft at the city warehouse. He's really a very good fellow. But his greatest virtue remains what I said originally."

"What do you mean?" I asked, finding his speech straying towards a sort of sanity. "What is his greatest virtue?"

"His greatest virtue," replied Basil, "is that he always tells the literal truth."

"Well, really," cried Rupert, stamping about between cold and anger, and slapping himself like a cabman, "he doesn't seem to have been very literal or truthful in this case, nor you either. Why the deuce, may I ask, have you brought us out to this infernal place?"

"He was too truthful, I confess," said Basil, leaning against the tree; "too hardly veracious, too severely accurate. He should have indulged in a little more suggestiveness and legitimate romance. But come, it's time we went in. We shall be late for dinner."

Rupert whispered to *me* with a white face.

"Is it a hallucination, do you think? Does he really fancy that he sees a house?"

"I suppose *so*," I said. Then I added aloud, in what was meant to be a cheery and sensible voice, but which sounded in my ears almost as strange as the wind:

"Come, *come*, Basil, my dear fellow. Where do you want us to *go*?"

"Why, up here," cried Basil, and with a bound and a swing he was above our heads, swarming up the gray column of the colossal tree.

"Come up, all of you," he shouted out of the darkness, with the voice of a schoolboy. "Come up. You'll be late for dinner."

The two great elms stood so close together that there was hardly a yard anywhere, and in some places not more than a foot, between them. Thus occasional branches and even bosses and boles formed a series of footholds that almost amounted to a rude natural ladder. They must, I supposed, have been some sport of growth, Siamese twins of vegetation.

Why we did it I cannot think; perhaps, as I have said, the mystery of the waste and the dark had brought out and made primary something wholly mystical in Basil's supremacy. But we only felt that there was a giant's staircase going somewhere, perhaps to



Drawn by Will Grefe

The mighty trunks were beginning to sway and shake in the wind

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the stars; and the victorious voice above called to us out of heaven. We hoisted ourselves after him.

Half-way up some cold tongue of the night air struck and sobered me suddenly. The hypnotism of the madman above fell from me, and I saw the whole map of our silly actions as clearly as if it were printed. I saw three modern men in black coats who had begun with a perfectly sensible suspicion of a doubtful adventurer and who had ended, God knows how, half-way up a naked tree on a naked moorland, far from that adventurer and all his works, that adventurer who was at that moment, in all probability, laughing at us in some dirty Soho restaurant. He had plenty to laugh at us about, and no doubt he was laughing his loudest, but when I thought what his laughter would be if he knew where we were at that moment, I nearly let go of the tree and fell.

"Swinburne," said Rupert, suddenly, from above, "what are we doing? Let's get down again," and by the mere sound of his voice I knew that he too felt the shock of wakening to reality.

"We can't leave poor Basil," I said. "Can't you call to him or get hold of him by the leg?"

"He's too far ahead," answered Rupert: "he's nearly at the top of the beastly thing. Looking for Lieutenant Keith in the rook's nests, I suppose."

We were ourselves by this time far on our frantic vertical journey. The mighty trunks were beginning to sway and shake slightly in the wind. Then I looked down and saw something which made me feel that we were far from the world in a sense and to a degree that I cannot easily describe. I saw that the almost straight lines of the tall elm-trees diminished a little in perspective as they fell. I was used to seeing parallels taper towards the sky. But to see them taper towards the earth made me feel lost in space, like a falling star.

"Can nothing be done to stop Basil?" I called out.

"No," answered my fellow climber. "He's too far up. He must get to the top, and when he finds nothing but wind and leaves he may go sane again. Hark at him above there; you can just hear him talking to himself."

"Perhaps he's talking to us," I said.

"No," said Rupert, "he'd shout if he was. I've never known him to talk to himself before: I'm afraid he really is bad tonight: it's a known sign of the brain going."

"Yes," I said, sadly, and listened. Basil's voice certainly was sounding above us, and not by any means in the rich and riotous tones in which he had hailed us before. He was speaking quietly, and laughing every now and then, up there among the leaves and stars.

After a silence mingled with this murmur, Rupert Gryce suddenly said, "My God!" with a violent voice.

"What's the matter—are you hurt?" I cried, alarmed.

"No. Listen to Basil," said the other in a very strange voice. "He's not talking to himself."

"Then he is talking to us," I cried.

"No," said Rupert, simply, "he's talking to somebody else."

Great branches of the elm loaded with leaves swung about us in a sudden burst of wind, but when it died down I could still hear the conversational voice above. I could hear more; I could hear two voices.

Suddenly from aloft came Basil's boisterous hailing voice as before: "Come up, you fellows. Here's Lieutenant Keith."

And a second afterwards came the half-American voice we had heard in our chambers more than once. It called out:

"Happy to see you, gentlemen: pray come in."

Out of a hole in an enormous dark egg-shaped thing pendant in the branches like a wasp's nest, was protruding the pale face and fierce mustache of the lieutenant, his teeth shining with that slightly Southern air that belonged to him.

Somehow or other, stunned and speechless, we lifted ourselves heavily into the opening. We fell into the full glow of a lamplit, cushioned, tiny room, with a circular wall lined with books, a circular table, and a circular seat round it. At this table sat three people. One was Basil, who, in the instant after alighting there, had fallen into an attitude of marmoreal ease as if he had been there from boyhood; he was smoking a cigar with a slow pleasure. The second was Lieutenant Drummond Keith, who looked happy also, but feverish and doubtful compared with his granite guest. The third was the little bald-headed house-agent with the wild whiskers, who called himself Montmorency. The spears, the green umbrella, and the cavalry sword hung in parallels on the wall. The sealed jar of strange wine was on the mantelpiece, the enormous rifle in the corner. In the middle of the table was a magnum of champagne. Glasses were already set for us.

The wind of the night roared far below us, like an ocean at the foot of a lighthouse. The room stirred slightly, as a cabin might in a mild sea.

Our glasses were filled, and we still sat there dazed and dumb. Then Basil spoke:

"You seem still a little doubtful, Rupert. Surely there is no further question about the cold veracity of our injured host."

"I don't quite grasp it at all," said Rupert, blinking still in the sudden glare. "Lieutenant Keith said his address was . . ."

"It's really quite all right, sir," said Keith, with an open smile. "The bobby asked me where I lived. And I said, quite truthfully, that I lived in the elms on Buxton Common, near Purley. So I do. This gentleman, Mr. Montmorency, whom I think you have met before, is an agent for houses of this kind. He has a special line in arboreal villas. It's being kept rather quiet at present, because the people who want these houses don't want them to get too common. But it's just the sort of thing that a fellow like myself, racketing about in all sorts of queer corners of London, naturally knocks up against."

"Are you really an agent for arboreal villas?" asked Rupert, eagerly, recovering his ease with the romance of the reality.

Mr. Montmorency, in his embarrassment, fingered one of his pockets and nervously pulled out a water-rat, which ran about the table.

"W-well, yes, sir," he said. "The fact was—er—my people wanted me very much to go into the house-agency business. But I never cared myself for anything but natural history and botany and things like that. My poor parents have been dead some years now, but—naturally I like to respect their wishes. And I thought somehow that an arboreal villa agency was a sort of—of compromise between being a botanist and being a house-agent."

"Rupert could not help laughing. "Do you have much custom?" he asked.

"N-not much," replied Mr. Montmorency, and then he glanced at Keith, who was (I am convinced) his only client. "But what there is—very select."

"My dear friends," said Basil, puffing his cigar, "always remember two facts. The first is that though, when you are guessing about any one who is sane, the surest thing is the most likely; when you are guessing about any one who is, like our host, insane, the maddest thing is the most likely. The second is to remember that very plain literal fact always seems fantastic. If Keith had taken a little brick box of a house in Clapham with nothing but railings in front of it and had written "The Elms" over it, you wouldn't have thought there was anything fantastic about that. Simply because it was a great blaring, swaggering lie you would have believed it."

"Drink your wine, gentlemen," said Keith, laughing, "or this confounded wind will upset it."

We drank, and as we did so, although the hanging house, by a cunning mechanism, swung only slightly, we knew that the great head of the elm-tree swayed in the sky like a stricken thistle.

Politics in England

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *June 1, 1904.*

A YEAR has passed since Mr. Chamberlain's plunge into protection. A more stirring and eventful year this country has not known since the home-rule crisis of two decades ago. It was, to begin with, wonderful enough that protection, of all issues supposed to be the most completely dead, should be resurrected at all. Americans would be scarcely less surprised if they were suddenly confronted with slavery as a living question. But even more remarkable have been the ups and downs, the amazing fluctuations, of the movement which Mr. Chamberlain set on foot. For a while it seemed to carry all before it, and to meet with something like a national response. The number of unconverted protectionists in England has always been a large one. They, of course, sprang full-armed and joyously to the side of their unexpected champion. They were reinforced by the lukewarm free-traders, the men who, noting the giant strides of Germany and the United States under protection, thought that there must be "something in it." Cobden and John Bright, like all reformers, exaggerated their case and painted the future too brightly. The reaction that had been palpably setting in for thirty years and more against the severe tenets of the Manchester school, and the discovery that not all of their prophecies had been verified, immensely helped the Chamberlain agitation. Agriculturalists, in England as everywhere else, are natural protectionists. They, too, flocked to a man round the old standard so astonishingly raised anew. The very general feeling that England had been falling away in the commercial race, that "something ought to be done about it," made thousands incline to protection as a novel, and therefore conceivably the right, remedy. Again, the hatred of Germany that in May, 1903, obtained among all classes worked powerfully on Mr. Chamberlain's side. Teutophobia and the possibility of giving expression to it by means of preferential tariffs made up a tune to which England at the moment—the moment has now happily passed—was overready to dance. Moreover, there was the strength of imperial sentiment. It was by threatening England with "the dissolution of the empire" that Mr. Chamberlain set out to win support for his scheme. Unless it was carried, unless Englishmen abandoned their "economic pedantries," their "old shibboleths," and renounced free trade in favor of protection, Mr. Chamberlain warned them that the empire was doomed. Without a closer and ever closer commercial connection with the colonies, Mr. Chamberlain was "sure we shall fall to pieces and into separate atoms"—"we shall deserve the disasters that will infallibly come upon us." That was a very clever line to take. England is so thoroughly imperialistic in policy and sentiment that Mr. Chamberlain could hardly help succeeding if he once persuaded the nation that free trade spelled imperial disruption

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and that protection alone would lastingly consolidate. And, finally, greatest asset of all, there was Mr. Chamberlain himself, the one minister in whose efficiency the average Englishman had real confidence.

There could not, therefore, have been a riper moment for the launching of a protectionist programme. It immensely caught on. The fiscal issue engrossed all discussions public and private. The press lived on it. The audacity of the proposal and the extraordinary skill with which Mr. Chamberlain baited it for popular consumption had apparently done their work. What looked like an overwhelming flood of approval and support set in. It was increased when Chamberlain resigned his office to devote himself solely to his new programme. So striking an act of self-abnegation appealed to the chivalry of the people. I think any one landing in England at that moment and remarking how unanimously all the public signs pointed in one direction, would have concluded that Mr. Chamberlain's was the winning side. I confess I thought so myself. I know as a fact that Mr. Chamberlain thought so too. He wrote to a friend in October last saying that he was at last convinced that he would win the next election. Up till then he had expected that he would be defeated at the first appeal to the country, that the Liberals would come in, would disgust the country in their usual fashion, and that then, as the result of a second election, he would be swept into power. But by October so rapidly did the proofs of popular support crowd in upon him that he was persuaded that success even at the first trial of strength would be his. A great many observers shared his opinions. Yet suddenly there came a few by-elections. Victory after victory fell to the free-traders. Constituencies that had never before returned any one but an out-and-out Tory now chose a Liberal to represent them. For a while it seemed as though not a protectionist seat in the country was safe or beyond the reach of a successful attack. Nothing could have illustrated more aptly the immense difficulties of gauging public opinion in England. The British Demos kept silent until it was time to roar, and when he roared it was in a way that those who were supposed to know him best expected least. In a moment the protectionist edifice collapsed. To add to the confusion Mr. Chamberlain broke down in health, was obliged to go for a two months' trip abroad, and has only now taken up his campaign again. His absence proved that the whole protectionist *movement* was a one-man agitation. When he left England it fell utterly flat. To-day it has almost ceased to exist as an issue in which *people* are interested.

What, then, has he accomplished? He has for one thing provided England with a *stimulating topic*. He has made the people dive down into the foundations of their fiscal system and their whole economic and commercial position. That, as Americans found in 1896, is to perform a service that braces and widens the national mind. Nothing, indeed, could have been more encouraging to believers in democracy than the way in which the English people have grappled with the complexities of the tariff question during the past twelve months, arguing and worrying it out with little appeal to rhetoric or vague generalization, but with an intense desire to get at the real facts. Secondly, Mr. Chamberlain has successfully split the Unionist party in two. He has captured the party machinery, and the bulk of the Tories look to him and not to Mr. Balfour for leadership; but he has driven into the free-trade camp some fifty of the most brilliant and most experienced members of the party. Thirdly, he has given Mr. Balfour an opportunity for displaying his genius as a Parliamentary tactician. It is perfectly true that no one takes an interest in Mr. Balfour's policy of retaliation, and that every one looks on it as merely the forerunner to Mr. Chamberlain's bolder scheme. Nevertheless, it has proved a most convenient refuge for the irresolute and the doubters; it has been of immense assistance in staving off a dissolution, and it has in some sort kept the party together. To abandon it would be to produce a cleavage far more serious than any that has yet appeared; to maintain is to be able to point to a barrier against Mr. Chamberlain's total domination of the Tory party. And yet while this is true, it is also true that Mr. Chamberlain is the controlling influence, that his supporters within the party outnumber Mr. Balfour's, and that the Balfour ministry exists only by his tolerance. He could turn it out and force a dissolution at any moment that suited himself. When that moment will come it is impossible to predict. The point is that though protection is for the moment out of fashion, Mr. Chamberlain has not by any means abandoned it. He will make it the dominating issue of the next election and the election after. Himself a man of the most sanguine temperament, he will neither admit the possibility of ultimate defeat nor allow his followers to admit it either. It does not affect him that no single statesman of the first rank has sided with him, that the country regards his case as still unproved, that by-election after by-election tells against him, or that a general appeal to the country can only end in his overthrow. He still goes persistently on, painting the same lurid pictures of British decline, using the old statistics, hashing up the same arguments, and trusting to the next Liberal ministry to so mismanage things that the country will welcome his return to power, even on a protectionist platform. He is, in short, risking a long shot—always a dubious sort of proceeding in politics. His immediate defeat one may take as certain; his ultimate victory is no more than a shadowy possibility.

The Message of Asia

By William Westcott Fink

THEY stand on the shores of Europe, kings, gazing across the sea.
('Tis the time of the "Times-and-half-times" prophetic of woes to be.)
They have drawn them close together, for danger waits without,
Each pledging true allegiance, each sharing a secret doubt.
A ship, with unknown design, brings one of the swarthy race;
No message lights his Orient eye; thought-masked, his patient face:

"I come to speak for Asia, for its millions yellow and brown,
For the golden rule your Christ set up and your arms have broken down.
You have taught us Christ is Mammon, that God is a god of greed;
You have preached the sweet-souled Nazarene while sowing destruction's seed.
You have rent our lands asunder and parcelled them out by lot,
The larger lot to the stronger with the dice of your cannon's shot."

Speaks one whose mien is kingly: "We have driven your night away;
We have loaned you the keys of science; brought civilization's day."

"Yea! Loaned us the keys of science through usurious laws of trade!
A thousand *yen* for a hundred *yen* we have paid, and the debt is paid!
We bought the white man's wisdom, the skill of the white man's hand;
The fateful force of your demon arts we have studied,—we understand!
You speak of our night: Aye! long we slept while the smoke of our incense curled
And a century marked but one degree in the journey around the world.
We wake: and kinship's bonds are brazed in our race's quenchless fire,
And the bounding blood of our scattered stock is burning with one desire.
Our blood has felt that kinship, from Hondo's sea-washed shore
To Asia's farthest fringe that sleeps beneath the evening star,
Since the awful curse at Babel, through cycles of untold years.
To this time of the 'Times-and-half-time' in the books of our ancient seers.
I come to speak for Asia, but come with palms of peace;
Your lease has run its limit; I but ask our land's release.—
Nay! 'Time to weigh the question in your various halls of state?'
The time of the 'Times-and-half-time' has struck on the clock of Fate!"

They stand on the shores of Europe while his ship sweeps out to sea.
They have drawn the closer together, save only one, and he
Stands brooding on dreams of conquest. Half-brother to brown and white,
He feels the fires of Tartar blood in the veins of the Muscovite.
In dreams he has waved his sceptre from Nebuchadnezzar's throne
Round the vastly sweep of the Orient to the Neva he calls his own.
He dreams, though cringing distance gleams bright with a million swords
And Asia quakes beneath the tramp of myriad tawny hordes.
They have changed their junks to battle-ships, their arrows to steel-tipped hail,
And the threshing-floors of Europe ring to the blows of Asia's flail.

The Hindu and the Buddhist, the bearer of Islam's blade,
Have crouched like hungry tigers o'er the mangled corpse of trade.
Join! sons of the mighty Aryan sire, Goth, Saxon and Gaul and Greek!
What matter your chance dividing lines? what matter the tongues you speak?
A common pall is over you all—from Scandia's wintry seas,
Round the ragged coasts of Christendom to the pillars of Hercules.
The ocean boils with navies as if lashed by a whirlwind's breath,
For the Occident and the Orient lock prows in the clutch of death.
A cloud obscures the ocean, a chill comes out of the cloud,
But the great guns peal till the awed coasts reel and Ruin laughs aloud.

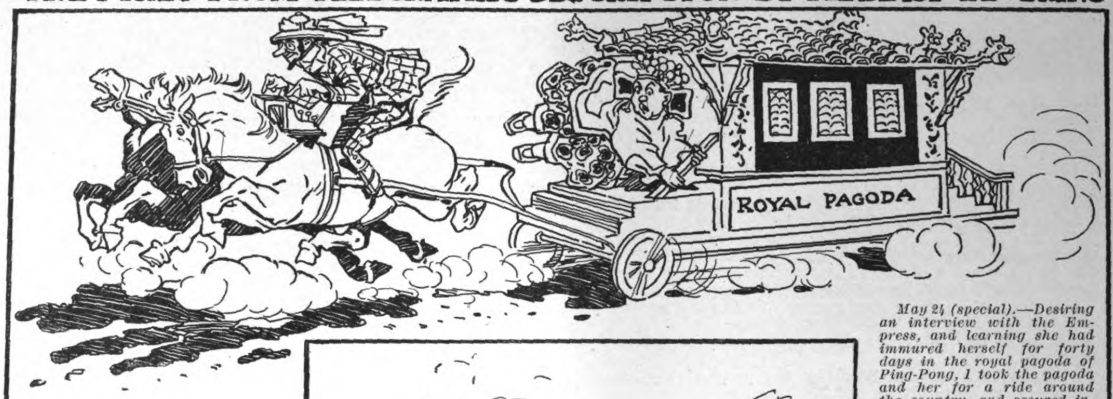
They stand on the shores of Europe, they who loosened the bands of hell,
While thunders roll through the darkness, but the issue—who can tell!

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NEWS FROM THE WAR

THE PROGRESS OF THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT

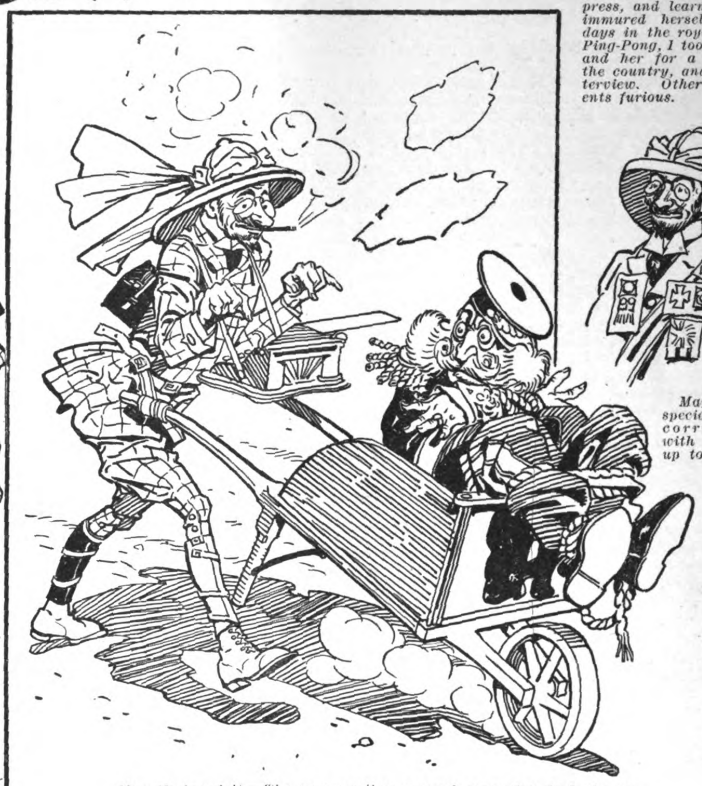
SKETCHES FROM TELEGRAPHIC DESCRIPTION BY ALBERT LEVERING



May 24 (special).—Desiring an interview with the Empress, and learning she had immured herself for forty days in the royal pagoda of Ping-Pong, I took the pagoda and her for a ride around the country, and secured interview. Other correspondents furious.



May 26 (special).—Reported Japanese using poisoned swords. Hired a sword-swallower yesterday to swallow one; slight indigestion followed. Poison theory exploded.



May 28 (special).—The commanding general yesterday had the audacity to refuse to tell me the plan of campaign. I immediately haled him to my press bureau, and by force secured the desired information.



May 25 (very special). — Your correspondent with decorations up to date.



May 29 (special).—The reason I failed to send inside facts yesterday was, after tunnelling through 400 feet of solid rock, by a miscalculation (which I admit was my mistake) I came up outside the fortifications.



June 1 (special).—I visited the Boxers in their native territory, in order to learn their strength, and found that they are preparing to take no active part in the war

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Correspondence

PRINCE OUKHTOMSKY ON RUSSIA—A REPLY

BROOKLINE, MASS., *May 31, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Allow me to write a few words in reply to Prince Oukhtomsky's article in derogation of the Japanese. He there brings the following three charges against these people:

(1) The Japanese are sea-pirates, deriving their civilization from other peoples, notably, I suppose, from the Chinese and Koreans.

(2) The Japanese, instead of seeking new lands to colonize, have enough to do in taking care of Formosa.

(3) The Japanese are hated by the people whom they have conquered or are seeking to conquer.

Therefore the United States should sympathize with Russia.

Let me reply as follows:

(1) The Russians are barbarians and Black Sea pirates. Consult for this statement the Byzantine historians. Their civilization is undoubtedly imported, notably the autocracy and the Orthodox Church, direct borrowings from degenerate Hellenism.

(2) The Russians have plenty enough to do for a hundred years in colonizing Siberia. There is much less excuse for them to hunger after new lands, for their own country is not nearly as densely peopled as Japan.

(3) The Russians are hated by the peoples they have conquered. Consider the Poles and the Finns.

Therefore the United States should sympathize with Japan.

Now why was it that an intelligent gentleman and one largely acquainted with Asiatic affairs could give no better an account of Russia in Manchuria than the silly tirade he wrote in the last number of HARPER'S WEEKLY? The real reason is that Russia has no good ground on which to ask for American sympathy in the present war. All Americans know, or ought to know, that, apart from all other reasons, Japan stands for enlightenment, progressive constitutionalism, religious freedom; while Russia, as at present constituted, is the antithesis of all these. In fact, a member of the Orthodox Church is not legally allowed to become even a member of another Christian body. Prince Oukhtomsky, not being able to appeal to Americans on grounds of civilization and enlightenment, or even commercial freedom, was obliged to resort to such empty reasons as he has used. He could not even allow himself to use his own favorite argument, which is this, that Russia, as being more in sympathy with Asiatic ideas, ought to be allowed to have a free hand in dealing with China and Korea, in preference to other European nations. The same argument would give the preference to Japan over Russia; so the Prince again had to fall back on abuse.

Let your readers compare such an article as that by Prince Oukhtomsky with the speeches of Baron Kaneko, reported almost every few days in the daily press. Compare the moderation and really Christian gentleness of the latter with the rude statements of the former. After such a comparison, one is apt sorrowfully to admit that the Russian, at least in reasoning and judgment and speech, is decidedly inferior to the Japanese in civilization. The ordinary American will be confirmed in his idea that Japan ought to win; and should show his appreciation of what Japan is really doing for civilization in this war by contributing his mite to the Perry Memorial Fund in aid of the widows and children of Japanese who shall fall in Manchuria in behalf of that civilization. The treasurer of the Commodore Perry Fund is Mr. James S. Fearon 96 Wall Street, New York city.

I am, sir, JOHN FOGG TWOMBLY.

THE LATEST ARRAIGNMENT OF WOMEN

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., *June 1, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The average American woman must by this time be weary of the gross misrepresentations as well as misconceptions to which she is subjected on the part of her foreign critics, whose estimate of her is so false that, despite the most rigid self-scrutiny on her part, she fails to recognize in it any approach to her real self.

Accustomed as she is to the startling characteristics attributed to her, it must, nevertheless, come to her as a distinct surprise, the recent accusation, which appeared in the WEEKLY of May 28, of Dr. Emil Reich, this new Daniel come to judgment, that she is contemptuous of men.

It has seemed to me that one of her most strongly developed attributes was her great admiration, especially for American manhood, which suffers nothing, but rather gains, when compared with that of other nationalities. Otherwise, why do we so often hear from her the assertion that "There are no other men in the world as nice as our American men." Doubtless there is a certain satisfaction in the greater punctiliousness in the lifting of hats and attention to minor conventionalities, the outgrowth of a more careful training in matters of etiquette, on the part of her foreign friends; but she finds in her own countrymen what is far better, a mental attitude towards her which implies protection, as well as a brotherliness which does not misunderstand her, and to which she can appeal with impunity all the way from the fine gentleman to the tramp. Unlike her foreign friends, they give deference to her womanhood alone, irrespective of social rank or position in life.

The camaraderie which exists between her and her youthful male friends is delightful to her, as is that wholesome companionship of the married estate, which precludes anything like subserviency on her part, and the assumption of mastership on the part of her husband.

That "self-effacement" which Dr. Reich so admires in European women, but which seems unworthy of the dignity of even a German frau, does not appeal to her any more than does the masterful assumption, often amounting to boorishness of the average German spouse. She wishes to stand upon an equality with her husband, which surely seems a laudible ambition.

Contempt, indeed! Despite the carping of these foreign critics, American manhood, as expressed in its attitude towards womanhood, is the finest flower of the whole-world civilization, and American women are quick to recognize it and happy in their appreciation of it. I am, sir, A. C. H.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

NAPOLEON, OHIO, *May 10, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Will you oblige some of your old readers by publishing a list of the "captains of industry" who attended the famous dinner given to Prince Henry on the occasion of his visit to this country? There have been so many rapid changes in the financial ranks during the past year that it will be instructive to read the list of captains mustered at that time.

I am, sir, DESHLER HOLGATE.

Following is the list asked for by our correspondent.—EDITOR.

TABLE OF HONOR—HOSTS AND PRINCIPAL GUESTS.

1.—Edward D. Adams. 2.—Commander von Holleben. 3.—Alexander E. Orr. 4.—Consul-General Buenz. 5.—William Rockefeller. 6.—Commander von Grumme. 7.—George F. Baker. 8.—Vice-Admiral von Seckendorff. 9.—Levi P. Morton. 10.—General von Plessen. 11.—Abram S. Hewitt. 12.—Ambassador von Holleben. 13.—J. Pierpont Morgan. 14.—H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia. 15.—Morris K. Jesup. 16.—Vice-Admiral von Tirpitz. 17.—Elbert H. Gary. 18.—Vice-Admiral von Eisendecher. 19.—James Stillman. 20.—Rear-Admiral Count von Baudissin. 21.—Ludwig M. Goldberger. 22.—Captain von Muller. 23.—John Claflin. 24.—Commander Hipper.

GUESTS SELECTED FOR THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS IN SCIENCE, INDUSTRY, OR FINANCE.

Edward G. Acheson, James W. Alexander, J. Ogden Armour, George F. Baer, Alexander Graham Bell, Edward J. Berwind, John S. Billings, E. W. Bliss, Emil L. Boas, Fred G. Bourne, Henry P. Bowditch, John A. Brashear, Alexander E. Brown, Charles F. Brush, Adolphus Busch, Alexander J. Cassatt, Frank W. Cheney, Duane H. Church, Charles F. Clark, William B. Cogswell, John H. Converse, Charles H. Cramp, Francis B. Crocker, Charles Deering, Theodore L. De Vinne, William E. Dodge, John F. Dryden, James B. Duke, W. H. Dunwoody, Thomas A. Edison, Marshall Field, Stuyvesant Fish, David R. Francis, John Fritz, George J. Gould, James B. Grant, Clement A. Griscom, James D. Hague, Charles M. Hall, Edward H. Harriman, Henry O. Havemeyer, Marvin Hughitt, Julian Kennedy, Samuel P. Langley, Robert T. Lincoln, Johnston Livingston, John A. McCall, John Markle, Samuel Mather, J. Rogers Maxwell, Charles S. Mellin, Rear-Admiral Melville, Albert A. Michelson, D. O. Mills, S. Weir Mitchell, Charles A. Moore, George S. Morrison, Henry Morton, F. MacVeagh, Max Nathan, Simon Newcomb, Frederick Pabst, William Barclay Parsons, Edward C. Pickering, Albert A. Pope, Henry S. Prichett, Michael I. Pupin, Edwin Reynolds, John D. Rockefeller, W. A. Roebling, Henry H. Rogers, Charles M. Schwab, Gustav H. Schwab, Irving M. Scott, James A. Scrymser, Colman Sellers, Samuel Spencer, Frank J. Sprague, Nikola Tesla, Elihu Thompson, Robert H. Thurston, Herbert H. Vreeland, Charles D. Walcott, Rear-Admiral Walker, George G. Ward, Levi C. Weir, George Westinghouse, Edward Weston, Frederick Weyerhaeuser, P. A. B. Widener.

RESPECT *VS.* EQUALITY

GRENADA, MISS., *April 11, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have just read your "Correspondence" in the April 9 issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. Now, Mr. Editor, I am a Southern woman, and not at all thirsting for literary or political fame. But as I am in the South, of the South, and have always lived among the negroes, I know them, and think "Joseph Liles" has expressed the true sentiments of the majority of the Southern self-respecting negro. They do not want social equality any more than we do—a Southern woman is either *above* or *beneath* her negro servant. If she puts herself on an equality with her, the negro has no respect for her, and will immediately show to her that this is the case. I have in my kitchen one of the old-fashioned "black mammys"—a truly sensible, good woman; she is faithful and kind, and we *love* her. Now, Mr. Editor, do you Northern people understand that? This is the truth; she will vouch for it; we respect her, and she is *always* respectful. She made a remark on this line a few days ago—it struck me at the time, and now seems most applicable. She was deploring the lack of virtue among her "color." She said: "De Lawd knowed what He was doin' when He made *white folks white* and *black folks black*. An' He knowed what He was doin' when He made de red bird *red* an' de jaybird *blue*. An' ye ain't gwine to find de *red bird* mating wid de *blue*." We are a different race; God made the difference. Left to ourselves with this matter, we can adjust it, amicably and with justice, and I think the better class of negroes understand that the Southern white man is his friend, so long as he keeps within the law, and is himself a self-respecting and respectful citizen.

"Joseph Liles" gives a very true picture of the great numbers of negroes with whom I am acquainted. From his letter you may judge that he is a man who aspires to learning and to the citizenship of his country. That he should be educated I agree, but that he is capable of managing the affairs of State, or qualified by nature or education to conduct public affairs, his utter inability is too palpable to discuss. And he is one among many. Booker Washington, I think, has the respect of the majority of the Southern people. He understands the conditions existing better than many Northern men. This letter is written, not in a spirit of controversy, but simply to tell the truth as it exists in the South. Many people are wofully ignorant.

I am, sir, "SOUTHERN WOMAN."

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Progress of the War

FROM the beginning of the war, February 9, to May 31 sixteen Russian war-ships have been sunk or disabled — the *Petropavlovsk, Pobieda, Czarevitch, Retvisan, Poltava, Pallada, Bogatyr, Novik, Askold, Diana, Variag, Boyarin, Korietz, Yenesei*, the torpedo-boat *Stereguschtchi*, and the destroyer *Bezstrashni*. Of these the battle-ship *Poltava* and the cruisers *Novik, Askold*, and *Diana* are known to have been repaired and are again in commission. Several Russian gunboats also are known to have been destroyed. Japan has lost the battle-ship *Hatsuse*, the cruiser *Yoshino*, and at least two torpedo-boats, and a Japanese cruiser was successfully torpedoed by the Russians on May 10. Other Japanese ships are believed to have been injured in the Port Arthur engagements; but definite knowledge of this is withheld. Port Arthur has been repeatedly bombarded, with damaging effect, by the Japanese, and Vladivostok was attacked by them on March 6, though without serious damage to the port. After two unsuccessful attempts to blockade the entrance to Port Arthur by sinking merchant steamers in the harbor, Admiral Togo on May 7 notified his government that his third attempt was successful. On May 1 the first great land battle of the war took place near the Yalu River, and resulted in a Japanese victory. The Japanese lost 218 killed and 783 wounded. The Russian casualties numbered 2394 killed, wounded, and captured. The Japanese buried 1363 Russian dead, and took 613 Russian prisoners. The first Japanese army is concentrated at Feng-Wang-Cheng. The second decisive land battle took place on May 26 at Kin-Chow, thirty-two miles north of Port Arthur, and the Japanese, though suffering the greater loss, were again victorious. The Japanese casualties are estimated at 3000 killed and wounded. The Russians left 400 dead on the field, and their total casualties are said to number about 2000. The Japanese have occupied Dalny.

June 1.—A despatch was received from Liao-Yang to-day giving details of the engagement of May 30 at Vagenfuchu between the Japanese and a detachment of Cossacks. The Russians lost 17 killed and 25 wounded. According to Russian reports the Japanese casualties numbered 200.

June 2.—A telegram from Rear-Admiral Wittsoeff, received at St. Petersburg to-day, says that the channel at Port Arthur is clear, and all the Russian ships in the harbor except the battle-ship *Pobieda* are now ready to go to sea at a moment's notice, should an attack on Port Arthur begin.

It is reported that another Japanese army of 50,000 men began landing yesterday at Taku-Shan. Two divisions of the force are said to be going to reinforce General Oku, making his army number 120,000, and the remainder are to reinforce General Kuroki, bringing his army up to 140,000 men.

June 3.—The first official report of the battle of Kin-Chow was received to-day in St. Petersburg from General Stoessel, in command of the Russian forces at Port Arthur. He says that the number of losses on the Russian side amounted to 30 officers and 800 men killed and wounded. The official report of the Japanese casualties were also given out to-day at Tokyo. According to this report 36 officers and 703 men were killed and 100 officers and 3344 men were wounded, making the total casualties number 4183.

Fifteen thousand Russians, under General Stalkenberg, are reported concentrated at Kaiping, south of Newchwang; 4000 Russian cavalry are reported on their way to Kaiping.

The Japanese to-day announced the number of their casualties during the engagement at Vagenfuchu on May 30 as 26 men killed and 37 wounded.

It is reported in Tokyo that Field-Marshal Yamagata has been appointed commander-in-chief of the Japanese armies in the field, and will leave shortly for the Liao-Tung Peninsula.

June 4.—News was received to-day from Seoul of a number of small engagements between Cossacks and Japanese forces in northern Korea. The Russians have occupied Ham-Heung, north of Gensan, and have landed field pieces. In an engagement on June 3 twelve miles north of Gensan the Russians lost six killed. The Japanese loss is not known.

June 5.—A report from Chefoo says that on June 2 the Japanese forces which are approaching Port Arthur arrived within seven miles of the outer forts, and were only two miles from the Russian army. Japanese divers are engaged in clearing Talienwan Bay, in the vicinity of Dalny, of the mines laid by the Russians before the evacuation of that place. The Japanese are reported to have moved their base of supplies from Talienwan to Dalny.

June 6.—General Kuropatkin is reported to have moved his headquarters forty miles south of Liao-Yang. Two outpost fights are said to have taken place on June 3, one on the Liao-Tung Peninsula, twenty-five miles above Kin-Chow, and the other in southern Manchuria, north of Taku-Shan. In the first engagement the Russian losses were 18 men killed and wounded, and in the second the Cossack commander, Colonel Starkoff, was killed and 2 officers and 9 men were wounded.

A despatch to-day from Tokyo says that a Russian gunboat of the *Gilyak* type was struck by a Japanese torpedo and sunk at the entrance to Port Arthur on June 4.

Vice-Admiral Togo was to-day promoted to be an admiral of the highest rank.

The Czar to-day issued an edict mobolizing the First Army Corps at St. Petersburg.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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properly and they will be healthy and strong. The proper way to feed a baby, next to mother's milk, is by the use of BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK. It offers the maximum of digestibility, thus avoiding the troublesome diarrhœas and colics of infancy.—[*Adv.*]

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MANY mothers administer PISO'S CURE when their children have Spasmodic Croup. It is effectual.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WISE WORDS
A Physician on Food.

A physician of Portland, Oregon, has views about food. He says:

"I have always believed that the duty of the physician does not cease with treating the sick, but that we owe it to humanity to teach them how to protect their health, especially by hygienic and dietetic laws.

"With such a feeling as to my duty, I take great pleasure in saying to the public that in my own experience and also from personal observation I have found no food to equal Grape-Nuts, and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefit this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence.

"It is my experience that no physical condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts. To persons in health there is nothing so nourishing and acceptable to the stomach, especially at breakfast, to start the machinery of the human system on the day's work. In cases of indigestion, I know that a complete breakfast can be made of Grape-Nuts and cream, and I think it is necessary not to overload the stomach at the morning meal. I also know the great value of Grape-Nuts when the stomach is too weak to digest other food.

"This is written after an experience of more than 20 years treating all manner of chronic and acute diseases, and the letter is written voluntarily on my part, without any request for it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Mardale is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Into her early life has come a mysterious influence which dominates and directs her whole career. What this strange influence is only two of her friends suspect—a young schoolmaster who knew her as a child at Roquebrune, and Alan Warrisden, who is in love with her, and who, though his proposal of marriage is refused, determines to win her. Late one night at a ball, Pamela and Warrisden, while seated on a balcony, observe a young couple leaving the opposite house. They are Tony and Millicent Stretton, who live in a gloomy home presided over by the rich but unjust father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. This practice they keep up for a year, but finally both of them grow extremely weary of their monotonous life, and in a moment of exasperation Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune, while Millie is to be left behind and sent for as soon as her husband is able to establish a home. Millie becomes infatuated with Lionel Callon, a gentlemanly adventurer. Pamela wishes to help her. She sends Warrisden on a mission to find Tony and bring him home. Warrisden learns from a friend of Tony's, a Mr. Chase, that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a trawler. Warrisden uses every argument to prevail upon him to come back, but he refuses, and Warrisden is forced to return alone. Tony remains on the trawler until the term of his cruise is over (meanwhile having learned of his father's death), and then, after much perplexity and indecision, decides to return to London, feeling that he has seen a way out of his difficulties. He reasons that he would deserve Millie's contempt if he returned at the moment when life had suddenly been made easy for them by his father's death, and decides to enlist in the French Foreign Legion, as no other career seems open to him. The same evening John Mudge, a friend of Pamela's, while at a reception given by Lady Millingham sees Lionel Callon enter the Stretton's house, where Millie is living. He learns from Pamela of the peril Millie is in from Callon, and invites Pamela to leave the whole matter in his hands. Tony goes to Algeria and joins the French Foreign Legion at Sidi-Bel-Abbés, enlisting under the name of "Ohlsen." Meanwhile Mudge has conceived a plan for getting Lionel Callon out of the way and so saving Millie from peril. He buys up all Callon's debts and places them in the hands of a single firm of solicitors, who insist on a settlement from Callon within twenty-four hours.

CHAPTER XVII.—*(Continued.)*

CALLON LEAVES ENGLAND

At his club, Callon ordered a stiff brandy and soda. Somehow he must manage to see Millie Stretton alone. He thought, for a moment, of writing; he, indeed, actually began to write. But the proposal looked too crude when written down. Callon knew the tactics of his game. There must, in a word, be an offer from Millie, not a request from him. He tore up his letter, and while he was tearing it up Mr. Mudge entered the smoking-room. Mudge nodded carelessly to Callon, and then seemed to be struck by an idea. He came across to the writing-table and said:

"Do I interrupt you? I wonder whether you could help me? You know so many people that you might be able to lay your finger at once on the kind of man I want."

Callon looked up carelessly at Mudge.

"No. You are not interrupting me. What kind of man do you want?"

"I want a man to superintend an important undertaking which I have in hand."

Callon swung round in his chair. All his carelessness had gone. He looked at Mr. Mudge, who stood drumming with his fingers on the writing-table.

"Oh," said Callon. "Tell me about it."

He walked over to a corner of the room which was unoccupied and sat down. Mudge sat beside him and lighted a cigar.

"I want a man to supervise, you understand. I don't want an expert. For I have engineers and technical men enough on the spot. And I don't want any one out of my office. I need some one on whom I can rely, to keep me in touch with what is going on, some one quite outside my business and its associations."

"I see," said Callon. "The appointment would be for how long?"

"Two years."

"And the salary would be good?"

Callon leaned back on the lounge as he put the question, and he put it without any show of eagerness. Two years would be all the time he needed wherein to set himself straight; and it seemed the work would not be arduous.

"I think so," replied Mudge. "You shall judge for yourself. It would be four thousand a year."

Callon did not answer for a little while, simply because he could not trust himself to speak. His heart was beating fast. Four thousand a year for two years! He would be able to laugh at that unknown enemy who was striking at him from the dark.

"Should I do?" he asked at length, and even then his voice shook. Mr. Mudge appeared, however, not to notice his agitation. He was looking down at the carpet and tracing the pattern with the ferrule of his walking-stick.

"Of course," he said, with a smile, as though Callon had been merely uttering a joke. He did not even lift his eyes to Callon's face. "Of course. I only wish you were serious."

"But I am," cried Callon.

Mr. Mudge looked at his companion now and with surprise.

"Are you? But you wouldn't have the time to spare. You are standing for a constituency."

Callon shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I am not so very keen about Parliament. And there are reasons why I would welcome the work."

Mr. Mudge answered with alacrity.

"Then we will consider it settled. Dine with me to-night at my house, and we will talk the details over."

Callon accepted the invitation, and Mudge rose from his seat. Callon, however, detained him.

"There's one difficulty in the way," and Mr. Mudge's face became clouded with anxiety. "The truth is I am rather embarrassed at the present moment. I owe a great deal of money, and I am threatened with proceedings unless it is immediately paid."

Mudge's face cleared at once.

"Oh, is that all?" he exclaimed, cheerily. "How much do you owe?"

"Pretty nearly my first year's salary."

"Well, I will advance you half at once. Offer them two thousand on account, and they will stay proceedings."

"I don't know that they will," replied Callon.

"You can try them, at all events. If they won't accept half, send them to me, and we will make some other arrangement. But they are sure to. They are pressing for immediate payment because they are afraid they will get nothing at all by any other way. But offer them two thousand down, and see the pleasant faces with which they will greet you." Mr. Mudge was quite gay now that he understood how small was the obstacle which hindered him from gaining Lionel Callon's invaluable help. "I will write you a check," he said, and sitting down at a writing-table he filled out a check and brought it back. He stood in front of Callon with the check in his hand. He did not give it to Callon at once. He had not blotted it, and he held it by a corner and gently waved it to and fro so that the ink might dry. It followed that those tantalizing "naughts," three of them, one behind the other, and preceded by a two like a file of soldiers with a sergeant at the head, and that excellent signature "John Mudge" were constantly before Callon's eyes, now approaching him like some shy maiden in a flutter of agitation, now coyly receding. But to no shy maiden had Lionel Callon ever said "I love you" with so glowing an ardor as he felt for that most tantalizing check.

"I ought to have told you," said Mr. Mudge, "that the undertaking is a railway abroad."

Callon had been so blinded by the dazzle of the check that he had not dreamed of that possibility. Two years abroad, even

(Continued on page 950.)

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Iron and Steel We Sell

In the ten months ending with April, 1904, the total American exports of iron and steel amounted to $89,094,415, against $79,839,462 in the corresponding months of the preceding year—an increase of nearly eleven million dollars; while the single month of April shows an increase of about one and a half millions as compared with April, 1903. This suggests that the exports of iron and steel in the full fiscal year will considerably exceed 100 million dollars, though it is hardly probable that they will reach the figures of 1901, when the total was 117 millions, or of 1900, when the total was 122 millions.

The principal increases in iron and steel exports occur in billets, ingots, and blooms, which amount to nearly two and a half million dollars in the ten months ending with April, 1904, as against but $65,174 in the same months of last year; steel rails, $1,860,107 in the ten months ending with April, 1904, as against $665,695 in the corresponding period of last year; locomotives, $3,947,225 in the ten months of the present fiscal year, as compared with but $2,998,491 in the same period of last year; typewriters, which show an increase of about a half-million dollars, and firearms, an increase of nearly a half-million dollars in the ten months in question, as compared with the ten months of the preceding year.

In locomotives the chief increase is in shipments to Canada and Mexico. To Canada the increase is about 600 thousand dollars as compared with the ten months of last year, and to Mexico there is an increase of about 150 thousand dollars, as compared with the ten months of 1903, and of over 700 thousand as compared with the corresponding period of 1902. In steel rails the increase in the ten months, as compared with the same period of last year, is about one and a quarter million dollars.

An Ant to Kill the Boll-Weevil

If a peculiar form of ant recently discovered in Guatemala can be acclimated and caused to flourish in Texas, it is possible that the cotton-boll weevil which has done so much damage to the cotton crop can be checked and the cultivation of this staple restored to its former basis. This insect is a form of beetle that feeds on the newly developed bolls, and has spread so widely over certain districts of the South that the annual damage to the cotton crop aggregates millions of dollars. Consequently, investigations have been carried on by the United States Department of Agriculture to determine the best way of dealing with this evil, or to find a variety of cotton which had increased power of resistance to the insects.

In Guatemala cotton was found which was not affected by the weevil, and this was discovered to be due to the presence of a large reddish-brown ant which fed on the nectar from the leaves and blossoms. This ant has an intense antipathy to the cotton-boll weevil, attacking it on sight and killing it almost instantly by inserting its sting in the joint between the thorax and the abdomen. These ants spread themselves over a field, and from two to five are found on each plant.

Wherever there are no ants the weevil flourishes, and the injured leaves and bolls were found as in the United States and Mexico, so that the Indians who raise cotton realize that there is some connection between its culture and the brown ant. In the territory under examination all the conditions for the propagation of the boll-weevil were excellent, and the successful culture of cotton seems due to the activity of the ants in holding the beetles in check.

The boll-weevil has been carried with the cotton-plant to the many countries where cotton is now raised, and has flourished readily; it now becomes a question for entomologists to determine whether this ant, which has not as yet appeared away from a somewhat limited territory can likewise live and be propagated in a new country.



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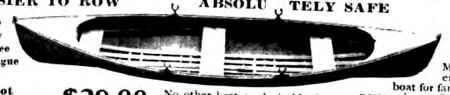


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(Continued from page 948.)

at four thousand a year, did not at all fit in with his scheme of life.

"Abroad?" he repeated, doubtfully. "Where?"

"Chile," said Mr. Mudge; and he looked at the check to see that the ink was quite dry. Perhaps Mr. Mudge's voice was a trifle too unconcerned. Perhaps there was something a little too suggestive in his examination of his check. Perhaps he kept his eyes too deliberately from Callon's face. At all events, Callon became suddenly suspicious. There flashed into his mind by some trick of memory a picture—a picture of Mr. Mudge and Pamela Mardale talking earnestly together upon a couch in a drawing-room and of himself sitting at a card-table—fixed there till the game was over, though he knew well that the earnest conversation was aimed against himself. He started, he looked at Mudge in perplexity.

"Well?" said Mudge.

"Wait a moment!"

Pamela Mardale was Millie Stretton's friend. There was that incident in the hall—Millie Stretton coming down the stairs and Pamela in front of the mirror over the mantelpiece. Finally there was Pamela's persistent presence at Millie Stretton's house this afternoon. One by one the incidents gathered in his recollections and fitted themselves together and explained each other. Was this offer a pretext to get him out of the way? Callon, after all, was not a fool, and he asked himself why in the world Mr. Mudge should, just at this moment when he was in desperate straits, offer him £4000 a year to superintend a railway in Chile?

"Well?" said Mudge again.

"I must have time to think over the proposition," replied Callon. He meant that he must have time to obtain an interview with Millie Stretton. But Mudge was ready for him.

"Certainly," said he. "That is only reasonable. It is seven o'clock now. You dine with me at eight. Give me your answer then."

"I should like till to-morrow morning," said Callon.

Mr. Mudge shook his head.

"That, I am afraid, is impossible. We shall need all to-morrow to make the necessary arrangements and to talk over your duties. For if you undertake the work you must leave England on the day after."

Callon started up in protest. "On the day after!" he exclaimed.

"It gives very little time, I know," said Mudge. Then he looked Callon quietly and deliberately in the eyes. "But, you see, I want to get you out of the country at once."

Callon no longer doubted. He had thought, through Mr. Mudge's help, to laugh at his enemy, and lo! the enemy was Mudge himself. It was Mudge who had bought up his debts, who now held him in so secure a grip that he did not think it worth while to practise any concealment. Callon was humiliated to the verge of endurance. Two years in Chile pretending to supervise a railway! He understood the position which he would occupy; he was within an ace of flinging the offer back. But he dared not.

"Very well," he said. "I will give you my answer at eight."

"Thanks. Be punctual." Mr. Mudge sauntered away. There could only be the one answer. Mr. Lionel Callon might twist and turn as he pleased, he would spend two years in Chile. It was five minutes past seven. Callon could hardly call at the house in Berkeley Square with any chance of seeing Lady Stretton between now and eight. Mudge was contented with his afternoon.

At eight o'clock Callon gave in his submission and pocketed the check. At eleven he proposed to go, but Mudge, mindful of an evening visit which he had witnessed from a balcony, could not part from his new manager so soon. There was so little time for discussion even with every minute of Callon's stay in England. He kept Callon with him until two o'clock in the morning; he made an appointment with him at ten, and there was a note of warning in his voice which bade Callon punctually keep it. By one shift and another he kept him busy all that day, and in the evening Callon had to pack, to write his letters, and to make his arrangements for his departure. Moreover, Pamela Mardale dined quietly with Millie Stretton and stayed late. It thus happened that Callon left England without seeing Millie Stretton again. He could write, of course, but he could do no more.

To be Continued.

How the Republican Party Started

By George H. Frey, Sr.

Mr. Frey is one of the five delegates now living who took part in the first Republican National Convention at which the Republican party was organized

THE Republican party had its birth at Pittsburg in February, 1856. Luckily, I had the good fortune to be present. I was a newspaper publisher at the time, and kept in close touch with politics, and especially national politics. Of those who attended that initial convention of the party there are, as near as I can estimate, but five now living. Those five are General R. O. Brinkerhoff, of Mansfield, Ohio; Judge Rush Sloan, of Sandusky, Ohio; Judge Upsom, of Akron, Ohio; Senator Joseph Hawley, of Connecticut; and myself.

The convention had in it many discordant elements. Largely through the efforts of Horace Greeley, who abandoned the ultra position he occupied, order was brought out of chaos, and the foundations of a great party were laid. The first meeting to select delegates to attend a convention which was to be called in Pittsburg in February of that year for the purpose of organizing a national Republican party was held in Clark County, Ohio, in February, 1856. The call was by a body of men, mainly members of Congress, for delegates from either States or districts.

The delegates selected were Richard Rodgers, General Charles Anthony, R. D. Harrison, Mr. Martin, Mr. Algernon, Paige A. Baker, E. D. Baker, Perry Stewart, F. King, Dr. R. Houston, C. M. Clark, Joseph Carst, and myself, and, as I remember, all those who were selected attended the convention.

A large number of delegates came with written platforms, among them Henry J. Raymond, of the New York *Times*, and Francis P. Blair, of the Washington *Globe*. After Greeley's speech, which came as a great surprise in its conciliatory tone, the convention favored a brief, plain, and straightforward expression of the platform of the party, free from useless words and phrases. The cardinal features of the convention were opposition to the extension of slavery in the Territories then free, homesteads free to the actual settlers in the public domains, and the extension of the railway to the Pacific. During the progress of the convention a delegation arrived from Kansas, where there had been a bushwhacking contest with the pro-slavery advocates and border ruffians.

There were five different classes of men—Free-Soilers, Abolitionists, Democrats, Whigs, and Know-Nothings—represented in the Pittsburg convention, which was called for the specific purpose of effecting a national organization and giving it a name. The name chosen, Republican, it was felt would not arouse the jealousy of any of the others.

The feeling that pervaded the body was one of extreme anxiety, lest some of the parties would feel that in the making up of the platform it might not be "ultra" enough. Horace Greeley, known all over the country as an ultra Whig, was among the first to take the platform and make an address. With all the ability he could command he urged moderation and conciliation. There was, he claimed, one chief purpose in the calling of that assembly—to organize a party opposed to the extension of slavery in the Territories then free. He argued that there ought to be unanimity on a point of that kind; there must be, if any one entertained any hope or desire of ultimate success.

The platform as finally adopted was a simple declaration of hostility to the extension of slavery and hostility to polygamy; besides favoring free homesteads for the people and the building of the then projected transcontinental railroads. After the adoption of the platform the next business of the convention was to constitute a Republican national committee with authority to call a national convention for the purpose of nominating a President of the United States.

Each Congressional district was entitled to three delegates, and at a convention held in Springfield, Ohio, Judge Phelps, of Marysville, W. T. Critchfield, of Columbus, late reporter for the Supreme Court of Ohio, and myself were chosen.

I started for Philadelphia, where the convention was to be held, on June 12, going through Columbus, where I met Governor Chase at the station. He wanted me to stop over and go with George Hoadley, later Governor of Ohio, who was *en route* from Cincinnati, but as some friends at Canton, who were going on to Philadelphia, were waiting for me, I did not stop. I arrived at Canton, and then proceeded with my friends to Philadelphia.

On arriving at Philadelphia we found the city crowded, and I was assigned to quarters at the St. Lawrence Hotel, on Cherry Street. The only Ohioans with me were George Spaulding, of Cleveland; Christopher P. Wolcott, then Attorney-General of the State of Ohio; Robert Neal, Sr., of Columbus; and Judge Swain, late of the United States Supreme Court.

Among the dozen or so delegates from Pennsylvania was Thaddeus Stevens, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, one of the most interesting characters I have ever met. The club-footed statesman was a great power in Congress. He urged the Ohio delegates to do their State the honor of supporting for President Judge McLain, of Cincinnati, at that time a justice of the United States Supreme Court, but it was soon found that the majority of the convention was in favor of Fremont.

James A. Saxton, father of Mrs. William McKinley, attended the convention; also Henry J. Raymond and Preston King, at one time a Senator from New York, and Judge Keeley, for years a tariff leader in the House. Another conspicuous figure at the convention was "Abe" Lincoln, of Illinois. He had not yet risen to prominence. The incident was recalled that his first public employment had been given him by John Calhoun, then Surveyor-General of Kansas. In six weeks' time Lincoln prepared himself to do surveying. He was afterward made County Surveyor of Sangamon County, Illinois. George Hoadley, ex-Governor of Ohio, occupied a seat upon the platform, and while trying to make an address broke down from the excitement of the occasion and took his seat.

On the nomination of Fremont, the California delegates felt inclined to a jollification, and old Mr. Sulover, formerly of Ohio, asked me for the use of my room at the St. Lawrence. I consented, as I was to leave that night at twelve o'clock, and Mr. Saxton had gone ahead of me. A general lunch was the principal feature of the jollification, and as the majority of those present were not regular drinkers the results came somewhat as a surprise.

Some of the Pennsylvania and Ohio delegates were not very cordial in yielding to the Fremont supporters. However, the convention passed off in a thoroughly good spirit. There were marked indications even at that time that the Atlantic States would support Buchanan, who in the election was the successful candidate.

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Things that Happened to Smith

SOME entertaining reminiscences of John Thomas Smith, author of the *Book for a Rainy Day* (1766-1833), are recalled by "T. P." Smith had seen and heard much that was interesting. In a friend's biographical album he wrote that he could boast of "seven events, some of which great men would be proud of." Here are six of the "seven events":

"Was patted on the head by Dr. Johnson;

"Have frequently held Sir Joshua Reynolds's spectacles;

"Partook of a pint of porter with an elephant;

"Saved Lady Hamilton from falling when the melancholy news arrived of Lord Nelson's death;

"Three times conversed with King George the Third;

"And was shut up in a room with Mr. Keen's lion."

The Limit

A NUMBER of actors were discussing recently the merits of different boarding-houses in a certain Western city, and the argument turned on the comparative meagreness of the table board provided by the various landladies. One of the party who had listened quietly to the talk now spoke up.

"If any of you fellows really want to put yourself on a rigid diet," he said, "go to Mrs. ——'s boarding-house in Cincinnati. I came down to breakfast there one morning, and the servant waltzed up and asked me if I'd have ham *or* eggs. I said I didn't want to be grasping, and ordered the yolk of an egg—said I'd have the white of it for lunch."

Wagner's Newly-Discovered Score

RICHARD WAGNER'S long-lost overture, "Rule Britannia," composed at Königsberg in 1837 as a complimentary tribute to the British people and discovered recently by accident, is interestingly described in the London *Daily Chronicle*. The music comprises forty-one pages of manuscript. "There is no cover, and the score begins on the first line of the first page, while over it is the simple title. It is a full score for thirty-one instruments, including several which are now obsolete,—such as the serpent and the ophicleide. It is scored on thick music-paper of a creamy shade, with a rather rough surface, and, although it is somewhat faded by age, every note and accidental is clear and perfectly distinct. There are in it some passages which remind one of 'Tannhäuser,' and, among other things, the air of 'Rule Britannia' is introduced in a quartette for French horns."

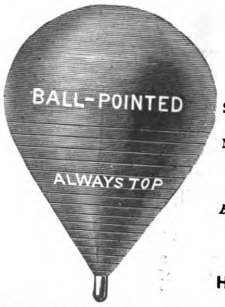
"The year I passed at Königsberg," says Wagner in one of his reminiscences, "was completely lost to my art through the pettiest cares. I wrote one solitary overture, 'Rule Britannia.'" Wagner's attitude toward the English is partially indicated in the following passage, written fourteen years after the composition of the "Rule Britannia" overture: "The practical sense of the English is nowhere more brilliantly displayed than in their vast arrangements for the public well-being, and the technique with which they carry them out; so that in this respect they are masters to all other nations."

The Difference

PHILIP HALE, the Boston musical critic and annotator of the Symphony programme-books, was talking not long ago with a woman who is strenuously pursuing musical culture.

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"About ten dollars a concert, madam," replied the critic.



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Korea's Commerce

"COMMERCIAL Korea in 1904" is the title of a monograph recently issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor through its Bureau of Statistics. It discusses commercial and other conditions in Korea, showing area, population, transportation facilities, railways, telegraphs, postal service, and foreign commerce, including imports and the countries from which they are drawn, and exports and the countries to which they are sent. The population of Korea, says the monograph, is about fifteen millions in round numbers; its area is about equal to that of the State of Kansas, and its foreign commerce is about twelve million dollars, of which imports form about seven and a half millions.

Important Treaties

Commercially, the development of Korea began in 1876, when two ports, Gensan and Fusan, were, upon the insistence of Japan, opened to trade with that country only. In 1882 Admiral Shufeldt, of the United States navy, visited Korea, and secured a treaty of friendship between the United States and Korea by which American vessels were given access to its treaty ports and the safety of American vessels and citizens assured. This was followed by treaties with Germany and Great Britain in 1883, Russia and Italy in 1884, France in 1886, Austria in 1892, and China in 1897. The formation of the treaty between Korea and the United States in 1882 was immediately followed by a visit from a Korean embassy to Washington, sent to exchange ratifications of the treaty. From this time forward Korea was opened to foreign trade and Western civilization, and the Korean government established its legations in the United States and other great commercial nations.

Millions for Rice

The most important articles in Korea's export trade are rice, which shows an annual exportation of more than a million dollars; beans, a half-million; ginseng, nearly a half-million; and hides, about one hundred thousand dollars in value in the latest available year. Of the importations, cotton goods form the largest item—from three to three and a half million dollars per annum; silk piece goods imported from Japan and China amount to six hundred thousand dollars per annum; kerosene oil, about three hundred thousand dollars; railway materials, about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; mining supplies, about two hundred thousand dollars; and bags and ropes for packing, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The foreign commerce is carried on through the treaty ports of Chemulpo, Fusan, Wonsan, Chinampo, Mokpo, Kunsan, Masampo, and Song Chin. Chemulpo has by far the largest commerce. Its imports in 1902 were reported at $1,250,000 out of a total of $1,920,000. The exports of the port, however, are very much less than those of other ports, being $45,000 in 1902 out of a total of $1,830,000.

A Theatrical Experiment

THE appearance on the vaudeville stage of actors and actresses of the first rank is one of the interesting developments in the theatrical world of to-day. At two of Mr. Proctor's theatres, Charles Hawtrey, the well-known English actor, recently played an engagement, and the following week Miss Jessie Millward was secured to make the same appearances, while Mr. Hawtrey undertook the journey between Harlem and Twenty-third Street each afternoon and evening, making appearances at both houses. Miss Millward followed Mr. Hawtrey to Harlem, also continuing at the Twenty-third Street Theatre, while Miss Blanche Ring engaged in a series of appearances in New York and Newark, performing six times daily in two cities. Mr. Proctor, who controls four theatres in New York city alone, promises that these are but forerunners to other important engagements to be announced later.

High-Speed Railroading in Europe

WHILE much has been heard of the recent trials in Germany over a specially constructed track of high-speed electric locomotives which have attained wonderful velocities, it must not be understood that designers of steam locomotives have not been attempting new developments in respect to speed. A locomotive has recently been constructed at Cassel, Germany, with which a speed of seventy-nine miles an hour has already been attained, and from which still higher speeds are expected. This record, which was made on the ordinary line between Göttingen and Bovenden, is probably the best speed performance by any steam locomotive, but the design of the new engine calls for a speed of ninety-three miles an hour with a train of forty axles.

A New Kind of Engine

In appearance the locomotive resembles a vestibule car, being encased in sheet-iron, but having a pointed front to diminish air resistance and a smokestack which projects only about ten inches above the casing. The engine, which weighs 174,000 pounds, is 88 feet 6 inches in length, and is followed by a tender which is similarly encased, the whole forming a single unit with an absolute minimum of projecting surfaces which might increase the resistance of the air. There is a high-pressure interior cylinder whose piston is connected with the axle of the front driving-wheels, while the two low-pressure cylinders are outside, and drive the rear pair of wheels. In addition to these two pair of driving-wheels, the locomotive is also supported on two sets of four-wheel trucks, in front and behind, respectively, and all wheels, both for locomotive and tender, are fitted with air and hand brakes. The boiler has 2766 square feet of heating surface. Two engineers and two firemen are required, each pair having a cab at opposite ends of the locomotive, communication being maintained between them within the casing and also by speaking-tubes.

The Fastest Trains in the World

The test already mentioned was, in the main, to try the track and get the machinery running smoothly. Further trials will occur with four or five vestibuled cars, and attempts at better records will be essayed. Then the locomotive will be given a record run on the Marienfeld-Zossen track, and will probably be sent to the St. Louis Exposition. While it is hardly fair to compare a brief speed run with one made on actual schedule, yet it may be interesting to give the rate of the Philadelphia and Reading Atlantic City and Camden express, which makes the fifty-five and a half miles journey at a speed of 67.96 miles per hour, this being the fastest train in the world. Next to this is the Paris to Calais express of the Northern Railway of France, which for 185.14 miles maintains a speed of 59.72 miles an hour. The Zossen experiments have shown that an electric locomotive can be run at a speed as high as 131 miles an hour, and there is under discussion at present a proposition to construct a high-speed electric railway between Berlin and Hamburg which will cover the distance in one and a half hours, instead of three, as at present. As the present steam-railway facilities between these two points are inadequate and a third track is demanded, there is a probability that it will be constructed and equipped for high-speed electric service, with a central power-generating station at Wittenberg.

Russia's Religion

To many the nature of Russia's religion is only vaguely understood. Christianity was introduced into the country in the ninth century. The Established Church, says our authority, is identical in doctrine with the Greek Church. The liturgy, which is read in Slavonic, is the one used originally by the Church at Constantinople. Until recently, any form of dissent was not tolerated. Under the laws of Alexander II., Catholics and Protestants have equal rights with members of the Established Church.

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Progress of Science

Radium and the Temperature of the Earth

How far radium is responsible for the heat of the earth is one of the philosophical questions now interesting scientists. Professor Rutherford, before a recent meeting of the Royal Institution of London, stated that he believed the amount of radium present and uniformly distributed throughout the earth would be sufficient to account for all the heat lost from that body. In this event the cooling of the earth, so that ultimately it would become uninhabitable, as was calculated by Lord Kelvin, would be postponed, and a few million more years would be afforded for the various forms of animal life. Such a possibility was anticipated doubtless by Lord Kelvin himself, for in his calculations he inserted "provided no new form of heat is discovered." This is now held to exist in the minute quantities of radium which are widely and universally distributed over the earth, and which may account for the gradual increase of temperature as the interior of the earth is approached.

Brains of Men and Apes

According to the examinations of the brains of Europeans that have been made by anatomists, one of the most important physical differences between men and apes and monkeys has been the absence of the so-called simian fold in the human brain. This simian fold or sulcus, which occurs on the posterior portion of the main hemispheres, has recently been discovered by Professor G. Elliot Smith, of the Egyptian Government School of Medicine, in the course of an examination of a number of brains of Egyptians and Sudanese. He has found that in certain examples of brains in his collection the characteristic folds found in anthropoid apes are so closely reproduced that he is able to trace and clearly establish the identity of every sulcus or fissure. Professor Smith has also succeeded in finding human brains where the occipital pattern corresponds closely with the brain of the gorilla.

As these points of identity between man and his nearest relations have not previously been encountered by European scientists in their brain studies their importance can be realized, as they do away with one of the supposed and hitherto recognized structural distinctions.

The Radioactivity of Mineral Spring-Waters

Some recent investigations on the subject of radioactive substances found in spring-waters when they issue from the earth seem to suggest that at great depths below the surface radium exists in considerable quantities. It has been found by scientists, in an elaborate series of experiments, that all spring-water when it escapes from the earth contains a certain amount of radioactive material, which has been identified with the emanation of radium. Not only does spring-water possess this property, but it has been found that petroleum drawn from a spring contains twenty times as much of the radium emanation. The method of studying these liquids was to pass air through them and then test its conductivity with the electroscope, it being found to possess considerable radioactivity.

By passing this radioactive air through an inactive liquid the radioactivity was communicated to the latter, proving that the water had received its radioactivity from some subterranean sources. The radioactivity of fluids drawn from springs does not endure, but diminishes rapidly when the liquid is exposed to air, as in a running brook, whose water does not possess this property. It was also found that the water from hot-water springs was much more radioactive than that from cold springs, while the most radioactive of the waters experimentally tested was that from the hot Musquelle at Baden-Baden. On the basis of these and other experiments the assumption has been made that the therapeutic properties of thermal springs are due to the presence of radium emanation.

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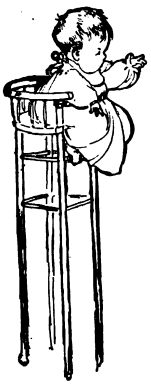
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R. Hitt, who has been indorsed for the Vice-Presidency by the Illinois Republican convention, and Speaker Cannon—both of them, by the way, septuagenarians—were invited to lunch at the White House; and, naturally, wiseacres have drawn the deduction that the Speaker is not so much out of the running as he would like to be. Naturally, the President's trusted spokesmen repudiate the notion that the matter of the Vice-Presidency was mentioned at the luncheon. The Chief Magistrate, we are assured, would deem it impertinent to try to influence the course of the party's accredited representatives, who are amply qualified to determine for themselves who should be selected for his "running-mate." It follows *a fortiori* that his lively sense of decency and dignity must have prevented Mr. Roosevelt from striving in any way to further his own nomination for the Presidency. The Republican organizers and managers, however, who have no motive for emulating Mr. Roosevelt's modesty, but who have an eye single to the success of their party, are by no means convinced that they should let the Cannon boom be shunted to one side by the outcome of the Illinois Republican convention. Not only were the Lowden delegates, without whose cordial cooperation it may prove impossible to carry Chicago for the Republican national ticket, observed to smile mysteriously as they left Springfield, but since then Governor Yates, instead of essaying conciliation, has missed no opportunity of aggravating and provoking those who declined to vote for him at Springfield.

If Governor Yates really cherishes a desire to make Deneen his successor, and to give the electoral votes of Illinois to Mr. Roosevelt, he is taking a curious way of showing it. Since the adjournment of the State convention, he has swung the axe with extraordinary vigor. Almost a hundred State office-holders have already fallen, and the work of the headsman is by no means over. Whether such a performance is likely to infuse vigor and enthusiasm is a question that Speaker Cannon, as a veteran politician, will doubtless be invited to consider. Among the plausible reasons assigned for the slaughter, of which so many Republicans are the victims, does not figure, probably, avowed resentment at the order, said to have been brought to Springfield as coming from the White House, that Yates must not be renominated. With Lowden lukewarm in Cook County, and Yates wielding a vindictive knife in the rural districts, it looks as if Speaker Cannon might have to be "drafted," after all, to play the part of harmonizer, for which he is peculiarly qualified. For the moment, indeed, the Republican managers seem to have fixed upon Senator Fairbanks of Indiana, notwithstanding the fact that he, when asked if he would accept a nomination for the Vice-Presidency, continues to dally with his watch-chain and to put the question by. Yet nobody can tell what the Chicago convention will do when it sees Cannon on the platform in the rôle of its presiding officer. He is quite as likely to be stampeded as was Horatio Seymour in 1868. No doubt Mr. Cannon can rule out of order all motions mentioning his name, but that is just what Seymour did, and he found it a futile expedient. It is almost certain that Pennsylvania and New Jersey will demand Cannon, and New York and Ohio seem not unlikely to cooperate. We suspect that the Speaker was premature when he joyfully pronounced his boom as "flat as a pancake."

Elsewhere we have directed attention to the qualifications of Attorney-General Philander C. Knox to represent the great State of Pennsylvania in the United States Senate. Here we would point out that the posthumous influence of the late Senator Quay was revealed in the choice of his successor. It was Quay that originally picked out Mr. Knox, who, although eminent at the Pittsburg bar, was, as yet, obscure politically, for the place of United States Attorney-General, although Mr. John B. Elkins, as, first, Deputy Attorney-General, and subsequently Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, was thought by himself and many others to have a much superior claim to represent the Keystone commonwealth in the cabinet. After the death of Senator Quay, the controllers of the Republican organization in Pennsylvania went through the form of consulting local leaders, and it was reported on good authority that the next occupant of the seat now vacant in the United States Senate would be one of a number of active Republican politicians, among whom Mr. Knox never has been, and is not now, included. It turns out that as long ago as last December it was made known to President Roosevelt, either by Senator Quay or through an intermediary, that, under circumstances easily foreseen, his Attorney-General might be needed as one of Pennsylvania's spokesmen in the United States Senate; and we have since learned that when Quay, in his last moments, sent for ex-Senator Don Cameron, he expressed a desire that Mr. Knox should succeed him. The wish was communicated to Mr. Henry C. Frick, the well-known steel magnate, and to Mr. A. J. Cassatt, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The selection being approved by the latter, it was announced to the rank and file by the ostensible masters of the machine. Whether Mr. Elkins, who has a large and zealous following of his own, and who would have much preferred a seat in the United States Senate to the place on the bench of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, for which he has been slated, will submit meekly to the fiat of the leaders was at first regarded as doubtful in some quarters, but it now seems to be believed that Mr. Elkins will be pacified by the promise of the Republican nomination for the Governorship in 1906. Naturally the Democrats and independents of Pennsylvania resent the usurpation by "bosses" of the elective function delegated by the Federal Constitution to the State Legislature; but in this instance their protest is rendered somewhat perfunctory by their frank acknowledgment of Mr. Knox's fitness for his new position.

It is well known that the national conventions of the Republican and Democratic parties are to be petitioned to make an unequivocal declaration of our nation's intention to give independence to the Filipinos, or, in other words, to treat them—at some date which, if not definitely fixed, shall be declared to be not distant—precisely as we have treated the Cubans. Among the signers of the petition are Judge George Gray of Delaware, Chief Justice Mitchell of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, ex-United States Attorney-General Wayne MacVeagh, of Washington, D. C., Professor W. G. Sumner, of Connecticut, Professor Henry Van Dyke, of New Jersey, Dr. Felix Adler, of New York, and many other jurists and members of the liberal professions. It will be remembered that Judge Taft, now Secretary of War—and actually, though not nominally, Secretary of the Colonies—has also declared that, in his judgment, we should eventually make the Filipinos independent, but has expressed a doubt, nevertheless, as to whether a date should be named. In the joint resolution passed by Congress in April, 1898, we did not name any particular date at which we would carry out our pledge to give Cuba independence, but, in spite of the omission, we fulfilled our pledge with all practicable celerity. In some quarters the impression is now gaining ground that, without designating a particular date, the platform of the Chicago convention will include a pronouncement that will make it possible for Mr. Roosevelt in his second term to concede partial if not complete self-government to the Filipino people.

The impression seems to be based on the presence of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott at the White House as a guest, for the avowed purpose of discussing with the Philippine Commissioners to the St. Louis Exposition the independence of the archipelago. Dr. Abbott has publicly pointed out that most of the steps preparatory to such a concession have already been taken. A public-school system has been organized, and is being rapidly developed. Local governments have been established in the provinces and towns. An enumeration has been made preliminary to the convocation of a representative assembly, which itself will be called together at no distant time. The diffusion of education and public intelligence having been assured, the guarantees of freedom of debate having been provided, and a common language in which debates may be held having been agreed upon, some experience in local self-government having been acquired, a public opinion having been created, and a representative body having been organized through which the ideas and wishes of the people may be expressed—in a word, when the conditions and the safeguards of the people's liberty shall have been secured—it will then, in Dr. Abbott's opinion, be our duty to let the Filipinos determine for themselves whether they will be independent of the United States, or whether they prefer to remain under our protection, and, in the enjoyment of the

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privileges and powers which, under that protection, would remain intact. Should they deliberately prefer to retain some political association with the United States, Dr. Abbott, for his part, has no doubt that such a relationship might be established between us and the Filipinos as would be mutually advantageous to both communities.

Those who recall the Vigilance Committees which twice in the Fifties were invoked to deliver San Francisco from the rule of murderers and scoundrels, must watch with interest the acts of a somewhat similar agency which, of late, has been called into being for the restoration of order in a section of Colorado. It will be remembered that, in San Francisco, judges, juries, sheriffs, and policemen—in a word, the whole normal machinery of justice—were brushed aside, and that by the leaders of the Vigilance Committees notorious criminals were arrested and summarily tried, and, if convicted, were forthwith executed or deported. The reign of terror, arson, and murder, which union miners have maintained for ten or fifteen years in Teller County, Colorado, and especially in Cœur d'Alene, Butte, Leadville, Idaho Springs, Telluride, and Cripple Creek, culminated on Monday, June 6, in a dynamite explosion, by which fifteen men were killed, and nearly as many more maimed so grievously that death might have been preferred. The Governor of the State has evinced a relentless resolve to restore order and to crush lawlessness, which, had it been exhibited by Governor Stone of Pennsylvania, would have made superfluous President Roosevelt's unconstitutional interposition in the anthracite-coal strike. The Executive Board of the Western Federation of Miners decided on Friday, June 10, to appeal to the President, but we know of no ground on which the appeal can be entertained, in view of the position taken by the Governor of Colorado. On the same day seventy-six union miners were deported to Kansas, and Adjutant-General Sherman Bell, of the Colorado National Guard, announced that within forty-eight hours the disturbed district would be freed from all objectionable men.

What is meant by "objectionable men" was defined on the same day by the Secretary of the Cripple Creek District Mine-Owners' Association, when he declared that the Citizens' Committee, which is cooperating with the military, and which has driven away the district judge, the county judge, and other local officials, on the charge of conniving at the acts of violence committed by the union miners, will never stop their fight against unionism until not a single member of the Western Federation of Miners is left in Teller County. There are still, it seems, a few desperate agitators in hiding among the hills, but they are to be hunted down. The simple truth is that the curse of lawlessness from which Teller County, Colorado, has suffered for many years at the hands of union miners has at last come home to roost. What we are now witnessing in the Cripple Creek district of Colorado is a civil war, in which the worm has turned; that is to say, the normally peaceful and law-abiding members of the community have risen against their oppressors; and, with implacable logic, are meting out to the union miners the dire alternative of banishment or death, to which the latter themselves have so long subjected non-unionist workers and their sympathizers. If the mass of the community in the anthracite region had risen in a similar way, and had found the same kind of Governor to back them, the coal strike would have been over in a trice, and many years would have elapsed before a second attempt to terrorize non-unionist workmen would have been made in Pennsylvania.

Seldom, indeed, are the political and sociological views of a seventeen-year-old schoolboy worth consideration or even mention. Exceptional, if not unique, was the valedictory address delivered, June 3, on his graduation from the Atlantic City High School by Wu Chao-chu, the son of Wu Ting-fang, long and favorably known as the minister of the Chinese Empire to the United States. Although this youth labored under the grave disability of acquiring knowledge through the medium of a language radically different from his own, his averages, we are told, were the highest in every department; and his address, which appropriately had for its subject the conservatism of the Far East, was marked by a rare maturity of thought. Young Wu began by admitting that the Japanese are relatively progressive, whereas the Chinese are justly looked upon as typical of Oriental conservatism. He recognized that a people whose conservatism is not ingrained may change easily from its ancient customs and manners to new. He pointed out, however, that what can be changed easily once may probably be changed just as easily again. A volatile and mutable nation that flickers with every wind may return to its old ways, and its very relish for novelties may prove an archenemy to progress. By way of illustration, the young Chinese recalled the difference in the outcome of the French and English revolutions. Since 1789 France has known innumerable political transformations, almost all of them accompanied with bloodshed and horror. Yet, if we look at realities rather than names, we must acknowledge that the ultimate outcome of her numberless revolutions has been less substantial, less far-reaching than that of the single English rebellion in the seventeenth century.

The young Chinese student expressed the conviction that his own people, though slow to begin, would, when once started, carry out to the end the work resolved upon. He compared the Middle Kingdom to a heavy body in physics. A great deal of force is needed at first to overcome its inertia, but, if it can be made to move at all, its momentum will carry it far, and it cannot be diverted from its course like a light, excessively mobile body. To exemplify what he meant, Wu Chao-chu adduced the evidence of Christian missionaries, who report that the Japanese are easy and the Chinese hard to proselytize, but that, on the other hand, a good many Japanese converts have returned to their old faith, whereas there are but few such cases in China. It was further suggested by the young Chinese student that conservatism may prove of benefit to a nation in that it conduces to the continuity of national life. Conservatism, also, he thought, might be advantageous to a people because it preserves the foundations on which the inherited civilization and its inherited ethical system have been reared. When a nation is conservative, it adheres not only to superannuated customs, but also to the old standards of morality. The former are but superficial defects, while the latter may be of imperishable usefulness. Culture may be revolutionized with time, but virtue is immutable. This aphorism seems to savor of Confucius.

Young Wu assigned yet another reason for valuing conservatism, namely, that it may be looked upon as constituting a reserve of energy. Is it according to nature, he asked, that the nation that is quivering and humming with nervous activity should last as long as another which is frugal of its resources? At the outset of a battle, the skilful general is careful to hold back a part of his force, well knowing that the ultimate victory is often decided by the strength of the reserve. When we add that this Chinese graduate of an American high school quotes aptly not only Tennyson, but Edmund Burke and Francis Bacon, we have probably said enough to show that his distinguished father may well regard with satisfaction the outcome thus far of an educational experiment which is to include, we are informed, a course in finance and in political economy at the University of Pennsylvania.

In an article contributed to the WEEKLY of June 11, accompanying a picture of Prince Oukhtomsky, Russia's representative at the World's Press Parliament at the St. Louis Fair, it was stated that Count Lamsdorff had suggested to the Russian press in general the propriety of staying away from St. Louis as a rebuke to this country for its anti-Russian sentiment. Prince Oukhtomsky says that in this particular our contributor was mistaken. Count Lamsdorff, he says, encouraged his coming to St. Louis, and warmly approves of everything likely to diffuse in the United States a better understanding of Russia's position.

The London *Spectator* foreshadows the fall of Count von Buelow as Chancellor of the German Empire. The occasion is the recent verbal duel of the Chancellor with Herr Bebel, the famous Socialist, whom the *Spectator* describes as "like an English Radical." Herr Bebel declared that Count von Buelow had muddled German foreign politics to such an extent that the Fatherland is now politically isolated. Germany, he declared, had become an object of general antipathy, and a sort of Ishmael among the nations. The situation in Southwest Africa was drifting from bad to worse; the revolt of the

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natives was based on real grievances, on the cruelty and injustice inflicted by Prussians intoxicated with a little brief authority. In fact, Von Buelow was an all-round failure. To this the Chancellor replied that some of the charges of cruelty were true, but that the majority of German colonists behaved well. He followed this with an extraordinary statement, saying that the charges brought by the missionaries were founded on fact, but that the missionaries were "unpatriotic" in bringing these charges. As to general unpopularity, he doubted its universality, but saw no remedy except "keeping the German sword sharp." This was far from pleasing to the Chamber, and it is said that the Catholic Centre, aroused by some new irritation inflicted on the Catholic Poles, is inclined to withdraw its support from the government, as a protest against the policy of Count von Buelow. The *Spectator* closes with the curious reflection that it is believed that there would soon be a new Chancellor, but that there is no statesman of sufficient mental power and general repute to take up so great an office. It is the old story. Personal government pushed to a certain length extinguishes original ability near the throne. The shade of the big tree is so deep that smaller trees cannot grow beneath it.

The American Society in London, through its secretary, Mr. F. C. Van Duzer, unfolds a tale of woe concerning forty agricultural Texans who shipped last August from Galveston, in charge of cattle on the British steamship *Cranley*, to Lorenzo Marques in South Africa. Certain scamps named Womack and Adams, representing themselves to be deputy United States marshals, gave them assurances that they would receive certain wages and would be brought home. These assurances they trusted, though the ship's articles which they signed contained no bargain about returning home. When they got to Lorenzo Marques they found their voyage was at an end, and that no one was responsible for seeing them home. The British consul at that port sent them to London. Arriving there on November 12, 1903, destitute and friendless, they were succored by the American Society, which paid their board in London and their passage back to Galveston, at a total cost of £170.

Recounting this case in a letter to Ambassador Choate, Mr. Van Duzer submits that while the American Society is always willing to help distressed individual Americans in London, cattlemen in squads of forty draw more heavily than is reasonable on its benevolence. He thinks such cases when they transpire should be financed by the American government. Still more he considers that the regulations of the Agricultural Department which carefully safeguard the comfort of American cattle which leave our ports should take some thought for the men who go in charge of them, and make it impossible for such confiding travellers to be gulled by United States officers or men assuming to be such. The society, through Mr. Choate, asked our government to reimburse it for its expenditures in behalf of these men. It got word back that there was no available fund out of which it could be reimbursed. It now makes the case public, declaring that its resources are overtaxed by the frequency of such calls upon it as that of the forty cattlemen from Texas, and that its members ought no longer to be called upon to pay out money "to help those citizens of the United States who, but for the inaction of the officials of our government, would not, in the great majority of cases, be stranded in a foreign country without means." The society's protest seems well founded. Relief on the scale it describes should surely devolve upon the government whose citizens are concerned. If we can spend money freely to send ships to worry a Moroccan bandit into giving back a Greek-American millionaire, we ought to be able to find the means to fetch home a squad of farmers whom a couple of Texan scamps have exported on false pretences. We hope Congress, when it meets again, will pay back the £170 to the American Society in London, and if justice has leisure to pursue Womack and Adams, the deceivers, they surely should be brought to book.

There will be many mourners for Laurence Hutton, who died on June 10, at his home in Princeton. He was one of the kindest and most companionable of men, a man of many friends and strong attachments, a Scotchman of New York, who did credit both to the country of his forebears and the city of his birth. He was born here in 1843, and lived in the home of his birth until 1898, when he moved to Princeton. For some years prior to that time he wrote the literary notes for *Harper's Magazine*, and for many years he was a frequent contributor to the Harper periodicals. He was a near friend of Edwin Booth, whose life he wrote, and also of Mark Twain. He wrote a good many books, including *Curiosities of the American Stage*, *A Boy I Knew*, the *Literary Landmarks* series, and other volumes relating to art and the stage, and books of reminiscence. He was a zealous collector in certain lines, and his famous collection of death masks now in the library of Princeton University has no rival in its class. Mr. Hutton became a lecturer at Princeton after he went there to live, and would have gone farther and no doubt with much success in that field of exertion, but for an affection of the throat which overtook him three years ago, and which was presumably the indirect cause of his death.

Last week a Brooklyn jury gave a verdict which involved the transfer of $1,112,000 from the former president of a New York Trust Company to a promoter. The promoter and another witness, his friend, swore that the Trust Company's president had promised to pay the promoter a million dollars for certain information about a railroad in case he used it. The Trust Company's president denied having made the promoter any promise whatever; denied indeed all recollection of any personal interview with him. No writing of any kind passed. The road in question was ultimately bought, and the capitalist sued had some (comparatively small) share in buying it, but according to testimony given in the case, it was not bought as a result of the promoter's suggestion or of any information he gave. The Brooklyn jury believed the testimony of the promoter and his friend as against the testimony of the capitalist and such witnesses as he summoned, and awarded the promoter the largest sum ever awarded in a civil suit in Brooklyn. It was a very remarkable case. The amount involved in the verdict, the absence of any written agreement or memorandum, and the absolute conflict of testimony between the promoter and the capitalist make it notable, and makes the course of the appeal from the Brooklyn jury's verdict worth following. If it is as easy to separate a New York capitalist from his money as appears in this case, the wonder is that ingenious Brooklynites should ever stoop, like 520-per-cent. Miller, to rifle the poor.

One hundred and twenty candidates from the United States have passed the examinations for the Rhodes scholarships, which is more than twice as many as can be appointed this year. In Massachusetts the committee selected a student for appointment from a group of eight competitors who passed the tests. Considering the complicated desires of Mr. Rhodes about his scholars, the process of selection as worked out by this Massachusetts committee must have been interesting. It is related that the most capable and popular student now at Oxford is a Rhodes scholar from Germany. He was asked how he got his appointment. Did he pass an examination? No. "On Thursday I received a telegram from the Kaiser: 'You go to Oxford on Tuesday,' and I came." The Kaiser, it seems, looks around and selects the Rhodes scholars from Germany. That is probably the ideal way. If President Roosevelt should be invited to lay aside the cares of state long enough to select the scholars from America, he would probably do it more nearly to the testator's taste than it will be done, and Oxford, which has no race prejudices, would like the result. Selection by committees after examinations is only a second-best method, but for this country it is the most practicable, and no doubt it will give interesting and satisfactory results.

In New Jersey they are trying to find a way to escape hanging a woman who killed her rival in the affections of a man to whom she had borne four children. The man, who had never married her, abandoned her and her children. The natural, righteous, human instinct would be to let the woman off and hang the man. But as there is no legal excuse for that it seems warrantable to hope that Jersey justice won't make a bad business worse by hanging the woman. She has had trouble enough. She has been reprieved until July 6.

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Pennsylvania's New Senator

AN incident of importance, not only to Pennsylvania, but to the United States—for it obviously concerns the whole country that one of its greatest constituent commonwealths should be represented worthily in the Upper House of the Federal Legislature—was the appointment on June 10 by Governor Pennypacker of Philander C. Knox, Attorney-General of the United States, to fill the seat in the United States Senate made vacant by the death of Matthew S. Quay. How high a place on the roll of States is occupied by the Keystone commonwealth it should be superfluous to point out. In population Pennsylvania surpasses many a European kingdom, being credited by the last census with 6,302,115 inhabitants. On this side of the Atlantic it is almost the sole producer of anthracite coal, and its output of bituminous coal in 1901 was almost three times as large as that of its closest competitor. The value of its manufactured products in 1890 was over $1,835,000,000, an amount transcended by New York alone, and that but slightly. In 1901 its railway mileage was 10,538 miles, considerably more than that of Italy, and exceeded by none of our States, except Illinois. As a producer of iron and steel it has outstripped Great Britain, and as a producer of petroleum it is Russia's principal rival. Assuredly, a commonwealth so mighty should have for its spokesmen in the United States Senate citizens who, in ability and character, exemplify the highest type of manhood. It can hardly be said that this has been the case of late, or, indeed, for many years. Yet there was a time when Pennsylvania had reason to be proud of the sons, native or naturalized, who upheld her dignity and interests in the Senate or in the cabinets of Presidents. It was she who sent to the Senate Albert Gallatin, although, on a constitutional quibble, the Federalists refused to admit him. That did not prevent him from holding for thirteen years the post of Secretary of the Treasury. For a long period James Buchanan was the mouthpiece of the Keystone commonwealth in the Upper branch of Congress, and it is well known that, subsequently, he became Secretary of State and President. Among other cabinet ministers whom Pennsylvania sent to Washington may be mentioned Alexander J. Dallas, Richard Rush, William M. Meredith, Jeremiah S. Black, Edwin M. Stanton, and Wayne Mac Veagh. That in Attorney-General Knox the State once more has a qualified representative seems to be generally acknowledged by its Democratic and independent newspapers. We read, for instance, in the Philadelphia *Record* (Democratic) that "Mr. Knox is fit, clean, and able. With him in the Senate, Pennsylvanians would not need to stand abashed, or afraid of belittling comparisons with the brainest favorites of other States." In the Pittsburg *Gazette* we read: "While we can hardly regard the State engineers as guided by the exclusive desire to give the State the highest grade of Senator, they must be credited with the fact that, from whatever motive, they have selected a candidate who will put the Senatorial representation of the State on the highest plane of ability and character." The Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, which is consistently independent, pronounces Knox an ideal Senator, and declares that so happy a solution of a perplexing situation had not been hoped for. It adds that "he is the most distinguished Pennsylvanian now in public life, and the reputation, which he won at the Pittsburg bar, not merely has been sustained, but has immeasurably broadened in the high office of Attorney-General of the United States." It thinks that he is destined to regain for Pennsylvania her just measure of intellectual influence.

Philander Chase Knox is fifty-one years old. He was born in Brownsville, Fayette County, Pennsylvania. His early education was received in the public schools. His father, a country banker, wished him to follow his own vocation, but the boy's ambition was to become a lawyer. Accordingly, he was sent at the age of sixteen to Mount Union College at Alliance, Ohio, where he graduated in 1872. Thence he went to Pittsburg to study law, and three years later was admitted to the Allegheny County bar. During his early professional career he was known as a tireless worker, never leaving to a subordinate any of the preparations for an important case. Early in the eighties the firm of which he was a member won several important suits for the Carnegie Steel Company, and he and his partner were soon credited with making more money than any other two lawyers in Pittsburg. His last great argument before he was invited by President McKinley to become United States Attorney-General was delivered in Indianapolis. Associated with him was ex-President Benjamin Harrison. The Indiana courts decided in their favor. Some time later Mr. Knox met General Harrison on the boardwalk in Atlantic City. In the course of a chat the latter said: "By the way, Knox, how did you come out in the settlement of your account with the Indianapolis Street Railway Company? For *my* services I got twenty-five thousand dollars out of them." "I am very glad to hear it, general," replied Knox, pleasantly. Then, in a modest, deferential way, he continued, "I got $125,000." "What!" blurted out the ex-President, who, wheeling, continued his walk without another word.

We scarcely need remind the reader that, as Attorney-General, it fell to Mr. Knox's lot to appear for the Federal government in one of the most important cases ever heard before the United States Supreme Court. We refer, of course, to the Northern Securities case. Mr. Knox contended that the great railway merger violated the Federal statute known as the Anti-Trust Act. In order to succeed he had to prevail on the highest Federal tribunal to put the stamp of its approval on the law which Mr. Richard Olney, when he was Attorney-General, had declared unconstitutional. Mr. Knox secured a judgment in his favor, although opposed to him were ex-Attorney-General Griggs, whom he had succeeded in office, and the well-known corporation lawyer, Mr. John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia. It has been suggested in certain quarters that the "trusts," smarting under the decision wrung from the highest Federal tribunal, have been disposed to think that Mr. Knox proved himself too clever by half; and that it is they, who, acting through Mr. A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, have contrived to kick him upstairs, or, in other words, to transfer him to a field where, in their opinion, he can do less harm. This view of the incident has been propounded not only by some Democratic organs, but also by a few Republican newspapers, among which figures conspicuously the Boston *Advertiser*, which, after noting that "Philander Knox, the Trust-Buster, goes into the United States Senate," says: "He will be out of the Department of Justice, and, therefore, cannot be offensive to Wall Street in his present position. Nobody expects that he will be succeeded [in the Attorney-Generalship] by a lawyer equally able and eminent." On the other hand, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, which is, as we have said, independent, denounces the *Advertiser's* slur as unfounded, perverse, and morbid. It concedes that, if Mr. Knox had, at any time in his career, shown any lack of personal, professional, or official honor, or of fidelity to any confidence that might be reposed in him, there would be some excuse for the charges that, having deserted the corporations and trusts, that were once his clients, to take high executive office, he now returns to them as a legislative servant, bound to their sordid interests. But, under the circumstances, the *Ledger* does not hesitate to declare that, "Mr. Knox having been always faithful in his personal, professional, and official relations, there is no excuse for the assumption that, at this late date, he is going to sacrifice his good name, and sell his high character to the representatives of any sinister interests."

There is force, also, in the *Ledger's* intimation that, if it is the trusts who have put Mr. Knox out of the way, by transferring him from the cabinet to the Senate, they have made the blunder of beginning at the wrong end, and dealing with the servant instead of with the master. It was not Mr. Knox, but the President, who initiated the suit against the Northern Securities Company. It will matter but little what Attorney-Generals may come and go so long as Mr. Roosevelt stays.

The American Soldier Away from Home

INASMUCH as some anti-imperialist newspapers have seen fit to comment in what seems to us a carping and unfair way on the doings of American soldiers in the Philippines, we are glad to note the testimony to the worthiness of their character and conduct given by a foreign observer. What we have in mind is an article on the subject contributed to the latest number of the *North American Review* by an eye-witness, Mr. A. H. S. Landor (a grandson of Walter Savage Landor), whose books on the aborigines of Yezo, on Korea, and on Tibet are known to many readers on this side of the Atlantic. Travel and residence have made Mr. Landor exceptionally well acquainted with most of the countries constituting the "Far East," and he has had occasion to meet a great many of our officers, both during the Chinese war and in various parts of the Philippine Archipelago. He does not, of course, deny that there have been cases where American military men have lost their heads and behaved in an inhuman way; but he asserts that such cases have been very few, and that, in almost every instance, there was strong provocation. He condemns unequivocally the so-called "water-cure" and every other mode of torture, and if it can be shown that any man wearing the United States uniform has resorted to such methods of procedure, Mr. Landor would have him subjected to condign punishment. It would, in truth, be monstrous if we, whose mission it is to introduce a higher civilization, should, in the maintenance of order, or in the infliction of retaliation, stoop to copy the degrading and revolting customs of barbarians. At the same time the British contributor to the *Review* holds it to be a national duty on our part not to suffer the names of innocent officers to be defiled by spite or jealousy, or on meagre and untrustworthy testimony. He is right in declaring that nothing can be more demoralizing to soldiers serving abroad than the knowledge that, in their absence, unmerited accusations are brought against them at home, and harbored by ungrateful fellow citizens. Mr.

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Landor, from his own observation, testifies that the officers of the American forces in the East are exemplars of a type morally admirable—businesslike, hard-working, just, open-minded men, combining patience in plodding through routine work with the display not only of pluck and dash, but of tact and accurate judgment, in the field. He deems it no matter for regret that the American officer lacks the love for gaudy wearing apparel which stamps so many military men on the European Continent; that there is on his part no superfluity of gold braiding, no monocle deforming one section of the face and impeding the sight, no needless sword-dangling, and no swagger. Of show and pomp there is next to none; but when it comes to the actual work of warfare it is done well.

That graduates of West Point should exhibit much polish of manner is, no doubt, to be expected from the training that they undergo; but our foreign observer was almost equally impressed with the gentlemanlike demeanor of many of those officers who had risen from the ranks. This is a phenomenon which, naturally, would surprise one previously familiar with self-made officers in the British army: it is ascribed by Mr. Landor to the fact that, on an average, the American private soldier is vastly superior in native intelligence to the British recruit, and, ordinarily, is better educated. Hence the relative ease with which he reascends to a social grade from which, in enlisting, he had temporarily stepped down. In the British army the officers who rise from the ranks are comparatively few, as not many representatives of the well-educated classes have the moral courage needed to become a private soldier in order to make a fresh start in life. In England, moreover, conventionalities and red tape render it difficult, and, in any event, unpleasant, for such men to get on in the army, their career being generally hindered and hampered in their private relations, if not officially, by brother officers who entered the service under luckier circumstances. Even if caste feeling were absent, the ablest of young officers who in England have risen from the ranks, but who have no private means of their own, would find it up-hill work to keep pace with the expenditure deemed inseparable from their rank in the service. Our British observer was moved to admiration by the inexpensive way in which he saw the American army officers living in the Philippines. He recalls that the regimental mess was entirely devoid of luxuries; such articles as silver plate were never dreamed of. One had to sit on empty packing-boxes, and the food was of the simplest kind. Bacon, Boston baked beans, and canned tomatoes constituted the chief features of a meal which was washed down, not with wine, or even beer, but with boiled water.

Mr. Landor points out that in the Philippines an American officer is often overtaxed to an extraordinary, not to say unreasonable, degree. In view of the amount of paper-work required of them, it is no wonder, he says, that they sometimes break down. He also noted with interest how, under the stress of circumstances, an American officer, besides being a first-rate professional soldier, could, when detailed to outside work, perform it with facility and efficiency. He says that some of the most sagacious and practical civil governors had been transferred from military posts, and he arrived at the conclusion that American army officers could turn their hands to almost anything.

Turning from officers to the rank and file, our British observer declares that, if you can overlook a blunt manner, assumed to display independence, and the profusion of swear words with which his conversation is emphasized, you will find something singularly attractive about the American private soldier. Quick, shrewd, exceptionally resourceful, he is, at the same time, good natured, and, so far as Mr. Landor's experience of other nationalities has gone, he is humane beyond comparison. Behind a startling roughness of speech he carries a heart of gold: this witness testifies that in the field, on more than one occasion, he has seen men whom, from outward appearances, you would put down as brutes, as considerate and gentle as women towards wounded comrades or fallen enemies. It is further pointed out that the American soldier has a rude code of honor of his own, devoid of conventionalities, but embracing some sound, gentlemanlike principles.

To the current charge that the rank and file of our regular army are undisciplined, compared with European soldiers, and, especially, with the German, Mr. Landor replies that the finest "parade soldier" does not always make the best soldier in the field; and that, to his mind, discipline, carried to an inordinate extent, is detrimental rather than helpful to the production of an efficient fighter. It seems to him that, with the vastly improved weapons of our day, it is rather the development than the suppression of individual intelligence that is tending to become a condition of vistory. In view, in fine, of his own extensive observations in the Philippines, Mr. Landor does not hesitate to aver that, for fighting purposes, the American soldier is as nearly perfect as he can be made under the existing circumstances. He does not, for a moment, deny that, when off duty, the American soldier drinks more copiously than wisely; but for such excess he attaches less blame to the soldier himself than to the busybodies at home who have abolished the canteen, being unable to distinguish between rules that read well on paper and those which will bear the test of practice. Mr. Landor is convinced by what he has seen that if the temptation of doing that which is forbidden were removed, and if drink in moderation were permitted, or at least controlled, as it used to be by our military authorities, much poisoning of soldiers by liquor obtained clandestinely could be averted. If occasional excess in drinking be excepted, our British observer cheerfully bears witness that the American soldier is no more immoral than the average civilian, and, in fact, much less so, because his work, by its very nature, is not conducive to a life of leisure.

The Position of Germany

It seems absurd to talk of the "isolation" of a power that has two such weighty and faithful allies as Austria-Hungary and Italy. Yet the popular instinct which insists on looking upon Germany as by so far the predominant partner in the Triple Alliance as to be almost independent of it, is probably right. It is, at any rate, certain that the Triplice is far from covering the whole field of German foreign policy; that Germany's aims and aspirations are largely regulated with little enough regard to the problems and policies of her allies; and that it is only in reference to a few special contingencies that one thinks of Germany as being bound by her obligations to other powers. For the most part she stands and acts alone, and though the Triplice has done much to preserve the peace of Europe for a whole generation, was renewed a year ago, and will long remain an important part of European polity, it can hardly be doubted that the progressive weakening of Austria-Hungary and the resumption of the old cordiality between France and Italy will more and more emphasize Germany's detachment and drive her in upon her own resources. Some consciousness of this has begun to permeate and trouble the German mind. The comments of the Berlin press upon the Anglo-French agreement showed an unusual disquietude. The Germans, with all their excellent qualities, have not yet compassed the diplomatic arts of concealment. When they are hurt, they cry out. When their dignity is affronted, they let the world know that they take the affront to heart. When they conceive that their position as a world-power is not receiving its due, they consider that to sputter ineffectual protests is better than silently making the best of things. That is always the sign of a state that is not quite sure of itself. The Germans would not, as they are, be still growling over the Anglo-French agreement and vowing that the neglect to consult Germany in the distribution of Morocco invalidates the entire compact, if they were quite sure of themselves. As a matter of fact, they appear to be entering a zone of national depression. The Kaiser's health fills them with anxious and unsettling solicitude; in Southwest Africa they are learning, almost for the first time, the expensive disabilities of colonization; the strength of the Socialists has passed from the stage of a problem to that of a menace; the Polish difficulty grows more insistent and less soluble with the years; the friendship both of England and the United States has been estranged, and the phenomenal recovery which France has made in the past decade is taken to argue a corresponding decline in German prestige. Only in the Far East is the outlook hopeful. Whatever weakens Russia or distracts her from Europe is of advantage to Germany, and the singeing of the Emperor of Russia's beard in Port Arthur is an event which the Wilhelmstrasse and all Germany may affect for policy's sake to regret, but can really only regard with relief. But apart from this, the signs of comfort are few. Not for many years has the international position of Germany seemed so precarious and so isolated; not for long have Germans displayed such a morbid fearfulness lest, after all, they may have miscalculated their future.

There is no need to exaggerate these little fits of pessimism. They come from time to time to all nations. They are just as inevitable as the recurrent setbacks that disturb the march of commercial prosperity. But there are some special reasons for thinking that in Germany's case they are not the product of mere irrational sentiment and that they are destined to increase rather than diminish. In other words, there is ground for thinking that Germans have been a little too sanguine about their future, and that the programme they have mapped out is really beyond their power of fulfilment. Consider what that programme is—we do not, of course, mean the official programme of the Wilhelmstrasse, but the programme which the instincts of the German people, guided by the one statesman in Europe, who, though a king, is also a genius, have inspired. A wit declared that for the Continent the net result of Sedan was to exchange a mistress for a master. Unquestionably Germany is the master of Europe; her fiat is law to an extent that forty years ago would have been thought incredible. But that is no more than the starting-point of German ambitions; it is for a far bigger stake that the hegemony of the Continent that the Kaiser is playing. No statesman in the world has more irons in the fire than he. To found one empire in China without

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colliding with the Czar; to establish a sphere of influence in South America, that may easily turn to something else later on, without rousing the suspicions of the United States; to gather to himself the *disjecta membra* of the Ottoman Empire, with a special eye on Syria; to absorb all of Africa he can lay hands on; to acquire all possible coaling stations in the Pacific; and to be the quickest and highest bidder whenever any territory anywhere comes into the market—such is a mere outline of his extra-European policy. How far has it been, how far can it be, realized? In Africa, it is now pretty clear, Germany has come too late in the field to do more than gather up the crumbs from the French and English tables. Even the division of the Portuguese Empire between England and Germany, if and when it takes place, will fail to provide the Kaiser with that outlet for German emigration of which he is persistently in quest. In South America the Monroe Doctrine effectually blocks the imperial path, and the realization, quite a recent one, that this is so, is at the bottom of German antagonism towards the United States. In China it is both possible and probable that Germany may peg out a larger claim than any she has yet secured. Even so the vigilant rivalries of England, Russia, and Japan set a distinct limit to her ambitions, and Shantung, however valuable as a trading centre and *point d'appui*, is most unlikely to become a German colony in any vital sense. A Greater Germany that will spread the German language and the German idea and receive the surplus population, can only be realized, if at all, outside of Europe, in Syria and Asia Minor. In those regions the prospects are really bright, though time, much labor, and an infinity of hazardous diplomacy will be needed to turn them to account. Otherwise, and apart from the unpredictable chances of war, the question of whether Germany is ever to become a veritable world-power is in the main already decided against her.

But, then, not all German ambitions are transmarine. Even within the present boundaries of Europe there is more than one chance of expansion which she aims at seizing. As it figures itself to the enthusiasm of the Pan-Germans, Greater Germany is a much bigger affair than we always remember. It includes Holland, a part of Belgium, and the whole of German-speaking Austria. It extends from Amsterdam to Trieste, with the Dutch colonies (providing the United States can be hoodwinked) thrown in. A grandiose and inspiring programme, if ever there were one! And even here we are not at the end of it. There is no policy which the Kaiser has furthered with such zeal and brilliant adroitness as that of the creation of a navy powerful enough at the very least to hold the balance of European sea-power, and perhaps powerful enough to fling down a decisive challenge to England or the Monroe Doctrine. The same patient energy and microscopic forethought that fashioned the German army before Sedan are now being devoted to the building and training of an equally efficient navy. We are inclined to regard that as the greatest international fact of the present day. We believe that possibly for ourselves, more probably for England, it is destined and intended to have momentous consequences. But while the creation of a navy is being pushed on with an enthusiasm somewhat singular in a people whose genius is essentially non-maritime, the army, so far from being neglected, is maintained in all its preeminent efficiency. To do all this and, in addition, to build up an immense mercantile marine, to become the greatest manufacturing country in Europe, to live on good terms with France, and, above all, with Russia, without foregoing the Triple Alliance, and to lose no opportunity of stealing a march on England or of undermining her commercial and imperial supremacy—this is the goal of twentieth-century Germany. Little wonder that with such scattered and diverse aims, such a length of political communications to be guarded, with the need for such infinite diplomatic dexterity, with capable and vigorous foes at home to be overcome or persuaded, and with a gathering cloud of domestic troubles—little wonder, when anything goes wrong, that Germans should show fretfulness, disappointment, lassitude. Such moments, however, are transitory. The Germany of the future may not be all that the Pan-Germans imagine, but she will certainly be greater than she is to-day; her place and her growth are assured; she cannot break down or fail. And that one should be able to prophesy that much, with any confidence, is, when you come to think of it, one of the marvels of history.

The Bourgeois and the Philistine

ALL words are symbols of some meaning, and so when we see in the monthly periodicals Mrs. Atherton explaining why American literature is *bourgeois*, and Mr. MacArthur telling us that Mrs. Atherton's works are *philistine*, we realize that these words so flung across the printed page stand for some fact, or supposed fact, of current literature.

Mrs. Atherton accuses American literature of being *bourgeois* because it is anæmic and bloodless; and yet of all classes one would somehow think of the *bourgeoisie*,—the great middle class of well-to-do manufacturers, tradespeople, and professional people,—as being, perhaps not the most daintily, but the most plentifully fed. The complaint usually made of them is not that they lack appetite, not that they are prone to a discourteous carelessness as to the things of the body, but rather that they are immersed in the concrete; the nutriment and care of the blood assume to them an importance out of all proportion to its ultimate value.

Then comes Mr. MacArthur saying that Mrs. Atherton's works are *philistine*, because she obeys no rules and because she flings aside all classical models. Now this is an excellent definition of a romanticist, but Mr. Arnold, who ought to be an authority on the modern philistine, having practically invented him and set him going, never accused him of lawlessness. The philistines he described are the people who believe that "our greatness and welfare are proved by our being rich." They are the people who set their trust on the attainable and who scorn dreams and visions. They believe heartily in rules, establishments, concretions, in machinery, coal, comfort, and conventionality.

It was the barbarian, Mr. Arnold's amused name for the aristocrat, that he accused of a "stanch individualism, that passion for doing as one likes, for the assertion of personal liberty. The stronghold and natural seat of this passion was in the nobles, of whom our aristocratic class are the inheritors."

We have only to reflect upon the aristocrats among our English poets—Byron, Shelley, Swinburne—to realize what class is a law unto itself. There is all through English fiction the stock character of the plain-spoken aristocrat—usually a duchess—who speaks her mind bluntly because she has no favors to ask at Fortune's hands. We see her in *Evelina*, in *Vanity Fair*, and as Lady Busshe she sweeps through the pages of *The Egoist*. It is not the man born to estates and positions that make him the natural mark for envy and subservience who questions his right to express his own individuality. When we wonder why we Americans should be the least individual people in the world we should reflect that we are the first people robbed of all established position. It is a country where each man decides his own social status, and usually decides it by conformity. Only where ancient traditions still obtain, as happens, they say, in Virginia, do we find the old-fashioned, untrammelled, self-assured, outspoken aristocrat. The first mark of the aristocrat is a graceful faith in himself. "L'état c'est moi!" is his motto. He is never afraid of being in a minority, realizing that "eagles fly alone; daws and crows flock together."

The mark of the philistine is the inability to be led by an ideal, together with a troubled consciousness of a critical audience outside the radius of the individual soul. It is the fault of the philistine that he cannot do away with rules or free himself from the comical "what-people-may-think" attitude. It is the fault of the aristocrat that he sets up his own standard and is content therewith, instead of making sure, as Mr. Arnold so strenuously advised him to do, that he is "making an intelligent being more intelligent," and "seeking his total perfection by means of getting to know on all the matters which most concern us the best which has been thought and said in the world."

So, after all, Mrs. Atherton's works are not philistine. If the judicious Mr. Arnold could be called upon to beg the case he would doubtless admit that she showed to admirable advantage many of the qualities of the aristocrat, namely: faith in the individual judgment, unconventional opinions, fearlessness in expression. The defect he would doubtless point out as a lack of fine distinctions and exquisite sense for proportionate values. Certainly in the recent very searching article in the *North American Review* force would have been gained by omitting the ill-judged little dash for freedom, near the close. Indeed, nearly all her books would gain if the line could be more definitely drawn between self-confidence in exploiting the ego and self-confidence in the pursuit of an ideal.

The word *philistine* thus thrown at Mrs. Atherton's work should be changed to *romantic*, and then the original critic might decide whether *flippantly* or *wildly* should precede it. The word *bourgeois* applied to American literature should be changed to anæmic, which so completely fills the bill. For the bourgeois, without whom the machinery of the world would founder, is, after all, the orderly, healthy, well-regulated mass of us; we who avoid disturbances, believe in comfort, and are a little impervious to new ideas. We have a little of the disease which Fichte speaks of as most prevalent and fatal to man—*Inertia*—but we attend to the daily chores of the world. Once wound up, we are warranted to go with admirable regularity and few hitches for a lifetime.

In the end, whoever seeks with all diligence the truest, inward perfection can always afford to scorn the names he is called by. This diligence imposes such absorbing exercises, such a thrifty apportionment of the brief space called life that there is little time to waste on the mere names of things. One remembers the aged priest who responded to the young man, who said, "Ah, but, father, you do not think as other men do!" with, "My son, I have not been rising at dawn every morning for more than thirty years, to pray, in order, at the end, to think like other men."

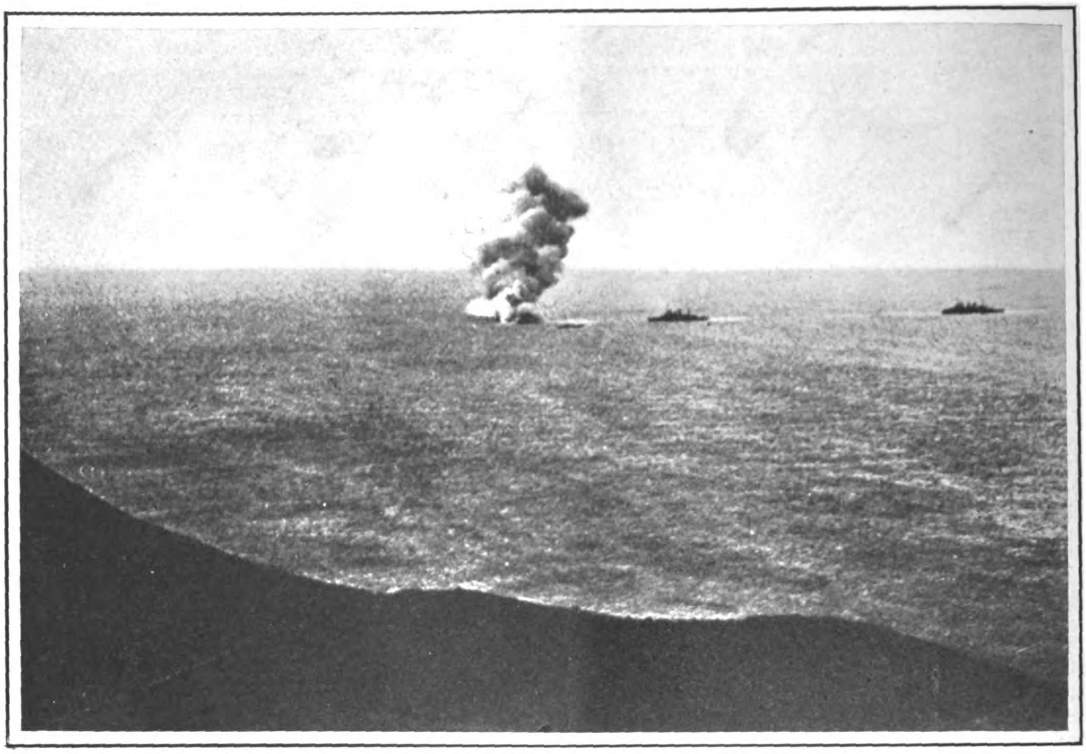
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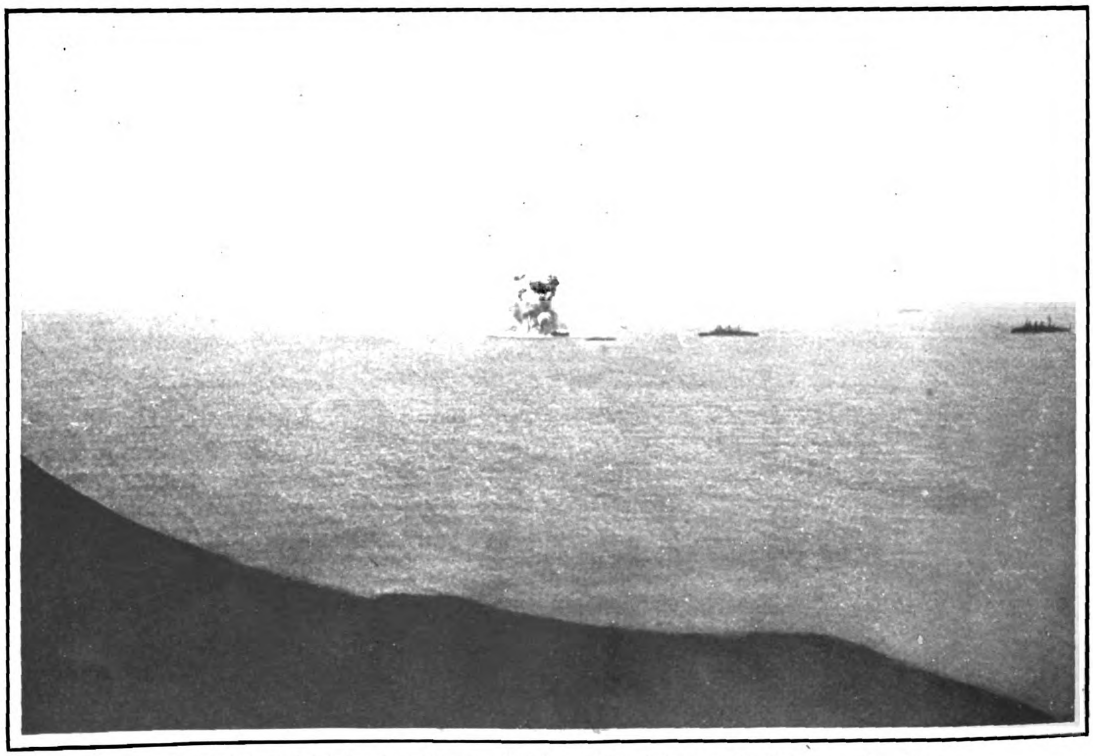
RUSSIAN SOLDIERS HAULING GUNS UP THE STEEP HEIGHTS AT PORT ARTHUR

The photograph shows a body of Russian soldiers dragging heavy artillery pieces up the heights at Port Arthur for use in the defence of the Czar's most important Far-Eastern stronghold. Recent news regarding the situation at Port Arthur fails to confirm the earlier reports of a decisive attack by the Japanese, although it is believed that the fall or abandonment of the town is inevitable. According to the latest reports at the time of writing the Japanese forces have approached within seven miles of the outer forts at Port Arthur

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Photograph of the "Petroparlovsk," taken from the Shore of the Harbor at the Moment of the Explosion

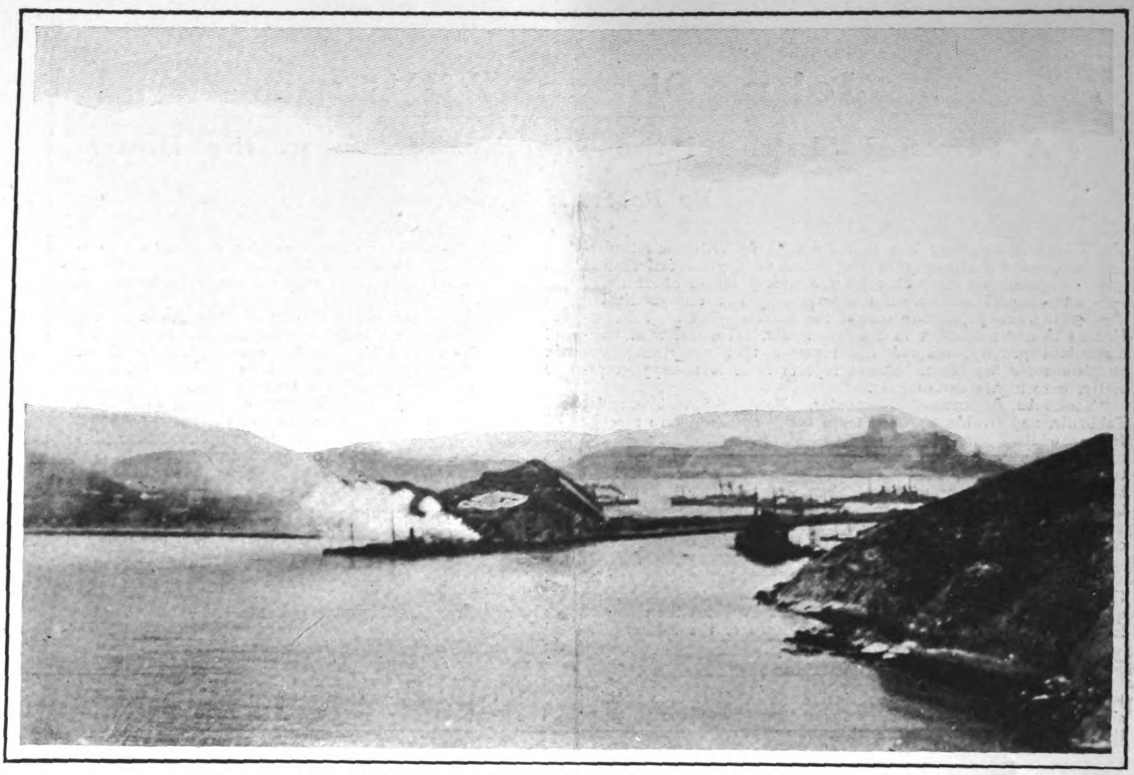


A second Snap-shot taken from the same Position a Moment later as the Ship was going down

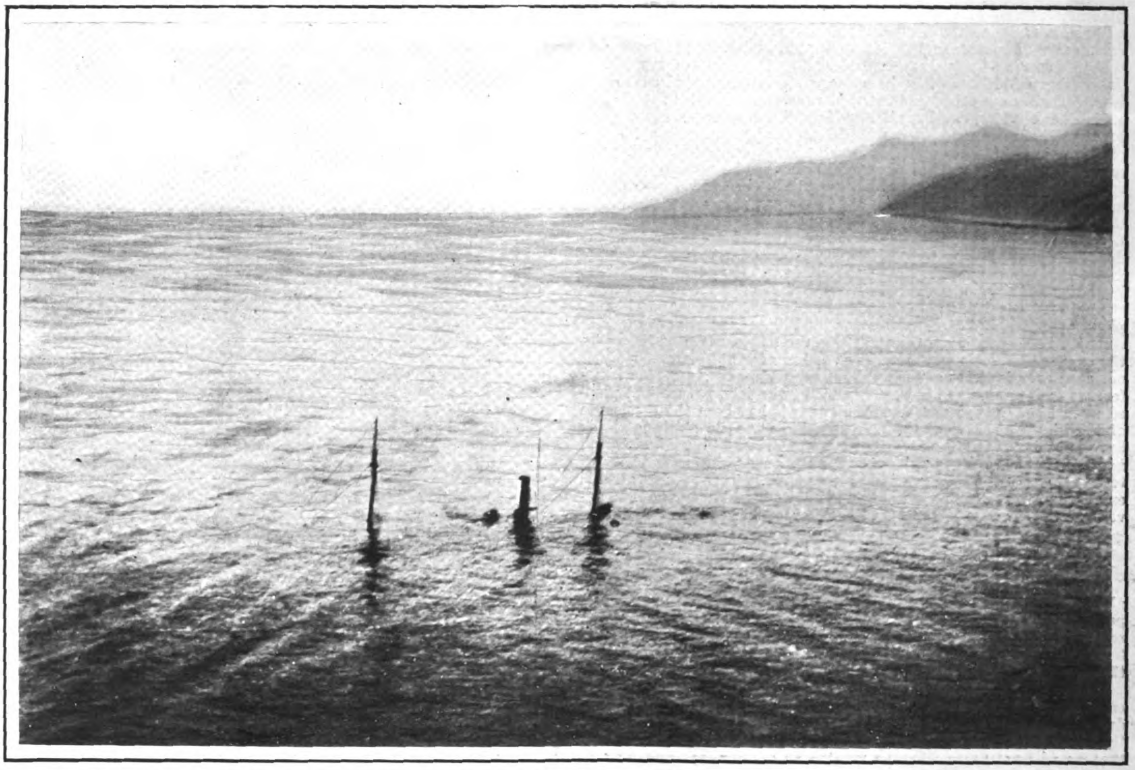
TWO REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BLOWING UP OF THE RUSSIAN FLAG-SHIP, THE "PETROPAVLOVSK," AT PORT ARTHUR, ON APRIL 13

The snap-shots on this page were taken at the moment of the destruction of Admiral Makaroff's flag-ship, the "Petropavlovsk," at Port Arthur on April 13, by accidental contact with a mine. The catastrophe—the most serious that has been sustained by Russia in the present war—was described in "Harper's Weekly" of April 30. The photographs were sent from Port Arthur the day after the event. They show the scene of the explosion immediately after contact with the mine

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The "Retvisan," on the Rocks, resisting a Japanese Attempt to block the Harbor Entrance



The Wreck of a Japanese Fire-ship sunk near the Entrance to Port Arthur Harbor in an Attempt to block the Channel

PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES CONNECTED WITH THE ATTEMPTS BY JAPANESE TO BLOCK PORT ARTHUR HARBOR

The photographs, just received from Port Arthur, show incidents of the repeated attempts of the Japanese to block the entrance of the harbor at Port Arthur by sinking vessels as obstructions in the channel. In the upper picture, the "Retvisan," which was disabled and sent on the rocks by her commander, is seen firing on one of the ships sent in by the Japanese. The lower photograph shows the result of an ineffectual attempt by the Japanese to block the channel by sinking a fire-ship near the entrance

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John Sharp Williams

A Personal Sketch of the Minority Leader in the House

By Robert H. Watkins

IT was in February last that John Sharp Williams's leadership of the minority in the House of Representatives had so spread his fame that he was widely talked about as of Presidential calibre. An enterprising but unsophisticated young newspaper man sought the Mississippian for information as to any movement in his favor. Mr. Williams, with well-dissembled gravity, assured the reporter that everything was auspicious for his boom. Recent reports from Mississippi, especially, were highly encouraging.

"Toomsuba, Ofanoma, Noxapater, Nanachehaw, Toccopola, Tabbville, and Grubbs Springs, I am told," he said, "are already for me, while I have every reason to believe that I shall have the undivided support of such places as Nittayuma, Wahalak, Bolatusha, Hushpuckena, Pelahatchie, Mittayuma, Estabutchee, Ittabena, Scutch, Chinquapin, Pawtickfaw, Octoc, Leggo, Yellow Rabbit, Chunkey Station, Hambone, Deoxolente, and Whynot."

When the reporter had sufficiently recovered to scrutinize the countenance of the Mississippi statesman, he asked:

"How do you spell those?"

Mr. Williams patiently and with dignified deliberation spelled the words. The reporter took it all down, and went away with a quizzical look, almost as quizzical as that with which the minority leader disappeared within the swinging-doors of the House.

His Rise to Fame

Every Congress, with its political contests, if it does nothing else for it, affords opportunity for distinction to the party of the opposition. It goes without saying that this distinction is most effective for future results in the courage and sagacity of the leadership. The test of the opposition in the Fifty-eighth Congress has been, thus far, exceptionally well met. In John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, it has furnished a leader who has surpassed the expectation of the minority and surprised the complacency of the majority. No opposition leader has become, in as brief a time, so well, widely, and favorably known as the Representative from the Eighth Mississippi District.

Southerner as he is, born and reared in the heart of the South, John Sharp Williams has been more named and praised in the North than any other Southerner who has served in Congress since the civil war. Frank and fair, bold and pugnacious, as ready with magnanimity as with aggression, pitching his democracy on the high plane of the humanities, with a self-poise unruffled by any heat of debate, unshaken by reverse and unspoiled by triumph—these are things which have marked and adorned the Democratic leadership in John Sharp Williams. For these things his political foes have respected and admired him. Loyal, generous, sympathetic, cheerful, and patient under the burdens of responsibility to his friends, he has knit and bound the minority to him by exceptional ties of devotion and implicit trust in his integrity, his judgment, and his resourcefulness. The strength of his leadership has been not merely in magnetism of physical mien and grace. Nature had been a little chary and churlish in dispensing to him the fine factitious parts which equip the orator best. His was not the make-up of a statesman. He was not even ever in dress a "marvellous proper man"; a serene indifference to fashion was his way of meeting the joke nature had played upon him. Above and beyond all this it has been the disclosure of the high character of the man and his versatile abilities which have most impressed the House. He has addressed himself with zeal and animation to every subject and with an adaptable mobility of temperament fit for every phase presented. Throughout all his exercise of versatile performance his followers knew and his adversaries knew where to find the anchor of his political faith.

His "Stand-pat" Speech

Mr. Williams has surprised his friends and enemies in politics alike. If the former were at first a little apprehensive and prepared to make excuses for him, they are now, if anything, given to unreserved exultation over him. As he has met the best debaters of the majority and come out second best in no encounter, they have learned not to underestimate him.

While Mr. Williams has distinguished himself and been of credit to his party in every debate in which he has borne a part during the present Congress, it was to the discussion of the tariff that he brought the best powers of his rare equipment. He showed that he at least knew what he wanted as a Democrat and how to set about getting it. Perhaps his strongest speech of the session recently ended was that of January 21 last, in which he arraigned the Republicans of Congress for their "stand-pat" policy. In this speech Mr. Williams had quoted from the second inaugural address of Governor Cummins his exposition of the "Iowa Idea" as applied to the question of reciprocity with Canada, showing how irreconcilable with the stand-pat policy were the declarations for progress and free trade for the Iowa farmers which came from their Governor. The Mississippian was amplifying the idea that the country was best benefited by expansion of homogeneous populations and contiguous territories, when a Republican member, Mr. Watson of Indiana, sought categorically to commit the minority leader on whether he believed in reciprocity with Canada or absolute free trade with Canada. Mr. Williams's answer was:

"I think the nearer the nations of the earth can come to leaving their commerce totally untrammelled the happier and the better and the more prosperous the entire world would be. But I know what you want. You want to raise up amongst a lot of people the bogey man of free trade! What a terror it is to the highwayman to be faced with fear of having to drop his booty! You know that under the decision of the Supreme Court, setting aside the income tax, no party in this country could get along without a very high rate of import duties, even if it wanted to cut them down."

The Government as a Highwayman

This the Republican protectionists of the House apparently were ready to adopt as an admission justifying their own tariff policy, but Mr. Williams soon destroyed that notion, as he proceeded:

"I will tell you," he said, "just the limits to which we can get along without import duty, just the line of demarcation beyond which your duties are robbery and within which they are legitimate taxation, because they are taxation, and, like all taxation, a necessary evil, after all. You have a right to levy import taxation or any other sort of taxation upon the citizen; you have a right to burden him—it is a burden—you have a right to weigh him down—it is a weighing down—just to the extent of the necessities of a government carried on economically, constitutionally, and effectively, and above that you have no right to do it.

"Above that you not only have no right, but it ceases to be moral; it becomes robbery, a crime under the thin cloak of law. The moment the government takes one dollar out of my pocket that is not needed for public purposes, that government has taken advantage of its power, as a highwayman does, to hold me up and rob me."

Republican speakers, defending the stand-pat policy, had insisted that the tariff should be revised only by "its friends." Mr. Williams emphasized "now" as the "accepted time," and asked the friends of the tariff why they were afraid to tell the American people how and on what principle revision should be had through the party in power.

"Have you a Senator in the majority that is not its friend?" he asked. "Are you afraid that the President of the United States is not its friend?"

In this speech Mr. Williams gave the text for a number of measures introduced by him during the session with the approval of his party associates as showing that the Democrats of the House knew what they wanted and how to ask for it, and how on every proposition the majority, standing pat, was the real party of negation and obstruction to progress, blocking the way of every reform.

Not a Republican member of the House ever attempted to answer Mr. Williams's speech on the stand-pat policy.

America's Two Unwritten Laws

The name of John Sharp Williams has been used seriously by many citizens, even in the North, as that of a suitable candidate for President. The minority leader, who at least has vaunted the virtue of not taking himself too seriously, has always deprecated the suggestion. He remembers, if there were nothing else to constrain him, that he is from one of the old "secession States," and that he is the "son of a rebel soldier."

What his sentiment may be on the subject of the nomination of a Southern man is perhaps best indicated by a speech delivered in the House on January 26 last.

Mr. Boutell of Illinois had descanted upon the prosperity of the South "under the Republican protective tariff." Mr. Williams, replying, contended that the South was indeed prosperous, but prosperous in despite of legislation unfriendly to her interests, and would be "trebly as prosperous but for the indefinite, vague dread of some sort of outside superimposition of Africanization through the Republican party at some day in the future." Then he said:

"I will be still prouder than I am now of the fact that this is a reunited country, and that the South and North stand together, whenever you cease to let ooze out of you unconsciously the conviction down in your hearts that we are not the children, but the stepchildren, of this republic. There are two unwritten laws in America to-day. Gentlemen talk to me about being reunited and all under one government, and proud of it, and we are proud of it and glad of it; but there are two unwritten laws in this country to-day equally unjust. We boast that we have absolute religious freedom and equality, and yet no Roman Catholic, if he were the wisest man in the land, could possibly be nominated for the Presidency; so we boast that we have absolute sectional peace and equality, and you boast your magnanimity, and yet it is a known fact that no Southerner, if he

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were the wisest and most patriotic man in the land, even if he drew the breath of life for the first time as late as 1866 or 1867, after the unpleasantness was over, could be nominated for the Presidency of the United States, or, if nominated, could be elected."

Mr. Williams has also been urged as a proper man to nominate for Vice-President. His friends say that he would rather be the Representative of his district in the House, even without the prospect of leading his party, than be Vice-President of the United States.

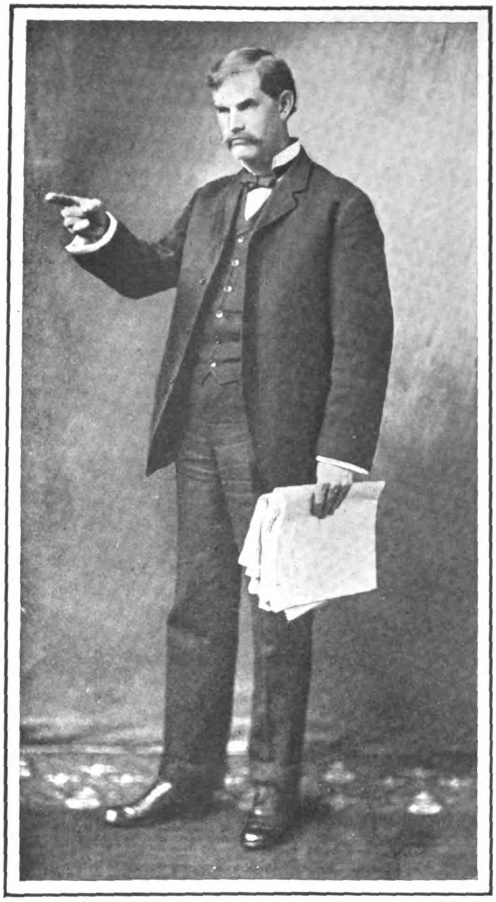
John Sharp Williams was born nearly seven years before the "unpleasantness"—at Memphis, Tennessee, July 30, 1854. He was early provided with ample means for beginning his education. He went first to the Kentucky Military Institute, then to the University of the South at Sewanee, and in 1870 entered the University of Virginia. In 1873 he left this institution for the University of Heidelburg, where he spent about two years in study.

While abroad he also attended lectures at Paris and Dijon, in France.

He returned home in 1876, and again entered the University of Virginia as a law student.

A year later he removed to Memphis to study law, and was there admitted to practise in 1877.

In 1878 he moved to Yazoo City, Mississippi, near which were the large planting interests left by his father's estate. In 1877 he married Miss Elizabeth Dial Webb, a daughter of Dr. Robert Dickens Webb, of Sumter County, Alabama. There were eight children from this marriage, seven of whom are still living.



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John Sharp Williams as he appears in Debate

As showing the stamina of the man, and as, according to those who have longest known him, tending to cast some light upon John Sharp Williams's distinguished disregard for fashionable attire, it is related of him that, having finished his course at the various colleges he had attended at home and abroad and having married, when he went to Mississippi to plant cotton and practise law he found his father's estate very heavily in debt. The young man went to work with the utmost energy, and by perseverance and the most rigid economy lifted the debt burden and freed the fine estate. It was in these days of self-denial, it is said, that Mr. Williams acquired the habit of wearing modest and homely raiment. It has never been as costly as his purse could buy, but his generosity, charity, and conception of duty have induced him to buy better clothes for many another within the circle of his kin and kind.

The descendant of good Anglo-Saxon stock, able to trace an honorable lineage to the earliest settlement of America, with a family name in which he has always cherished a proper pride, John Sharp Williams has exemplified in sentiment and practice a liberality of contemplation of mankind such as is given only to the highest and broadest natures.

The principle of democracy with him is serious, as is his religion, for both embrace his warm-pulsing love of humanity.

In his address made at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard College, James Russell Lowell, defining the aim of that institution, said that the purpose of Harvard was to make every young man who entered its gates a gentleman—"to cultivate in him that good tact which is the conscience of the mind and that conscience which is the good taste of the soul."

Mr. Williams is not a product of New England; he is not a product of Harvard. But the ideal expressed in the words of Lowell is finely exemplified in the mental and moral attainments of this man from Mississippi. He is gentle through and through, and he is manly through and through. He has showed his fellows in temperament, character, and daily walk a warmth of democratic sympathy which is not inseparable from the statuesque calm and suavity of the old-time aristocratic ideal.

The day the House adjourned at the last session of Congress, while members were crowding about Speaker Cannon to say good-by and godspeed for a pleasant vacation, there was a little procession of Republican members who went over to the Democratic side and paid to the leader of the opposition the beautiful homage of praise for a brave, honest, and manly foe. "We are all proud of you," one of them said. And the object of this tribute of manliness to manliness bent his head and blushed like a schoolgirl.

Trials of the War Correspondent

By William Dinwiddie

Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Far East

WIJU, *April 23, 1904.*

LIMPING along the road with blistered feet, dragging their lame horses behind them, several war correspondents pushed on toward the Yalu, nearly forty miles away. The booming of the big guns—the signal of a great land battle—died away just before the sun sank in a murky red bank of mist on the evening of April 20.

To-morrow at daylight the great fight between the Japanese and the Russians would surely take place, and to be desperately tired and hungry, with the knowledge that there was a whole day's hard march between us and the front, caused us to plod along speechlessly, heartsick with disappointment over the situation.

We left the Frenchman at daylight at Syen-chong, twenty-seven miles to the rear, where, thrusting his head out of the paper door of his unfurnished Korean room to see us off, he had announced: "I cannot go on. **Eet eez** deesgusting. I haf not zee towel nor zee soap. I haf nozings at all wiz me. I must stay here and wait for zee canteen." An English correspondent, when out of ear-shot, remarked spitefully: "I never before heard of a Frenchman who could not travel without soap. I thought they never washed," which was an indication of how sorely tried was his usual happy temper.

To return to the road: Tamen was reached after dark, and there remained—or so we had thought—thirty-two miles between us and Wiju. Our spirits rose, however, when it was learned that only twenty miles separated us from the front, and plans were made to get away before daylight and see at least a part of next day's battle.

The sun came up slowly as two men—all that remained of the original party which started from Ping-Yang—pressed onward, chilled to the bone, straining their ears for the first sound of the stunning roll of small arms or the bellow of big guns, as the light grew a little stronger. But we heard nothing save the soughing of a gentle morning breeze in the tops of the scrubby pines along our way. Several hours passed, while the sun warmed us and the continual silence at the front cheered our hearts into the rational conclusion that an hour's firing from a single cannon at sunset the night before had meant some attempt to unmask a position, and not the beginning of a great engagement at all.

What had really happened, as we found out at headquarters in the field some four miles from Wiju, was that the Russians had attempted to send four Chinese junks filled with soldiers across one of the several wide mouths of the Yalu, and, in doing so, had located a whole line of Japanese riflemen buried in trenches on the opposing islands. It is said that sixteen litters were carried up the bank, after their quick repulse, while the Japanese had but one man scraped on the back of the hand by a Russian bullet. In order to protect the retreat of the junks, the Russians opened up with one of their big field-guns, but the shells fell fully a mile behind the screened position of the Japanese.

But, not to anticipate, it should be said that the coolie carriers, between Anju and Syen-chong, had thinned out until all suggestion

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of an army in the advance was lost. As for seeing soldiers, there were apparently none in the whole land of Korea, except the handfuls at the supply garrisons in the towns. Like a shifting scene, however, the effect was all changed beyond this town, when the branch military roads coming from a landing-port known as Na-ma-si and another six miles further on called Ri-ka-ho (port of the pear blossom) were reached. Suddenly, from the top of a hill, the white winding road was filled with crawling ants, miles and miles of them, winding through the villages and over the hill-tops—the wagon-trains of the army; two-wheeled carts by the thousand, carts drawn by men, and carts drawn by horses; pack-trains carrying ammunition; light, four-wheeled carts dragging great sheet-iron pontoons, painted blue on their up-turned bottom and a brick-red on the inside.

The call of the bugle to the cavalry horse, the clang of the fire-gong to the restless animals in an engine-house, must produce a sensation similar to the stimulation of the heart and brain of the professional war correspondent at the sight of rumbling wagon-trains and the hurly-burly of a great army moving forward. At least we were within striking distance of the fighting men of war.

The high-banked road became difficult to travel upon, without danger of being crowded off, at the narrowest places, into the miry fields. When these fields changed to non-irrigated crops, prompt use was made of them by both animals and men, until many hard-beaten paths lay along the roadway, smooth or like corduroy, according to the parallel or transverse trend of the plough furrows.

While the highway was generally of excellent surface and wide enough, in spots, for two carts abreast, there were long reaches barely wide enough for one cart, and the ridges and hollows were a portent of the clayey mixture a few hours' rain could make of the now much-trodden and sun-baked surface.

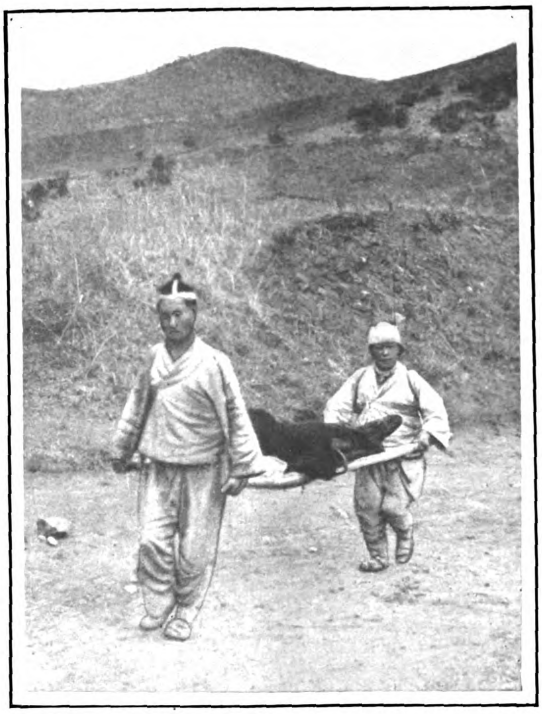
In the event of a hasty retreat through Korea by the Japanese army—or rather if the army became stampeded—it is safe to say that their heavy artillery of six-inch howitzers would first be abandoned, as they have been going painfully forward in short hauls, remaining packed while the limited number of horses available were sent back to bring up the next instalment; then would come their smaller guns, which, surely, in a precipitous flight, would leave the narrow pathways and be overturned in the soggy rice-fields, while the thousands of light one-horse and man carts would litter the highway in a mass of débris. All this, of course, in the event of the plucky Japanese soldier failing to hold tenaciously and fight rear-guard actions from the mountain ridges overtopping the narrow valleys of rice morasses. The country is an ideal one for defensive rather than for offensive tactics, and, even with the avenue of retirement almost limited to a single narrow highway, by means of dogged fighting resistance, the Russians might be held back sufficiently to permit baggage and artillery to move rearward.

So far, I have never seen a piece of artillery exposed, as the barrels and breech mechanism are kept carefully concealed in their oiled-canvas coverings. The light gun—corresponding, I should say, to our 3.2 field-piece—has the gun-barrel swung so low that its centre is below the wheel hubs, giving it great stability on the road. The big six-inch howitzers, with their short barrels, heavy trails fitted with recoil springs and ponderous wheels, make an imposing display, when passing with their six horses and outriders, and their guard of twelve gunners marching at the rear. The small caissons are of the flat-topped usual type of two-wheeled box, but the heavy marching order includes a four-wheeled house, with a hip-roof, for ammunition in quantity.

These howitzers, found packed along the road one day's march from Wiju, were part of the same previously seen by the correspondents at their Korean landing-place, Chinampo, whence they had been transferred by sea to Ri-ka-ho.

The coolie soldiers, working like bees, thousands upon thousands of them, are the happiest soldiers I have ever seen. Laughing, singing, joking, as they struggle forward with heavily loaded carts, or race rearward with the empty vehicles for new burdens from the landing ports. It is claimed that their greatest grievance is that they have to work as coolies, instead of carrying a gun, but if they feel any real sorrow upon this point it does not manifest itself for long at a time. In the middle of the day they sit in groups on the roadside, cleverly conveying the rice from their small oblong lunch-baskets to their mouths with chop-sticks. They appear literally to live on rice, for it is seldom that they are seen nibbling at small pieces of raw fish in the evening. Japanese tea, so much used in weak decoctions by them at home, seems never to be issued to them now. In fact, their life has turned into one continuous round of toil, with unsalted boiled rice three times a day—an existence unleavened except by their own happy temperaments and patriotic souls.

No other soldier on earth would stand for such drudgery at three cents gold a day and plain rice as a steady diet. One can hear the American soldier growl, even yet, at his comparatively regal army ration, demanding certain privileges as a free and independent citizen, and there would be open mutiny if he were worked half as hard, paid as little, and fed on the—to him—starvation rations of the Japanese soldier.



Korean Coolies carrying Japanese Wounded Soldiers to the Rear near Wiju

Again, seldom does the Japanese soldier smoke in the field; possibly now and then a private will be possessed of a box of innocuous Japanese cigarettes and will puff away at half a dozen a day. Strong coffee, smoking and chewing tobacco are stimulants necessary and vital to all Caucasian troops in the field, while the average Jap will work twenty hours out of twenty-four, if necessary, and eat nothing besides rice and now and again a few salted, pickled radishes or turnips, and still keep in fine condition.

There are thousands of casks of saké—the national beverage of Japan—being landed and sent forward, it is said, for issue to the soldiers. The writer has never seen any of it drunk, so far, except by the officers at night in their quarters, and, if it is issued, it must be to the fighting soldiers with whom the headquarters staff have not yet allowed the foreign correspondents to become intimate.

As the front is approached, the better appointment and caretaking of the horses is apparent. When in camp in the scrubby pines of the country they are picketed in lines, two ropes from the nose in each direction being necessary to prevent a general fight from spreading among these fiery, kicking, biting ponies of the Far East. Immense quantities of barley and oats are moving forward, and are fed with fair liberality to the animals, while some little baled hay and straw is seen, but not much, the horseman usually gathering the dry yellow straw of the Korean farmer for his animal's food, and this very dry fodder is eaten ravenously. It should be said that the spring is just sufficiently advanced (the latter part of April) to start the new grass in the fields. As the season advances the grazing question will be settled. The animals of the army are not particularly well groomed, except the horses of the officers and artillerymen, but this is not at all surprising, as using the curry-comb and brush about the legs of these little demons is like playing with dynamite or signing a death-warrant.

It is exceedingly interesting to watch a supply-train of carts, each with its soldier horse-leader, unpack and get into motion, and the same is true of the reverse when they go into camp. The manœuvre is to unwind five hundred or more carts from a compactly built rectangle, whose sides consist of rows of men, horses, and carts as straight as if planted with a corn-planter, into the long, sinuous, single line of the road march. It is like unwinding a piece of folded tape. The movement is orderly and precise, and indicates considerable drill on the part of men and horses. When packed, each wagon has an inverted V-shaped prop which is dropped from its fastening under the front bed of the cart, and which supports it horizontally when the horse is removed. From any of the high hills on our road to Wiju a dozen squares of these mobile wagons could be seen drawn up in the field alongside the road, while the horses nibbled the short winter grass on some near-by wooded knoll, or fumbled about in their nose-bags for the remaining grains of feed.

Within six or seven miles of Wiju, Korean carpenters were cutting down a small pine forest, and, with logs upended and braced in this vertical position, were sawing out boards for the pontoon-bridge-to-be, with their clumsy framed saw whose teeth point in opposite directions from the centre.

To get the heavy artillery forward in the high-hilled country

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which guards the valley of the Yalu, the Japanese have had to do considerable road-building, as the gradients of the old highway are entirely too steep for the easy handling of big guns.

In connection with road-building, it should be said that the engineer corps have had to construct hundreds of bridges, all the way from Seoul to the Korean boundary, a distance of over three hundred miles, and when the short period the army has really been in the field and the dreadful weather of late winter and early spring are taken into consideration, the feat of engineering is a very remarkable one, and reflects much credit on the capacity of the corps for expeditious work.

The large streams are swift and deep, and the spring floods had to be contended with, so that the bridge flooring is often fifteen feet above low water. A very simple system of tripod piling, driven with man-handled drivers, is used. All abutments are made of sand-bags piled into walls, and these same bags are used more firmly to anchor the ends of the piles which stand in the water. The artillery is usually forded, but, at two or three rivers, the bridges have been made especially strong so as to bear the weight of the heavy guns.

The last walled city in our ride to the front was passed before midday; as we climbed through the single dirty street of a few houses in a town which once was populous, we could see, far above us on the sky-line, a ceaseless procession of army stores passing through the great stone gate of the steep-sloped hill. Twice in ten years has Japan passed through this moss-grown and crumbling barrier in martial panoply, this last time with every device known to thoroughly modern warfare, and she is to meet, beyond what was once a formidable fortification protecting Korea, her first really great enemy in a conflict for national supremacy.

This old wall—older than the Christian era—which has been stormed and stoned and taken and retaken, is to have its very blocks, which have resisted valiantly the strife of conflict and the stress of age so long, shaken to their foundations by the reverberation of great cannon hurling bursting pots of fire for miles, such as were never dreamed of by the ancient race who, screaming with frenzy on the wall above, cast devilish burning pitch upon the mailed heads of an ascending foe.

Over the last rise the purpled Manchurian hills rose mistily beyond a river silvered by a western sun—no, not a single river, but a dozen great silver threads winding about many tree-covered islands to the great ball of the sea, blazing in the afternoon light, in one direction, and to a single bright thread, made up of the strands of all the others, in the other direction to the north. Hail to the beautiful Yalu, flanked by its formidable hills hiding among their crannies and folds grim destroyers of men! A peaceful, pastoral, limpid valley, watched over by opposing monsters crying for human blood! But to-day, at least, one might enjoy the sea, the river, and the broad fields growing green below.

As the divide was crossed it was noted that the left-hand side of the road displayed a remarkable growth of pine-trees, planted closely together at its edge and forming a continuous row on all the high places, but breaking away when the highway dipped behind the hills. It took several minutes to discover that this was a screen built by the Japanese to cover the movements of their troops into the Wiju Valley. There are miles of these carefully built tree shelters, and they give an indication of how painstakingly and secretively Japan is working up on her enemy in the hope that her final spring will land her straight at the throat of her prey.

A little sign-board on the right, so the interpreter said, proclaimed the bypath as leading to the headquarters of the First Army Corps. The scattered soldiers whom we met now and then knew less as to the whereabouts of these same headquarters than the soldiers of any army I have ever seen, and evidenced less curiosity about them, but finally a military messenger pointed out a beautiful clump of cedars on a sloping hill as the place. As the crow flies it was two miles away, but as the road ran—with all its miserable twists and wanderings, sometimes in exactly the wrong direction—it was a long tiresome five miles.

A headquarters without a flag is on a par with the feeling among Japanese military staffs that it is best not to be photographed or to make public the names of the men who control a corps.

There was no suggestion that headquarters was reached, beyond the small road sign at the turning of a foot-path from a larger foot-path. No colors over the group of Korean temples in the sacred grove, and yet inside was the commanding general of the central and western army sections and one of the many princes of Japan, as well as a whole army staff, in full working order, including Captain Okada, the specially appointed protector and nurse for foreign correspondents.

There are two political schools in Japan to-day; one, the old conservative who wants no new-fangled reforms and hates the foreigners on the principle that what was good enough for my ancestors is good enough for me, and the other, the liberal who dislikes the foreigner, but takes advantage of every suggestion, invention, and development offered by modern civilization.

A man of the first party never receives a foreigner if he can help it, while a representative of the second is apt to courteously cultivate his acquaintance.

With this explanation, it may be said that headquarters received the worn and tired correspondents, as they came in from a two-hundred-mile ride prescribed for them, with a keen sense of humor, by the Japanese government, with a frozen stare and politely icy civility.

Our records were looked up by Captain Okada, who is really a very pleasant chap, but, like all officials without much rank, servile to a degree to the officers who outrank him. We were permitted to keep our passports—now riddled with the Japanese vermilion seals of the various offices through which we had passed *en route*. A small pamphlet was handed us whose title read "Regulations for Press Correspondents. The First Army Headquarters."

Here, then, at last, was the sequel of the first orders received in Tokyo. These regulations are a joy forever to every one except a war correspondent, and even he hopes to be able to smile about them before he dies.

Some of our English friends took article 4 very much to heart, This choice bit says, "Press correspondents should look and behave decently, and should never do anything disorderly." Why the chap who takes a bath in his field canvas tub every morning and never misses a daily shave should feel affront at this paragraph it is difficult to see.

The following article is also a gem, and may be taken as a caution to the big foreign giants to tread gingerly among the little soldiers: "Press correspondents should take care not to do anything harmful to the troops and never enter the office rooms of the Headquarters."

Probably it is the most unique set of instructions ever issued by a government to correspondents, and it contains such ironclad restrictions that nothing is left to the newsman except his dessicated brains. He cannot go anywhere without his military chaperon. He can write nothing except those things practically chosen for him by the press censor.

Such was our introduction to headquarters, and after travelling more than two miles over ploughed fields and along rice-dikes to the swamp-surrounded group of extremely dirty mud hovels, which were set aside for what the general staff in Tokyo has been pleased to call "The distinguished foreign correspondents," we were quite prepared to meet two hungry and unhappy English correspondents, who had raced to the front without food or personal effects, and to find them eking out existence on a handful of rice each day, though the preliminary regulations state that officers' rations will be issued to correspondents.

Our hearts sank at the prospect, and it was a great fall from the hospitable treatment we had received from garrison commanders along the line of march, we had strained their limited larders to furnish us with excellent food, and who had cleaned up temples for us to live in. We meekly crawled into some straw

(Continued on page 989.)

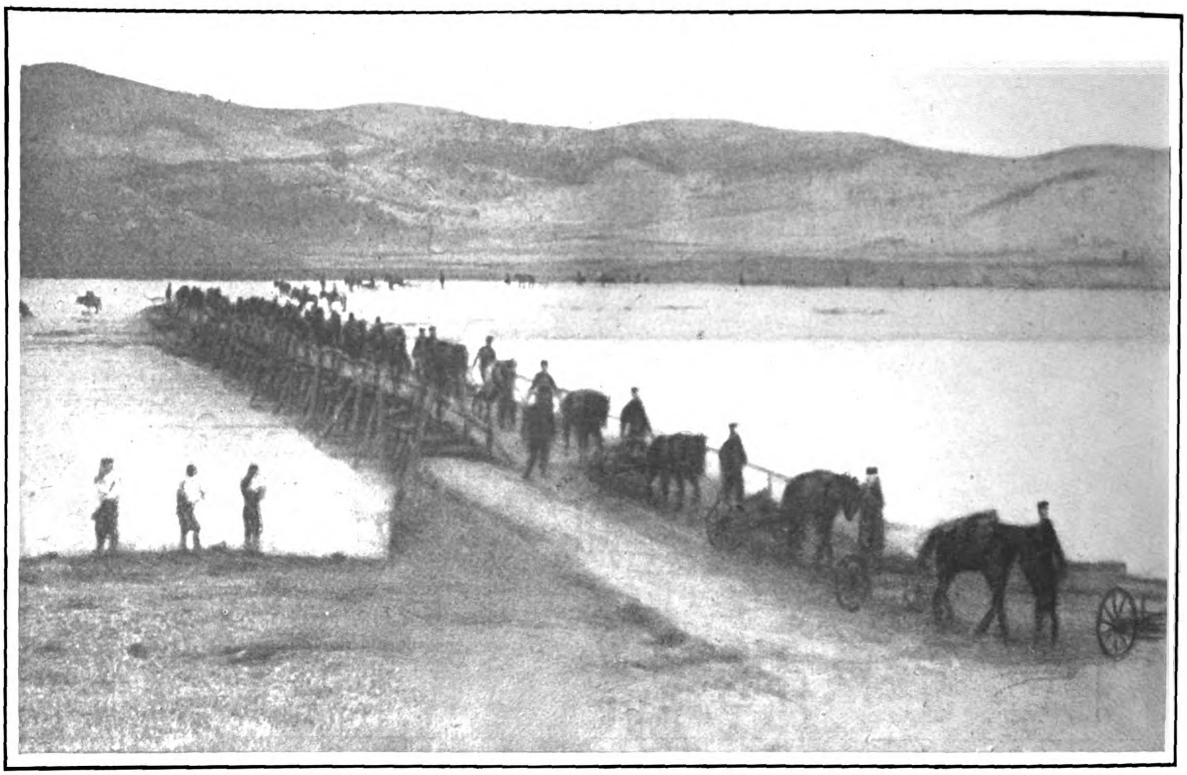


The Japanese Commissary Department in the Field—Boiling Rice for the Troops near Wiju



A Group of War Correspondents in Front of the Korean House assigned them by the Japanese Authorities at Wiju

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A Pack-train crossing one of the recently constructed Military Bridges near Wiju



An Ammunition-train on the Road in the Neighborhood of Wiju

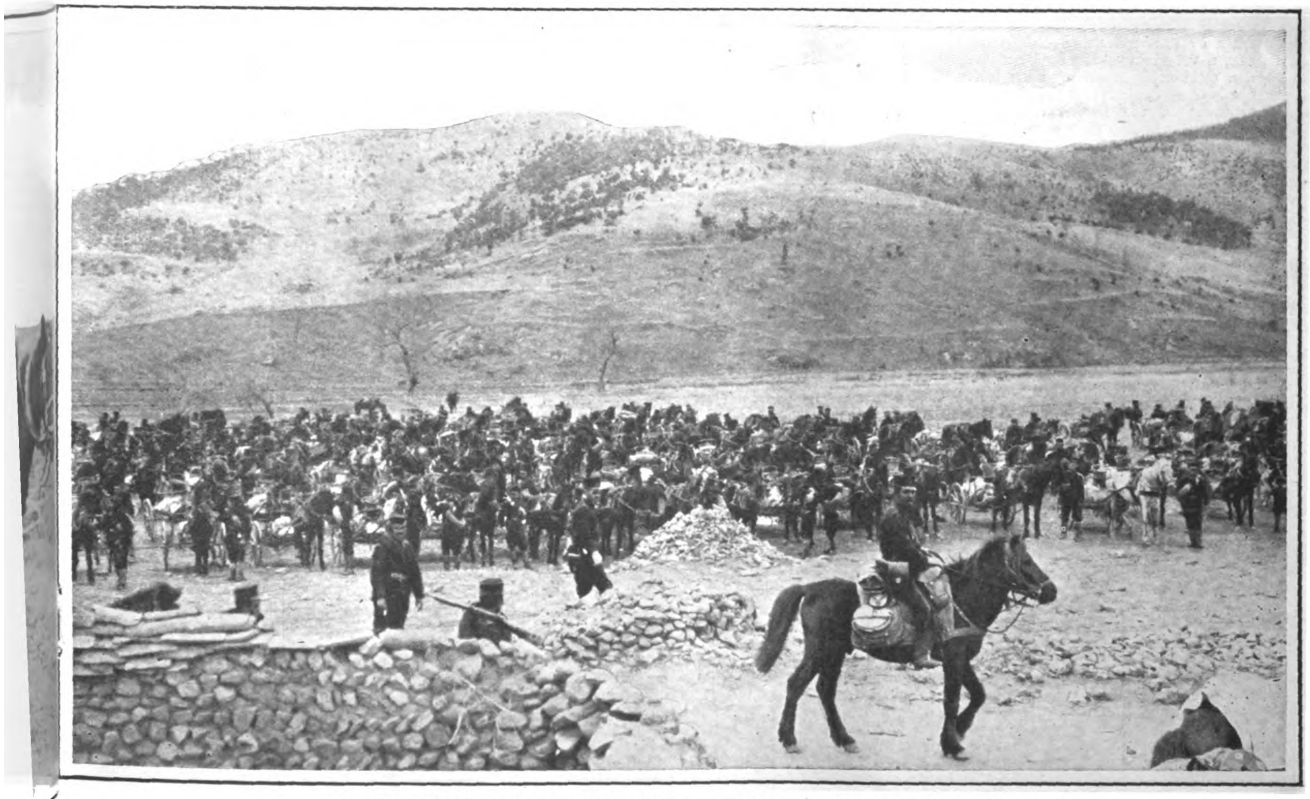
THE JAPANESE ARMY ON THE MARCH—PHOTO

In the interesting letter from William Dinwiddie, one of the "Weekly's" special corresp of the ceaseless movement of the Japanese army, with its troops and supplies, throug snap-shots taken near Wiju, and show how the Japanese are solving the problem of tra

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Japanese Heavy Artillery going forward Ten Miles from Wiju



Horse Supply-carts massed near Wiju, ready to receive the Order to March

OGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

pondents in the Far East, which begins on page 971 of this issue, the writer tells
gh northern Korea to the scene of action in Manchuria. The photographs are
ransporting their land forces from the Korean sea-ports to the Manchurian interior

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THE CLUB OF QUEER TRADES

The Noticeable Conduct of Prof. Chadd

by

G·K·CHESTERTON

Part I.

BASIL GRYCE had comparatively few friends besides myself; yet he was the reverse of an unsociable man. He would talk to any one anywhere, and talk not only well but with perfectly genuine concern and enthusiasm for that person's affairs. He went through the world, as it were, as if he were always on the top of an omnibus or waiting for a train. Most of these chance acquaintances, of course, vanished into darkness out of his life. A few here and there got hooked on to him, so to speak, and became his lifelong intimates, but there was an accidental look about all of them as if they were windfalls, samples taken at random, goods fallen from a goods train or presents fished out of a bran-pie. One would be, let us say, a veterinary surgeon with the appearance of a jockey; another, a mild prebendary with a white beard and vague views; another a young captain in the Lancers, seemingly exactly like other captains in the Lancers; another, a small dentist from Fulham, in all reasonable certainty precisely like every other dentist from Fulham. Major Brown, small, dry, and dapper, was one of these; Basil had made his acquaintance over a discussion in a hotel cloak-room about the right hat, a discussion which reduced the little major almost to a kind of masculine hysterics, the compound of the selfishness of an old bachelor and the scrupulosity of an old maid. They had gone home in a cab together and then dined with each other twice a week until they died. I myself was another. I had met Gryce while he was still a judge on the balcony of the National Liberal Club, and exchanged a few words about the weather. Then we had talked for about half an hour about politics and God; for men always talk about the most important things to total strangers. It is because in the total stranger we perceive man himself; the image of God is not disguised by resemblances to an uncle or doubts of the wisdom of a mustache.

One of the most interesting of Basil's motley group of acquaintances was Professor Chadd. He was known to the ethnological world (which is a very interesting world, but a long way off this one) as the second greatest, if not the greatest, authority on the relations of savages to language. He was known to the neighborhood of Hart Street, Bloomsbury, as a bearded man with a bald head, spectacles, and a patient face, the face of an unaccountable non-conformist who had forgotten how to be angry. He went to and fro between the British Museum and a selection of blameless tea-shops, with an armful of books and a poor but honest umbrella. He was never seen without the books and the umbrella, and was supposed (by the lighter wits of the Persian MS. room) to go to bed with them in his little brick villa in the neighborhood of Shepherd's Bush. There he lived with three sisters, ladies of solid goodness, but sinister demeanor. His life was happy, as are almost all the lives of methodical students, but one would not have called it exhilarating. His only hours of exhilaration occurred when his friend Basil Gryce came into the house, late at night, a tornado of conversation.

Basil, though close on sixty, had moods of boisterous babyishness, and these seemed for some reason or other to descend upon him, particularly in the house of his studious and almost dingy friend. I can remember vividly (for I was acquainted with both men and often dined with them) the gayety of Gryce on that particular evening when the strange calamity fell upon the professor. Professor Chadd was, like most of his particular class and type (the class that is at once academic and middle-class), a Radical of a solemn and old-fashioned type. Gryce was a Radical himself, but he was that more discriminating and not uncommon type of Radical who passes most of his time in abusing the Radical party. Chadd had just contributed to a magazine an article called "Zulu Interests and the New Makango Frontier," in which a precise scientific report of his study of the customs of the people of Tchaka was reinforced by a severe protest against certain interference with those customs both by the British and the Germans. He was sitting with the magazine in front of him, the lamplight shining on his spectacles, a wrinkle in his forehead, not of anger, but of perplexity, as Basil Gryce strode up and down the room, shaking it with his voice, with his high spirits, and his heavy tread.

"It's not your opinions that I object to, my esteemed Chadd," he was saying, "it's you. You are quite right to champion the Zulus, but for all that you do not sympathize with them. No doubt you know the Zulu way of cooking tomatoes and the Zulu prayer before blowing one's nose; but for all that you don't understand them as well as I do, who don't know an assegai from an alligator. You are more learned, Chadd, but I am more Zulu. Why is it that the jolly old barbarians of this earth are always championed by people who are their antithesis? Why is it? You are sagacious, you are benevolent, you are well informed, but, Chadd, you are not savage. Live no longer under that rosy illusion. Look in the glass. Ask your sisters. Consult the librarian of the British Museum. Look at this umbrella." And he held up that sad but still respectable article. "Look at it. For ten mortal years to my certain knowledge you have carried that object under your arm, and I have no sort of doubt that you carried it at the age of eight months, and it never occurred to you to give one wild yell and hurl it like a javelin—thus—"

And he sent the umbrella whizzing past the professor's bald head so that it knocked over a pile of books with a crash and left a vase rocking.

Professor Chadd appeared totally unmoved, with his face still lifted to the lamp and the wrinkle cut in his forehead.

"Your mental processes," he said, "always go a little too fast. And they are stated without method. There is no kind of inconsistency"—and no words can convey the time he took to get to the end of this word—"between valuing the right of the aborigines to adhere to their stage in the evolutionary process, so long as they find it congenial and requisite to do so. There is, I say, no inconsistency between this concession which I have just described to you and the view that the evolutionary stage in question is, nevertheless, so far as we can form any estimate of values in the variety of cosmic processes, definable in some degree as an inferior evolutionary stage."

Nothing but his lips had moved as he spoke, and his glasses still shone like two pallid moons.

Gryce was shaking with laughter as he watched him.

"True," he said, "there is no inconsistency, my son of the red spear. But there is a great deal of incompatability of temper. I am very far from being certain that the Zulu is on an inferior evolutionary stage, whatever the blazes that may mean. I do not think there is anything stupid or ignorant about howling at the moon or being afraid of devils in the dark. It seems to me perfectly philosophical. Why should a man be thought a sort of idiot because he feels the mystery and peril of existence itself? Suppose, my dear Chadd, suppose it is we who are the idiots because we are not afraid of devils in the dark?"

Professor Chadd slit open a page of the magazine with a bone paper-knife and the intent reverence of the bibliophile.

"Beyond all question," he said, "it is a terrible hypothesis. I allude to the hypothesis which I understand you to entertain, that our civilization is not or may not be an advance upon, and indeed (if I apprehend you) is, or may be a retrogression from states identical with or analogous to the state of the Zulus. Moreover, I shall be inclined to concede that such a preposition is of the nature, in some degree at least of a primary preposition, and cannot adequately be argued, in the same sense, I mean, that the primary proposition of pessimism, or the primary proposition of the non-existence of matter cannot adequately be argued. But

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I do not conceive you to be under the impression that you have demonstrated anything more concerning this proposition than that it is tenable, which, after all, amounts to little more than the statement that it is not a contradiction in terms."

Basil threw a book at his head and took out a cigar.

"You don't understand," he said, "but, on the other hand, as a compensation, you don't mind smoking. Why you don't object to that disgustingly barbaric rite I can't think. I can only say that I began it when I began to be a Zulu, about the age of ten. What I maintained was that although you knew more about Zulus in the sense that you are a scientist, I know more about them in the sense that I am a savage. For instance, your theory of the origin of language, something about its having come from the formulated secret language of some individual creature, though you knocked me silly with facts and scholarship in its favor, still does not convince me, because I have a feeling that that is not the way that things happen. If you ask me why I think so I can only answer that I am a Zulu; and if you ask me (as you most certainly will) what is my definition of a Zulu, I can answer that also. He is one who has climbed a Sussex apple-tree at seven and been afraid of a ghost in an English lane."

"Your process of thought," began the immovable Chadd, but his speech was interrupted. His sister, with that masculinity which always in such families concentrates in sisters, flung open the door with a rigid arm and said:

"James, Mr. Bingham of the British Museum wants to see you again."

The philosopher rose with the dazed look which always indicates in such men the fact that they regard philosophy as a familiar thing, but practical life as a weird and unnerving vision, and walked dubiously out of the room.

"I hope you do not mind my being aware of it, Miss Chadd," said Basil Gryce, "but I hear that the British Museum has recognized one of the men who have deserved well of their commonwealth. It is true, is it not, that Professor Chadd is likely to be made keeper of Asiatic manuscripts?"

The grim face of the spinster betrayed a great deal of pleasure and a great deal of pathos also. "I believe it's true," she said. "If it is, it will not only be great glory, which women, I assure you, feel a great deal, but great relief, which they feel more; relief from worry from a lot of things. James's health has never been good, and while we are as poor as we are he had to do journalism and coaching, in addition to his own dreadful grinding notions and discoveries, which he loves more than man, woman, or child. I have often been afraid that unless something of this kind occurred we should really have to be careful of his brain. But I believe it is practically settled."

"I am delighted," began Basil, but with a worried face, "but these red-tape negotiations are so terribly chancy that I really can't advise you to build on hope, only to be hurled down into bitterness. I've known men, and good men like your brother, come nearer than this and be disappointed. Of course, if it is true—"

"If it is true," said the woman, fiercely, "it means that people who have never lived may make an attempt at living."

Even as she spoke the professor came into the room still with the mazed look in his eyes.

"Is it true?" asked Basil, with burning eyes.

"Not a bit true," answered Chadd after a moment's bewilderment. "Your argument was in three points fallacious."

"What do you mean?" demanded Gryce.

"Well," said the professor, slowly, "in saying that you could possess a knowledge of the essence of Zulu life distinct from—"

"Oh! damn Zulu life," cried Gryce, with a burst of laughter. "I mean have you got the post?"

"You mean the post of keeper of the Asiatic manuscripts," he said, opening his eye with childlike wonder. "Oh yes, I got that. But the real objection to your argument, which has only, I admit, occurred to me since I have been out of the room, is that it does not merely presuppose a Zulu truth apart from the facts, but infers that the discovery of it is absolutely impeded by the facts."

"I am crushed," said Basil, and sat down to laugh, while the professor's sister retired to her room, possibly to laugh, possibly not.

It was extremely late when we left the Chadd's, and it is an extremely long and tiresome journey from Shepherd's Bush to Lambeth. This may be our excuse for the fact that we (for I was stopping the night with Gryce) got down to breakfast next day at a time inexpressibly criminal, a time, in point of fact, close upon noon. Even to that belated meal we came in a very lounging and leisurely fashion. Gryce, in particular, seemed so dreamy at table that he scarcely saw the pile of letters by his plate, and I doubt if he would have opened any of them if there had not lain on the top that one thing which has succeeded amid modern carelessness in being really urgent and coercive—a telegram. This he opened with the same heavy distraction with which he broke his egg and drank his tea. When he read it he did not stir a hair or say a word, but something I know not what made me feel that the motionless figure had been pulled together suddenly as strings are tightened on a slack guitar. Though he said nothing and did not move, I knew that he had been for an instant cleared and sharpened with a shock of cold water. It was scarcely any surprise to me when the man who had drifted sullenly to his seat and fallen into it, kicked it away like a cur from under him and came round to me in two strides.

"What do you make of that?" he said, and flattened out the wire in front of me.

It ran: "Please come at once. James's mental state dangerous. Chadd."

"What does the woman mean?" I said after a pause, irritably. "Those women have been saying that the poor old professor was mad ever since he was born."

"You are mistaken," said Gryce, composedly. "It is true that all sensible women think all studious men mad. It is true, for the matter of that, all women of any kind think all men of any kind mad. But they don't put it in telegrams, any more than they wire you that grass is green or God all-mereiful. These things are truisms, and often private ones at that. If Miss Chadd has written down under the eye of a strange woman in a post-office that her brother is off his head you may be perfectly certain that she did it because it was a matter of life and death, and she can think of no other way of forcing us to come promptly."

"It will force us, of course," I said, smiling.

"Oh yes," he replied; "there is a cab-rank near."

Basil scarcely said a word as we drove across Westminster Bridge, through Trafalgar Square, along Piccadilly, and up the Uxbridge Road. Only as he was opening the gate he spoke.

"I think you may take my word for it, my friend," he said; "this is one of the most queer and complicated and astounding incidents that ever happened in London or, for that matter, in any high civilization."

"I confess with the greatest sympathy and reverence that I don't quite see it," I said. "Is it so very extraordinary or complicated that a dreamy somnolent old invalid who has always walked on the borders of the inconceivable should go mad under the shock of great joy? Is it so very extraordinary that a man with a head like a turnip and a soul like a spider's web should not find his strength equal to a confounding change of fortunes? Is it, in short, so very extraordinary that James Chadd should lose his wits from excitement?"

"It would not be extraordinary in the least," answered Basil, with placidity. "It would not be extraordinary in the least," he repeated, "if the professor had gone mad. That was not the extraordinary circumstance to which I referred."

"What," I asked, stamping my foot, "was the extraordinary thing?"

"The extraordinary thing," said Basil, ringing the bell, "is that he has not gone mad from excitement."

The tall and angular figure of the eldest Miss Chadd blocked the doorway as the door opened. Two other Miss Chadds seemed in the same way to be blocking the narrow passage and the little parlor. There was a general sense of their keeping something from view. They seemed like three black-clad ladies in some strange play of Maeterlinck, veiling the catastrophe from the audience in the manner of the Greek chorus.

"Sit down, won't you," said one of them, in a voice that was somewhat rigid with pain. "I think you had better be told first what has happened."

Then, with her bleak face looking unmeaningly out of the window, she continued, in an even and mechanical voice:

"I had better state everything that occurred just as it occurred. This morning I was clearing away the breakfast things, my sisters were both somewhat unwell, and had not come down. My brother had just gone out of the room, I believe, to fetch a book. He came back again, however, without it, and stood for some time staring at the empty grate. I said, 'Were you looking for anything I could get?' He did not answer, but this constantly happens, as he is often very abstracted. I repeated my question, and still he did not answer. Sometimes he is so wrapped up in his studies that nothing but a touch on the shoulder would make him aware of one's presence, so I came round the table towards him. I really do not know how to describe the sensation which I then had. It seems simply silly, but at the moment it seemed something enormous, upsetting one's brain. The fact is James was standing on one leg."

Gryce smiled slowly and rubbed his hands with a kind of care.

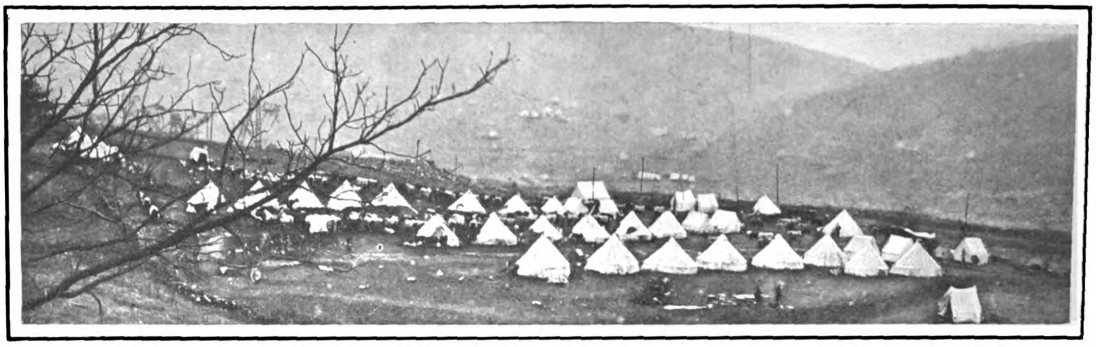
"Standing on one leg?" I repeated.

"Yes," replied the dead voice of the woman, without an inflection to suggest that she felt the fantasticality of her statement. "He was standing on the left leg and had the right drawn up at a sharp angle, the toe pointing downwards. I asked him if his leg hurt him. His only answer was to shoot the leg straight at right angles to the other, as if pointing with his toe to the wall. He was still looking quite gravely at the fireplace.

"'James, what is the matter?' I cried out, for I was thoroughly frightened. James gave three kicks in the air with the right leg, flung up the other, gave three kicks in the air with it also, and spun round like a teetotum the other way. 'Are you mad?' I cried. 'Why don't you answer me?' He had come to a standstill, facing me, and was looking at me as he always does, with his lifted eyebrows and great spectacled eyes. When I had spoken he remained a second or two motionless, and then his only reply was to lift his left foot slowly from the floor and describe circles with it in the air. I rushed to the door and shouted for Christina. I will not dwell on the dreadful hours that followed. All three of us talked to him, ran after him, tried to soothe him, tried to rouse him, implored him to speak to us with appeals that might have brought back the dead, but he has done nothing but hop and dance and kick with a solemn silent face. It looks as if his legs belonged to some one else or were possessed by devils. He has never spoken to us from that time to this."

To be Concluded.

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General View of the Military Encampment at Cripple Creek

The Labor Crisis in Colorado: Cripple Creek

By Charlotte Teller

ON June 6 twelve non-union miners were killed and seven wounded by the explosion of a charge of dynamite at the Independence railroad station near Cripple Creek, Colorado. This is only one incident in the troubles between the metalliferous miners and the mine-owners of Colorado which have now extended over a period of sixteen months.

The Western Federation of Miners, who have a membership in the State of at least 40,000, show no signs of yielding, and the mine-owners show no sign of giving up the fight, although they are now losing heavily. The federation realizes that to yield now means a much worse defeat than at any other time of the strike, and the mine-owners realize that for them to yield means a recognition of their opponents' power which they are loath to give.

The original difference in February, 1903—the demand of the employees that union men should not be discriminated against—has not been lost sight of at any time. It is a fight between those who believe in the union principles and those who do not. The Western Federation and its sympathizers are lined up against the Mine-Owners' Association and the Citizens' Alliance. The Citizens' Alliance of the State claims a membership of 40,000, and numbers many influential persons within its secret domain. The Mine-Owners' Association is very wealthy, and represents capital from all parts of the country and England. It has brought in several hundred strike-breakers—non-union miners—and has subscribed to the support of the Citizens' Alliance. It has several attorneys in its employ. On the other hand, the Western Federation is said to have several millions as a reserve fund; it has supported the striking miners, opened stores and restaurants, leased a coal-mine or two, and paid several attorneys to defend its members in court, and to bring damage suits for them whenever it was feasible.

The maintenance of the militia will cost the State of Colorado something over a million dollars. As the population of Colorado is not more than 500,000, the strike is becoming an expensive thing for the individuals all over the State, whether or not they are directly concerned.

The damage suits being brought against the Governor of Colorado already amount to $400,000, and those against the adjutant-general and the higher officers to $600,000. The expense of the strike is of importance, but it does not seem to hinder either side from continuing without regard to it. The questions at issue are of greater magnitude.

The first trouble in the Cripple Creek district began February 14, 1904. Just previous to that time the men had been unionized in the mills at Colorado City. The mill managers had then discharged all union members, and after several conferences in which no settlement was reached the mill-men struck. The employees also asked an increase, and objected to the compulsory insurance, for which they were assessed five cents a day. On the 3d of March the Governor of Colorado gave the following order to the adjutant-general:

"Ordered.—It being made to appear to me by the sheriff of El Paso County and other good and reputable citizens of Colorado City, and that vicinity in said county, that there is a tumult threatened, and that a body of men are acting together by force with attempt to commit felonies and to offer violence to persons and property in the said town of Colorado City, and that vicinity, and by force and violence to break and resist the laws of the State, and that the sheriff of El Paso County is unable to preserve and maintain order and secure obedience to the laws and protect life and property and to secure the citizens of the State in their rights, privileges, and safety under the constitution and laws of this State, in such cases made and provided, I, therefore, direct you, in pursuance of the power vested in me by the constitution and laws of the State, to direct the brigadier-general commanding the National Guard of Colorado to forthwith order out such troops to immediately report to the sheriff of that county in the enforcement of the laws and constitution of this State, and in maintaining peace and order."

When the citizens of Colorado City heard that the militia had been ordered there the council met, and the following telegram was sent:

"GOVERNOR PEABODY.—It is understood that the militia has been ordered to our town. For what purpose we do not know, as there is no disturbance here of any kind. There has been no disturbance more than a few occasional brawls since the strike began, and we respectfully protest against an army being placed in our midst. A delegation of business men will call on you tomorrow with a formal protest of the citizens of the city."

This telegram was signed by the Mayor, the chief of police, and the city attorney. The protest which followed was signed by more than 600 persons, but no attention was paid to either the telegram or the petition, and no personal investigation was made of the conditions existing in the place; the "brawls" mentioned were fist-fights on the streets of the town, and there were no firearms in evidence, nor, as far as was known, in the possession of the striking miners.

The soldiers closed the saloons and confiscated the tents of the union pickets. Later the Governor made a tour of the mills, interviewed the strike-breakers, and held a reception at Colorado Springs. The union men agreed to arbitrate, but the employers said there was nothing to arbitrate. After some delay, however, two of the three mills acceded to the demands of the men, which were: 1, an eight-hour day, except in the sampling rooms, where a day of ten hours is allowed; 2, no discrimination against union men; 3, a reinstatement of the men on strike; and 4, a conference on the wage scale.

The Standard Mill did not agree to these conditions, and so prolonged the fight, but after the men went back to work for the other two mills the militia were recalled from Colorado City, and the first act of the labor drama was closed.

The officials of the Western Federation then went up into the hills, where the mines themselves were, and gave notice to the mine managers at Cripple Creek that if ore were shipped from their mines to the Standard mills the miners would be called out on strike. All the managers except two agreed to send their ore to the union mills. Managers employing 550 men agreed to the demands of the federation; the other managers, employing 863 men, refused.

In this Cripple Creek district there are some 300 properties. Only thirty of these produce more than $100,000 a year. The Portland heads the list with an annual production of $2,500,000. This mine is unionized, and ran until June 9, when it was closed by the troops under General Bell. The chief owner said that he found it paid him to meet the union squarely and come to an understanding of any question that might arise. He found it more economical to recognize the union than to fight it. But his stand aroused hostility among his business competitors, and he would probably have suffered some business embarrassment did he not own his own mine at Colorado City and a large amount of stock in the railroad which carries the ore on its three-hour trip from mine to mill.

The Independence Mine, located near the Portland, is a close second in annual production; and the other mines of which one hears the most are the Vindicator, the Strong, the Gold Coin, and the Ajax.

After the settlement of the Colorado City trouble there was no event to attract public attention until August, when the members of the Western Federation of Miners who were employed in Cripple Creek and Victor were called out because, as it was said, the mine managers continued to send their ore to the non-union mill, the Standard, at Colorado City. While this was the immediate cause, the cause behind lay in the conditions which had existed since 1894, when the big strike contracts were made between the employees and employers. The employees claimed that in so many respects were these contracts broken by the mine-owners that the time had come for readjustment. They struck.

From the very first the strike was a peaceable one, but the mine-owners did not like to bring in the necessary hundreds of strike-breakers without some protection, so they appealed to the Governor, and he at once, in September, sent in troops. The mines

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opened with a considerable force of men, most of whom, however, were not skilled miners, and therefore not satisfactory. The work went on peaceably, and as some of the citizens of the district were entering protests against the presence of the militia, both on the ground that it resulted in false impressions elsewhere, and on the ground that the militia itself was a disturbing, if not a riotous, element in the place, the Governor consented to withdraw the troops.

This was early in November. The day before the departure of the military force there was a terrible disaster at the Vindicator Mine. An explosion of dynamite killed two men, one of whom was the superintendent. At once public indignation ran high. It was given out to the press that evidence had been found which pointed to a union conspiracy. Union men were arrested. The coroner's jury found only mystery in the case, and could attach no blame to any persons or party. But it served to draw a reinforcement of the troops already on the ground. When this case finally came up in court there was absolutely no evidence that could implicate any one, and the case was dismissed March 7.

Excitement ran high when shortly after the Vindicator disaster there was an attempt (November 17) to destroy the track of the Florence and Cripple Creek Railroad within a short distance of the camps. On the train, which it was probably the intention to wreck, were at least 200 persons—miners, non-union and union. For some reason, deputies who were riding on the engine got off at a curve in the road and ran ahead to inspect the track. They saw, 200 yards away, two men taking spikes out of the rails. The attempt to wreck the train was a failure. No lives were lost.

Among the men arrested on the charge of conspiracy to destroy life by the derailment was Sherman Parker, the president of the union in this district. After his arrest he was two months in the county jail. Then the civil authorities decided they had no cause to hold him and he was released. As soon as he appeared on the street he was arrested by the military authorities and taken to the "bull-pen." Habeas corpus proceedings freed him after a month or two there, and he was out on a bail of $19,000. The charge of assault with attempt to murder was then brought against him, and he was taken to the jail again. No one appeared against him, and the judge discharged him. On the steps of the court-house he was once more arrested by the officers and taken to the "bull-pen," where he stayed until March. Then the case came up in the district court, and it was found that he had had no connection in any way with it. The conflict between civil and military authorities was clearly shown in this one instance. For the civil courts dismissed him at once, declaring him innocent, but under the interpretation of the martial law he could still be arrested and subjected to the discomforts and hardships of military imprisonment.

This "bull-pen" near Camp Goldfield in the Cripple Creek district has been for months the most vital point in the State and in the situation. Most of the suspected miners have been thrown in there—even to the crowding of sixty of them into its small area at one time. And many of the damage suits will centre about it even after it is torn down. It is within hailing distance of the Independence, the Vindicator, and the Portland mines. The camp is made up of "tepee" tents and odd frame houses covered on the outside with red paper. Except for the barred windows, the "bull-pen" looks like the other structures of the camp, though not quite so large as the commissary department, the stables, or the mess-house. It is perhaps fifteen by thirty-five feet and has but one door—padlocked—and two windows. At one end there is a bunk filled with straw and covered by an army blanket; at the other end a bench which must be used for both seat and table. The only other article in the room was a stove. When the military official showed me in I found but one occupant—Sherman Parker.

Since last November there have been anywhere from 300 to 1000 of the militia stationed at Camp Goldfield, and the maintenance of the post has cost from $700 to $2500 a day. Yet there was nothing but the most primitive accommodations for the militia. The "tepee" tents each had one stove in the centre and four wide bunks on the sides. Each tent holds eight persons, and has held as many as sixteen. There are no seats or tables, and the occupants were only supposed to come in at night.

Another case of some importance in this district is that of ex-Congressman John M. Glover, of Missouri. When an order was sent out by Colonel Verdeckburg that all firearms should be brought to military headquarters, Mr. Glover wrote to the colonel and said that he should retain his arms as the Constitution of the United States permitted him to. But the colonel insisted that the Constitution had nothing to do with the case, and sent an officer and several privates to the office of Mr. Glover, who is a lawyer in Cripple Creek. Finding the door locked the officer in charge ordered two of the boys to barricade it from the outside and so starve the occupant out. As they were doing this Glover fired, and the officer fired back and shot him through the wrist. He then opened his door and was arrested and taken to the "bull-pen." He has appealed his case, and hopes to reach the Supreme Court and there prove that the proclamation of martial law by the Governor of Colorado was unconstitutional. He claims that he was entitled to resist by force.

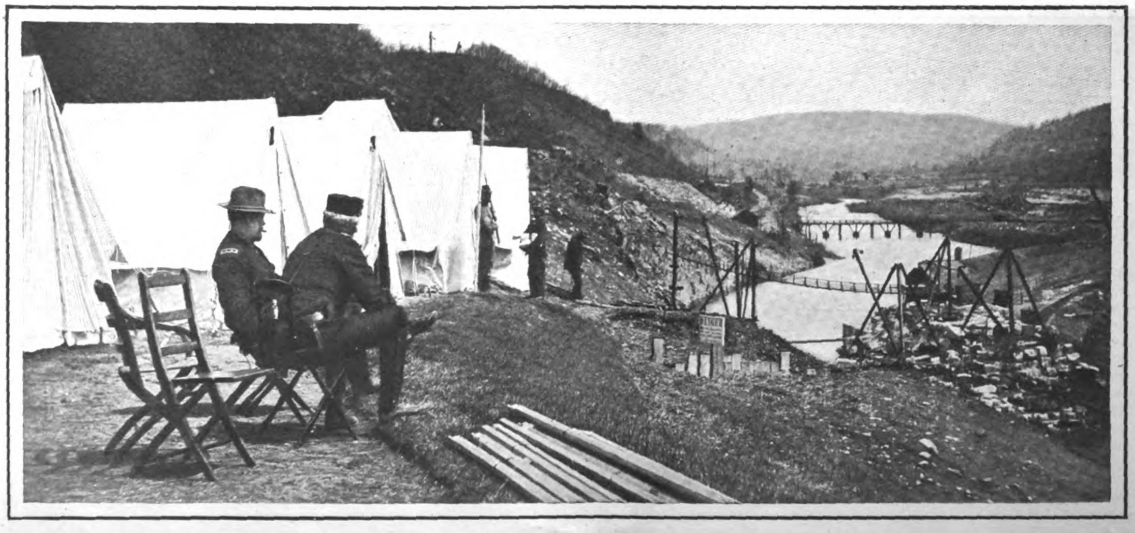
The attitude of one of the newspapers in Victor—the *Victor Record*—toward the striking miners was such that one night the whole force, editors and printer's devil, were all arrested by the military authorities. It was generally supposed then that the paper would not appear. But the wife of one of the force, herself a competent newspaper woman and printer, went into the office, and with the help of a boy got out the paper as usual next morning, the principle piece of news being the events in the office of the *Record* on the previous night. On June 8 the *Record* office was invaded and wrecked, and the staff and employees driven out of the building. Long before this occurred it was one of the regulations in Victor and Cripple Creek that no jokes should be made on the stage which should bring in by word or implication the military or the Governor, and no one on the streets was allowed to use the word "scab."

A noteworthy action in this strike which has attracted the attention of the judiciary of the country is that of the Governor of the State with regard to the privilege—or right—of the writ of habeas corpus. He issued on December 9 an historical proclamation in which, after setting forth the previous proclamation of martial law and the arrest of one, Victor Poole, the Governor says:

"Now, therefore, I, James H. Peabody, Governor of the State of Colorado, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the constitution of the State of Colorado, and the laws thereof, do hereby declare and proclaim that, in my judgment, the public safety especially requires that the privileges of the writ of habeas corpus be suspended in his case, to wit: In the case of Victor Poole, aforesaid, and I further direct that the said writ be suspended in his case until further ordered by me."

Not since the time of King John and the Magna Charta has any king, judge, or Governor set aside this writ. In the Supreme Court, however, the Governor's position on this question has just been upheld.

Two days after the Governor's proclamation Senator Patterson offered a resolution in the United States Senate, in which he asked that the Judiciary Committee make an investigation of all matters



General Bell's Headquarters at Cripple Creek

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connected with the strike and the behavior of the State officials. No sooner did the resolution reach the press than there was a free expression of opinion throughout Colorado which threatened to complicate matters still more than before. The Citizens' Alliance of Victor sent in a resolution to the President of the Senate demanding the resignation of Senator Patterson on the ground that he was making a continuous attempt "to disrupt, disorganize, and destroy the principles upon which our government has been founded."

Two telegrams which were sent at the time show the conflicting opinions held by various constituents. One reads:

"The law-abiding citizens of Teller County, Colorado, and of the whole State, congratulate Senator Patterson on the splendid resolutions offered yesterday, and confirm the truth of the statements therein contained."

The other one reads:

"The good people of Teller County, Colorado, and of the whole State, characterize the resolutions of Senator Patterson, offered yesterday, as false and grossly misrepresenting the conditions which prevail in this State, and as grossly misrepresenting the acts and motives of Governor Peabody and the law-abiding citizens of this State and county."

As yet there has been no investigation made by the Judiciary Committee. Martial law prevailed in Teller County, the Cripple Creek district, from December 4 until February 15, when the troops were withdrawn, a few at a time. Since that time, however, there has been a recall of troops, not only to Teller County, but to San Miguel, and to Las Animas County.

As a result of a recent conflict between the civil and military authorities, the judge of the district fined the adjutant-general and the officer in command at Telluride, and publicly denounced the acts of the Governor. What the outcome of this conflict will be cannot be foretold. The district court declares that the striking miners have obeyed the laws and maintained order, and that the Citizens' Alliance and other factions of the State are anarchistic in that they will not obey the laws nor respect the holdings of the courts.

Whether or not the strike will be broken remains to be seen. There seems to be at present no sign either of truce or final settlement.

How Star-Distances are Measured

By Harold Jacoby, Ph.D.

Professor of Astronomy at Columbia University

WHAT is the length of this room? Any one can make this simple measurement with a two-foot rule. How far is it from this house to the end of the street? This question also can be answered easily with a surveyor's tape-measure. But how many people ever think of the possibility of measuring the distance of an inaccessible object? To discover how far away a thing is, when we cannot reach it in order to measure the distance—this is a problem of a very different kind. And when the distant goal of measurement is one of those luminous stars from which we are sundered by the profound depths of space; when that object is not only supremely inaccessible, but also remote to a degree as nearly infinite as the human mind can grasp—in such a case the problem of distance is not merely one of attractive difficulty; it is one that stirs the imagination strongly.

We shall endeavor to explain further on what astronomers are now doing to throw light on this ancient problem—this problem so old that there has never been a time when the study of star-distance has not been conspicuously important to those who cherish the advancement of human knowledge. It is no mere prying curiosity that leads the astronomer to pierce into the nothingness of space in a search for our nearest cosmic neighbor. The very foundations of the accepted Copernican system of this universe depend for their validity upon the possibility of star-distance measurement.

It was realized by astronomers at an early stage of scientific inquiry that if this earth is travelling around the sun each year in an orbit of great size, then the directions in which we see the stars must change throughout the year. The older Ptolemaic theory placed our earth, an immovable body, at the exact centre of all things; the stars, immutable, clinging to their crystalline sphere, were subject to no motions whatever. So, when the Copernican philosophers placed the sun at the centre, with the earth circling around, followers of the older theory were not slow to ask for those indispensable observations of stellar changes. The only escape for the Copernicans was to declare star-distances to be so great and the cosmic universe to be constructed upon a scale so vast, that even the huge orbit of our earth around the sun shrinks to a mere point in comparison.

The idea of these supposed changes of stellar position becomes much clearer if we consider for a moment a simple terrestrial experiment. Suppose, on looking out through a window, we note some well-defined object to be exactly east of us. If we now move to another window from which the same object can be seen, we shall find that it is no longer due east of us. The change of the observer's position has changed somewhat the direction in which he sees the object, although the latter has not itself moved in the least. Similar changes of the apparent directions in which we see celestial bodies are called parallax; stellar parallax is the quantity of change in a star's apparent position on the sky, caused by the observer being transported by our earth in its orbital motion around the sun.

Modern researches have demonstrated that the old Copernicans were quite right when they ascribed their inability to observe actual parallactic changes in the stars to the fact of their distance being almost inconceivably great. Recurring again to our window experiment, it is obvious that any apparent change in an observed object's position, caused by the observer's shifting from one window to another, will be much diminished if the object is quite far away. A lamp-post across the street, for instance, would be quite appreciably affected, while the top of a mountain ten miles off would appear in almost precisely the same direction from all the windows of the same house. And as a ten-mile distance masks all parallactic effect in the case of two windows of a single house, just so, said the Copernicans, does cosmic stellar distance conceal the similar parallactic phenomena due to our earth's annual orbit around the sun. These phenomena must certainly exist, but they are too small to admit of detection with our comparatively rough instruments.

The lapse of time, of human generation following generation, brought with it a gradual but continuous improvement in the precision of instruments, accompanied with a corresponding promise of the actual detection of stellar parallactic shift. Yet it was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that the efforts of astronomers met with assured and unquestioned success.

Bessel was the first to solve this observational problem. His method was simple enough. We have seen that the actual quantity of parallactic change in a star's position diminishes with the star's distance. Consequently, we have but to measure the amount of this change in order to have at once an estimate of the star's distance.

To be more exact, mathematical calculations, based on such measures of stellar parallactic shifting, enable us to determine exactly by how much the star's distance from the solar system is greater than the distance from our earth to the sun. This latter distance is the great cosmic measuring unit; astronomers merely ascertain how many million times, perhaps, this unit must be laid down, before we could cover the profound distance by which we are separated from even the nearest fixed star.

We have seen that the practical difficulty of the parallax problem arises from the extreme minuteness of the changes that must be measured observationally,—a minuteness due simply to the exceeding vastness of the scale belonging to the universe as a whole, when taken in comparison with the scale on which our solar system is constructed. Bessel attacked the problem by selecting for observation a star suspected of having a measurable parallax—in other words, a star thought to be comparatively near us in space. The reason for this suspicion was an obvious one. It was well known that the so-called fixed stars are not in reality absolutely fixed, but that they are more or less subject to small progressive motions of their own across the face of the sky. As centuries pass these small motions become appreciable; the comparison of old catalogues of star positions with more recent ones had made this perfectly plain.

Bessel came to the conclusion that stars possessing these little motions in a rather larger degree than the average were probably near us. Other things being equal, increased rapidity of motion should indicate comparative proximity, since a given amount of actual motion in space might be plainly seen by us in the case of a star comparatively near, but would surely shrink into invisibility if removed to the outermost fringe of the stellar universe.

So Bessel selected his star on account of its large motion, as indicated by the older star-catalogues. His method of observation, like every method destined for conspicuous success was perfectly simple. Two small auxiliary stars were selected near the one under observation for parallax. Every observing night Bessel measured the exact distance on the face of the sky between each small star and the parallax star. He judged quite correctly that these two insignificant objects must really be almost infinitely far from us. If such was the case, they must, as we have seen above, be perfectly free from any appreciable parallactic shift, even according to the Copernican theory. If, on the other hand, the suspected star really is near us, it must suffer parallactic changes; and these must make it appear to swing back and forth during the year between the two auxiliary stars.

Bessel did not depend upon the ordinary astronomical telescope. He was provided with a more accurate measuring contrivance than had ever been used before his time. This instrument, called a heliometer, is especially adapted for the most precise determination of short distances on the sky,—such distances as those separating his parallax star from the two auxiliary ones. With it he was able to determine exactly the parallactic changes in his star's position; and he proved that these changes satisfied perfectly the mathematical conditions that govern motions of this kind. Astronomers thus became assured, beyond the possibility of doubt, that Bessel's observations had reference to real paral-

(Continued on page 988.)

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Correspondence

Opinions of Dr. Abbott's Advice to "A Troubled Wife"

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *June 9, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have just read the editorial comment in HARPER'S WEEKLY on the remarks of Dr. Lyman Abbott in reply to a "troubled wife." Now I have a great respect for the character and mind of Dr. Abbott; but I must confess that his offhand, irresponsible, shallow, and very unsympathetic reply to the troubled wife who asked for his advice impressed me unfavorably. In it he makes a number of careless and dogmatic assertions and inferences which will hardly enhance his authority as a spiritual counsellor. "When a difficulty arises between two friends," he says, "it is always safe for both to assume that there is some wrong on both sides." That is not true, and it does not apply in this case anyhow. It is not here a question of doing wrong. The trouble arises not from an act, but from a condition. Dr. Abbott makes the childish mistake of assuming that the affections are directed or dictated by the will. "It is easier for you to correct your own fault than to correct your husband's," he says, failing to distinguish between a fault and a defect. The wife herself does not accuse her husband of committing a fault: he did not wilfully fall in love with the other woman. The wife knows what Dr. Abbott overlooks—that she lacks something which the other woman possesses, and that that something, satisfying a deep need of the husband's nature, is the cause of his love for the second woman. And she feels that it is not in her power to supply that defect in her own personality. Dr. Abbott makes some other statements which are altogether beside the mark. One would think he had read the wife's letter over a quick lunch and written his reply while shooting the chute. Here is one of his dicta: "All that a wife has any right to ask is that kind of loyalty and devotion which puts her first and supreme in his regard." The reverend gentleman does not discern that though duty from husband to wife is an indispensable element of marital felicity, the reasoned, conscientious duty that the husband *exacts* from himself in this case, a duty not perfectly voluntary and spontaneous, cannot satisfy the woman's need of his full, free love. Asking her to accept duty and loyalty, as far as her husband's conduct is concerned, is offering her a stone when she craves for bread.

The fact is this situation is one of those tragic circumstances—more or less intense according to the intensity of the temperaments concerned in them—which life is continually weaving about us human beings, mainly with the warp and woof of our own dispositions, faculties, and personalities. No human reason can devise a happy issue out of them. And yet they are rarely hopeless: life itself and time so often devise such unforeseen, such amazingly effective dénouements. If I were asked for advice in this connection I should say,—Do your best and be your best and bravest, little wife. Though you lack something which your rival possesses, it may be something which she will lose—some physical quality. Doubtless, too, you have attributes which she has not, and these may shine out in your affliction in such a way that your husband cannot fail to estimate their worth and be influenced by them. But you must not *seek* to impress him with them. If, through courageous and beseeming conduct in this crisis, you keep his high respect and esteem, there is always a chance of a sentimental reversion on his part, and in that case your union would be closer than it has ever been. Finally, remember that Fate is often our friend when it seems to be our enemy.

I am, sir,

RICHARD A.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *June 10, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I do not know very much of Dr. Abbott, and after reading his reply to the wife who sought his counsel, I could never have faith in his judgments and opinions. He has shown himself to be sadly lacking in that intimate understanding of the processes of the human heart and mind which generates sympathy and fits a person to be a "guide, philosopher, and friend." His advice to the suffering woman is almost brutal in its uncomprehending sophistry, and almost insolent in its narrow, commonplace sermonizing. It is evident from the wife's letter that her nature is highly sensitive and that love is her whole life. The drama of this situation, then, must be intensely poignant. Let her not listen to the foolish wisdom which would encourage her to shut her eyes and live in a fool's paradise. Salvation surely does not lie that way. If it be possible let her, without at present doing anything irrevocable, brace up her will and live apart from her husband for a while. That would be a test for both of them, and it would give the wife time to determine her attitude and arrange her future. It would probably teach the husband, too, how much she was to him and what a void her absence makes in his existence.

I am, sir,

MAWHERA.

NEW YORK, *June 11, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Poor woman! I pity her profoundly. But I pity the others, too: the man, who seems to be honorable and of the best intentions and has fallen in love with another man's wife, not because he wanted to, but because, having seen and known her, it could not be otherwise; he must suffer for both women—for love of the one and for wounding the other; and the second woman, who has found love after a period of loveless marriage, and who may not have it now she has found it! They must suffer, all three. God help them! Love is a scourge and a crown of thorns when it plays tricks like this.

I am, sir, A BACHELOR.

(From "The Rose of the Kennebeck.")

JAMAICA PLAINS, MASS., *June 9, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I am a mansion with a score of rooms:—
If she who might possess the whole of me
Is satisfied with using two or three,
Where scarce the Lamp of perfect Love illumes
The farthest corners full of lurking glooms,
Shall I not make the closed apartments free
To innocent friendship, Joy and Sympathy,
To floods of sunlight, bathing fragrant blooms?

No one is wronged: still holds the power of choice.
But I my full abundant life must live,
In Music, Art, and Poesy rejoice:
To all acquaintance ever entrance give,
And, in the silence, to the sweeter voice
Of one dear Friend be duly sensitive.

I am, sir, NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

NEW YORK, *June 13, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Is a wife "of a morbid, if not of a jealous, temperament" if she suffers when the husband she loves loves some other woman? Should she accept this tragedy in her life as she would accept a mistake on the part of her butcher or the non-arrival of an expected ashman? This appears to be what Dr. Lyman Abbott expects of a woman who sees her house of happiness crumbling to ruins, if we may judge his frame of mind by his extraordinary letter to a "troubled wife," to which the WEEKLY pointed its readers' attention. Dr. Abbott hears the unhappy woman's appeal—"In great distress of mind and heart. . . . I am impelled to turn to you"—and what is his reply? "Why not go back to cheerfulness," says the bland doctor, turning comfortably in his chair. (It sounds like some of the irrelevant remarks of one Harold Skimpole.) "There are moments when despair overwhelms me," continues the mourning wife, dwelling upon the poignant fact that her husband has confessed to her his love for the other woman. Surely a situation fraught with misery for a loving heart, but what says her religious pseudo-consoler? "Stop thinking about yourself and your own suffering, think about him and what you can do to make him happy"; and finally the desperate woman cries, "What solution is there to this tragedy?" Here one may fancy the thoughtful doctor referring to the files where he keeps, neatly ticketed and ready for just such emergencies, his own original brand of solutions. This is what, after some quite necessary fumbling, he produces: "Even if you have to pretend to some gladness which you do not feel, it were better than to impose upon him the gloom of a morbid sorrow which you ought not to feel." The learned doctor then returns to his armchair, serenely unconscious of the fact that in his masterly handling of the case he has done very well for the presumed defendant, but has altogether overlooked the petition of the plaintiff, who asked him for bread and received a stone. Is this all that a minister of Christ can do for a Christian in despair?

I am, sir, AN AMERICAN WIFE.

NEW YORK, *June 8, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Please do not feel obliged to consider me one of your "most intelligent readers" merely because I accept your kind invitation, to those readers to express "what they think about" Dr. Abbott's "advice to a troubled wife."

That man had no business to fall in love with a woman other than his wife, if he did, without his wife's consent. If, however, unwittingly or unintentionally, he did do so, he was real mean and no gentleman to tell the woman of it. Wifie says "their intimacy extended to declarations of mutual love." But that's no sign of love, it seems—really, truly love, that is; for he had, years before, declared his "love" of his wife. Perhaps none of the three knows what love is. The wife certainly does not. She is a strange compound of suspicion and credulity. She says "he insists he loves me as dearly as ever"; but she evidently suspects he doesn't. And yet she readily believes that beyond these "declarations of mutual love" their intimacy "was entirely innocent"! She is blind—not seeing in his own frank statement the fact that he never really loved *this* wife of his.

Why? Because, no doubt, if the defendant's side of the case were in evidence, we would find that she isn't the wife she used to be. She likely became a club woman, neglected the children, and all that sort of thing. He, wisely, used the only method of saving her from herself—of saving their home. He used, very skilfully, the defensive weapon—jealousy. Her letter shows that she is on the road to recovery. She is now in the self-petting, abused state. Perhaps, some day, she will awaken to the fact that her husband is a man whose love is deep and ever-abiding.

I am, sir, E. B. LYMAN.

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Correspondence.—(Continued)

NEW YORK, *June 13, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Dr. Abbott is wrong. He writes: "No one person, not even a faithful and loyal wife, can fill to the full all the life of any other person, though he be a devoted husband." Precisely the contrary is true. Christian civilization rejects polygamy, free love, or promiscuity, etc., not to lose, but to gain. Add together the loves of a dozen, and you find the sum less than the love of one: that's the paradox of matrimony or monogamy, as Americans view it. And if that is not true, then monogamy is a mere experiment.

A "Troubled Wife" writes words of the heart that get close up to the truth. When her husband's mishap became known to her, "nothing seemed *real*," and, as time passes, "the feeling of unreality is so strong it often seems as though it were some one else and not I who goes about" trying to hide unhappiness. Why doesn't she try to "fill to the full all *her* life" with the assistance of some supplementary man? She knows better. There's not the slightest danger of the acceptance of a substitute—an unreal thing: an addition that doesn't add—by a woman whose heart tells her so plainly what *is* real.

In practice, men and women who share Dr. Abbott's view of the insufficiency of any "one person," "even a faithful and loyal wife" or husband, *may* halt where a cool philosopher assumes that, as a matter of course, they will halt. But do they? The news of the day includes an uncommon number of elaborate chronicles of crime that reveal one particular form of weakness. This is not a time for mincing matters. Strong doctrine about wholesome family life—with the absolute integrity and stainless honor of the family as the paramount consideration for both husband and wife—would be more opportune. You have done well to ask what your readers think. I am, sir,

O. M.

MOUNT VERNON, INDIANA, *June 11, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Quoting Dr. Abbott's words in HARPER'S WEEKLY, June 11, 1904, page 894, Is it wrong for a husband to find interest and attraction in the society of a woman other than his own wife? That *depends* upon the attraction the other woman has for him. It is reasonable to suppose, when an intimacy extends to a declaration of mutual love between the husband of one woman and the wife of another man, that danger is imminent. No true husband or wife will permit such sentiment to grow to a declaration of love. 'Tis better to follow the poet's advice, to go through life

> With wistful eyes that never meet,
> With groping hands that never clasp,
> And lips calling in vain to ears that
> Must never hear.

The marriage vows should be respected. The unhappy wife should seek sympathy from a lady friend. The disappointed husband can travel, and his heart will soon return to his honest, virtuous, loving wife. I am, sir,

MRS. M. ALEXANDER.

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414 EAST FOURTH STREET,
CINCINNATI, OHIO, *June 12, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your implied unfavorable criticism of Dr. Abbott's "Advice to a Troubled Wife" in your issue of the 11th opens, I think, a fertile field for discussion. And I shall not be surprised if he be understood as committing himself to an unorthodox opinion of the institution of marriage. With this in mind, I shall point out why his article seems to me to preclude such an interpretation.

The troubled wife, in the extremity of her distress, implores Dr. Abbott for a "thought to cling to" in her moments of black despair. Dr. Abbott calls her attention to the complexity of human lives and to the consequent naturalness of her husband's response to a foreign appeal: he points out that all a wife can in reason ask of her husband is the supreme place in his regard; and, further, sanely advises her, by cheerfulness and the joy of her love, to win her husband back to righteousness.

A critical estimate of this advice involves, first of all, the recognition that Dr. Abbott's attitude toward the problem is determined for him in advance by its presentation. He cannot concern himself with the unrealized possibilities of the situation: for an important aspect of the criterion of the soundness of his conclusions is rigid adherence to the determinate factors before him.

Again, the interest of the problem before Dr. Abbott is intensely practical. Whatever his conception of the perfect marriage state may be, it is certainly irrelevant here. It is a question of expedient compromise, and as such he deals with it.

This, then, is, as I conceive it, Dr. Abbott's attitude toward this practical problem. It is the temperate middle way between the fervid "there shall be *no* other," of the devout lover seeking individual expression, and the bold promiscuity of Shelley's:

> Narrow the heart that loves, . . .
> One object and one form, and builds thereby
> A sepulchre for its eternity.

Consistently, Dr. Abbott does more than suggest a philosophic pose, through which the wife, in her loneliness, may win consolation,—he indicates her plain duty, and advises her to lose herself in specific action. Further, he seeks a mean of practical compromise between the claims of the wife and all other claims. To the wife he awards the supreme place in her husband's regard. He assures her, with his certitude of long experience, that, this claim satisfied, she can have no further grievance; but he kindly refrains from adding that, not the division of her husband's interest, but her innate, naked selfishness, is the true source of this hysteria and grief—the reverberation of her infantile despair when, with outstretched arms and tearful eyes, she claimed the moon as her birthright.

The final justification of the most authoritative, ethical mandates is the happiness of those to whom it is directed. And if, through overemphasis, it fails of its end, it must, so far, lose its significance. Dr. Abbott settles this case, so to say, on its own merits, and the objective, moral aspect of his decision,—that element which demands from all men a recognition of its universal validity,—is its intent, in some part, to smooth the jagged edges of reality where they tear. I am, sir,

LAMAR RANKIN.

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA., *June 11, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Last summer the small boy was singing, to the tune of "Hiawatha," these words: "Let the women do the work, do the work, do the work, while the men take it easy." I submit them as my "brief" comment on the letter you publish from Dr. Lyman Abbott to a "troubled wife." I am, sir, LOGIC.

NEW YORK, *June 8, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Evading the assumption of plus intelligence which any answer to your invitation to discuss Dr. Lyman Abbott's manly, unsentimental letter to a distressed wife would seem to imply, I wish only to call to the attention of your readers (and possibly of the distressed wife herself) Mr. Meredith's astonishing, mordant, and (I fear) little-read poem, "Modern Love." While the "given case" may not be precisely analogous to the perplexing, supersubtle, but very *real* tragedy of two souls presented by Mr. Meredith, it exhibits so many sensitive points of contact that a comparison cannot fail to be interesting, and might conceivably lead to some solution less terrible than that recorded by the unrelenting poet.

The "given case" is further suggestive as proving that the delicate spiritual tangles which our modern psychologic school of fiction delights in picturing and analyzing for us, are not merely fine-spun literary problems, but are the necessary products of our nervously disorganized civilization.

I am, sir, L. W. D.

CHICAGO, *June 8, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—*Re* Rev. Lyman Abbott and "The Troubled Wife": As one of your perhaps not over "intelligent readers" I wish to say a word. While I have no idea the letter purporting to have been sent to Dr. Abbott is a letter from a "troubled" or any other wife, as it seems to me every line of it shows it is not, yet as you seem to think it is, I will treat it as it is, what it purports to be. I think Dr. Abbott's advice in the case is simply damnable. It is merely an excuse for sexual promiscuousness. If he knows anything about the human kind he must know that the woman who is troubling the wife has no love for her husband. It is lust and nothing else that governs her and also the husband. The talk of "mutual love" between them is simple "rot." The tie is sexual and nothing else, and if both were given their deserts they would be arrested and confined, as is done with the woman who plies her vocation on the streets of your city. If Dr. Abbott is so ignorant of the relations that alone can exist in such cases he is utterly unfit to be a teacher in any sense of the word.

I am, sir, JAMES P. MOORE.

ROSELLE, N. J., *June 9, 1904.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Concerning "Dr. Lyman Abbott's Advice to a Troubled Wife" in your issue of June 11 I would say, I do not think the advice sound, or "the elements of fairness to all persons concerned conserved." If such advice should be followed where would be the security of a wife's happiness or the family's permanence and sacredness? A true wife could hardly fail to become morbid and jealous under such circumstances. A certain course of action is either right or wrong—there is no middle ground and there is no standing still. A man who begins by giving his interest and attachment to a woman other than his own wife is pretty sure to end by discarding his wife altogether. It seems to me that, in this case, the husband is the only one whom Dr. Abbott thinks it worth while to consider. Though he (the husband) has been false to his marriage vows, Dr. Abbott asks the wife to win him back to righteousness by her love and devotion. The very fact that the husband admits that the other love still claims a place in his heart, though he has tried to banish it, proves the danger of the course he has been pursuing. That a man should be justified in it is preposterous. No, Dr. Abbott is not right. He is not a true teacher. Were his teaching accepted the result would not be conducive to the happiness of the individual or the well-being of society in general. I am, sir, A WIFE.

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Progress of the War

FROM the beginning of the war, February 9, to June 6 sixteen Russian war-ships have been sunk or disabled — the *Petropavlovsk*, *Pobieda*, *Czarevitch*, *Retvisan*, *Poltava*, *Palluda*, *Bogatyr*, *Novik*, *Askold*, *Diana*, *Variag*, *Boyarin*, *Korietz*, *Yenesei*, the torpedo-boat *Stereguschtchi*, and the destroyer *Bezstrashni*. Of these the battle-ship *Poltava* and the cruisers *Novik*, *Askold*, and *Diana* are known to have been repaired and are again in commission. Several Russian gunboats also are known to have been destroyed. Japan has lost the battle-ship *Hatsuse*, the cruiser *Yoshino*, and at least two torpedo-boats, and a Japanese cruiser was successfully torpedoed by the Russians on May 10. Other Japanese ships are believed to have been injured in the Port Arthur engagements; but definite knowledge of this is withheld. Port Arthur has been repeatedly bombarded, with damaging effect, by the Japanese, and Vladivostok was attacked by them on March 6, though without serious damage to the port. After two unsuccessful attempts to blockade the entrance to Port Arthur by sinking merchant steamers in the harbor, Admiral Togo on May 7 notified his government that his third attempt was successful. On May 1 the first great land battle of the war took place near the Yalu River, and resulted in a Japanese victory. The Japanese lost 218 killed and 783 wounded. The Russian casualties numbered 2394 killed, wounded, and captured. The Japanese buried 1363 Russian dead, and took 613 Russian prisoners. The first Japanese army is concentrated at Feng-Wang-Cheng. The second decisive land battle took place on May 26 at Kin-Chow, thirty-two miles north of Port Arthur, and the Japanese, though suffering the greater loss, were again victorious. The Japanese casualties were 739 killed and 3444 wounded. The Russian losses were 30 officers and 800 men killed and wounded. The Japanese have occupied Dalny, and are reported to be moving on Port Arthur.

June 7.—Admiral Togo to-day informed his government that two Russian gunboats were destroyed at Port Arthur on June 4, instead of one, as previously reported.

June 8.—Chinese merchants who arrived at Chefoo to-day from Port Arthur report that a battle between Russian and Japanese troops has been raging for four days within ten miles of Port Arthur.

General Kuropatkin is still at Liao-Yang, and has sent 10,000 troops to the southward as a precaution against an advance by the Japanese.

Viceroy Alexeieff to-day reported to the Czar that on May 26 a Russian torpedo-boat, which was one of ten sent out to engage the Japanese boats operating in Kin-Chow Bay, struck on the rocks and sank.

The cable between Japan and Korea has been cut.

June 9.—A report received to-day in St. Petersburg says that the advance-guard of General Kuroki's army has begun to move eastward from Feng-Wang-Cheng. On June 7 a Japanese brigade attacked and defeated a Russian detachment at Saimatse. The Russian losses were 102 men killed and wounded. Saimatse is west of Feng-Wang-Cheng and controls the roads to Liao-Yang and Mukden.

Sixty-two mines have been found and exploded by the Japanese at Dalny, and the harbor is now completely cleared. Two Russian ships were also found underwater, one of which is believed to be the cruiser *Boyarin*.

June 10.—General Kuropatkin telegraphed to-day to the Czar that on June 8 the Japanese captured Siu-Yen, forty-five miles southeast of Haicheng, after a severe engagement, in which the losses on both sides were heavy. The number of Russian casualties is not yet known. General Kuroki announces that the Japanese losses were three men killed and thirty wounded. General Kuroki also reports that his losses in the engagement at Saimatse on June 7 were three men killed and twenty-four wounded.

June 11.—General Kuroki's main army is still at Feng-Wang-Cheng, and has not followed the detachment which occupied Siu-Yen on June 8. General Kuropatkin is strengthening his force to the south of and on a line parallel with Siu-Yen and Feng-Wang-Cheng.

June 12.—A report from Haicheng says that on June 9 the Japanese, in attempting a flanking movement around the Russian right, fell into a Russian ambuscade posted in a ravine thirty miles southeast of Haicheng, and two entire battalions were annihilated. No official confirmation of this report has been received. The Japanese advance-guards are now forty miles out from Feng-Wang-Cheng.

It was stated in St. Petersburg to-day that Admiral Skrydloff had taken the Vladivostok squadron to within thirty miles of Port Arthur. He found several Japanese war-ships confronting him, and an engagement ensued, but as none of the Port Arthur ships appeared he returned to Vladivostok, arriving there on June 10.

Twelve trains of Russian reinforcements are said to be arriving daily at Liao-Yang.

The final report of the Japanese military commission, which was assigned to bury the Russian dead in the battle of Nanshan Hill at Kin-Chow, was received to-day in Tokyo. It gives the number of Russian dead, which were left behind and buried by the Japanese, as ten officers and 694 men.

June 13.—A telegram from Newchwang says that the Russians attacked a small Japanese force southeast of Shung-Mao on June 11. After a slight fight the Japanese retreated to Yaotung Pass, the Russians pursuing them. There the Japanese were heavily reinforced, and the Russians were caught in a trap, losing over 800 killed or wounded.

Admiral Togo reports that the Russians have evacuated Yinkow (the port of Newchwang). The Russian forces at that place numbered 3000 men, with twenty guns.

According to a report from Tientsin, the Russian battle-ship *Czarevitch* has been repaired at Port Arthur and is now ready for sea.

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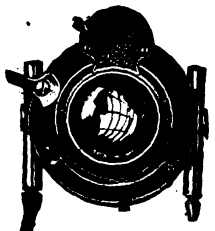
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THE TRUANTS

BY A·E·W·MASON

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS

In the opening chapter Pamela Mardale is introduced to the reader as a young society woman of London, beautiful and of rare personal charm. Into her early life has come a mysterious influence which dominates and directs her whole career. What this strange influence is only two of her friends suspect—a young schoolmaster who knew her as a child at Roquebrune, and Alan Warrisden, who is in love with her, and who, though his proposal of marriage is refused, determines to win her. Late one night at a ball, Pamela and Warrisden, while seated on a balcony, observe a young couple leaving the opposite house. They are Tony and Millicent Stretton, who live in a gloomy home presided over by the rich but unjust father of the young man. They are in reality kept prisoners by the whims of the tyrannical old man, and it is only by playing truant and going out by stealth late at night that they are able to enter at all into the life of the outside world. This practice they keep up for a year, but finally both of them grow extremely weary of their monotonous life, and in a moment of exasperation Tony determines to go to America to make his fortune, while Millie is to be left behind and sent for as soon as her husband is able to establish a home. Millie becomes infatuated with Lionel Callon, a gentlemanly adventurer. Pamela wishes to help her. She sends Warrisden on a mission to find Tony and bring him home. Warrisden learns from a friend of Tony's, a Mr. Chase, that Tony, having lost all of his small fortune in New York, is now in the North Sea on a trawler. Warrisden uses every argument to prevail upon him to come back, but he refuses, and Warrisden is forced to return alone. Tony remains on the trawler until the term of his cruise is over (meanwhile having learned of his father's death), and then, after much perplexity and indecision, decides to return to London, feeling that he has seen a way out of his difficulties. He reasons that he would deserve Millie's contempt if he returned at the moment when life had suddenly been made easy for them by his father's death, and decides to enlist in the French Foreign Legion, as no other career seems open to him. The same evening John Mudge, a friend of Pamela's, while at a reception given by Lady Millingham sees Lionel Callon enter the Stretton's house, where Millie is living. He learns from Pamela of the peril Millie is in from Callon, and invites Pamela to leave the whole matter in his hands. Tony goes to Algeria and joins the French Foreign Legion at Sidi-Bel-Abbés, enlisting under the name of "Ohlsen." Meanwhile Mudge has conceived a plan for getting Lionel Callon out of the way and so saving Millie from peril. He buys up all Callon's debts and places them in the hands of a single firm of solicitors, who insist on a settlement from Callon within twenty-four hours. Callon receives a proposition from Mudge to superintend an important enterprise of the latter's in Chile, at a salary of four thousand pounds a year, the term of his absence from England to be two years. He realizes that Mudge's intention is to get him out of the country, but his financial difficulties constrain him to accept the offer, and he leaves England without having seen Millie Stretton again.

CHAPTER XVIII

SOUTH OF OUARGLA

"HALT!" cried Captain Tavernay.

The bugler at his side raised his bugle to his lips and blew. The dozen chasseurs d'Afrique and the ten native scouts who formed the advance-guard stopped upon the signal. A couple of hundred yards behind them the two companies of the Foreign Legion came to a standstill. The convoy of baggage mules upon the right flank, the hospital equipment, the artillery section, the herd of oxen which was driven along in the rear—in a word, the whole expedition halted in a wood of dwarf oaks and junipers at three o'clock in the afternoon.

The order was given to gather wood for the night's camp-fires and the companies were dismissed. Each soldier made his little bundle and fixed it upon his shoulders. Again the bugle rang out, sounding the "fall in." And the tiny force marched out from the trees of the High Plateaux into the open desert. It was extraordinary with what abruptness that transition was made. One minute the companies were treading upon turf under rustling leaves, the next they were descending a slope carpeted with halfa-grass which stretched away to the horizon's rim, with hardly a bush to break its bare monotony. At the limit of vision a great arc like a mirror of silver glittered out of the plain.

"Water," said a tall, bearded soldier who marched in the front rank of the first company. It was he who had stepped from the train at Bel-Abbés with a light dust-coat over his evening dress-suit. He passed now as fusilier Barbier, an ex-engineer of Lyons.

"No," replied Sergeant Ohlsen, who marched at his side. "The crystals of a dry salt lake."

In the autumn of last year Ohlsen, or rather—to give him his right name—Tony Stretton, had marched upon an expedition from Mesheria to the Chott Tigri, and knew therefore the look of those tantalizing salt lakes. That expedition, which had conducted a survey for a road to the Tiguig oasis, had brought him his promotion.

"But we camp by the lake to-night," he added. "The wells of El-Guethifa are close."

The companies went forward, and above that salt lake they saw the mirages begin to shimmer, citadels and hanging gardens, tall towers and waving woods and majestic galleons, topsail over topsail, floating upon summer seas. At the wells the sheikh of the district was waiting upon a mule.

"I want fifty camels with their saddles and their drivers at five o'clock to-morrow morning," said Tavernay; and although as far as the eye could reach there was no moving thing upon that vast plain except the small group of Arabs and soldiers about the well, by five o'clock the camels were squatting upon the sand with their drivers beside them. The mules were sent back from El-Guethifa that morning, the baggage was packed upon the camels, and the little force, insufficient in numbers and supplies, went forward on its long and untoward march.

It passed through the oases of El-Maia and Methlili to Ouargla, at that time the last outpost of French authority. At Ouargla it rested for a week; and there renewing its supplies, penetrated southwards to survey the desert country of the Touaregs for the construction of the oft-mooted trans-Saharan railway. South of Ouargla all the difficulties of the advance were doubled. The companies went down through the archipelago of oases in the dangerous Touat country amongst a sullen people who had little food to supply and would hardly supply it. Tavernay led his men with care, neither practising a discipline needlessly strict, nor relaxing into carelessness. But he was under-officered, and his officers even so were inexperienced. Lieutenant Laurent, a man irritable and unjust, was his second in command, and there were but two sous-lieutenants besides. In spite of all Tavernay's care, the convoy diminished. One day a camel would stumble on the slippery bottom of a salt marsh, fall and break its limbs; the next, another would fail and die through a long-untended wound caused by the rough saddle upon its back. In the ranks of the soldiers, too, there was trouble, and Laurent was not the man to deal with it. There was hardly a company of the Legion, recruited, as it largely was, from the outcasts and the men of sorrows, in which there were not some of disordered minds, some whom absinthe had brought to the edges of insanity. Upon these the severity of the expedition worked havoc. Tents had been perforce discarded. The men slept under the stars. They woke from freezing nights to the bitter winds of dawn and two hours after dawn they were parched by a burning sun, and all the day they suffered under its pitiless and blinding glare. Storms whelmed them in lofty spirals of whirling choking sand. For a week they would toil over high red mountainous ground of loose stones; then would follow the monotony of bare round plains, piled here and there with black rocks quivering and glittering in the heat when the sun rose day after day upon their left hand in scarlet and set in scarlet upon their right, and they themselves were still the tiny centre of the same empty inhospitable space: so that only the difference of the ground they trod, the feel of soft sand beneath their feet, where a minute before they had marched on gravel, told them that they progressed at all. The worst of the men became prone to disobedience, eager for change; and every now and then a soldier would rise upon his elbow in the night-time, gaze furtively about over his sleeping comrades, watch the sentries until their backs were turned, and then crawl past them into the darkness. Of these men none ever returned. Or some mania would seize upon them and fix a strange idea in their brains, such as that which besieged Barbier, the fusilier, who had once stepped out of the railway-carriage in his evening

(Continued on page 986.)

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Too Much

A CHINESE servant employed in a New York family, who lived next door to a famous woman pianist, left suddenly after only a few days' service.

His knowledge of the English language was limited, and the letter which he left behind him notifying the family of his departure was written in Chinese. With the aid of an interpreter the gist of the communication was made out. "I do not mind your heathen parrot," said the letter; "I do not mind your barbarous customs of dressing and eating; but the lady next door who sits on the musical instrument every day is too much."

An Unusual Work

A STORY is being told of a printer, employed in one of the largest American publishing-houses, who was asked by a friend what was the most important book to be published by his firm during the coming year.

"——— ———," he answered, naming a work whose forthcoming appearance had aroused much interest.

"What sort of a book is it?" asked his friend.

"It's an autobiography written by the man himself," explained the printer, impressively.

The Wrong Department

A PROMINENT physician tells this story at the expense of the modern craze for specialization in the medical profession: A poor woman from the East Side of New York went to a near-by dispensary to ask aid for her little son, who had had one of his fingers smashed by a baseball bat. At the first room where she applied she was told by a curt attendant that the boy could not be treated there.

"Wrong place," he explained; "this is the eye and ear department."

"Vere is der thumb und finger department?" inquired the woman, simply.

Royal Pawnbrokers

THE three-ball sign symbolical of the pawnbroker's business was used in London, in very early times, by certain merchants from Italy who had emigrated to England to found the first money-lending establishments in that country.

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By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

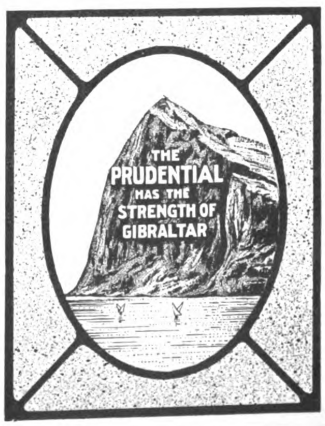
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(Continued from page 984.)

dress. He leaned over towards Stretton one evening, and said, in a hoarse trembling voice,

"I can stand it no longer."

Both men were sitting by a tiny fire which Barbier was feeding with handfuls of halfa-grass and sticks. He was kneeling up in front of it, and by the red waving light Stretton saw that his face was quivering with excitement.

"What can't you stand?" he asked.

"It is Captain Tavernay," replied Barbier. He suddenly laughed in a pitiful fashion and cast a glance over his shoulder. "There is a man put on to watch me. Night and day I am watched by Captain Tavernay's orders. He wants to fix a crime on me! I know. He wants to trap me. But let him take care!"

Stretton fetched the doctor, who listened for a while to Barbier's rambling, minatory talk, and then shrugged his shoulders.

"Hallucinations," said he. "Ideas of persecution. The commonest form," and having fixed Barbier into his proper category he walked away. There was nothing to be done for Barbier upon this expedition. He had to be watched; that was all. Thus for seven hundred miles the force pushed southwards from Ouargla and thus from within it disintegrated as it went. Tavernay could not but notice the change, but he said nothing to any subordinate. The men would fight well if fighting happened. That he knew, and meanwhile he marched on.

It was just when the seven hundred miles had been completed that Tavernay realized fighting was likely to happen. He went the round of the camp as the sun was setting, when the rifles were piled and the fires crackling. Stretton was at his side, and saw his commander stop and shade his eyes. Tavernay was looking westwards. Far away against the glowing ball of the sun, which was just dipping down behind the plain, the figure of an Arab mounted upon a camel stood motionless and black. Tavernay swung round and looked behind him. On the crest of a sand-hill to the north a second rider stood distinct against the sky.

Tavernay watched the men for a long time through his glasses.

"Touaregs," said he, gravely. "Masked Touaregs," and that night the sentinels were doubled; and in the morning the bugle did not sound the reveille.

Moreover, when the force advanced, it advanced in the formation of a square, with the baggage camels in the centre, one gun in the front line and the other in the rear. They had marched into the country where the Senoussa sect prevailed. The monasteries of that body sent out their missionaries eastward to Khordofan, westwards to Tafilet, preaching the purification of the Mohammedan religion and the enlargement of Mohammedan countries now subject to the infidels. But nowhere had the missionaries raised their standard with more success than in this Touat country of the Sahara. The companies marched that day alert and cheerful. They were consolidated by the knowledge of danger. Captain Tavernay led them with pride.

"An insufficient force, ill-found, inadequately officered," he thought. "But the men are of the Legion." They were "mes enfants" to him all that day.

But the attack was not yet to be delivered. During the night the two scouts had ridden on their swift Maharis northwestwards to the town of Lasalah. They knocked upon the gates of the great mud fortress of Abd-el-Kader, the sheikh, and were instantly admitted to the dark room where he sat upon a pile of rugs. When the eyes of the scouts became accustomed to the gloom they saw there was yet another in the room, a tall man robed in black with a black mask of cotton wound about his face so that only his eyes were visible. This was the chieftain of the Hoggar Touaregs.

"Well?" said Abd-el-Kader, and the scouts told him roughly the number of the force and the direction of the journey.

Then Abd-el-Kader turned to the Touareg chieftain.

"We will let them go further south, since southwards they are marching," he said, in his suave gentle voice. "A hundred miles more and they will be amongst the sand-dunes. Since they have cannon, the attack must be sudden. Let it be at the wells of Bir-el-Gharamo."

The Touareg chieftain rode out that day towards his hills; and, unmolested, Captain Tavernay's expedition went down to the dunes. Great waves of yellow sand, sometimes three hundred feet from crest to base, intersected the face of the desert; the winds had given to their summits the overhang of a breaking sea; they ran this way and that as though the currents of an ocean had directed their course; they had the very look of motion; so that Stretton could not but remember the roaring combers of the cold North Sea as he gazed upon these silent and arrested copies. They made of that country a maze of intricate valleys. Led by a local guide commandeered from the last oasis, the companies of the Legion marched into the maze, and on the second day saw, as they came over a hill, just below them in a narrow hollow, a mud parapet built about the mouth of a well. This was Bir-el-Gharamo, and here they camped. Sentries were posted on the neighboring crests; suddenly the darkness came and overhead the stars rushed down towards the earth. There was no moon that night, nor was there any sound of danger heard. Three times Tavernay went the round of the sentries—at eight and at ten and at twelve. But at three o'clock, just as the dawn was breaking, a shot was heard. Tavernay sprang up from the ground, the alarm rang out clear from the bugle over the infinite waste, the companies of the Legion seized their piled rifles, and fell into battle order with an incredible neatness and expedition.

To be Continued.

The Hawthorne Centenary

By Edith Baker Brown

BY an odd coincidence the birthday of the author whose work is a more absolute, a more unquestioned imaginative achievement than that of any other American falls on July 4. A hundred years ago Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem, Massachusetts. He was of straight Puritan descent, his ancestors numbering among them efficient men in the colony—seamen, men of affairs. The Hawthornes seem to have been a reserved and intellectually independent race. One of them, a prominent judge in witchcraft days, condemned an innocent man to death, and the family was popularly supposed to suffer from the "witches' curse," after the manner of the Pyncheons in *The House of the Seven Gables*. In fact, that story embodies not a little of the family tradition, slightly transmuted to the purposes of fiction. The recluse strain was strong in both Hawthorne and his elder sister, although the isolation in which the immediate family lived was partly due to Mrs. Hawthorne's complete retirement from the world after her husband's early death. For ten years after Hawthorne's graduation from college, he says that perhaps there were not twenty persons in Salem who knew that there was such a person in existence as himself. Then came his meeting with Sophia Peabody—a love episode as purely poetic as the meeting of the Brownings, and the man partly issued from the shadowy life of dreams. Six years after his marriage Hawthorne wrote his wife: "Thou art the only person in the world that ever was necessary to me. Other people have occasionally been more or less agreeable, but I think I was always more at ease alone than in anybody's company till I knew thee. And now I am only myself when thou art within my reach." In an almost literal sense the companionship of his wife was Hawthorne's one vital social experience. Without her he would indeed have been solitary. With her his hitherto purely intellectual life found its humanity. His contact with the wider world of men was always something rather shadowy. In a way, the society of his time and place—its idealism, its unworldliness—entered into the substance of his thought. But toward its particular men, its particular enthusiasms and events, he was singularly cold. His coolly artistic handling of the Brook Farm Community offended the ardent reformers of his day; and the great civil war passion found him apathetic as it found no other one of his literary contemporaries. His life abroad left him only the more a New-Englander—the man he had been from the beginning.

Such was Hawthorne's life, deeply bedded in the past, singularly simple in its elements. To cosmopolitan persons like Henry James—indeed, to our cosmopolitan modern sense in general, the material it offers to art seems bodiless and meagre. Yet results prove that it offered to Hawthorne's genius the perfect conditions of creation—such conditions as have not occurred again in our literary history. And what is the character of the art that issued from them? Reread to-day, these three or four brief but perfect romances on which Hawthorne's fame rests, impress us first of all by an artistic refinement, a contemplative and analytic subtlety which is hardly to be matched outside of modern French prose. They seem to represent that happy moment in art when the utmost imaginative sensitiveness has not yet the touch of decadence, but concerns itself still with the moral realities of life. It is curious that the Puritan genius which has been pronounced so hostile to art should issue in a contemplative habit so disinterested and imaginative, in a taste so pure, as it issued in Hawthorne; yet though Hawthorne is the chief representative, he is not the sole one of this artistic flowering of Puritanism. Thoreau, Henry James, Whistler, show all the same inheritance. There are moods when Hawthorne's work, in its artistic detachment, seems almost to offend serious passion. This was the effect it had upon the moral earnestness of Emerson, who yet ought to have sympathized with its imaginative detachment. Yet it seems to us an obtuse reader who cannot feel the intense moral reality which Hawthorne's most playful, most serene intellectual utterance always had for himself. Nor can one fairly call this intensely introspective genius, which searched so deeply into the motives of character, morbid; for it does not deal with the eccentricities of temperament, or the morbid emotions, like so much modern decadent art, but rather with the great normal realities of the soul's life. Hawthorne himself said: "When I write anything that I know or suspect to be morbid, I feel as though I had told a lie." It is indeed this instinct for the basic, the fundamental, in which lies the creative power of his work. A certain rightness of character and mind everywhere characterizes this man of daintiest artistic habit, and a perfectly spontaneous democratic sympathy which we may rightly claim as his American inheritance.

Hawthorne's romances have not the body, the stir of actual life, the volume, of many great novels. His art is like a lucid, still lake, that mirrors experience to its depths and strangely ethereal-izes it. He wrote little, but what he wrote was written in the perfect mood of creation. We can recall no other novelist of his

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time whose creative gift was so sure—save Thackeray. Thackeray worked with the every-day material of human nature. Hawthorne, rather—Puritan and idealist—sought his material in the inner life of man—in the world-old problem of sin and redemption. His art owed incalculably to his inheritance and also much to that particular social environment into which he was born and which his son has so aptly described: "The seed of democracy" (in Hawthorne's youth) "was bearing its first and (so far) its sweetest and most delicate fruit. Men and women of highest refinement, education, and sensibilities thought it no derogation, not only to work for their living, but to tend a counter, sweep a room, or labor in a field. Religious feeling was deep and earnest, owing in part to the recent schism between the severe and the liberal interpretations of Christian destiny and obligations; and the development of commerce and other material interests had not more than foreshadowed its present proportions nor distracted people's attention from less practical matters. Such a state of things can hardly be reproduced." Through his wife, as we have already said, came the deepest and most human of his insights. Hawthorne preferred *The House of the Seven Gables* as the book most characteristic of his mind, and we can understand what he meant, not because this particular story embodies a family tradition, but on account of that little parable of the isolated life which runs all through it—this life with its yearnings toward humanity, and its final emancipation through love. The exquisite playfulness of so much of the narrative is also characteristic of the sunnier side of the author's genius. To reread any one of these romances of Hawthorne's is surely a duty of the present centenary that affords the rarest of intellectual and imaginative pleasures.

An Architectural Illusion

THE photograph shows the façade of the new Chamber of Commerce in Liberty Street. The feature of interest is the peculiar and apparently perilous position of the group of figures seated over the doorway. It is difficult to believe that this porch and pediment form part of the façade of the building in line with the rest of the elevation. The illusion is probably due in part to the setting back of the old brownstone building adjoining the Chamber of Commerce at the extreme end, which throws the group into greater apparent prominence, but more particularly to the fact that Liberty Street, at its juncture with the alley at the corner of which the building stands, deflects slightly in a southerly direction.



The Façade of the Chamber of Commerce



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How Star-Distances are Measured

(Continued from page 980.)

lactic displacements, and not to any other cause.

It is true that these results were subject to such uncertainty as might arise from the necessary assumption that the two small auxiliary stars used for comparison were themselves infinitely remote. But Bessel was able to show that even if such were not the case, his observations, though they would not give the true distance of his star, would at least tell him how much nearer it is to the solar system than are the two stars of comparison. In other words, his observations gave at least a sort of "lower limit" as to the star's distance, within which limit it was most certainly situated.

It is extremely difficult to obtain a notion of the magnitude belonging to this stellar distance. Expressed in miles, it gives so long a series of figures that it is impossible to visualize what they mean. To get over this difficulty, astronomers have invented a new unit of distance, called the "light-year." This unit is equal to the space that would be covered in one year by a light-ray travelling steadily onward at its usual rate of about 186,000 miles per second. It is evident that such a ray would pass over a very respectably large distance in the course of a whole year. Such is the astronomer's unit for estimating stellar distance, and Bessel found for his star a distance of eight such units.

A satisfactory beginning once made, astronomers were not slow to continue observational researches into stellar distance. Before them they have seen always a most fascinating reward, the possibility of discovering a real neighbor in stellar space. The vast majority of stars are unquestionably so remote from us that the quantitative valuation of their distance belongs among those problems that occupy the borderland between that which man *may* hope to attain and that which is forever placed beyond human ken. Yet still there *may be* a few—perhaps but one single star—nearer incomparably than are the countless congeries of its fellow orbs. If such there be, its discovery would indeed be an achievement of surpassing interest.

So there need be no surprise that astronomers are continuing Bessel's work with activity; that they should have devised a more effective engine of attack than he possessed was also to be expected. This has been found in the photographic method of observing. Though no more precise than the older processes, photography is superior in ease of application, and in the output of results produced by a given quantity of labor. The method is essentially similar in principle to Bessel's, except that measurements of a photograph under the microscope are substituted for direct eye-observations upon the sky itself. The subsequent calculations are, then, quite analogous to the former ones.

To make photography most effective in this work it is necessary to use a large telescope. The telescope is, in effect, the photographic camera of astronomy: with a big camera we obtain a big picture, and this reduces to a minimum the harmful effects of all sources of error in observation. But to make good photographs the telescope should be provided with a photographic lens, ground quite differently from the usual telescope lenses intended for visual use. The largest existing telescope, that of the Yerkes Observatory, is a visual one. But it has recently been found possible to adapt it for photographic work as well; and this fact, of the utmost importance to those interested in stellar distance, is full of interest also in its probable influence in every department of observational astronomy.

To accomplish this it has merely been necessary to insert in the telescope, between the sensitive photographic plate and the star's light as it comes down from the lens, what is known as a "ray-filter." This is a glass plate coated with a preparation transparent to the kind of light that affects photographic plates, but opaque to all other light. The telescope's lens gathers all kinds of light from the stars, but the filter admits to the photographic plate only

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that which is suitable for it. Thus we reach the same result as if the telescope lens itself had been ground in such a way as to collect only the photographic rays. We have, in effect, a photographic telescope.

One of the astronomers at the Yerkes Observatory is devoting himself at present to stellar parallax work with this new arrangement of apparatus. With the enormous size and light-gathering power of his instrument, he enjoys advantages not hitherto realized in photographic astronomy. That he will discover some star comparatively near us is but a hope; he cannot fail, however, to increase materially our slender stock of knowledge as to stellar distance—and that within the space of a very few years. Let us but be put in possession of a large number of well-determined star-distances, and we shall be able at last to theorize with some approach to certainty concerning the construction of the stellar universe.

Trials of a War Correspondent

(Continued from page 973.)

thrown on the mud floor of our doorless hut, and, placing a rope mat over the opening to keep out some of the chill of night, we wished ourselves in the warm comfort of even a Bowery lodging-house.

Our expensive canteen, to which, by the advice and consent of the government, we pay seven and a half dollars gold a day, was days behind; how many, we could not even calculate.

However, fortunately for us, headquarters began to relent a little, and a piece of meat—a raw chunk of the worst cut of a freshly killed beef—was added to our rations, and we were permitted to draw horse feed.

We live by the clock. At ten in the morning Captain Okada will receive one correspondent as a representative of all, and give out any news he may have. At four o'clock rations may be drawn for the next day. At five o'clock feed for the horses may be obtained. Between four and five Captain Okada will censor all telegrams and manuscripts, which must first be read to him, line by line, and then he submits them to the higher officers. If they pass muster, two red seals appear on the paper, covering the first and last word, and all letters are sealed and stamped with the censor's stamp in his presence. Captain Okada informs us that at 2 P.M. to-morrow he will be pleased to take us to see some of the country, but when he exceeded his authority and took some of the correspondents up on the commanding point of Wiju castle, whence some of the Russian positions could be seen, it is said he was reprimanded.

We cannot move from the unhealthy spot in which we have been located until orders are received from headquarters, though the request to do so was made three days ago. It is understood, however, that they have the matter under consideration, and may move us all nearer the headquarters camp.

One correspondent from New York spent two whole days in trying to have his horse's shoes tightened. There were something like ten men's hands through which the matter had to pass before the necessary permission could be secured, and each man had to write or see personally the man ahead of him before the important question could be settled.

Three correspondents came in after five o'clock, with tired and hungry horses, and they could not draw feed for themselves or their horses that day, as the supplies had previously been issued to the seven men already in camp, and therefore the newcomers were not officially present.

Captain Okada assures us that conditions will change after the first great battle, but, as he expresses it, "We are doing everything in our power to screen our movements from the enemy, and therefore you must be patient." The word "patient" we have heard from Japanese lips until we feel like screaming with pain as it jars our nerve-racked ears!

One correspondent, particularly bitter against the commanding generals in Cuba and the Philippines, was heard to exclaim, "Say, Pussy Shafter and Grandma Otis were real saints in disguise to the Umpty Umps we're up against now!"

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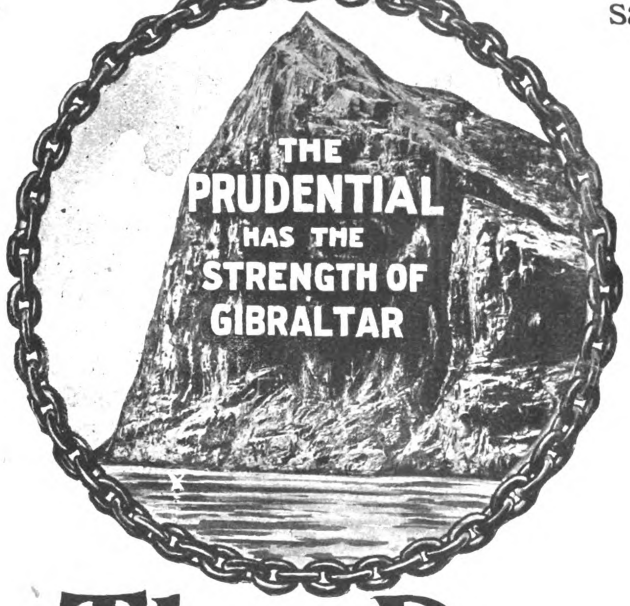
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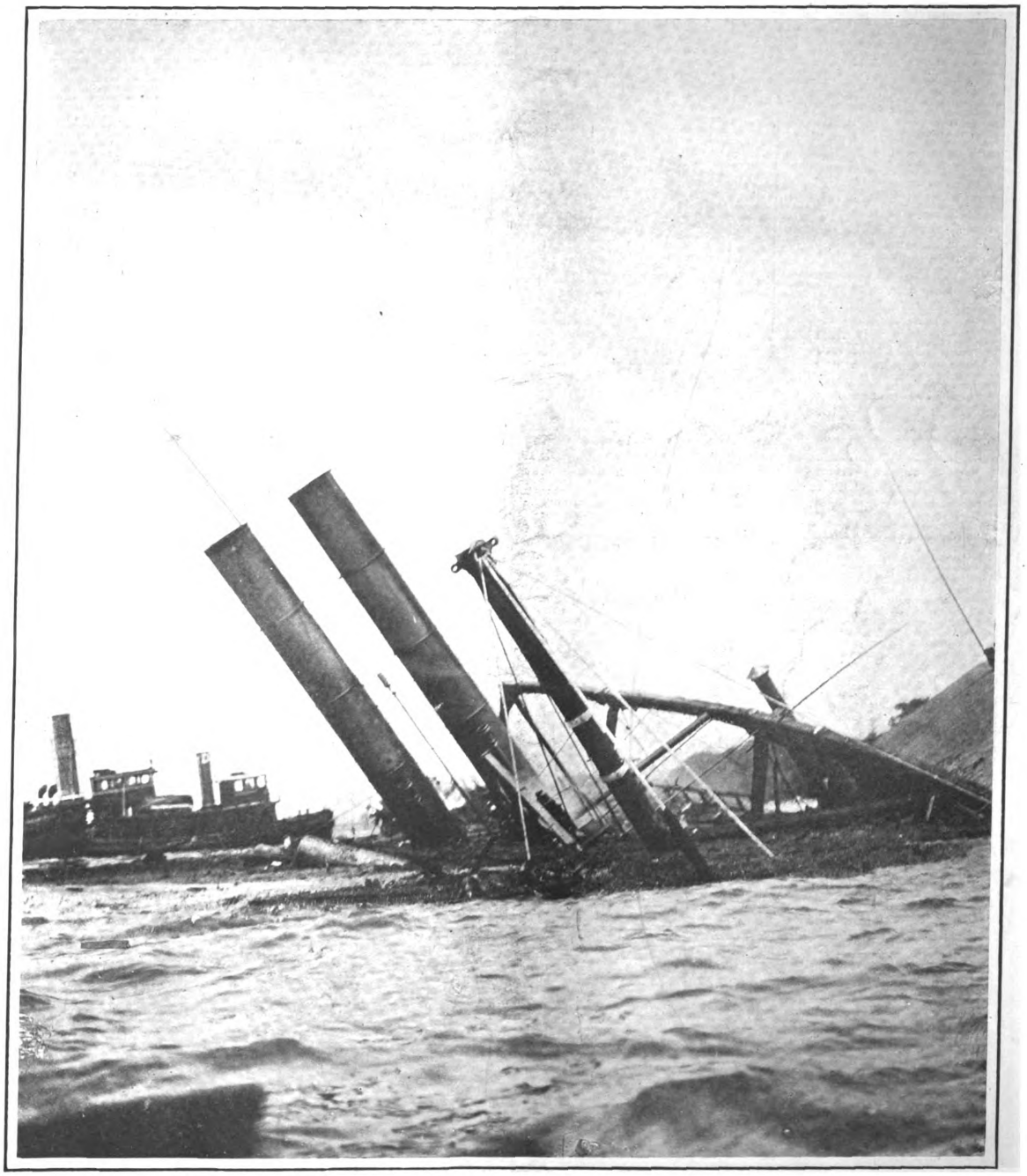
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The "General Slocum" Disaster

One of the most appalling marine disasters of recent years was the burning and sinking of the excursion steamer "General Slocum" at North Brother Island, East River, New York, on June 15, A conservative estimate of the dead and missing is 1200. Up to 3 P.M., on June 16, 522 bodies had been recovered. These were mostly women and children connected with St. Mark's German Lutheran Church of New York, under whose auspices the excursion was given. Twenty-four years ago, on June 28, 1880, a similar accident occurred to the steamer "Seawanhaka" near the scene of the present disaster. In the "Seawanhaka" disaster there were 62 dead and missing

ON June 15, within a short distance of the spot where the steamboat *Seawanhaka* caught fire and burned, with a heavy loss of life, twenty-four years ago, the steamboat *General Slocum*, carrying an excursion party from St. Mark's German Lutheran Church, New York, was totally destroyed by fire, with an estimated loss of 1200 by burning and drowning.

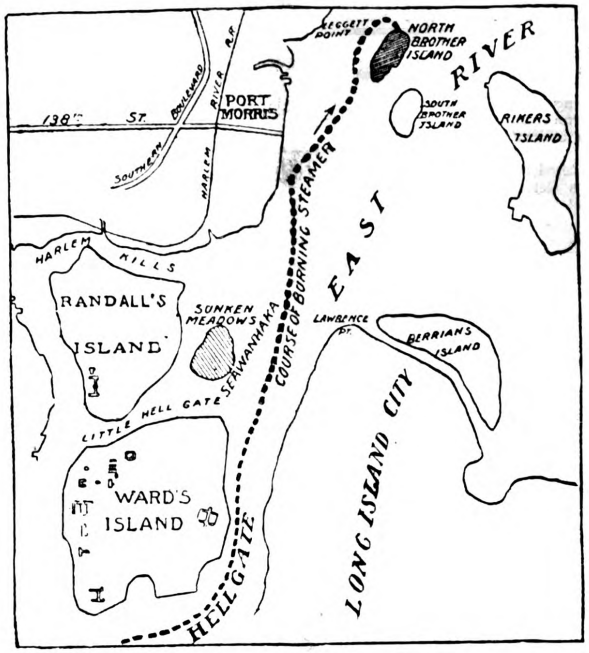
The *General Slocum* was chartered for the annual excursion of the Sunday-school of St. Mark's German Lutheran Church, and left the foot of East Third Street about nine o'clock in the morning bound for Locust Grove, Long Island, where the excursionists were to spend the day. The number of tickets sold is reported to have been 988, but this did not include the children who were on board. Most of the excursionists were women and children. The *General Slocum*, commanded by Captain William Van Schaick and with two pilots on board, proceeded up the river as far as Hell Gate in apparent safety. It was not until the boat was opposite 130th Street that the first evidences of danger were noticed. According to the stories of some of the survivors, smoke had been noticed before this, but it was supposed to be coming



The Steamer "General Slocum" Sinking off North Brother Island after the Fire

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from the kitchen on the lower deck, and no attention was paid to it. The first warning of peril came with the cry of Fire! from the forward deck, followed by an explosion and the appearance of a sheet of flame. Panic prevailed immediately, and the crowd of women and children, terrorized by the flames, which spread with great rapidity, crowded to the rear of the boat. It was then that what appears to have been an error of judgment was made in the management of the boat. Instead of running her ashore on the sunken meadows, the *General Slocum's* captain continued on up the Sound, the wind forcing the flames backward through the length of the boat with increasing rapidity. Then began a struggle among the panic-stricken excursionists. Many, frenzied by the oncoming rush of the flames, threw their children over the rail into the water and jumped after them; others remained on the boat until they were forced overboard or until the flames were actually upon them. Apparently there was no attempt on the part of the deckhands of the boat to check the fire or to restore order among the passengers; and according to the stories told by survivors the boat's supply of life-preservers proved to be worthless. The *General Slocum* by this time was opposite North Brother Island, where Captain Van Schaick planned to beach her. As she ran ashore the supports of the hurricane-deck were burned away, plunging passengers on to the blazing deck below. Meanwhile the situation of the steamer had been observed, and river craft and boats from the shore went to her assistance. One tugboat put off from the pier at North Brother Island, and, going alongside the burning steamer as she grounded, succeeded in saving 155 lives. Rowboats and tugs by the score were hurried to the wreck and rescued many from the river. Shortly after the *Slocum* struck the shore at North Brother Island she drifted away down-stream, bringing up finally on the beach at Hunt's Point, over a mile away, where she burned to the water's edge.



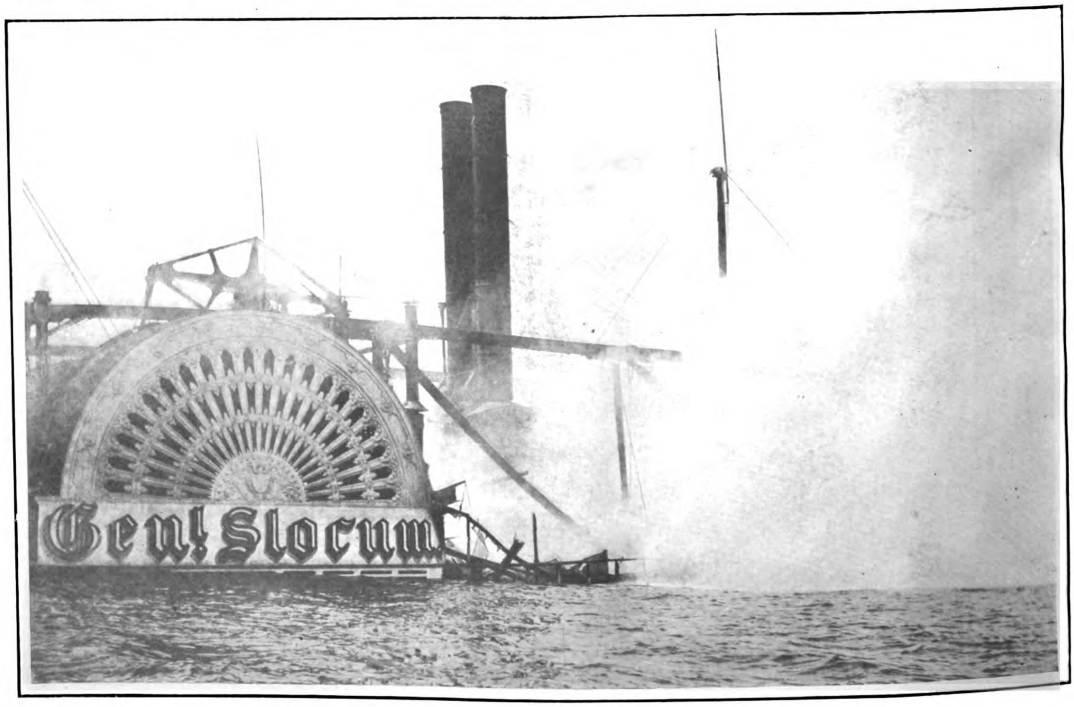
Map showing the Course of the Burning Steamer

The news of the disaster spread rapidly, and from every hospital in the city ambulances, physicians, and nurses were sent to the scene, and prompt and efficient service was rendered to the injured who were taken from the wreck.

The burning of the *General Slocum* is the worst harbor disaster in the history of American catastrophies. A disaster similar in many ways was the burning of the steamboat *Seawanhaka*, on June 28, 1880, mentioned above. The *Seawanhaka* was on her way up the Sound from Peck's Slip, with about three hundred passengers. When off Ward's Island she took fire as the result of an explosion, and sixty-two persons lost their lives by burning or drowning. An earlier instance was the destruction of the Staten Island ferry-boat *Westfield*, on July 20, 1871, caused by an accident to her boiler as she was leaving her slip with a Sunday morning crowd of excursionists. Fifty persons were instantly killed.

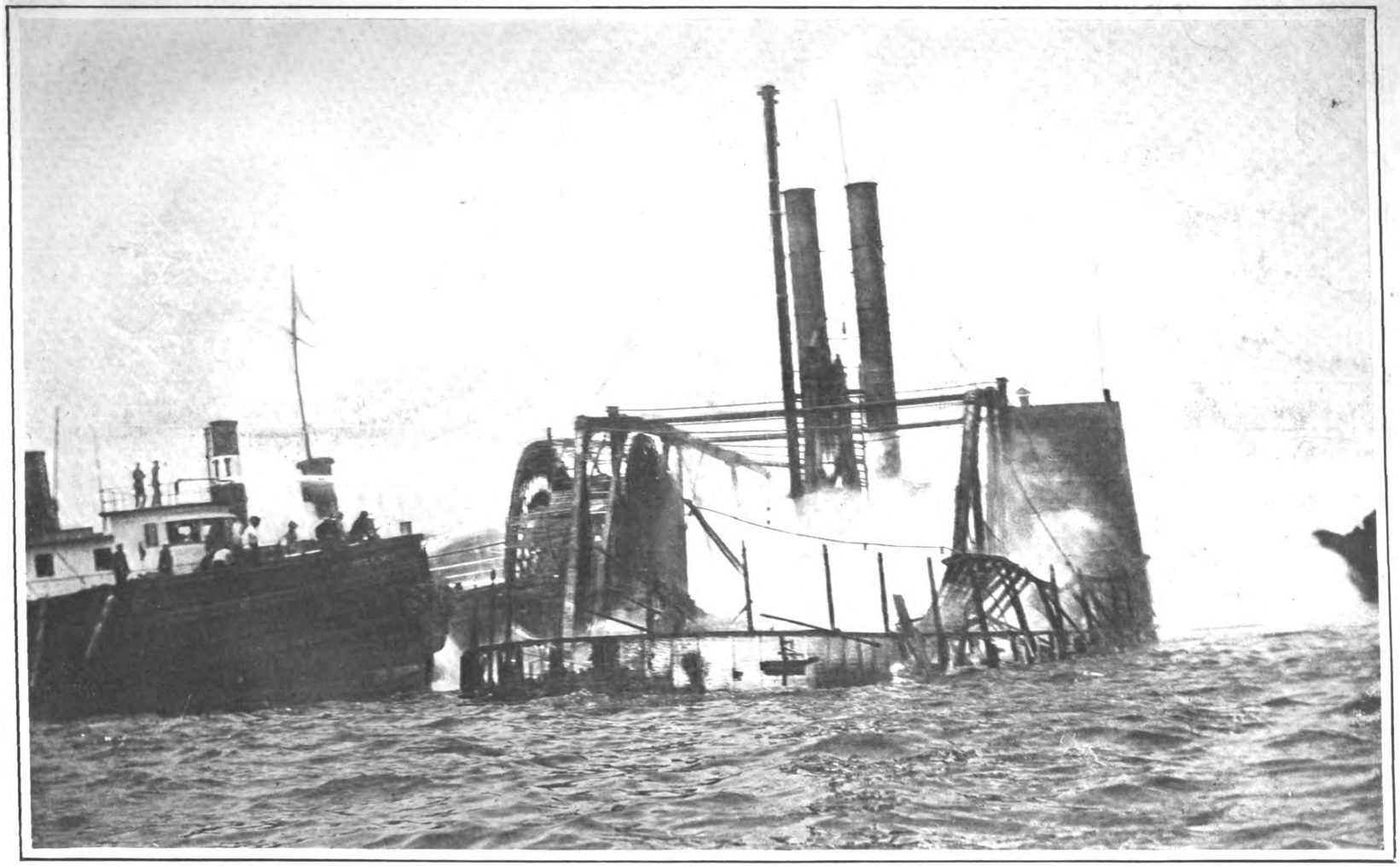
The *General Slocum* was launched in 1891, and suffered many mishaps.

One of the most serious of these accidents occurred on July 29, 1894, when she ran on a sand-bar late at night when crowded with passengers. Many were injured in the panic that followed. She had had other mishaps of a more or less serious nature, the most recent before that of last week being a panic and riot on August 17, 1901.



The Fire in Progress—Scene after the Collapse of the Hurricane-deck

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A VIEW OF THE "GENERAL SLOCUM" ON FIRE OFF NORTH BROTHER ISLAND

As soon as word was received of the disaster, fireboats were at once hurried to the scene, where they attempted to put out the fire aboard the steamer and to rescue those who were im ned on her. At the moment the vessel went aground the hurricane-deck gave way, throwing many passengers, women and children, into the flames below, where rescue was impossible

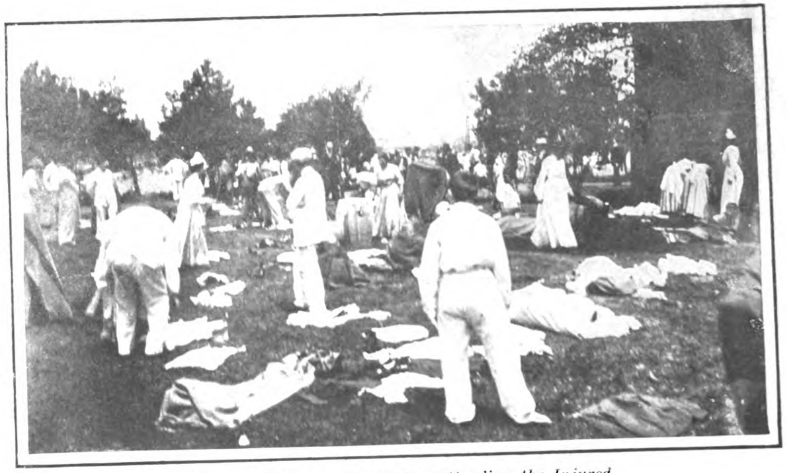
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View of the River Front, showing Bodies cast up on the Shore



Hospital Surgeons and Nurses attending the Injured



Another View of the Beach where the Bodies of Victims were Laid Out



Some of the Survivors, who were provided with Blankets from the Hospital on the Island

SCENES AT NORTH BROTHER ISLAND AFTER THE DISASTER TO THE "GENERAL SLOCUM"

The "General Slocum," while still burning, was beached at North Brother Island. Scores of bodies were cast up on the shore, where they were taken in charge by the police and the authorities on the island. The physicians, nurses, and attendants from the hospital on the island at once went to the assistance of those on board the burning steamer, and succeeded in rescuing many from drowning and in relieving the injured. Assistance was also given and the work of rescue directed by the commissioners of the health and police departments

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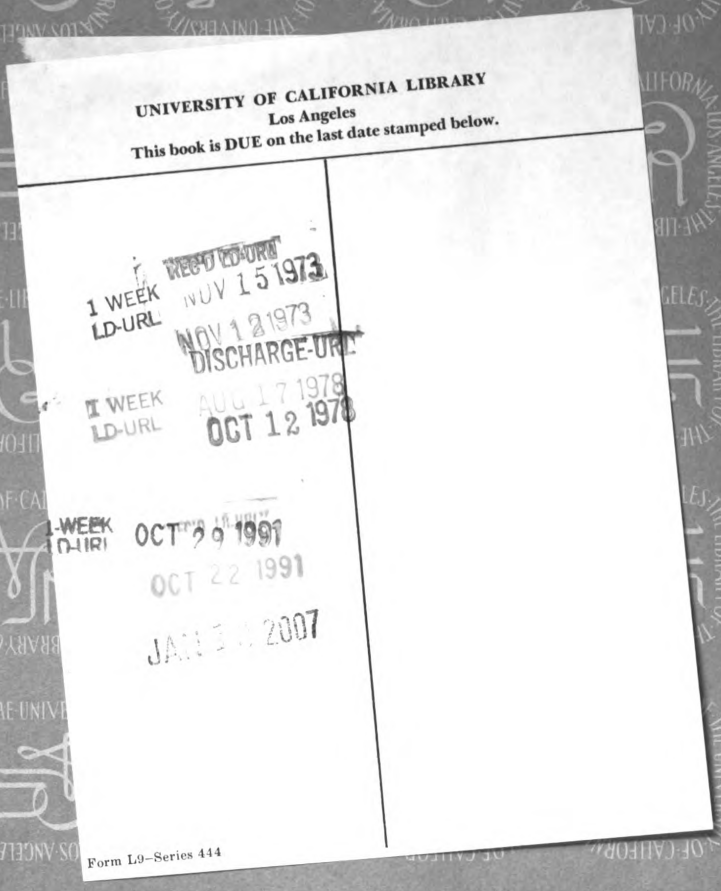
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